PUNCH

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PUNCH



JULY 2ND

SUMMER NUMBER 1919

ONE SHILLING

ROSS'S
Belfast Ginger Ale

TWO VARIETIES:
"Royal Belfast" and "Pale Dry"

ROSS'S "Royal Belfast" Ginger Ale is the famous Belfast brand which has been shipped all over the world during the past half century. It is the ideal beverage for the Home Circle.

ROSS'S "Pale Dry" Ginger Ale is a drier variety which appeals specially to the busy man who needs an invigorating refreshment when moving about in the heat and turmoil of the day. *It makes capital cold punch.*

REGISTERED  TRADE MARK



W·A·ROSS & SONS·LIMITED·BELFAST·IRELAND





PEACE THE SOWER.





THE RAILWAY TRANSPORT OFFICER.

WHEREVER on England's business bent her far-flung forces go,
If only a couple of tempy subs and privates a score or so,
She decorates one with tabs and swish and calls him an R.T.O.

Wherever the restless flag is flown, a challenge to fear and foe,
You'll find in château or schloss or tent or derelict truck below,
To symbolise order and light and law, the sign of the R.T.O.

On every front in the dear old war, no matter how swift the show,
No matter how far we hurried ahead we'd look to the rear, and lo!
With tabs and polish and sign and swank there followed the R.T.O.

So I, grown terribly sick of him—though a useful lad, I know—
Withdrew to a very exclusive war, preserved in the ice and snow,
Where many degrees of frost might be, but never an R.T.O.

And what was my very first sight of land as we pushed through the final floe,
And came to the quay where the walrus waits and the penguins perch in a row?
A perfectly good, be-tabbed, be-furred and fatherly R.T.O.!

IDEAL PREMIUM BONDS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—On reading the explanatory details of the new Victory Loan it has pained me to note how little imagination and knowledge of human nature has been shown by the financial advisers of the Government. The idea of the fifteen per cent. premium is undoubtedly good, but it is expensive, and in my opinion it does not make a sufficiently moving appeal to the aspirations of the British race.

At very short notice, therefore, I have devised a scheme whereby the subscriptions to the loan would be increased beyond the dreams of the most avaricious Chancellor of the Exchequer; and yet one which would cost the country nothing at all.

My proposal briefly is that (if not too late) the loan should be issued at a hundred per cent., and that an annual draw should take place; but, instead of this being accompanied by any form of monetary premium, the fortunate investors should receive *social* rather than financial advancement. The following table will readily explain my meaning:—

Every investor whose bonds are drawn during the period

(1) 1920–1930 . . to be elevated to the Peerage.
(2) 1930–1940 . . to receive a Baronetcy.
(3) 1940–1950 . . to receive a Knighthood.
(4) 1950–1960 . . to receive a C.B.E.
(5) 1960–1970 . . to receive an O.B.E.
(6) 1970–1980 . . to receive an M.B.E.
(7) 1980–1990 . . to become a gentleman by Act of Parliament, with the prerogative of adding "Esquire" to his name.

I ask no reward whatsoever for this idea. I give it freely to the country. My only request is that my own bonds be included among those drawn in 1920.

Yours, etc., "ECONOMY."

Our Official Naturalists.

From an official letter from the War Trade Department:—

"I am instructed by the Director of the War Trade Department to request you to state if the pedigree colt is a shorthorn steer."



The Vicar. "LET US NOT FORGET HOW VAPID WOULD OUR PEACE CELEBRATIONS BE HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE WAR."



THE UNDEFEATABLE ANGLER (ONE OF THE BULLDOG BREED).

OUR VILLAGE CATCH.



IT WAS HIT HARD AND HIGH.



BUT THE BOWLER KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.



THE CURATE FELT CALLED UPON.



THE COLONEL REGARDED IT AS HIS.



HIS SON THOUGHT IT WAS UP TO HIM.



THE GROCER HAD IT ALL THE WAY.



AND THE BLACKSMITH SHOUTED "MYERN!"





Colonel (explaining the War). "YOU SEE, THE TROUBLE ALL THROUGH THE WAR WAS THIS: THE ENEMY HAD THE INTERIOR LINES."
Intelligent listener. "BUT WHY DID WE EVER LET HIM HAVE THEM? WASN'T IT RATHER CARELESS OF US?"

WEDLOCK PRELIMINARIES.

"I'M going to get married," said Eustace.

"Who is the plucky lass?" I inquired politely.

"Well, as a matter of fact I haven't mentioned it to *her* yet."

"I should do that," I said. "These concealments at the outset only cause unhappiness in after years. Besides, she may want to buy confetti or a second-hand slipper or something."

"As a matter of fact I've only met her once—at dinner," he murmured.

"How thoroughly bizarre!" I exclaimed. "May I ask her name?"

"Dorothy."

"'Dora' for short. That makes it more *outré* still. The other name hardly matters, of course."

"Well, that's just the trouble, really," he confessed. "I've forgotten the other name. I wrote it down on the only piece of paper I had on me, which happened to be a ten-shilling note; and I gave it to the taxi-man who took me home."

"H'm, she'll get rather talked about with JOHN BRADBURY, won't she?" I said. "You didn't take the number of the note by any chance?"

"No, nor of the cab either," he admitted.

"You must call on her mother all the same," I said firmly. "The procedure to be adopted is this: You walk straight up to the front-door, avoiding the gate marked 'No Hawkers' (not that they 'd be very likely to take you for a transatlantic flier, anyhow), wipe your boots on the *Salve*, ring the bell with a smart forward movement of the right thumb, and ask the servant whether the lady she helps is within. Or it may be a butler. In that case you say, 'Is Mrs.'—and then make a kind of gurgling noise somewhere between Parkinson and Featherstonehaugh—'at home?' The rest is up to you."

"Yes, yes," said Eustace rather testily. "But how the deuce do I find out her address?"

"I think you lack some of the necessary grasp of detail," I agreed. "How about writing to your hostess? Quite a short note would do. 'Ref. your Ration Issue of the ——inst. Kindly repeat introduction to my right-hand partner and state address in quintuplicate.' That will give you a chance of losing a few copies, if she knows what you mean."

"But I didn't take her in to dinner at all," said Eustace. "I just talked to her afterwards about theatres and pictures and things."

"You must have a complete nominal roll of guests then," I insisted, "with several columns for particulars—size of gloves, last vaccinated, next of kin, favourite flowers and so on. I always used to put down the favourite flowers of my men in my platoon roll."

"But there might be more than one Dorothy," he objected; "and besides I only know my hostess very slightly indeed."

"And by this time you've probably forgotten *her* address too. There's nothing for it, Eustace, but the Agony Column of *The Times*. Passionate but businesslike is the note." And with that I left him.

* * * * *

Six days later I found him sunk in gloom.

"Did you use my idea?" I asked.

"I did," he said shortly. "It was a bad one. It had barnacles on it."

"What did you write?"

"I wrote: 'Will Dorothy who talked to lonely demobilised officer about theatres at dinner on the 14th inst. be at the Albert Memorial at 11.30 A.M. to-morrow?'"

"You might have had another dinner for the cost of that," I said. "And was there nothing doing?"

"It all depends on what you call nothing," said Eustace. "If you listen



THE THREAT.

"NAH THEN, AUGUSTUS, JUST YOU KEEP IN YER DEPTH THERE, ELSE YOU 'LL 'AVE THE LIFEBOAT AFTER YER."



Bathing Attendant (who has received two tickets from Mrs. Jones without observing the presence of Mr. Jones). "HI—BILL! TWO TENTS FOR THIS LADY."



Old Sinner (of sea-serpent fame). "BAH! THEM 'Q-BOAT' STORIES YOU TOLD THEM PEOPLE MADE ME SICK."
Ex-R.N.R. "WELL, THEY WERE TRUE."
Old Sinner. "TRUE? OF COURSE THEY WOR TRUE. THAT'S WOT I'M GRUMBLIN' AT. WITH THE MATERIAL YOU 'AD YOU OUGHT TO 'AVE TOLD 'EM LIES A HUNDRED FATHOM LONG."

I'll tell you about it. I felt a bit doubtful about the whole affair, so I approached the trysting-place cautiously from the far side of the Gardens and chose a concealed position for reconnaissance. I had taken the precaution to bring my field-glasses with me——"

"And a protractor, Eustace. Surely you didn't forget your protractor?"

"Don't be frivolous. I took a good look at the place from a considerable distance away, and I tell you there were about fifteen of them—falling in two-deep they were. It was like a moving flower-bed. I've never seen the Albert Memorial looking so swish."

"And wasn't *she* there?"

"She wasn't," said Eustace. "I suppose I ought to have gone up to the parade and listened to their complaints, and thanked them for their services and offered them pensions and so on. But I hadn't the face to do it. I just slunk off. And while I was slinking I quite suddenly recollected a most extraordinary and tragical thing."

"Well?"

"Why, her name wasn't Dorothy at all. That was her younger sister. She talked a lot about Dorothy that evening and I mixed the two names up."

"*What* two names?"

"Well, I'm hanged if I can remember the other one now; sometimes I think it began with a W, and sometimes with a V, and then again it seems to have been an H."

"Eustace," I said sternly, "I will tell you what you are doing. You are trifling with this young girl's affections."

"Don't say that," he pleaded, "don't say that. But pending further details I'm afraid the ceremony will have to be postponed." EVOE.

From a report of the Royal Show at Cardiff:—

"The King won the first and champion prize for Devon bulls with the Windsor famous Devon cow."—*Provincial Paper.*

The judges must be described as loyal to a fault.

From an interview with Miss DOROTHY GISH, "The Beautiful Villain" (Cinema), in *The Daily Sketch*:—

"I can speak perfectly correct English. I take pride in being able to express my thoughts with exactitude. (Mark the adjectives.) Few can do this."

We ourselves are of the many who can't. We have tried to mark the adjectives and miserably failed.

THE CIRCUS.

CIRCUS! The gilded waggons; the great tent blazing with light;
The scent of the trampled sawdust, and "Three shilling seats to the right!"
A face that peers through the curtain to see how the benches fill;
The rustle of feet in the gangways; the old expectant thrill.

Out of the lost years' twilight, clad in their spangles and gold,
Memory musters the riders that rode in the rings of old—
Knights and jockeys and jesters, piebald ponies and cream,
Fairies in satin and silver floating by in a dream.

Does the circle seem to us smaller that the cantering horses keep?
Are they holding the ribbons lower where the glittering ladies leap?
Ah! well, there is one thing changeless—the gods be praised for that—
The peal of a small boy's laughter when the clown sits down on his hat.

W. H. O.

The Beer Supply.

"An angler took over 30 bass on one morning from Herne Bay pier."—*Times.*



Maid (at seaside lodging-house). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, AS IT'S A WET DAY, MISSIS WOULD BE 'APPY TO LEND YOU HER GAME OF 'SNAKES AND LADDERS.'"

THE KEEN BOY.

I DO not remember clearly how the Keen Boy came to be taken on the strength of my household. I think he must have deliberately given me the impression that he really belonged to someone else, and that he was only temporarily attached to me for rations. Anyway, he came to be recognised as a permanent member of the family, with definite rights and privileges and, so far as I know, no responsibilities. His original deference to me as the head of the house disappeared as he slowly strengthened an alliance with my wife and the cook, and in the end he adopted an attitude of complete indifference to my existence.

I do not know much about cats, but am sure he was of a very lazy and unemotional type, and I could never understand why Cook named him the Keen Boy. He had a kind expression and widely-set grey eyes, and was rather careless of his appearance. He wore a detachable coat all the year round and parts of it were often to be found in inconvenient places. When it suited his plans he sought admission at inconvenient times with a quiet dignity that disarmed criticism, and he often forestalled me in my search for some quiet place of Sunday retirement in the house.

We never had mice until the Keen Boy came to live with us. He seemed to have some occult influence over them and attracted them irresistibly. I do not think he shared his food with them, but he certainly allowed them to share ours, and I believe he was a member of their Union. They multiplied until my wife had to make a loud noise before entering an unoccupied room, although she still maintained her faith in the Keen Boy.

I was enabled to obtain a little cheese out of bond, and with it I carefully baited a mouse-trap, although I had been at business during the day and was considerably fatigued.

I slept little that night, and as I lay awake in bed the thought came to me that if by chance I should catch a mouse the sight of it might arouse some latent instinct in the breast of the Keen Boy and help him to lead a more useful life.

I was late for breakfast. As soon as I saw my wife's morning face I knew that I had caught a mouse. Cook had just been in to announce the news. Few words passed between us. Perhaps our minds were elsewhere with my wretched little captive. We were both a little pale. Breakfast was scarcely over before I rushed from the room, still determined to carry out my plan.

My victim appeared to be fairly calm and collected, but he was breathing rather quickly and irregularly. He had been unable to enjoy the price of his liberty; the cheese lay disregarded near his heaving flank.

I think I acted rather well in an unusual crisis. Having shielded my slightly unsteady hand with a towel I carried the trap and its contents into the garden, and was pleased to see that the Keen Boy showed some interest in the proceedings. He even followed slowly behind me.

The beautiful morning and all its details are engraved indelibly on my memory. Well do I remember the budding trees, the chirping sparrows, the butcher's boy at my neighbour's gate, the soft breeze that fanned my brow.

Nevertheless, taking myself in hand, I chose a suitable spot, opened the door of the trap and shook out the contents in front of the cat.

The mouse, having taken its bearings, ran slowly back into the house. The Keen Boy, having seen it arrive safely, proceeded to eat the cheese.

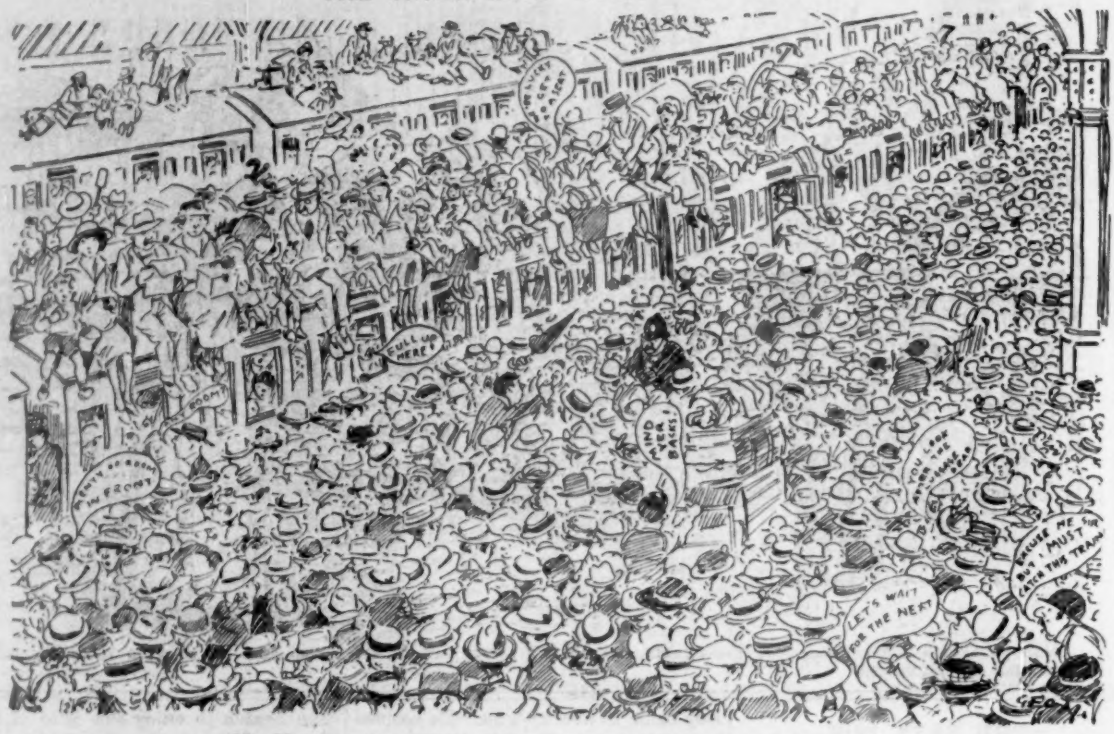
The German Ex-Crown Prince.

"Oh, Willie, we have missed you," as his Dutch guard might have said after shooting at him if he had tried to escape.

"THE REST OF THE NEWS.
King Alfonso is indisposed.
Veal is to be controlled again."
Daily Paper.

The meat market seems very sensitive.

THE THREATENED HOLIDAY CRUSH.



MR. MEEKS HAS A HORRID VISION OF OVER-CROWDING ON THE RAILWAYS—

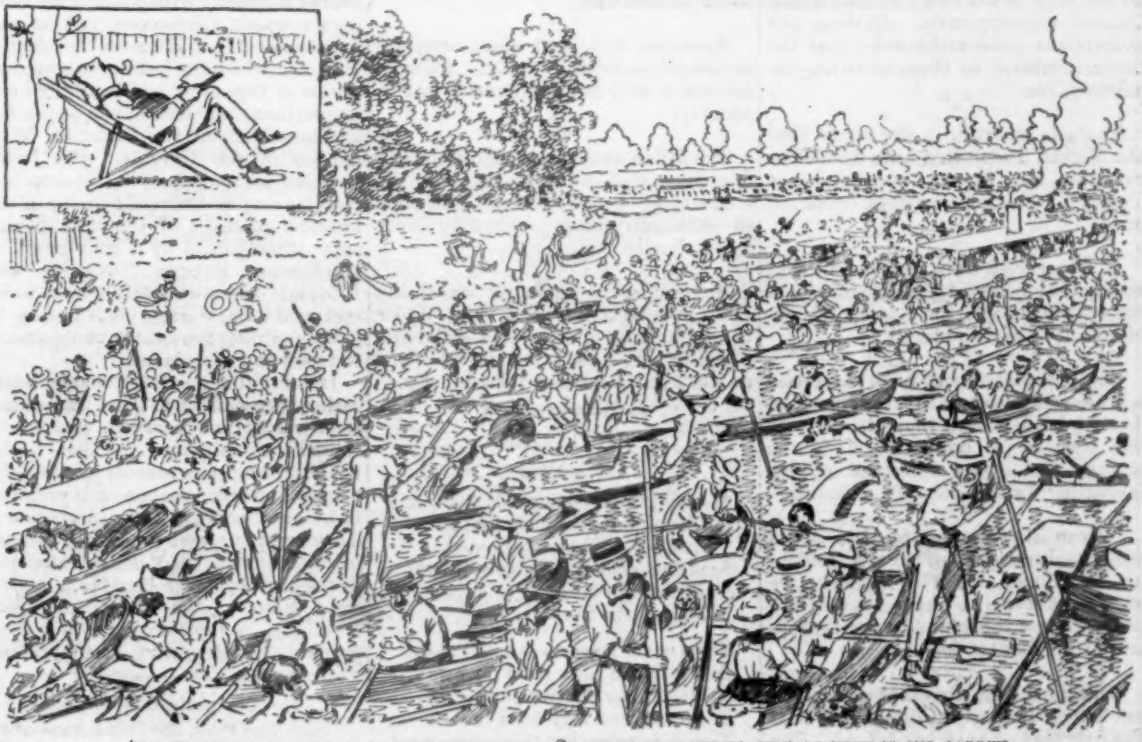


AND A TERRIFYING PREMONITION OF CONGESTED SEA-BATHING.

THE THREATENED HOLIDAY CRUSH.



HE FEARS THAT EVEN THE SOLITUDE OF HIS FAVOURITE LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE MAY BE COMPROMISED.



AND THE RIVER IS SURE TO BE MOST UNRESTFUL. SO HE DETERMINES TO STAY AT HOME IN HIS GARDEN.
[*Inset.* STAYS AT HOME IN HIS GARDEN.]

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that Admiral VON REUTER had quite intended to complete what the Huns have described as his "*beau geste*" by going down with his ship and remaining there; but in the excitement of the moment he forgot to die.

* * *

In connection with the four million pounds' linen deal we understand that Mr. MARTIN proposes to invest his profits in a lounge suit.

* * *

In a recent essay competition a Chertsey boy expressed a strong desire to be an M.P. when he became a man. The family doctor has intimated that there is every hope of the boy growing out of it.

* * *

"Hard Irish cheese will continue to be controlled," says the Food Ministry. We'll show the United States Senate whether it can meddle in our affairs.

* * *

"Ankle-biters," says a contemporary, "are worrying women who wear open-work stockings." Backbiters are also making the most of the prevailing fashions.

* * *

"No gratuities allowed" is painted on the sides of the new London County Council watering-carts. Cyclists and pedestrians must understand that the baths furnished by these carts are absolutely free.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that the Miners' Federation have decided to celebrate the signing of the Peace Treaty by doing three days' work on end.

* * *

It is reported from Amerongen that rather than bring additional trouble on his faithful people the KAISER has decided not to scuttle himself.

* * *

South Wales miners have purchased a brewery for twenty thousand pounds. The report, however, that Mr. SMILLIE has been heard humming, "Put me among the Dukes," instead of his favourite "Internationale," is denied.

* * *

"Most of these up-to-date skirts will go with anything," says a fashionable contemporary. This authoritative statement seems to justify recent complaints about the promiscuous tendencies of the modern female.

* * *

A jazz band, on arrival at an important dance last week, discovered that their music had been left behind. The hostess, however, managed to produce some selections from well-known classics, which on being placed upside-down proved a satisfactory substitute.

* * *

It is announced that President WILSON is shortly starting for America. This, of course, is not his first visit to the United States.

* * *

The question of meals and brainwork are very much interwoven, says a medical journal. For instance, brain-work is said to be forbidden between meals in some Government offices.

* * *

The chance of a lifetime has been missed by the Marylebone magistrate. In a recent case he had the opportunity of asking, "What is a sausage?" and never took it.

* * *

A Rome message states that a notorious band of brigands has fallen into the hands of the police. At the time of going to press neither the Triple Alliance nor the United States Senate had moved in the matter.

* * *

A burglar charged at a Metropolitan Police Court expressed regret for the offence of breaking and entering. It appears that he felt his position keenly because hitherto he had always been a pickpocket and had never before stooped to house-breaking.

* * *

American theatrical stock-company actors are promising a strike. No such attractive offer has been made in this country.

* * *

The Milan authorities regret any undue delay that may be caused by the strike of public executioners, and hope to have everything in running order again shortly.

* * *

An ordinary man found wandering near Paddington Station was under the impression that he was a Cabinet Minister. It is said that there are one or two similar cases at Westminster.

BIRD-LORE.

III.—ROOKS.

HIGH in the elm-trees sit the rooks,
Or flit about with busy looks
And solemn, ceaseless caws.
Small wonder they are so intent;
They are the fairies' Parliament,
They make the fairy laws.

They never seem to stop all day,
And you can hear from far away
Their busy chatter-chat.
They work so very hard indeed
You 'd wonder that the fairies need
So many laws as that. R. F.

RED RUSSIA.

(By our Muscovite Expert).

IN his recent survey of operations on the Western Front in Russia Dr. HAROLD WILLIAMS briefly describes the position at Gulyai Pole, the headquarters of the bandit chief MAKHNO, "who is a kind of simplified untheoretical Bolshevik with strongly developed pogrom propensities."

MAKHNO, however, is a negligible factor in the *enchevêtrement* of the Bolshevik kaleidoscope. As his name implies he is probably of Scots origin, and his simplicity renders him a much less formidable antagonist than the other bandit chiefs in the steppes. Foremost amongst these is Panikin, who is of mixed Chuvash and Kara-kalpak ancestry. Panikin is described by those who know him as an eminently synthetic Bolshevik, strongly resembling CHALIAPIN in physique, while in mentality he approximates more closely to TROTSKY and TCHICHERIN. He is a pronounced vegetarian with a strong partiality for mutton chops, an ardent devotee of the Doukhobor religion, and, in view of his Semitic origin, of a markedly anti-pogromistic tendency.

Secondly there is Bobolinsky, who was formerly a secretary of M. Protopopoff and is now an agglutinative Bergsonian Bolshevik with pronounced leanings towards Cretaceous, not to say Jurassic and Post-Pliocene, Theosophy. He amassed a large fortune as a railway porter at Taganrog, and has long been a prominent member of the anti-ablutionist section of the fruitarian Mennonites of the Ukraine. His headquarters are uncertain, but he was last seen moving in concentric circles in the swampy plateaus of the Kola peninsula, accompanied by a body-guard of amphibious Uzbegs, Tunguses and Buriats. He is evidently a man to be reckoned with, though he is known to harbour strong conscientious objections to tanks and aeroplanes.

In view of the extraordinarily interesting personalities of these leaders and their varied and versatile equipment, there is naturally a strong desire in the best Pacifist circles to enter into friendly negotiations with them and, if possible, to induce them to settle in this country. They are at present practically wasted in a country depleted, depopulated and devastated by their beneficent activities. Here, on the other hand, there is almost unlimited scope for their powers of disintegrating reconstruction.

The Complete Conventicle.

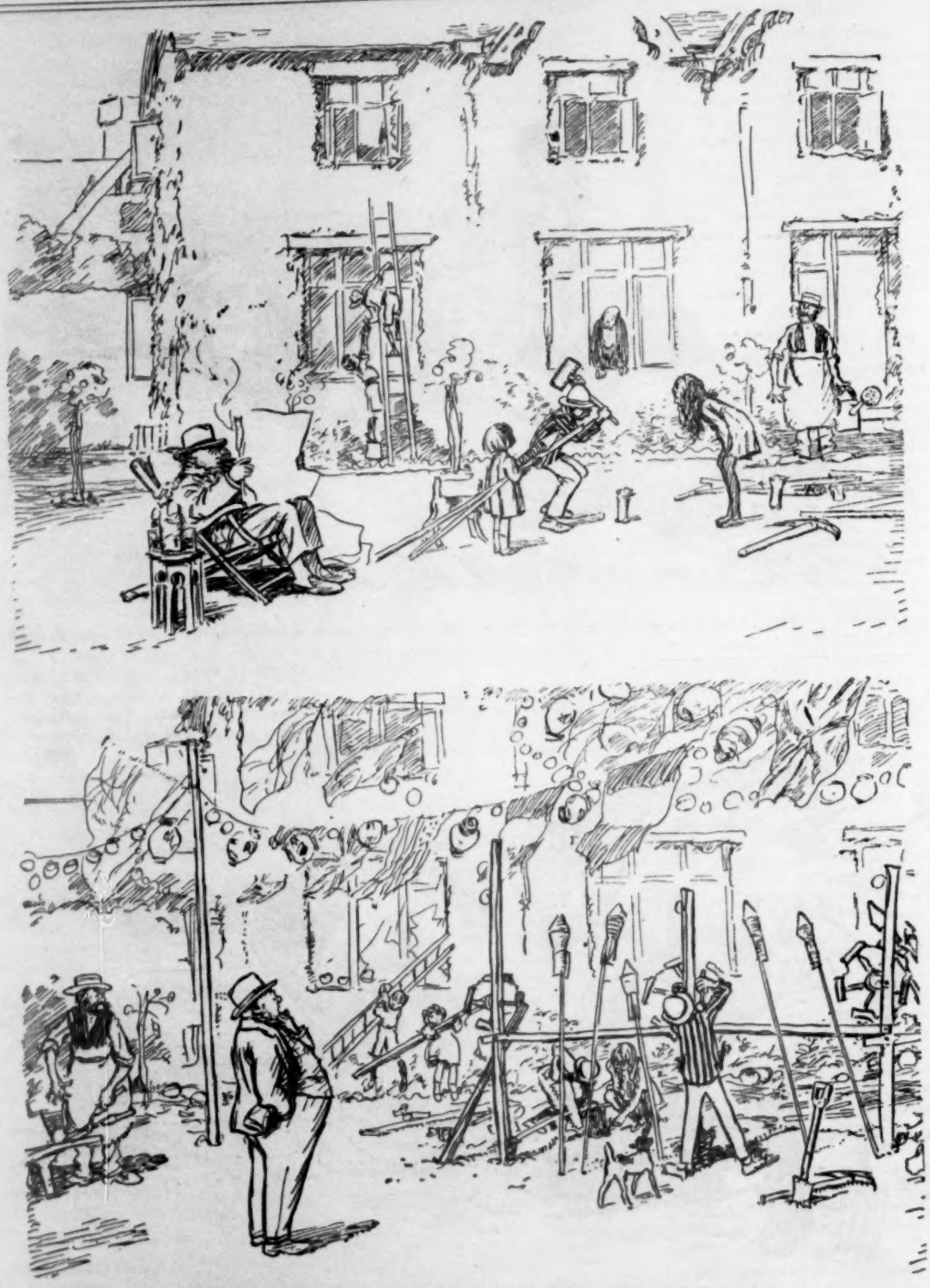
"Pitch Pine Pews, also Pulpit, handsomely carved . . .; also 2 Gas Bags, capacity 350 cubic feet."—*Manchester Evening News.*



Confirmed Bachelor (*to intending Benedick*). "YOU TAKE IT FROM ME, OLD DEAR, A PERAMBULATOR IS A LOT MORE EXPENSIVE THAN A ROLLS-ROYCE."



Demobilised One. "THE LAST BIT O' SPORT I HAD WAS CROCODILE-SHOOTIN' IN INDIA."



PEACE SUPER-CELEBRATIONS AT THE MANOR-HOUSE.

GRANDFATHER INVITES THE CHILDREN TO STAY, AND GIVES THEM A FREE HAND.



PEACE SUPER-CELEBRATIONS AT THE MANOR-HOUSE.

GRANDFATHER INVITES THE CHILDREN TO STAY, AND GIVES THEM A FREE HAND.

THE OLD FAMILIAR ROUND.

"HERE they are," cried Margery, and at the word she launched them over the rampart of lumber which rests for ever in the box-room.

"You are quite certain these are the right things?" I asked.

"Of course."

"Well, I don't remember this one." I held it up.

"That's my croquet mallet," said Margery; "I thought your golf-bag was the safest place for it."

I emptied the contents of the bag upon the landing.

"They look very strange," I remarked. "I suppose they are golf-clubs. This one looks like a rifle grenade."

"That's my patent sketching stool. I thought——"

"I know," I interrupted; "you thought it was the safest place. Suppose you pick out all the extras and leave nothing but golf-clubs. It might influence my handicap for years if I drove off with a patent sketching stool."

The following morning was strangely familiar. There was the old pre-war feeling that something was making an early breakfast worth while; there was the same look of resignation in Margery's eye, the same feeling of delinquency as I crawled stealthily into a cab, and the same feeling of untrammelled bliss as I entered the railway carriage and shook off the cobwebs of town.

Berrow Dunes golf course was really discovered by Archibald and myself. Of course it was laid out and had a list of members and a tin pavilion and all that when we first came upon it. But it was never properly discovered until *we* arrived. We found it a land composed of mountains of sand and rushes interspersed with comforting areas of turf which has the colour of a new billiard-cloth combined with the resiliency of a profiteer's dining-room carpet. I may say at once that the pleasure of discovering a golf-links of this kind is almost completely marred by the necessity of suppressing all knowledge of it.

Until the morning in question neither Archibald nor myself had set foot in this haven since July, 1914. From time to time in different parts of the world news had reached us that the course was still there. We knew nothing further.

When we reached our objective the first thing to be remarked was that the tin pavilion had disappeared.

"I expect," remarked Archibald, "that the Government commandeered it for dug-outs. Anyhow the course is still here."

"Where are the tee-boxes?" I said, pointing to the first tee.

"Commandeered for canteen spittoons." Archibald's common-law training is equal to any vulgar emergency.

"Come on," he said, teeing up a new ball on a worm cast; "let's drive off."

It was the best drive of the day. It sailed long and low, and, rising towards the end of its flight in the most orthodox manner, cleared by fifty yards the ridge of sand-dunes which intervened between us and the first patch of fairway.

"I ought to get up with a mashie," he murmured egotistically as he watched me play my third on the wrong side of the dunes.

Spurred on by the vision of a perfect lie, Archibald was the first to reach the crest of the ridge, and a strong word was wafted down to me. I scrambled after him and gazed down upon two acres of derelict allotments.

After half-an-hour's fruitless seeking, punctuated, on Archibald's part, by some deplorable language, we adjourned to the second tee. The next three holes averaged thirty-five minutes a hole, owing principally to the absence of the fourth green.

"I can understand," I expostulated, "a thrifty Government utilising the tee-boxes and the flag-pins and the pavilion, but what on earth they want with the fourth green I cannot imagine."

The carry from the fifth tee is almost mountainous. Archibald hit a nice one, which cleared everything, whereas I gave an exhibition of my famous square-leg drive. So we parted company. It took me some time to find my ball and play seven full niblick shots. Then I climbed up the last ridge which separated me from Archibald. I pictured him, a somewhat impatient personality, standing upon an emerald sward and leaning negligently upon his brassie while with a slightly contemptuous eye he measured the distance to the pin. But no!

My first gasp on gaining the summit was, "The lost pavilion!" My second, "All the lost pavilions!" There were hundreds of them. True, some of them were huts, while others were no mean palaces, but there they were, all of them, a veritable town of tin, cross-ruled with streets, lanes and highways.

It lay before me without a sign of life, like a city of the vanished Incas. Yet somewhere, lost in its deserted midst, roamed Archibald. In all probability he was looking for a ball. I slid down the dune's steep side and entered Bond Street. I strolled down the shady side, turned into Piccadilly and crossed into St. James's Street. There was no sign of Archibald; so I ventured down the Rue de Paris and emerged into Petticoat Lane.

It was here that the thought struck me that the top of a sand-dune was, after all, the right place to take a good observation. I therefore retraced my way along Petticoat Lane, entered the Rue de Paris and headed for Bond Street again. It came as a bit of a shock when I found myself once more in Petticoat Lane. I had another try and found myself there again.

Slightly unnerved I sat down beside a tin pavilion. It was a poor sort of finish, I thought, after four years' active service. Perhaps some day, when posterity revived an interest in the great European War, I might be brought to light again. Feebly I tried to visualise the specimen label, "Remains, probably human, belonging to the Mustard Gas Period."

Just at that moment Archibald came round the corner.

"Hello," he said in an unfriendly voice, "what are you doing there?"



"GOOD GRACIOUS, BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"
"OH, THAT'S ONE O' THEM GERMAN FLOATING MINES, MUM. ADMIRAL BEATTY WUD GET IN AN AWFUL ROW IF WE BUMPED UP AGIN IT."



[The authorities of a South Coast town recently promulgated a by-law by which any person weighing over nine stone is prohibited from riding on a donkey.]

The Donkey. "HEE-HAW."

"Making a will," I replied stiffly.

"Well, I think you might help me to find my ball."

I realised that the poor fellow did not quite appreciate the situation.

"Archibald," I said impressively, "have you by any chance attempted to find your way out of this forsaken city?"

"I 'm not feeling a bit cheerful," was the chilling retort; "I 've lost two new balls and we 've taken nearly two hours to play five holes. Suppose we get on with the game."

He strode away down Petticoat Lane, and I, knowing the futility of it, rose up and strode after him. In thirty seconds we had entered what I took to be the other end of Bond Street, and in another thirty seconds we were standing on all that remained of the sixth tee.

By mutual agreement it was decided that, having had a sufficient experience of blind tee shots, we should, lacking a fore-caddie, indulge in what in hunting parlance is described as craning.

To that end we left our bags upon the sixth tee and made for the highest mountain. Before us lay an expanse of deep emerald sea-turf, which stretched away into the far distant marsh-land. It was interspersed with chains of lesser sand-hills and populated with active parties of people. There were little red flags, white tee boxes and gleaming pot-bunkers, and in the midst of it all stood a noble tin pavilion.

We gazed upon the scene spell-bound. Then we looked at the deserted tin town.

Silently we slid back to the sixth tee, gathered up our golf-bags, re-entered Bond Street and, cautiously as Red Indians, wound our way to the railway station. Not until the next train was securely on its way did we venture to say what we thought.

"Well," concluded Archibald, "as long as nobody hears about it we 're all right."

This was exactly my view of the case.

* * * * *

A week elapsed before we set forth for Berrow Dunes again.

We strode confidently up to the new pavilion and were welcomed royally as old comrades. All the tribulations, hopes and triumphs of the Club's stormy years of war were explained to us, and we were asked to look round and say truthfully what we thought. We could think of one thing only—of praise to the Providence which had saved us from exposure.

Then the secretary—a tactless, inquisitive, meddlesome secretary—came in.

"You are just the fellows I wanted to see," he cried in his blatant manner; "we 've had a little sweep on the score of your best ball for the first five holes of the old course and we want to know who 's won it."

THE BREAKING-POINT.

(*After reading a sartorial note.*)

I STOOD unmoved mid many a change,
My days of warfare done;
A London, howsoever strange,
Could not annoy her son;
What though I found a bus's seat
Involved a fight with frenzied furies,
I kept my head, if not my feet,
Before the swoop of office houris.

The departmental flapper held
My favourite hotel;
The galleries I loved of old
Were hers alone as well;
But facts like these provoked from me
At most, at very most, a dry
"Humph;"
I realised such things must be
In any famous martial triumph.

Such pinprick changes left me dumb,
Placidly pachyderm,
But now I feel the time has come
To emulate the worm,
And all the Tory in me begs
To state that Change exceeds her ration
Now that I note on trouser legs
Permanent turn-ups out of fashion.



OWING TO INTERNAL REASONS THE ABOVE GENTLEMEN ARE FOR THE MOMENT TAKING AN UNFAVOURABLE VIEW OF THE SEA AND ALL ITS WORKS.



M.O. "DID YOU GET THAT MAN TO GARGLE PROPERLY?" *V.A.D.* "YES, SIR."
M.O. "HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?"
V.A.D. "OH, I JUST TOLD HIM TO TAKE A LITTLE IN HIS MOUTH, PUT HIS HEAD BACK AND THEN MAKE A NOISE LIKE AN OFFICER."

THE LADS OF OUR VILLAGE.



1914.



1916.



1919.

NEW NURSERY RHYMES FOR OLD.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET
AND FOUND HERSELF MUCH IN THE WAY,
BUT THE FACE OF A NUT WHO HAD FOOZLED HIS PUTT
PERSUADED MISS MUFFET TO STAY.



THERE WAS A LITTLE MAID AND SHE HAD A LITTLE GUN
AND THE BULLETS THEY WERE MADE OF LEAD, LEAD, LEAD;
IF SHE'S COMING OUT TO-MORROW I SHALL INTIMATE MY SORROW
THAT A TOUCH OF FLU IS KEEPING ME IN BED, BED, BED.



LITTLE DOLLY DINGLE SAT UPON THE SHINGLE
COOLING HER PRETTY LITTLE TOES;
HER BROTHER CAME AND FOUND HER, THE HORRID LITTLE
BOUNDER,
AND DID FOR HER BEST JAZZ HOSE.



THERE WAS A YOUNG WOMAN, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?
SHE DIDN'T CARE TUPPENCE FOR VICTUALS OR DRINK!
I TRIED TO DEVOTE SOME ATTENTION TO DIET,
BUT—DASH THIS YOUNG WOMAN!—SHE *CANNOT* KEEP
QUIET.



MR. PUNCH'S POLITICA



LITICAL MARCH-PAST.

NEW NURSERY RHYMES FOR OLD.



LITTLE BO-PEEP FELL FAST ASLEEP
AS THE SUN WENT DOWN IN THE WEST.
LEAVE HER ALONE AND SHE WON'T COME HOME—
* * * * * *
PERHAPS IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST.



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, SHE ATE SOME TARTS
ALL ON A SUMMER DAY;
BY HEAVEN'S GRACE SHE TURNED HER FACE
AND DIDN'T SEE ME PAY.



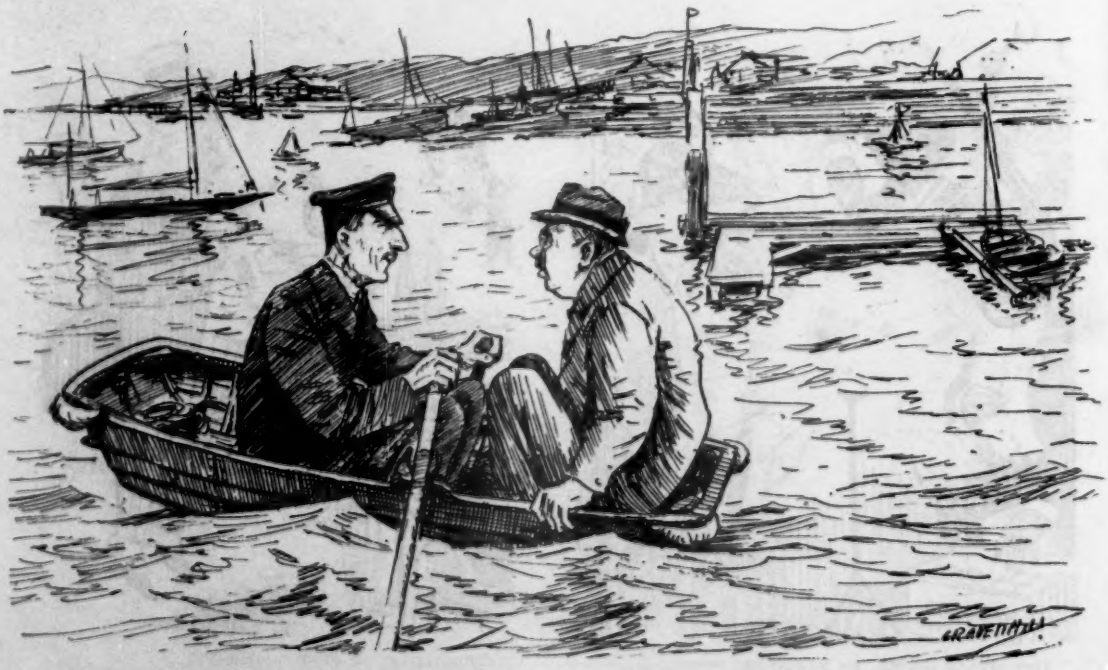
HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE, WE NA-POO THE FIDDLE
AND DANCE TO THE BAND OF THE COONS,
WHO SHOW US THE FUN IN THE BANG OF A GUN
AND THE MUSIC THAT LIES IN MAROONS.
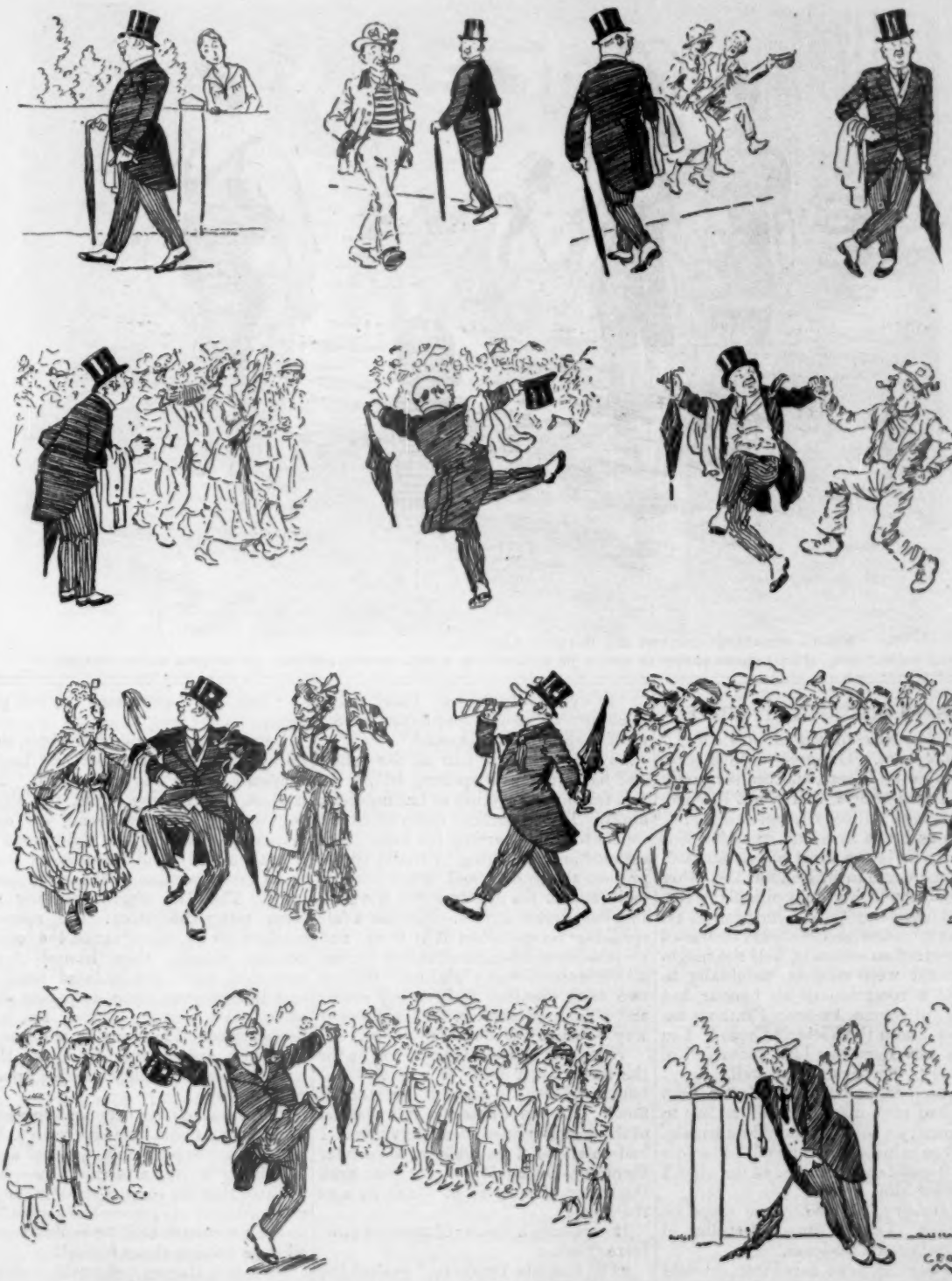


THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARGATE
AND—EITHER BELIEVE IT OR NOT—
A LIVE JELLIED EEL—— BUT YOU POSSIBLY FEEL
THAT I'VE WRITTEN ENOUGH OF THIS ROT.



"NOW THEN, YOUNG FELLOW, NONE OF YOUR HIGH EXPLOSIVE TRICKS HERE."



The Skipper. "SHE COMES IN VERY USEFUL IN THE SUMMER DURING THE YACHTING SEASON."
The Passenger. "YE-ES—AND IN THE WINTER SHE OUGHT TO COME IN VERY USEFUL DURING THE COAL SHORTAGE."



THE MAN WHO WENT OUT ON PEACE-DAY SIMPLY AS A SPECTATOR.



She. "WHAT A WONDERFUL COSTUME MR. BULKELEY HAS."
He. "YES. HE'S RATHER SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS OUTLINE. IT'S THE CAMOUFLAGE IDEA TO PREVENT BEING NOTICED."

AN INARTICULATE HERO.

Do you remember Pembury's V.C.? Probably not. His great deed was recorded in the papers, but, thanks partly to his own efforts, it was not boomed. He got it at Bullecourt, and deserved it. He is as brave as a lion in action, but socially he is the most abject coward. I ran across him in London the other day and found him in a pitiable fright. There was going to be a function at his native town and, according to Pembury's panic-stricken estimate, half the neighbourhood were coming, nominally to attend a reception in his honour, but really, of course, to hear Pembury on "How I won the Victoria Cross." You never saw Pembury in a room full of women? Perhaps it's as well.

It seemed preposterous that a man who had once made himself terrible to his country's enemies should now make a craven exhibition of himself before his own friends, so I resolved to do what I could for him.

"Pembury," I said, "you must be prepared. Let me have the outline of that Bullecourt business."

A gleam of hope came into his wild eyes.

"You—you don't mean——" he stammered.

"It's your only chance," I said. "And buck up; we've only four days. Throw it off exactly as it happened."

In ten minutes I had all the detail, and had written it up long before we met for dinner together at Latino's that night. Then Pembury came on to my rooms to start learning his lines. We set cushions in a ring of chairs to represent the guests, and, when once he had got over his first terror of the idea, Pembury made strides. He has a fair speaking voice—when it'll work, and some sense of dramatic situation—when all his senses haven't left him. We had two more evenings at it in my rooms and a final rehearsal in the train on our way down to Pembury's province.

When the guests began to roll up for the reception, I didn't wonder at Pembury's fright. It wasn't the men so much; but the women, a full platoon of them, might have scared any hero. I had intended if possible to keep near Pembury, but could get no closer than the fringe of a circle of which he was the centre.

It was only a matter of minutes now. Here it came.

"Oh, Captain Pembury," gushed the local Mayoress, "I'm sure your experience at Bullecourt must have been *too* thrilling. *Do* tell us all about it!"

"Yes, *do!*" chorussed the full platoon.

Pembury gave a slight shudder, then he appeared to remember and began. I assure you it was quite good. The modest, deprecating smile, the slight backward tilt of the head, the chin pensively taken in the right hand as if with an effort of memory—I don't think he forgot one of the stage directions. Then he started reciting my terse pithy narrative: the opening artillery strafe, the advance, the terrific counter-attack; then himself lying wounded, with his isolated band of machine-gunners; the desperate situation, heat, hunger, thirst, his men dropping round him one by one, and at last, just anticipating the final Hun rush, our own people sweeping up and relieving him.

There was to have been an impressive pause at this point, but there wasn't. We hadn't allowed for Pembury's deaf aunt.

Talking it over afterwards, we conjectured that the spectacle of Pembury's extraordinary eloquence had forced her to the conclusion that he couldn't possibly be talking about himself.

"I think, Horace," she said, nodding blandly at him, "that it was very gallant of the young man, and I hope he got home safely. *Did* he?"



"ER—JANE—ER—I BELIEVE YOUR MISTRESS AND THE YOUNG LADIES HAVE ARRANGED TO GO TO—ER—SEAMOUTH FOR THE HOLIDAYS. DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY IDEA WHETHER THEY ARE—ER—TAKING ME?"

GEMS FROM THE JUNIORS.

It is hoped that the publication of the following valuable hints on a proper celebration of Peace may assist in the crystallisation of national ideas about that most important subject:—

How to Cellibrate Peace.

It isnt offen we have a peace to cellibrate so lets do it jolly well wile we are about it. My grandfather says abuv all things let it be done with dingity as befitts a great nation—whatever that means. Some peeple like precessions and things but theyre a bit slow unless youve got lions in cages and a elefant or two. How about crakkers to make the girls jump and a very imensely big cake but of course thats only my idea. I darsay groanups would rather stay in bed to brekfast and read out bits of newspayper to each other. But there would have to be fireworks and anyway dont lets have any dingity. RUPERT LAKE (age 10).

A Few Remarks about Peace.

It is rather a Risponsibilyty for me to say how England should celibrate Peace spessialy as I am not quite sure what is the Diffrence between real Peace and just a Armystis but it is always a good thing to rejoyce so what does it matter why. Excep that we mussent Rejoyce when some one else hurts theirselves so lets hope no one will on Peace Day. Of course no one need do what they dont want to but prhaps a few Remarks will help and I think all the Serch Lights that were used for Air Raids ought to shine out from wherever their places are as some of us couldent enjoy them much while there were Boms droping but if you arnt feeling sort of sickish they must be splended. And the hole of London ought to cheer outside Buckingham Palase and it might be perlite to go to the houses of parliament dont you think just to show we are greatful to them as well and then after that everybody could start to enjoy theirselves propperly. OLIVE MAITLAND (age 9).

A Sugestsion for how to Celebrat Peace.

I have got the most lovly thout for what to do on Peace day. Its a grate secret but I will tell it this onece. I am riting a play its so exsiting you cant think. Theres everso many peple in it who talk and when theyr done the King sits down and the Kiser and they sine there names the King becaus he wont fite any more and the Kiser because he cant and then president Willson says I beg to anounse the leeg of nashuns has now begun and evry body is very glad and shakes hands and sings God save the King all exsept the Kiser who goes out and bangs the dore. I woud have put in more about france ansetra but there arent enuf acters and sides I coud make a seprate play out of them praps. If any body pays for there seats the money coud go to help Peace but I shoudent think they woud.

PHŒBE WARRINGTON (age 8).

Peece.

Peece is very beutiful becoz you dont have to keep making guns in Peece and your relashuns arent all soljers praps they are only in the stocking change or being quiet things like juges so you see it is difrunt to war wich we know all about now in peece your father talks about boshviks instead of germens but its the germens the peece is about all the same like it was the war was about them too a thaetre woud be a nice way to spend peece not pictuers but a proper thaetre where everything is reel Father says wait and see I do hope he wont jus dig in the old alotment.

DENNIS GRAHAM (age 7).



"WELL, I'M BLOWED IF I SEE—



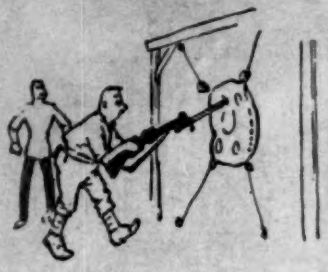
—WHAT GOOD—



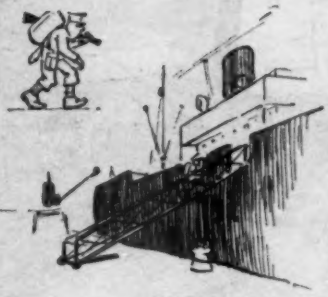
—I CAN BE—



—TURNING OUT—



—TO FIGHT—



—BLOOMING—



—GERMANS—



—WITH ALL THEIR—



—GUNS—



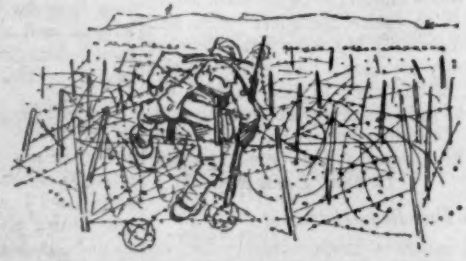
—AND THEIR MILLIONS O' MEN—



—AND SO FORTH—



—AND SO ON.



BEEN PREPARING FOR THIS, THEY HAVE,—

1914—1918.



—FOR THE LAST FORTY YEARS—



—AND NOT SO PARTICULAR, EITHER, MIND YOU,—



—A DIRTY LOT,—



—WITH THEIR ZEPPS—



—AND SUBMARINES.



IT 'S NOT AS IF—



—WE WERE A MILITARY NATION—



—OR TOOK KINDLY TO IT AT ALL.



IN FACT—



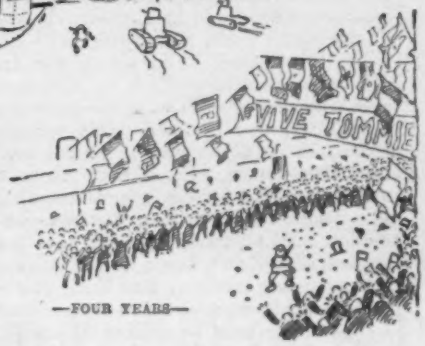
—I DON'T WONDER—



—IT 'S TAKEN US—



—OVER—



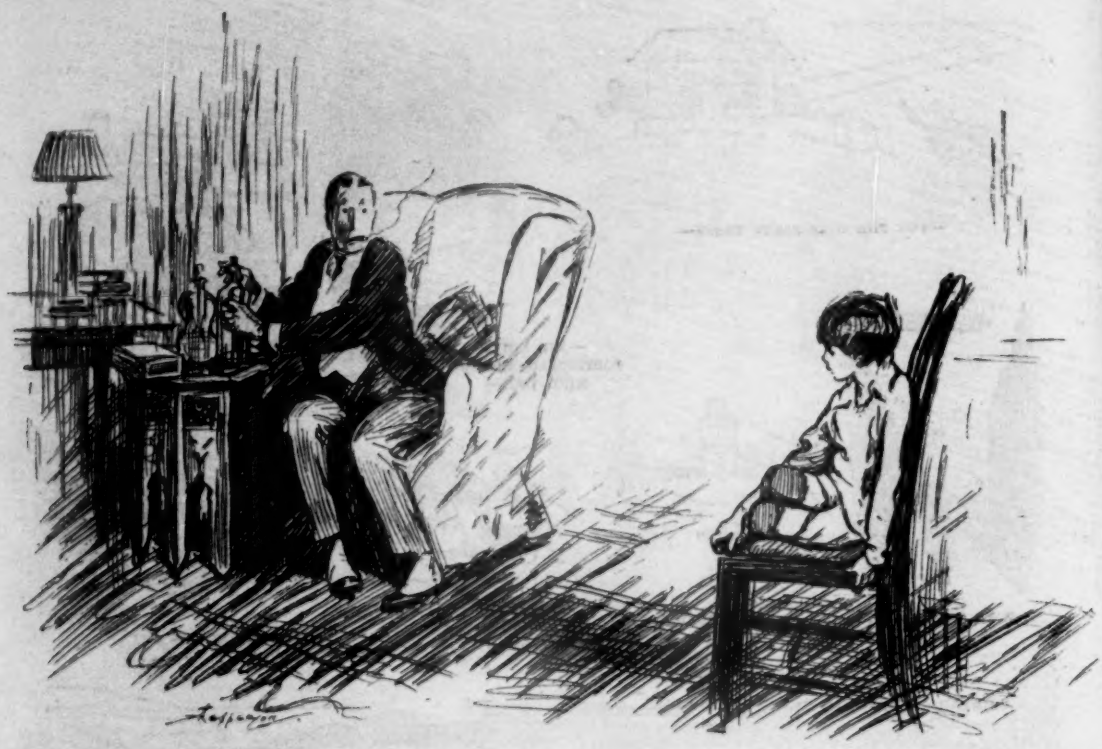
—FOUR YEARS—



—TO FINISH THE JOB.

Dugasse

1914—1918.



Child. "AND IS THE WAR REALLY OVER, DADDY?"
Father. "PRACTICALLY, MY BOY."
Child. "THEN MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION ABOUT IT WHICH I COULDN'T ASK TILL IT *WAS* OVER?"
Father. "CERTAINLY, MY SON."
Child. "WELL, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHAT DID *YOU* DO IN THE GREAT WAR, DADDY?"

THE BRUNT OF PEACE.

In that great moment when we touched the goal
Of certain hopes long time deferred
I little marvel if the nation's soul
Was not ecstatically stirred;
If when (by wire) the Teuton toed the line
No orgy of debauch convulsed the traffic,
And even flying-men betrayed no sign
Of any wish to maffick.

Once, when the killing stopped, we had our say;
Strange attitudes of joy we struck;
Without rehearsal gave ourselves away,
Jazzed in the street and ran amok;
But now this anti-climax leaves us cool;
Our feet refuse to jump convention's borders;
Besides, they've told us not to play the fool
Until we get our orders.

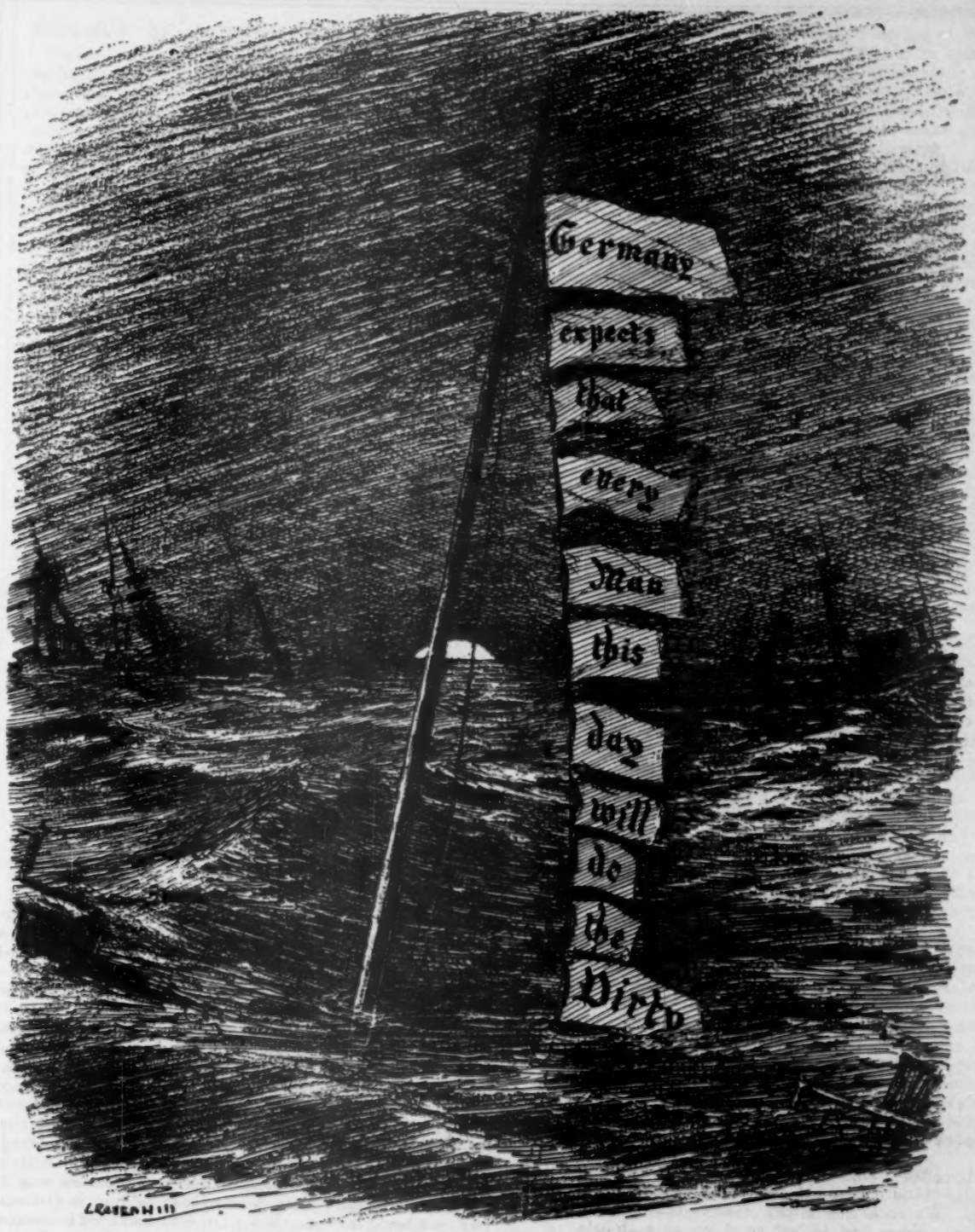
Nor have we here a foe who turns to friend,
Who, taking from defeat no stain,
After a clean fight makes as clean an end
And clasps our outstretched hands again;
We know the worth of vows that pass his lips;
From first to last as shifty as a shuttle,
He's taught us how his honour, like his ships,
He takes no shame to scuttle.

Yet, if it's not the Peace we struggled for,
The thing will somehow have to do,
And we must treat it as we did the War,
And set our teeth and see it through;
And hold the Rhine and have it straitly watched,
And in our bargains stand no further higgling,
Mindful that, though the snake be badly scotched,
He's still alive and wriggling. O. S.

HIER SPRICHT MAN ENGLISCH.

I SUPPOSE if I had met Karl Foosboten eighteen months ago things might have been different; but now he is a stimulus to me. With his bottle-green uniform, his sword and carefully-creased white slacks he inspires me with a greater confidence in his ability to command than does, for instance, the cashier at Cox's.

Karl Foosboten is, in short, our village *Polizeidiener* (policeman). His position of attention is good, and the ease and celerity with which he salutes me on every occasion (up to five hundred yards' range) is an example of Kultur in its highest form. I am certain he would not treat HINDENBURG himself with greater respect. Only this morning I had a short interview with him, during which the position of attention was above all praise. With a motion of the hand I indicated that the interview was at an end, as I didn't know how to dismiss him in German without being familiar. But Karl, who had been learning a little English, experienced no such embarrassment. Taking a pace to the rear, he clicked his heels, saluted and with profound respect, and no doubt with that feeling of elation that one has when addressing a foreigner in his own language for the first time, said, "Cheerio, Herr Hauptmann!"



THE END OF A PERFECT "*TAG.*"

(SCAPA FLOW, JUNE 21ST.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 24th.—Evidence of the holidays, now unhappily over, was strong in both Houses. The Peers came back full of good resolutions. Increased production being the need of the hour they nobly determined to sit four days a week in future instead of three. As a reward for their self-sacrifice Lord CURZON promised that some day, when the signing is really over and the PRIME MINISTER can tear himself away from Paris, they shall be told something about the Peace-terms.

The bronzed faces of the Commons bore testimony to sunny mornings spent on the sea-shore and the golf-links. Judging by the magnificent gesture with which Sir CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE sought to repress Mr. HOGGE's attempt to forestall him in a "supplementary," I should infer that he had been practising the *rôle* of CANUTE. Needless to say Mr. HOGGE proved as irrepressible as the waves.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN's holiday pastime probably consisted in pouring oil upon troubled waters. Repeated efforts were made by Major NEWMAN, reinforced by Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. BOTTOMLEY, to ascertain whether the Board of Trade confirmed or denied Sir ERIC GEDDES' statement that there would be a hundred millions deficit on the working of the railways. But they lost all their force under the emollient gentleness of the UNDER-SECRETARY'S official manner. A truly Golden BRIDGEMAN.

The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY stoutly defended the naval authorities against the charge that they were responsible for the disappearance of the German war-ships. If their advice had been taken the vessels would have been surrendered instead of interned, and Admiral VON REUTER'S *coup* would have been impossible.

Certain members have resumed the practice of despatching minatory telegrams to the PRIME MINISTER, and were naturally disgusted to hear from the POSTMASTER-GENERAL that in future their pastime was likely to cost them more. Mr. ILLINGWORTH announced later on that "the running tunnel" of the Post Office Mail Tube had been completed. He at least will have a convenient bolt-hole when the storm of public indignation bursts upon him.

I learn from the books of reference that Mr. KELLAWAY was "formerly a journalist." He certainly showed the contempt bred of familiarity in his references to the Press attacks upon the Ministry of Munitions, though his tribute to "Mr. STEPHEN GWYNNE of *The Morning Post*," as the introducer of the STOKES mortar, showed that his knowledge of the newspaper-world is not pedantically accurate. His claim that but for the work of the Ministry the valour of the soldiers would have been without avail was advanced with a vivacity worthy of the PRIME MINISTER; and his defence of the four-million linen deal was so far convincing that I felt rather sorry for Mr. MARTIN.



THE LADY PANDORA GEDDES.

"WHEN THE BOX IS OPENED SIR AUCKLAND MAY PROVE TO BE ANOTHER *PANDORA*."

If Mr. GEORGE TERRELL expected on a motion for the adjournment to get the Government to declare their future fiscal policy he was disappointed. He managed, however, to elicit from Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES the surprising information that that policy is already cut-and-dried and laid away in a strong box ready for production at the earliest possible moment. From the speeches of Mr. SHAW and other Coalitionist Free Traders it would appear that they are not enamoured of the prospect, and rather fear that when the box is opened Sir AUCKLAND may prove to be another *Pandora*, scattering evils instead of blessings over a war-weary world.

Wednesday, June 25th.—A last effort by Lord STRACHIE to ensure that ladies promoted to the magisterial bench shall at least have reached the age of thirty years was successful, for, in spite of Lord BIRKENHEAD'S undertaking that so long as he was CHANCELLOR "no flappers need apply," a majority of the peers thought it wise to make assurance doubly sure.

Since he shook off the dust of Dublin University and found refuge in the bracing air of Belfast Sir EDWARD CARSON has developed a Puckish humour that frequently takes him into unexpected paths. This afternoon he dispelled the dulness of a technical discussion on the valuation of land by declaring that the market-value should be identical with the assessment for taxation. The "single-taxers" welcomed their new recruit with effusion, but the HOME SECRETARY and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL were so disturbed by this eccentric behaviour of their learned brother that for a short time they quite lost their bearings. Mr. SHORTT in particular was horror-stricken at the conception of a world where there was no "compensation for severance."

Thursday, June 26th.—Colonel GRETTON'S complaint that "eligible and respectable British subjects" had been refused permission to travel to the United States received a soft answer from Mr. HARMSWORTH, who said the trouble was chiefly due to the shortage of shipping. Apparently the only way to ensure rapid entry into America is to travel by the All-Green route, of which "President" DE VALERA has the exclusive rights.

Not content with the HOME SECRETARY'S promise to announce the Government's proposals for the Peace celebration at the earliest possible moment, Mr. BOTTOMLEY sought a further intimation that the celebration should be optional and not compulsory. To prevent any misgivings it should be pointed out that, though the Hon. Member's ratification of the Treaty is of course desirable, it is not absolutely indispensable.

I suppose "responsible" is about the most hardly treated word in the English language. The limit was reached, one hopes, when Mr. SHORTT, endeavouring to describe the constitutional position of the Central Control Board, remarked that the Ministry of Munitions "answered for it," but that the War Cabinet was "responsible for it."

THE PRINCESS AND THE DRAGON.



ONCE upon a time a dragon had its lair in a great forest. It was the terror of the countryside, ravaging crops and villages and carrying off the inhabitants.

At last the people sent a petition to the King, who promised the hand of his only daughter, the beautiful Princess Layita, to anyone who should succeed in killing the monster; and he vowed that until then his daughter, to prevent her affections from wandering elsewhere, should be confined in the topmost chamber of the palace tower, where not even the King himself should see her, lest he might be suspected of other matrimonial designs for her.

In those days it was the custom, if you made a vow, to put the hard work on to somebody else.

The keys of the tower were entrusted to the Countess Geltruda, the Princess's favourite lady-in-waiting. She alone was permitted to see the Princess, to take her food—since even Princesses must eat—and the daily Court gossip.

Meanwhile the fame of the dragon spread abroad. Not a Knight went near it. They argued, with common-sense quite unusual for those times, that there were plenty of other Kings' daughters.



At last one morning a strange Knight rode up to the palace gates. Both his armour and his horse were jet black. He had come, he said, to do battle with the dragon for the hand of the Princess Layita.

The King himself came out to meet him. A great banquet was held, followed by jousting, and the Black Knight overthrew all his adversaries. The King was delighted. "At last," he cried, "my daughter will be freed." And everyone cheered.

The next day the Black Knight set out for the dragon's lair. The populace did not accompany him. It was generally felt that the meeting of the Knight and the dragon should be strictly private.

They never saw him again.

A year passed before another Knight attempted to slay the monster. This second champion was dressed completely in white and mounted on a white horse. So they called him the White Knight. (In those days people were very quick at thinking of names). He too rode to the dragon's lair, but never returned. The dragon must have devoured him.

Some time later a Knight dressed in yellow came to the King's Court. Can you guess what name they gave him? No? They called him the Yellow Knight.

But the dragon swallowed him at a single gulp.

Next came a green Knight; then a couple of purples; the next wore heliotrope. But none of them returned.

By now the dragon was completely colour-blind. But his appetite was as good as ever.

And then no one came for many months. Five years had passed since the King's vow. He despaired of ever seeing his daughter again. He wondered if she were much altered, and would question the Countess Geltruda anxiously. But nothing could be done.

Then one morning, as the King sat gloomily at breakfast, a man-at-arms entered and said, "Your Majesty, there is one without who wishes to speak with your Majesty."

"What does he want at this time of day?" growled the King.

"He says that he will slay the dragon and win the hand of the Princess Layita. At first we turned him



away, for he is but a poor minstrel boy; but he refused to go."

The King choked. "You—you tried to turn him away! You forfeit your head next time you turn away anyone who wants to try conclusions with the dragon. Bring him in."

The man-at-arms retired, and came back with a slim handsome youth, with golden curls clustering about his forehead, and clear blue eyes which looked fearlessly before him. He was dressed in rags, and in his hand he carried an old travel-stained harp.

"A comely youth," muttered the King, wiping his moustache. "It is your idea, I hear, to slay this dragon of ours?" he remarked cheerfully.

"Yes, your Majesty," answered the youth; "and so to win the hand of the Princess Layita."

"Just so," said the King. "Now let 's get to business. About arms. You can have anything you like from the armoury, except the suit of gold which I wear myself on state occasions. You 'll find plenty of——"

"I need no arms," said the youth. "I have here a magic dagger, one scratch of which is enough to slay the grizzliest beast. It is sharper than a razor. Would your Majesty care to feel the blade?"

"A very useful and—ah—effective little weapon," said the King, edging



away a bit. "Well, as you already have everything you want, there 's no need to waste time."

"I will start at once," said the youth.

"I verily wish you good luck," said the King. "You ought to do good work with that dagger of yours." He eyed the youth's shabby clothing. "Go straight down the passage and turn to the right if you want a wash and brush-up."

The youth drew himself up proudly. "Your Majesty," he said, "if I die in the encounter I die as I am, travel-stained and in rags."

"Just as you like," said the King, and sat down to finish his breakfast. He had very little faith in the minstrel boy, in spite of the magic dagger.

When the youth set out people jeered as he passed them; they had no faith in him either. But he took no notice, and strode proudly out of the palace gates.

When he reached the dragon's lair the monster was lying sleepily in the mouth of the cave. It yawned deliberately, breathed out a little fire, and rose to its feet to be in a better position for swallowing the minstrel boy. But the youth ran nimbly round and plunged the dagger deep into its side. The monster rolled over and lay still. The magic dagger had done its work well.

He severed the creature's head and returned with it to the palace.

The King ran out to meet him. "At last," he cried—"at last my daughter is freed!"—and he embraced the minstrel boy with tears in his eyes. "Thank you," he said as the youth handed him the creature's head—"thank you, my son. It will look well over the dining-room mantelpiece."

Everyone was touched by these simple words of appreciation.



The King made a short speech to the people. He reminded them of the day when the Black Knight had come to the palace; how he had ridden to the dragon's lair and never been seen again. "After that," he said, "many came to win my daughter's hand. They all perished. But now this minstrel lad has succeeded where they failed."

He embraced the boy again. The populace cheered.

Then the King sent for the Countess Geltruda. But she was nowhere to be found.

"What!" fumed the King. "At such an hour as this!" His tones were so terrible that the trembling messenger could hardly find his voice to explain that the keys, at any rate, had been found in her apartments.

"'Tis well," said the King darkly.

He then proceeded to ascend the winding steps which led to the topmost chamber of the tower. Bells rang in the churches to celebrate the coming marriage of the Princess Layita and the minstrel boy. Women wept as they pictured the joyful reunion of father and child.

The King unlocked the door and ran in. "My daughter!" he cried.

But the room was empty!

On the table lay a little note. The King snatched it up. It was rather faded and dated five years ago.

"DEAR PAPA," it ran,—"I am going to elope with the Black Knight. His name is Rudolph, and he is so handsome. He decided not to fight the dragon after all. I shall start tomorrow early, before anyone is about, and wait for Rudolph down the road. We are going to live happily ever after. Good-bye.

"P.S.—Geltruda has our Royal Promise that you will pardon her for having helped me."

"Well, anyhow," said the King, "we 've done what we wanted; we 've got rid of the dragon."

And having once more expressed his deep obligations to the minstrel boy, and said how much he regretted that he could never be his father-in-law, he graciously presented him with a signed photograph of his Royal Self in the character of St. GEORGE.





Petulant Angler. "IF YOU WANT ME TO CATCH ANY FISH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE STOP FLASHING THAT SANDWICH."

ARION REDIVIVUS.

THE grave anxiety felt for several months in musical circles concerning the safety of Mr. Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the famous violinist and son-in-law of Lord Boldero (formerly Sir Pompey Boldero), has at last been relieved by the safe arrival of the great artist himself, after a series of perilous adventures, by the side of which the romance of the *Odyssey* is but a jejune and trivial narrative.

It will be remembered that on the conclusion of the Armistice Mr. Bamborough at once sailed for New Guinea, to fulfil a longstanding engagement to organise the private orchestra of the Sultan of Motumotu and give a series of recitals. This engagement was carried out with resounding success. Mr. Bamborough, who has always been a great believer in the Papuans and a student of Cainozoic geology, rapidly mastered the language, composed the internecine quarrels of the cannibalistic Karons and the pastoral Kebars, who adhere to the orthodox notation, and, after holding the post of Prime Minister for three months, sailed from Port Moresby amid the lamentations of the grateful populace.

Mr. Bamborough refused to take any fee for his services, but was laden with decorations and presents. These included seventy birds of paradise, fifteen salamanders, two hundred kegs of *bêche-de-mer*, five richly-painted war canoes, twenty tons of ebony, and sarongs and kampongs innumerable. Unfortunately the cupidity of the sailors, Kanakas for the most part of the Sol-fa persuasion, was aroused by these treasures, a mutiny broke out, the white officers were overpowered, and Mr. Bamborough sentenced to walk the plank. He faced his doom with unshaken fortitude, his one request being that before the fatal plunge he might play BACH'S *Chaconne*. It was granted, and Mr. Bamborough declares that he never played so finely before. Then the sentence was carried out, and he was left to his fate.

The intrepid musician, however, trod water for fourteen hours and was then rescued, not by another ship, but by a seal, which with the unerring musical instinct of its race recognised a kindred soul and towed him to the Isle of Bobo. Thence he proceeded by catamaran to Motumotu, and thence in the Sultan's Motumotu car to Port Moresby. A wireless to Singapore resulted in the apprehension of the mutineers and the recovery of all Mr. Bamborough's treasures, with the exception of five birds of paradise and a bag of copra.

Mr. Bamborough, who is in robust health and bronzed by his exposure to the tropical sun, was met at Southampton by Madame Bamborough, their three sons, Handel Scriabin, Mendelssohn Stravinsky and Ravel Rachmaninoff, and their daughter, Palestrina Porpora, and, of course, Lord Boldero, who seemed somewhat dazed by his good fortune, but radiated benevolence on the touching scene of reunion. Mr. Bamborough has already accepted an invitation to lecture on his experiences before the Royal Geographical Society, and generously presented the faithful seal, which accompanied him on his homeward journey, to the Zoological Gardens. The date of his public entry into London has not yet been fixed, but it is hoped that it will not clash with the Peace Celebrations.

Another Impending Apology.

"He [Mr. Laszlo] had painted the photographs of nearly every crowned head in Europe."—*Daily Paper.*

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a Lancashire tailor's shop:
"Misfits a speciality."

THE CUCKOO.



In April Come he will



In May he sings all day



In June he changes his tune



In August go he must.

THE STATUE.

ONE of the oddest things in life is the way that a story can grow. Even odder perhaps is the way it can begin. Let me give you an example.

The other day I was in Waterloo Place with an ardent young friend, who pointed to the equestrian statue of Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA which is situated midway between the Athenæum and the United Services Clubs.

"There's a very remarkable thing about that monument" he said, stopping with dramatic suddenness before it.

I studied the group but saw nothing.

"Don't you see," he said, "that both the horse and the rider are looking the same way?"

Yes, I saw.

"You will notice," he continued, "that the gaze of both is fixed on those two windows at the right end of the first floor of the United Services Club."

I agreed. Both certainly look towards those windows, which appeared either to be dirty or to be screened from within.

My young friend was becoming very earnest.

"The sculptor," he said, "gave the horse and rider that look because it was in the room at which they are staring that NAPIER died; and," he added impressively, "the windows have never been cleaned since."

"Ah!" I said, for I must admit to being interested. And why should I disbelieve? It seemed probable enough and did credit to the club's fidelity. Moreover, my young friend is more taken by facts than fancies; nor is he a leg-puller; and every one knows that sculptors are given to little dramatic touches. I therefore accepted the story, which has many good points, just as I should accept any other reasonable London legend, and added it to my own repertory, telling it chiefly as an example of that rare thing, romance in a London club. I may not exactly have dined out on it, but I took people along Pall Mall to tell them about the statue and properly thrill them.

But I told it once too often. I told it to a man who is not only naturally sceptical about everything he hears, but one of those fellows who have at their fingers' ends what are called data. Data, it is notorious, are fatal to romancers, and his data settled me.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I must inquire into this," and he went up to the library of the Athenæum for that chilling thing, a book of reference.

"I thought so," he remarked as he came back. "That statue is a replica of one in Calcutta."

"Good heavens, is it?" I replied. "Then what are the horse and rider looking at there?"

"I don't know," he said. "Another thing," he went on; "the original statue was set up in NAPIER'S lifetime."

He looked at me steadily and I looked out of the window.

"It's not my story," I said weakly; "I'm only passing it on."

"NAPIER," he pursued, "died at his house in Eaton Place."

Humiliation seems to be the best word I can find to describe my own condition; but it is the last to apply to his. I never saw a man so flushed with triumph.

A few days later we met again.

"About that story of yours," he began.

"The one I repeated to you?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "Your story about NAPIER and his horse. I've had a letter from the secretary of the United Services Club. I wrote to him and this is what he says:—

"'In reply to your letter of 17th instant I have to inform you that the two windows referred to belonged to the west end of the Library. I understand that the reason for veiling the windows of the room was to obtain wall space to allow two large portraits to be hung on the wall to correspond with the east end of the Library.'"

He then handed me the letter as a souvenir and left me.

Now what I want to do is to meet my ardent young friend and transfer the letter to him; I also want to find out who told him this fable, and then who told *him*, and so backwards until we get at the fountain-head. For someone must have begun it. Meanwhile I ask all those persons to whom I have told it and who may read these lines to forget it.

"You pays your money and you takes your choice."

"Now that the drought is breaking we can look back upon fifty radiant days during which the sun has dispensed an invigorating national tonic. His healing beams have soothed and sweetened countless frayed tempers."
Daily Mail, June 21, 1919.

"Human beings, just as much as the vegetable world, have parched in the long drought. Sleep has been broken, nerves became frayed, the skin and hair became dry. We, who grumble so at our cloudy British skies, have learned in these last 48 days something of that sick weariness of brazen heavens and the flaming sun, that surfeit of light and glare, that torments the exile in the Indian plains."
Same paper, same day.

Now you know just how you were affected by the drought.

"Some remarkable prices were made, including £200 for a Buckskin grand piano."
Local Paper.

More substitutes!

TIMOTHY.

["That which the Ancients called Gyrinus we a Porwigle or Tadpole."—Sir THOMAS BROWNE.]

OH, Uncle sits lugubriously smoking,
And grief has tangled Aunty's knitting wool;
The housemaid's hanky's absolutely soaking;
The knife-boy's bellowing like an angry bull;
And gentle little Muriel is choking
With sobs and weeping simply buckets-full,
For Timothy, whom sudden death has felly
Nipped, if I so may phrase it, in the jelly.

Early one morn we found his corpse a-huddle
Deep in the bottom of his jampot lake.
Was it nostalgia for his native puddle?
Was it the *Zeitgeist*? Or the tummy-ache?
I cannot tell. My mind is all a muddle,
Like Aunty's wool, with sorrow for his sake;
And I can only weep and weep for clever
Young Timothy, who's lost and gone for ever.

A tiny tadpole he, a wee porwigle,
Blithe, debonair, swift-moving as a dart,
Whose bullet-head and fascinating wriggle
Would squirm a way into the coldest heart;
We hoped to rear him from a speck or squiggle
To frog's estate that he might bear his part
In all our happy ways and family beanos;
But Fate has haled him—whither only she knows.

But if there waits in some Elysian valley
For decent well-conducted little tads
A nice green smelly pool where breezelets dally,
Where shadow chases shadow fast, and glads
Small fry at noon, where boatmen-beetles sally,
And where the feather-pated mayfly gads,
There, when the fun grows fast and tails are whisking,
You'll find him beatifically frisking.

"The music throughout is beautiful and, even if the whole company were to dispense with costumes and sit in a ring like Christy Minstrels, the Lilac Domino would be a success."—*Times of India.*

We can well believe it.



"I DON'T CARE HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, MY DEAR, IT'S ONLY ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER."
"BUT SURELY IT WON'T BE NEARLY SO EASY TO TEAR UP THIS TIME. IT'S A BOUND BOOK WITH HUNDREDS OF PAGES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE picture-wrapper of *Love Lane* (COLLINS) might lead you to suppose that it contained a farcical story, which is by no means the fact. The discovery of an exact epithet for Mr. J. C. SNAITH'S latest novel somewhat baffles me. It must be an adjective conveying the idea of clever writing, full of charm and sympathetic observation, but made a little unconvincing by its rose-tinted outlook upon human nature. Of Mr. SNAITH'S characters here it might be said that when they are good they are very, very good, and that the other kind is kept out of the picture. It is a story of the War, showing the changes that its progress brought to *Josiah Munt*, Mayor of Blackhampton, and to the members of his family circle. As I have hinted, these changes are wholly beneficial. At first, indeed, you may think that *Josiah*, pompously prosperous, who has refused to speak to one daughter since her unapproved marriage and is about to cut another from his will for imprisonment as a Suffragette, will prove the typical explosive parent of fiction. Actually, however, no such matter. With the War a thousand new interests and sympathies awake in the mayoral heart. *Melia's* unsatisfactory husband enlists, and in the process of becoming a hero finds his soul. The relations of this couple and the slow development of understanding between them are well and tenderly done. *Josiah* himself prospers even more, but differently; becomes the municipal idol of Blackhampton, is knighted, and expands chapter by chapter into new geniality. Finally, the disinherited Suffragette, now a motor-driver, covers the name of *Munt* with such glories as demand public congratulation and her reinstatement as the most honoured member of the united family. Well, I think Mr. SNAITH is a trifle over-optimistic, and tells, like Hope, a flattering tale. Certainly he tells a very cheerful one.

Blind Alley (UNWIN) is a running commentary on the War from the view-point of the disgruntled "intellectual." I judge it to have been written for relief from some accumulated ill humours, perplexities of mind and conscience, and genuine mental suffering. Mr. W. L. GEORGE would not have made his reputation as a novelist on work like this. The characters are so very palpably pegs on which to hang opinions, and certainly the author has abused that indulgent modern trick of writing a book in detached numbered sections, and so escaping all the discipline of sound planning. It is an easy method which makes difficult reading. As to the opinions, Mr. GEORGE makes violent and (it is just to say) clever protest against the common man's acceptance without criticism of the "my-country-always-right" thesis, and gives his own views, I should suppose, chiefly through the mouths of that most unsquirelike of squires, *Sir Hugh Oakley*, of his shell-shocked son, *Stephen*, and of *Cradoc*, the conscientious objector, who goes far to convert *Sir Hugh*. It is, by the way the worthy baronet who apostrophises England thus: "But I must love you, and love you, because only love, crude minx with the heart of gold, can teach you to love." Mr. GEORGE and *Sir Hugh* may love England, but find it rather difficult not to despise her. The quite unconvincing sexual adventures of *Sir Hugh's* daughters, *Monica*,



"WHAT ARE YOU GRUMBLING AT NOW? YOU TOLD ME TO PUT HER HARD OVER."

who went into munitions and fell in love with a *Don Juan* of a profiteer, and *Sylvia*, who made a hobby of war-bazaars and adultery, help to preserve the continuity of the author's preoccupation with a side of life which, probably for our souls' health's sake, the rest of us attempt to camouflage. . . . But by no means a dull or negligible book.

Perhaps it would not be unfair to regard *Consequences* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) as itself a consequence of the success achieved by Miss E. M. DELAFIELD with the same, or something the same, environment in certain chapters of an earlier story. Just how far it should be classed as anti-conventual is difficult to say, because, though the heroine, *Alex Clare*, is a conspicuous failure as a "religious," and though her superiors are shown as entirely wanting in comprehension, *Alex* herself has been drawn, with all Miss DELAFIELD'S incisive skill, as foredoomed to failure in everything, one of those unhappy beings who combine a passionate desire for sympathy with a total inability to arouse it. In her nursery and school-days, as a débutante in late Victorian Society, and betrothed to an egotistical young prig (the only person in the tale about whom I fancy Miss DELAFIELD really enjoyed writing), the miserable record of poor *Alex* remains the same. The convent, which seemed to offer the solution to her problems, brings only a result of worse failure than any; and the final tragedy is what you can see as the only end to such a history. Though as a study of failure it is clever and penetrating, I shall not call the book equal to Miss DELAFIELD'S best, if only because it is almost wholly devoid of that ironical humour from which I have before now derived such malicious entertainment. *Consequences* finds her both more serious and less sure of her aim; but the half-impatient sympathy that drives it forward reveals a new aspect of this always original and stimulating writer.

Although *The Cameliers* (MELROSE) makes an especial appeal to Australians, its vivid account of the Egyptian and Palestine fighting deserves a more general appreciation. Mr. OLIVER HOGUE is an Australian by birth and breeding, and has clearly had a literary training, which he puts to excellent use. He has an eye for essential points and a lively sense of humour. In this book he gives us facts, with an admixture of what I should guess is fiction founded (possibly) on fact. When he is describing the many fights in which the Camelry took a glorious part he is on absolutely sure ground, and I give him the maximum every time. But when he descends to tell us of the love-story of *Lieutenant Blaine* and *Sister Livingstone* I have an uncomfortable feeling that he is writing down to, and a little despising, his public. Or perhaps it is that a blend of stern reality with what can only be described as "light stuff" is not to my taste. However that may be, as a record of arduous campaigning *The Cameliers* deserves the very best of luck, and that is exactly what I wish it.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

Captain A. W. LLOYD, M.C., who returns to-day to the service of Mr. Punch, has been mentioned in General VAN DEVENTER'S Despatch "for valuable services" in the East Africa Campaign.

Scotland for Ever!

"Fife Allied judges are to fix the ex-Kaiser's punishment."
Scottish Paper.

"'My next,' said Mr. Asche, 'will be the new play for the Alhambra. No title has yet been contemplated beyond those you have already mentioned—namely, "All Aboard" or "All Aboard." During the final rehearsals, however, doubtless we shall think of a newer name.'"
Referee.

If we might make a novel suggestion we should call it "All Aboard."

"Commenting on the Allies' reply, *The Frankfurter Zeitung* writes: 'Germany is not in a position to refuse her signature to the treaty when the signature is forced by an ultimatum. Let us resign ourselves to the inevitable and hope for a better future.
ioioioioioioioioioioioioooo."—*Provincial Paper.*

Is this quite the spirit of true resignation?

CHARIVARIA.

WE are glad to be able to state authoritatively that so far the Peace casualties are not excessive in proportion to the numbers engaged in the struggle.

* * *

"Within two hours of the signing of Peace," says an evening paper, "a ragtime Peace song was written and set to music." With the exception of a few fires caused by pyrotechnics no other serious trouble has been reported.

* * *

Prohibition came into force in America on July 1st, and up to the time of going to press no news has been received from Scotsmen there. Much anxiety prevails.

* * *

Rain heavily impregnated with sulphur is reported to have fallen in British Columbia on June 28th. The Prohibitionists are making the most of the circumstance.

* * *

The "dry" system has received a nasty blow. Asked how many brothers he had, an Ipswich publican is reported to have said, "Two alive and one in America."

* * *

At the South-Western Police Court an Irishman admitted firing a revolver at a policeman. It was pointed out to him that it is illegal to shoot policemen in this country.

* * *

What is described as the largest fire in the world is reported from New York. If America can bring it off three years in succession we understand that the fire becomes her own property.

* * *

A British soldier just invalided home from the Allied forces in Russia has obtained a situation as a lion-tamer. It is supposed that he was tired of bears.

* * *

"Mr. Garvin," says a new weekly, "is above all a human being." And we had been thinking all along he was a journalist.

* * *

Dublin contemplates erecting a statue to DE VALERA. We have felt for some time that he has been asking for it, and we hope it will be a lesson to him.

* * *

The man who was recently arrested for stealing a railway sandwich explained to the magistrate that the sandwich started the row and they were merely going outside to fight it out.

* * *

We are pleased to note that the Cowes pleasure steamers are out and about again after being laid up during the War.

* * *

A woman recently informed the Bench that her husband had stayed in the house eight weeks without speaking a word. It appears that the poor fellow didn't like to interrupt.

* * *

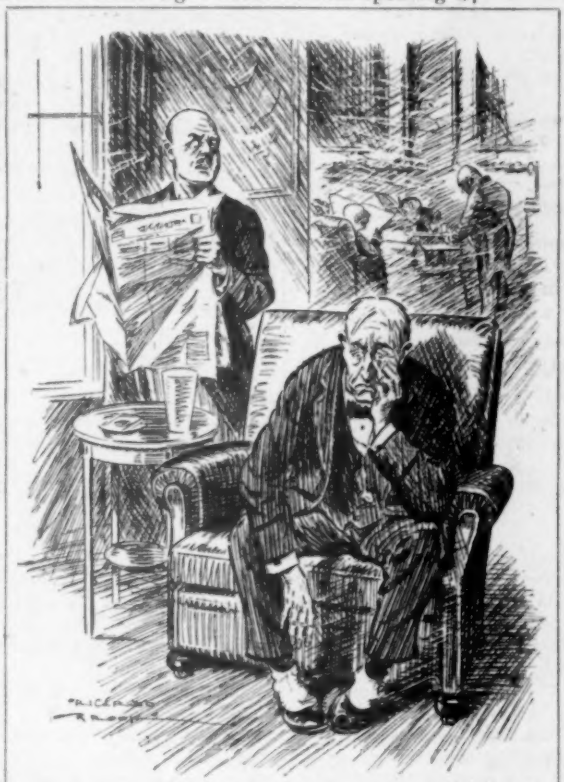
"Much benefit can be obtained from eating onions," says a medical weekly, "if people only knew it." The difficulty of course is to keep other people from knowing.

* * *

We understand that in consequence of Peace distractions the largest gooseberry will not be grown this year.

"Mrs. —— was in excellent voice and sang 'Oriental Nights,' approximately gowned in a dazzling Oriental costume."—*Victoria Times.*

Very discreetly put.



First Clubman. "I SEE IT'S PREDICTED THAT OUR MORNING PAPERS MAY SOON BE DELIVERED BY AEROPLANE IN NEW YORK THE SAME EVENING."

Second ditto. "YES—BUT SUPPOSE *THEIR* PAPERS DO THE SAME TO *US!*"

THE EVERLASTING YARN.

WHEN in the beginning
The Sisters sat spinning,
  While Clotho unravelled the skein,
And Lachesis knitted
The fortunes that fitted
  Till Atropos cleft them in twain,
I take it for granted
This song was first chanted—
  "One purl and one plain."

When the home of Odysseus
Had suffered from misuse
  By suitors who courted in vain,
While Mrs. O. waited
The sadly belated
  Return of her wandering swain,
She put off their wooing
By nightly undoing
  Her purl and her plain.

The Upper Ten's chances
Were scanty mid France's
  "Fool-fury" that redden'd the Seine,
When dames with a leaning
Towards free guillotining
  Sat knitting in sunshine and rain,
And, as the heads tumbled,
The harridans mumbled
  Of purl and of plain.

For works of Minerva
From this you 'll observe a
  Fix'd craze in the feminine brain;
When leisure was ampler
Maids studied the sampler
  (A profitless task in the main);
They now talk unceasing
Of "ribs" and "increasing,"
  "Two purl and two plain."

And since for what 's textile
In high or low neck style
  Prohibitive prices obtain,
The new knitting mania
Obsesses their crania
  At home, in the bus, in the train;
Each works at a jumper
For slim forms or plumper
  With purl and with plain.

"The Archbishop of York was received with a tremendous ovation on rising to speak."
Church Times.

But we are glad to see that that did not stop him from delivering his own.

"Hilsea arches, the historic portions of the fortifications at the entrance to Portsmouth, have just been demobilised by consent of the military authorities."—*Daily Paper.*

As the arches in question only "joined up" in 1861 their rapid release is in some quarters attributed to favouritism.

IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

THANKSGIVING DAY, JULY 6TH.

On this memorial day of Peace fulfilled,
When to the God of battles praise is said
For warfare done and the long clamour stilled,
Forget not then the dead.

It was for such a day as this they died.
The prayer in which they spent their failing breath
Asked for this hour—for England's faith and pride
Made perfect by their death.

And now beneath the dust of shattered walls,
Far off in alien fields forlorn and bare,
There where they sleep the muted echo falls
Of joy they may not share.

But, could its rumour sound within their ears,
This joy of victory won at what a cost,
They would not have it less, nor touched with tears
For all that we have lost.

Yet will we keep, who cannot else repay
The dearest gift that Love has power to give,
For them the first place in our thoughts to-day—
Our dead, through whom we live. O. S.

A CAPRICIOUS STAR.

THE other day I was seated at my favourite table in the Café Régal, scanning the pages of *The Wottler*, when I discovered a pale-faced man sitting opposite me.

I glanced at him casually. Not only was he pallid of countenance, but also there was stamped upon his features an expression of deep melancholy. He had a look of appealing sadness in his eyes.

As I was regarding him he caught my eye, and I hastily turned my attention to a double-page set of photographs revealing in detail the attractions of Miss Freddie Frinton, the famous revue actress.

The sad-faced man leant across the table.

"Fine girl that," he said, indicating a portrait of Miss Frinton playing with her tame rabbits in the garden of her riparian villa. "Fine girl; but, like all the sex, Sir, fickle.

"You 'd hardly believe, Sir," he continued, adjusting a pair of pince-nez upon his unassuming nose, "that my life has been intimately associated with that of Miss Freddie Frinton."

I made noises indicating a polite reserve of astonishment.

"Yes, Sir," he said, "destiny is a remarkable force."

Not knowing what else to say I told him he was right there.

"Maybe you will remember, if you cast your mind back three years, reading about Miss Frinton's attempt to throw herself over Westminster Bridge?"

"My memory 's not what it was," I said, "but——"

"I will refresh it, Sir. Miss Frinton had been working very hard during the run of *Buzz Off*, with the result that she suffered from a nervous breakdown. When she threw herself into the river a man dived in and pulled her out. I was that man," added the stranger modestly.

"Really," said I.

"Early in 1917," he went on, "Miss Freddie Frinton was acting at the Collodium. One night, after the performance, she had just left the stage-door when she was attacked by a gang of hooligans, who tried to steal her purse. Perhaps you recollect seeing the affair reported in the Press, Sir?"

"I seem to have a hazy idea——"

"Well, Sir, that night, luckily, I was near by. I not only rescued Miss Frinton but I successfully put her assailants to flight."

"Well done!"

The pale-faced man raised a deprecating hand.

"One moment, Sir," he said. "Last year Miss Frinton became the recipient of persistent addresses from the son of a very distinguished house. The young man was a future peer of the realm, Sir, but unfortunately for him Miss Frinton did not respond to his advances. Enraged at finding himself repulsed, the unhappy youth became desperate."

"Dear, dear."

"One night, whilst Miss Frinton was at the theatre, he succeeded in breaking into her flat. Drawing a knife from his pocket the wretched young man cut from its frame her most treasured possession—a magnificent portrait of herself from the brush of September James, the celebrated painter."

I regarded the stranger with increased interest. It was evident that he was labouring under the stress of some strong pent-up emotion. He sipped a little whisky-and-soda with an effort to simulate calm.

"When she discovered her loss," said the stranger, "Miss Frinton was distressed beyond measure. Her grief was so intense that she could scarcely bear to see even newspapermen."

"She was naturally upset," I put in.

"Prostrated, Sir—inconsolable. And, though I say it myself, it was fortunate indeed that I was at hand to render assistance."

"Oh, you were there?"

"Yes, Sir, I was there. And with me to think is to act. The police were summoned, but long before they arrived I had collected a number of clues. Obtaining the loan of Miss Frinton's magnificent motor-car I was quickly away, hot on the scent of the author of this dastardly outrage."

"Good work."

"And, Sir, I traced and caught him. I recovered the painting. I denounced him to his face. He confessed his guilt. 'I took it as a memento, because I love her,' he said."

"Did Miss Frinton prosecute?"

"Miss Frinton did not prosecute. She was so overjoyed to get her portrait back that she allowed her generosity to get the better of her. She did not wish to injure the good name of a proud and illustrious family. Nevertheless the story of the episode leaked out and, save for the unhappy young man's name, which was suppressed, the whole affair was widely reported in the newspapers."

"I think I remember that," I said.

The sad man sighed wearily.

"After that," he said, "I was at her side always. She made me think I was indispensable to her happiness. I was at her beck and call. I was her constant guide and adviser."

He swallowed the remaining contents of his glass.

"And now—now, Sir, she has deserted me for another. After all I 've done; after all the risk I 've taken; after all the devotion with which I have served her. But such is woman's way. Having finished with me she casts me aside like a broken toy."

I breathed sympathy, but I also betrayed curiosity. "You have not specified your relations with Miss Frinton," I said. "Are you by any chance her husband?"

"No, Sir," said the pale-faced man, "but I was the best Press agent she ever had."

"People used to say in the first weeks of the war, when things were going badly, 'We 've *got* to win.' The alternative was so unthinkably horrible."—*Provincial Paper.*

But what 's the matter with *got*?



THE NEW COCKTAIL.

UNCLE SAM. "THAT'S THE STUFF TO GIVE 'EM!"



Profiteer (who is conducting his family round their new home). "NAH THEN! BE'AVE YERSELVES, WILL YER? THIS IS A *OLD-WORLD GARDEN*—NOT A RECREATION-GROUND!"

THE BRIGADIER'S BATH.

ACCORDING to the illustrated papers, one half of feminine England is arrayed at the present time in bathing costumes, and the other half parades the piers and promenades in dresses that closely resemble them. Very interesting and illuminating these pictures. But I would commend to the notice of the photographic press the fact that, having a very serviceable strip of ocean at our disposal, we on this side are also in a position to show some excellent lines in natatory wear. A snapshot of the troops' tubbing parade at eighteen hours, with Frederick in attendance as O.C. bathing, would, I am convinced, promote the circulation of these popular organs.

Why a quite good subaltern like Frederick was selected for the duty is hard to guess. Possibly it was thought that with the advent of the Channel swimming season certain other ranks might be tempted to simplify the machinery of demobilisation by making a bee-line for the cliffs of Albion, leaving a derelict suit of khaki on the coast of France. Or perhaps Those High in Authority considered that the spectacle of Frederick loafing round the huts made the camp look untidy, and devised this pretext for finding him honest employment. At all events they sent for him.

"In future," said they, "bathing will be a voluntary parade, under the control of an officer. That officer will be yourself. The times will be 6.30 till 7.30 each morning" (Frederick shuddered), "17.00 to 19.00 hours each evening" (another shudder), "and Saturday and Sunday afternoons" (convulsive tremors). "You will be required to arrange that the tide is up at those hours, that the troops do not go beyond the limits assigned to them, and that no unauthorised jelly-fishes or crustaceans are allowed on the portion of the beach under your command. That is all, thank you."

Thereafter Frederick might be seen gloomily pacing the sands that an even greater soldier had trodden a century before.

"What annoys me about the whole footling business is the fact that it isn't military operations at all," he said in confidence to Percival. "It 's really naval work. Suppose one of my swimmers gets out of control and threatens to ram a passing vessel; I don't know the nautical drill for warning the skipper to get his torpedo-nets out."

"Some people are never satisfied," replied Percival unfeelingly. "Here you are, with nothing to do but pace the yellow sands, bask in the sunshine, and watch the innocent sport of the troops, and yet you grouse about it."

"Yes," responded Frederick, "it 's the innocent sportiveness of the troops that puts the last touch of joy into the picture. It was their innocent sportiveness that made them dump an old suit of khaki on the beach the other day, and when I found it after they had all gone I nearly issued a Casualty Report and fixed up a Court of Inquiry before I tumbled to it that I had been had." And, with hatred in his soul, salt in his throat and sand in his eyes, he resumed his weary perambulation until the hour of 19.00 should secure his release.

It was now 18.50, and at that precise moment Brigadier-General Breechblock, who had recently arrived and occupied a billet on the sea front, from

which it was possible to observe the troops bathing, decided that it would be pleasurable to himself and helpful to *moral* if he were to join them.

The Brigadier, I may observe, is an impressive spectacle, being so lavishly decorated that it is necessary for him to do chest-expansion exercises each morning to maintain the frontal accommodation required for his polychromatic display of ribbons. His dazzle dado exceeds in richness and area anything to be found in Northern France. It is said that whenever a new decoration is being issued the great ones immediately send round to Brigadier Breechblock, asking him to drop in for a cup of tea and an O.K. or a G.P.O., or whatever it is that they happen to be pushing at the moment. So that the honour conferred on the troops by the Brigadier voluntarily mingling in the same sea with them was immense.

Now it happened that Frederick knew not the Brigadier, and, though one is loth to make the admission, it is a fact that Brigadiers in bathing costumes are much as other men. So when at 18.57 hours Frederick saw a portly soldier shed an old mackintosh on the beach and proceed to attack an incoming wave his heart surged with bitterness against the laggard who came to prolong his vigil.

"Hi, there!" he shouted. "Where are you going?"

His destination being obvious, the Brigadier made no response.

"You know well enough you mustn't bathe after 19.00 o'clock," cried Frederick wrathfully. "Come out of it!"

The Brigadier surveyed Frederick in bewilderment. "Do you know who I am?" he said at length.

"No," answered Frederick, "and I don't care. I suppose you think because you are a quartermaster-sergeant or something you can do as you bally well like. But I'll show you!"

The Brigadier was thunderstruck. He, a quartermaster-sergeant! It was necessary that this presumptuous subaltern should be crushed.

"It may interest you to know," he said, dropping his thunderbolt, "that I am Brigadier-General Breechblock."

"Oh, are you?" replied Frederick, still living; "well, I'm Duggie Haig, and if you don't come out immediately I'll put you under arrest for disobeying orders and for insolence to an officer."

The stripes on the Brigadier's bathing costume quivered with suppressed passion.

"I'll give you one chance," continued Frederick. "Come out at once or I'll throw your old mackintosh into the sea and keep you there till the tide goes out."

They stood glaring at each other, two strong men at grips, till Frederick felt a twitch at his elbow and heard a hoarse whisper behind him. It was Percival.

"You fatuous ass," he said, "run for your life—dive down a drain—do anything desperate—but you disappear. It's a sure-enough Brig. you've got to do with!"

And this is why Frederick has volunteered for the Murman Coast, and the Brigadier has ordered a complete new set of medal ribbons for attachment to his bathing-costume.



William (aged 90). "GOOD MARNIN', GEORGE. HOW BE 'EE?"
George (aged 89). "I BAIN'T SO WELL. I GOT TOOTHACHE."
William. "SWANE."

"I have given my son 1 packet of —— Pig Powders to try."
From testimonial in "The Bazaar."

We fear the writer is a Hog.

Stands Scotland where it did?

A Canadian Officer writes complaining bitterly of having been imposed upon. He ascended Ben Lomond and found that the height of this mountain is still exactly the same as given in the ante-bellum guide-books. Before starting on his holiday he had been very clearly given to understand that everything in Scotland had gone up since the War.

"Just a fortnight before I was in Paris—but that is 'another story,' as Robert Louis Stevenson used to say."—*SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER in "The Evening Standard."*

For those who know their KIPLING this is indeed another story—of the fictional kind.

THE DIPLOMATS.

I.

MY DEAR HENRY,—They say that the new diplomacy should not be secret, don't they? Let us, then, be the first to oblige.

There are three of us; the rest do not count. First there is myself, the brains of the business. Bill works away strenuously during office hours and looks knowledgable and discreet at mealtimes. Ralph darts about the Continent talking big in terms of Kingdoms and Republics, and using up his prestige to get first through the Customs at the frontiers. Without any reflection on them I doubt if either of them could have achieved my masterpiece of diplomacy—for example, to have conducted an hour's interview with an important personality (endeavouring to enlist my sympathy in his private scheme for the reorganisation of the Balkans) so ably as to prevent his discovering my ignorance as to the exact difference between Bukharest and Budapest and my inner belief that they were both the same town, situated somewhere in the Ukraine.

Why the Ukraine, you ask? How come I to know anything about that? I owe my intimate knowledge of the Ukraine to another important personality who endeavours to enlist my sympathy in his private scheme for reorganising the Russias. He has supplied me with two hundred and forty-three closely-printed pages of literature on the subject; he has also supplied me with a map.

Whatever else may escape one's notice on this map there is no getting away from the Ukraine. He is a Ukrainian himself and no doubt felt entitled to let himself go when he came to this bit of his map of Europe. The rest of the Continent appears like the chorus at the pantomime when it is standing by, all stuffed away into the wings to leave elbow-room for *Cinderella*. Henry, to gaze at this map is to see the Ukraine, as it were one man holding out cordial hands to another, stretching out its frontiers to you in London. With but one kind word of encouragement it would stretch them still further so as to include you in their affectionate embrace. Whether the process might be carried further yet, so as to include Ireland, I wouldn't like to say. I'll ask my personality next time he drops in with a few more hundred pages. Probably some Sinn Feiner will have supplied him with a map showing him where Ireland is or would like to be.

Bill is a soldier; not one of the bright new sort, who start business with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and earn promotion once a fortnight, so long as there is promotion left to earn. He is one of the regular plodders, who take years and years to become captains even. But if Bill is a regular soldier he is also an old soldier. You know what I mean, don't you? You've benefited by their efforts yourself, haven't you? In any case a very useful man to compete with important personalities who want to enlist his sympathy with private schemes for reorganising the Slavs, be they Jugo or Czecho. My affection for Bill is as profound as my admiration, but I fear there will be trouble between us if our several interviewers go on supplying us respectively with maps of Europe which agree so little with each other. Dash it all, they treat the Continent like a piece of plasticine.



"YOU MUST EXCUSE MR. 'OPKINS NOT COMING TO THE TABLE. HE'S VERY WORRIED JUST NOW TRYING TO THINK HOW HE CAN GO ON STRIKE AGAINST HIS UNEMPLOYMENT ALLOWANCE AND GET IT RAISED."

Ralph, I am sorry to say, is a rogue—one of those persistent irresistible rogues who can wheedle anything out of anybody. Should your heart be set on any part of this or the other hemisphere as a convenient site for a new republic of which you would yourself be President, you have only to mention it to Ralph and a representative will call on you next day, asking you to name your terms and to state if immediate possession is required. Those who have his salvation at heart hoped that the War would save him; but he was invalided out of the army some time ago. Now he has joined us they feel there is no hope for him. We, on the other hand, feel there is lots of hope for us.

And so, you ask, it is our three selves who are avowedly, officially, by the grace of Heaven and with the approval of President WILSON, appointed to reorganise Europe and re-distribute it amongst deserving and pushing applicants? Well, Henry, not exactly yet; but it will come to that, no doubt. What is then our official position? We have no official position, and that is the most diplomatic thing about us. It subtly eliminates the possibility of international complications resulting from our activities. But don't go away thinking that we have done nothing to justify our title. Listen to this for a start:—

Our first need, we felt, was the best possible car for the least possible price. We spotted the very thing we required; fast but not fussy, rich but not rowdy. The question was how to get it off its present owner at the price we were prepared to pay. This price amounted to practically nothing. Was that a mission to be entrusted to the brains of the business, or to the old soldier? It was conceivable that a superb effort of the very oldest and tawniest soldiery might just pull it off; but, after discussion, we decided to entrust the mission to neither but leave it to the rogue.

After a week's roguery he reported that he could obtain the transfer to our use, gratis, of the car, but not without the owner in it. We agreed to make a concession on this point, accepting delivery of the owner also on condition of his bearing the expense of the petrol and the tyres. The happiest part of the whole affair is that the owner is shaking hands with himself secretly all the time, thinking it is he who has done the first-class wangle. Why and how, you ask again? I have promised that diplomacy shall not be secret, and I will tell you. We gave cause to him, as we have given to you, to ask, if it is our three selves who are appointed to reorganise and re-distribute Europe. But in his case we withheld the true answer. He too is an important personality with a private scheme for reorganising the Balkans, the Russias and any other country in which he takes an interest. Yes, Henry, what makes our wheels run smoothly is oil, or the hope of oil.

Yours ever, CHARLES.



Golf Professional (to member wanting a lesson). "I THINK I SHOULD TELL YOU, MADAM, THAT MY FEES ARE NOW A GUINEA A LESSON."

Member. "OH, THANK YOU. IN THAT CASE I THINK I'LL CONTENT MYSELF WITH TRYING TO REMEMBER WHAT YOU TOLD ME WHEN THEY WERE HALF-A-CROWN."

HOW TO KEEP FIT.

BY way of supplementing the interesting information contributed by famous athletes to *The Strand Magazine* on this subject Mr. Punch has collected testimonies from leading statesmen and publicists as to the best way of maintaining their physical fitness.

Mr. SMILLIE states that he finds an unfailing stimulus in reading and re-reading BROWNING'S "Last Duchess." His only regret in this context is that the poet failed to complete the picture by a companion study of "The Last Duke." He also finds himself greatly reinvigorated by the perusal of tragedies describing the downfall of monarchs and potentates. But he points out that SHAKSPEARE was guilty of a curious error in speaking of "sad stories of the deaths of kings." As a matter of fact in his (Mr. SMILLIE'S) opinion they are the brightest, the most cheering stories in the whole range of literature.

Lord READING, in the course of a genial and heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Punch's representative, declared that he found his best refreshment and recreation in the exercise of radio-active benevolence. He believed in smiling. He further admitted that he derived a certain amount of healthy exhilaration from contemplating the difficulties with which the Government were confronted in the selection of an Ambassador to the United States. If only Mr. SMILLIE would be true to the correct pronunciation of his name, Lord READING thought that he would be an ideal man for the post. Failing him, however, there was always Mr. Eustace Smiles.

Lord BIRKENHEAD, in a brief interview, observed that recreation could not be dispensed with, but it must be attuned to the position of the individual concerned. A Lord Chancellor, however young and agile, could not possibly stoop to the reprehensible contortions of Jazz-dancing. Swedish exercises in the privacy of the bathroom were legitimate and desirable. But mental distraction was quite as important, and he had found it in preparing a new translation of CICERO'S *De Senectute*, which he proposed to dedicate to Lord HALSBURY, in view of the interesting fact that he was now just half Lord HALSBURY'S age.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, though still suffering from the strain of interviewing the ex-Kaiser, kindly favoured Mr. Punch's representative with an illuminating monologue. The only way to keep oneself fit, he said, is to cultivate hero-worship. His own basic belief is that all the greatest criminals, if dispassionately considered, prove to have been great benefactors, or they would have been if they had been interviewed from their early years by publicists endowed with sympathy, intuition and uplift. "I often regret," Mr. BEGBIE wistfully observed, "that I never knew CASANOVA, BENVENUTO CELLINI, or ABDUL HAMID. I feel sure that the advantage would have been mutual, and that many misapprehensions might have been avoided if I had been consulted by the two first-named celebrities before their autobiographies went to press."

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Toby and I—both full lieutenants and ex-acting captains for various carefully tabulated periods in *The Gazette*—were "demobbed" at the same dispersal centre on the same day. We had never met before, but later we chanced to meet at the same counter at Cox's. Here we asked the same questions about our gratuities and were driven away by the same clerk.

In addition we had both been wounded twice, and distinctly remembered the attractions of the same patient nurse at Wimereux. Our trials and sorrows drew us together, and we decided to rest on the East coast while the gratuities materialised.

I was senior by days, but I waived this point and we stayed at the same hotel on terms, to a mere civilian, of perfect equality.

For two days we bathed and fished in the most gorgeous of old clothes, and never talked about the War until all the profiteers had gone to bed.

On the third day came the sharp reminder that war and strife still stalk hand-in-hand through a stricken world.

We were smoking in front of the hotel and Toby had just completed his daily checking of the actual amount of his gratuity, when a motor drew up and an officer in full panoply—khaki touched with red—alighted.

There was a sharp clicking noise at my side as Toby came to attention; he then apologised, and I helped him to carry his right foot well away again.

But we both gazed spellbound at that sinister martial figure; all the dread horrors of war seemed to have surged back on our peaceful village.

"Has HINDENBURG broken his word to me?" Toby whispered tensely; while I made a rapid calculation of the distance to the Crystal Palace, which is my rejoining centre.

"I don't suppose they'll pay one penny of gratuity until the second war is over," Toby murmured in a voice that seemed to sorrow for England.

At this moment the officer asked me if I could direct him to one Ben Harris, proprietor of bathing-machines. Now Ben Harris is the man whose fishing-boat we had been using, a local celebrity of no mean order and a man reputed to be bad to beat in a business deal.

I pointed out the way with every respect, and then we slunk after him.

"He may be a disguised mine-layer," said Toby as we approached the beach, "I am not going to lose sight of him. For all we know we may be present at the making of history."

Thus we came to assist at that interview and caught a glimpse of the inner workings of the great silent mechanism of administration during the transition period (November, 1918, until Heaven-knows-when).

"Good morning, Mr. Harris," said the warrior with easy affability; "I've come to have a look at your bathing-machines."

"Camouflage!" snorted Toby contemptuously. "He knows we've followed him."

"You can't deceive the Staff," I replied with feeling as I recalled the incident of the Brigade-Major and a rather soft cap of mine in 1916.

But apparently old Ben could deceive the Staff all right. He took him round those four bathing-machines and showed him, with figures, the damage (repaired by himself and so no longer evident to the eye) which had been done by exuberant members of His Majesty's Forces billeted in the village during the Great War (1914 to 1918). The figures and approximate dates were noted down, and the soldier and the famous ex-sailor parted amicably.

After a bathe we returned to the hotel to find the officer resting in the smoking-room. We spoke to him—yes, he was quite approachable—and, there being no profiteer present, we talked a little of the Great War. He did not appear to have been in any part of the line that we knew; but he mentioned an anxious month that he had spent in the Inland Waterway Transport near St. Omer; and he recalled with great vividness an air-raid warning in distant Etaples when he was returning from conducting a draft in 1917.

Also he had found the Spring of 1918 desperately cold at Norwich, and doubted if he would care to live in the Eastern Counties.

"Are you getting demobbed soon?" Toby ventured to ask.

"I am in no hurry," he replied, passing his hand wearily across his brow.

"But don't you sometimes feel that you would like a rest after the strain?" I asked him.

"Yes, at times possibly one does feel like that; but there are compensations, you know."

The warrior sighed and then smiled bravely as he went to the writing-table to make out his claim for travelling allowance.

"'Quite like old times,' said a policeman on point duty in Bond Street, London, yesterday afternoon as he disentangled a block of tramway-cars in which an omnibus, half-a-dozen motor-cars, and a smart Victoria drawn by a pair of spanking bay horses were involved. It was, indeed, like old times."—*Daily Paper.*

The War had completely blotted out our memory of the dear old tramway lines in Bond Street.

THE DUST ATTACK.

(Lines rendered nugatory for the moment by the recent rains.)

IN punishment of what fell crime
Are both my optics bunged with grime
At every wind's offensive?
What aim of reconstructive art
Has swept away the watering-cart,
Whereon small boys were wont to sit
And have no end of larks with it?
Why don't we wash the roads a bit?
Is water too expensive?

It strikes me as extremely rough,
When broken lies the Prince of Bluff
And all his sons and nephews,
That I should be compelled to eat
The nastiest dirt about the street
And have the action of a jaw
That shouts "What ho for Right and Law!"
Jammed up with little bits of straw
And odds and ends of refuse.

I know a chap—a chap named Cox
Who pinched a respirator (box)
While still on service (active),
And, when he notes a dust alarm,
To keep his countenance from harm
He puts it on at record pace,
A splendid thing—in Cox's case—
Because the mask improves his face
And makes him more attractive.

But I'm convinced the man is right
And, though it is a curious sight
On gustful days and gritty
To see him come from the "alert"
And knock his hat off in the dirt
And fumble with the tapes and string
And bite the rubber teething ring
And shout "Gas *shells*!" like anything
In Bond Street or the City,

I too, regretful as I am
A source of London's joy to dam
And substitute a spectre
For that refreshing sight and rare
That rambles now through street and square—
The bardic lips, the eyes of flame!—
Unless the Boroughs meet my claim
Shall feel compelled to do the same
And wear a muck-protector.

And what is more I'll march along
Equipped with a tremendous gong
And give it many a stout hit,
Or make a Strombos horn to roar
Its huge alarum at the door
(I hate to do good things by stealth)
Of that new shrine of wit and wealth,
I mean the Ministry of Health,
And ask them "What about it?"

EVOE.

Cheerio!

"Will Officers whose Widows will be eligible for pensions under the regulations of the Fund communicate with 'Pensioner'?"

Daily Paper.



THE EXPERIMENT.

"IF I WENT FOR YOU WOULD YOUR DOG GO FOR ME?"



Golf Enthusiast (on her return from following important match—ecstatically). "OH, MOTHER! THE CHAMPION SPOKE TO ME!"
Mother. "HOW INTERESTING, DEAR. WHAT DID HE SAY?"
Enthusiast. "STAND ASIDE, THERE!"

THE RAILWAY SCANDAL.

"THERE has been, I know," said Cantleberry, "a good deal of discontent over the train-services, and I am told that some railways have adopted quite an off-hand attitude, making no attempt to conciliate their critics and even taking no notice of them. But whatever may have been the behaviour of other railways ours has not shown itself indifferent to our complaints. I am thinking just now of the case of the 8.47 from Beckenridge."

"What was that?" I asked.

"The train was unpleasantly crowded," said Cantleberry; "you might almost say dangerously crowded. It used to arrive at Beckenridge full and depart fuller. As for any discrimination being made between first and third class, that was unheard-of; people pushed in where they could, into the guard's van, when he forgot to lock the door before leaving it, and even on to the engine-tender. I have travelled up in that train before now with twenty-one people in the compartment, not counting two men (sailors) in the racks. When the train steamed out it always left on the platform a score of people who had been unable to get in anywhere; and naturally many complaints were made. Season-ticket holders wrote to the Company demanding that steps should be taken to ensure the 8.47 not being over-crowded.

"Well, the Company were not indifferent. They took steps. The method they hit upon was so simple that one wonders why nobody had ever thought of it before. Personally I feel I should like to meet the man—traffic-superintendent, general manager, director, or whoever had the notion—and tell him to his face the opinion I hold of his ingenuity. The 8.47 is never overcrowded now."

"And what did the Company do to bring this about?" I asked.

"They knocked the 8.47 off altogether," he said.

"It would be impossible to say whom of the Big Three was the most popular."
Sunday Paper.

Not, at any rate, without seriously annoying the grammarians.

BIRD-LORE.

IV.—THE ROBIN.

THE robin is the fairies' page;
They keep him neatly dressed
For country service or for town
In dapper livery of brown
And little scarlet vest.

On busy errands all day long
He hurries to and fro
With watchful eyes and nimble wings—
There are not very many things
The robin doesn't know.

And he can tell you, if he will,
The latest fairy news:
The quaint adventures of the King
And whom the Queen is visiting,
And where she gets her shoes.

And lately, when the fairy Court
Invited me to tea,
He stood behind the Royal Chair;
And here, I solemnly declare,
When he discovered I was there,
That robin *winked* at me. R. F.



THE GARDEN OF PEACE.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "FUNNY THING HOW WELL THIS PLANT'S DOING; IT'S THE ONLY ONE I'VE NOT BEEN LOOKING AFTER."



Golf Enthusiast (on her return from following important match—ecstatically). "OH, MOTHER! THE CHAMPION SPOKE TO ME!"
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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 30th.—Forty-one years ago a British Prime Minister, bringing "Peace with Honour" from a foreign capital, received the enthusiastic plaudits of the people, and within less than eighteen months he was ejected from office by the popular vote. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, as he listened to the cheers with which Coalition and Opposition expressed, in Sir DONALD MACLEAN'S generous phrase, "our hearty congratulations to our most distinguished colleague," must have wondered if on this occasion History would exercise her inveterate habit of repeating herself.

The performance of the National Anthem, by which the Commons celebrated the extinction of the War, as they had marked its outbreak, was not seriously marred by Mr. NEIL MCLEAN'S refusal to take part. His abstention was more than atoned for by the tuneful assistance of the Ladies' Gallery.

After this interlude the House settled down to discuss the Vote for the Local Government Board. Dr. ADDISON gave a hopeful account of his housing scheme, but the view of several Members appeared to be that we had heard quite enough of houses in the abstract and that it was quite time we saw some of them in the concrete—or any other suitable material.

The Joint Committee of Lords and Commons charged with the consideration of the Government of India Bill cannot complain of lack of instruction or advice. They will first have to master the thousand pages of Blue-books, memoranda and special reports in which the wisdom of previous inquirers is enshrined. Then they will have to face a dozen deputations of dusky delegates from the Dependency, demanding diverse decisions on the "dyarchy" and other details. And all the time they must bear in mind the not altogether consistent counsels of perfection addressed to them by Lord CURZON. How they are at the same time to endow India with representative institutions and yet leave the authority of the Central Government unimpaired, to render Indian administration less "rigid and frigid" and yet do nothing to quench the spirit of the I.C.S., to give political power to a few *literati* without diminishing the protection given to the voteless millions by the British *Raj*, is the problem set them by the EX-VICEROY. And, as if that were not enough, they are further enjoined by Lord SALISBURY to combine "simplicity" with "caution," and to remember that "government by *intelligentsia*" is the worst government of all.



THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Mr. Lloyd George (coming on again after changing his dress). "THE LAST ACT GAVE ME 'REPUTATION EVEN IN THE CANNON'S MOUTH.' HOPE THIS NEXT ONE WON'T TURN IT INTO A BUBBLE."

Tuesday, July 1st.—Mr. CHURCHILL announced that the Army Council had refused Sir HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN permission to reply to the strictures passed upon him in Lord FRENCH'S book. When Mr. HOLMES raised the matter on the adjournment, Mr. CHURCHILL amplified his previous statement by pointing out that as Governor of Gibraltar General SMITH-DORRIEN was a serving soldier and therefore subject to the ordinary regulations, whereas Lord FRENCH was "an unemployed field-marshal" and could act as he pleased. The Viceroy of IRELAND will no doubt be pleased to learn that in the present condition of that country he has "no work to do," and may be expected to apply forthwith for the donation now attaching to that blissful state.

Mr. BONAR LAW gave notice that Saturday, July 19th, had been set apart for the National Peace-celebration, and expressed the hope that it would be one of general rejoicing in all parts of the country. He did not think, however, that to adopt Mr. DONALD'S suggestion and prohibit the sale of all intoxicating liquor would assist the fulfilment of his hope.

The Report stage of the Ways and Communications Bill was expected to furnish a battle-royal over the control of docks and roads. To the disappointment of the spectators, however, it turned out that the fight had been "squared," Sir GULLIVER GEDDES having found his Lilliputian opponents unexpectedly numerous. The Labour Members indignantly demanded their money back. Had they not repeatedly saved the Government against their own supporters during the Committee-stage, and were they to be sold like this? Sir GULLIVER assured them that he had given away nothing that he had ever intended to keep. The new clauses were, however, carried by immense majorities. In the opinion of



EMBARRASSING POSITION OF SIR GULLIVER GEDDES.

most Members of the House just now Nationalization is not a blessed word in spite of its recent Sankeyfication.

Wednesday, July 2nd.—There are limits, after all, to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S omniscience. In friendly criticism of the Bill by which the Church of England seeks power to reform herself without undue interference from Parliament, he observed that "never was older wine put into a newer bottle." His old friend *Simon (the Cellarer*, not the K.C.) could have told him that there is nothing objectionable in this practice; on the contrary, in the case of a rare vintage, it may be the only way of preserving its spirit from the ravages of time. So at least the Peers seem to have thought, for by a handsome majority they voted for the fresh bottle.

The vociferous cheers with which the House greeted its LEADER'S announcement that the Government had decided to abolish the Liquor Control Board gave place to groans when he immediately added that its functions would be transferred to a new Commission. Even the prospect of unlimited "Government ale" at twopence a pint did not comfort Mr. BOTTOMLEY, whose motto, in the matter of beer at any rate, seems to be quality not quantity.

Encouraged by the successful issue of their skirmish with the Government over roads and docks the critics of the Transport Bill sought to consolidate their position by extracting a definite promise that the measure should not be used for the nationalization of railways. Mr. BRACE, for the Labour Party, considered nationalization inevitable, but hoped the Government would not commit themselves at that moment one way or another. The HOME SECRETARY was only too glad to follow this advice, seeing that, as Sir ERIC GEDDES subsequently averred, neither the Government nor any individual Member of it has yet come to a definite conclusion on the subject. In some forms of locomotion our rulers may be behind the times, but they are unequalled at drifting.

Thursday, July 3rd.—The "House Full" boards might have been put outside the Theatre Royal, Westminster, at an early hour this afternoon, for floor and galleries were filled to overflowing, and the Peers were so closely packed that the PRINCE OF WALES had a difficult passage to his hereditary seat over the Clock.

During Question-time Members were more inclined to talk than to listen. But they heard with satisfaction that in our preoccupation with the Great War the heroes of our Little Wars of the past have not been forgotten, and that all disablement pensions are to be brought up to the present standard.

Any expedient for turning swords into ploughshares will be welcomed by the Ministry of Munitions. Mr. KELLAWAY was delighted with the suggestion that he might trade off his smoke-bombs to fruit-growers for the purpose of warding off spring-frosts, and would much like to hear of a commercial use for his mustard-gas shells, now alleged to be making life a burden in certain munition districts.

The War and its results form a theme too big for any man to cover adequately in an hour and a half; and the PRIME MINISTER need not perhaps



GOVERNMENT ALE.

OLIVER BOTTOMLEY "ASKS FOR MORE" QUALITY.

have devoted quite so much time to arguing that Germany had not been too harshly treated. It was at least significant that the loudest cheers were evoked by the announcement that the EX-KAISER was to be tried—and tried in London. But the speech met with the cautious approval of Mr. ADAMSON and drew from Sir EDWARD CARSON an unexpected pæan on the League of Nations, for which he had hitherto successfully dissembled his love.

Friday, July 4th.—This being Independence Day the House of Commons seized the occasion to defeat the Government by passing the Women's Emancipation Bill. Thus Nemesis, clad in petticoats, has overtaken the PRIME MINISTER with a speed that only Mlle. LENGLEN could emulate.

The Solution.

"Where is all the whisky?"—*Daily Mirror.*

"Sir Arthur had his photograph taken at Crewe recently showing himself surrounded by spirits."—*Daily Mail.*

BARGAINS.

I SET out yesterday vibrant with happiness, full of a new palpitating joy. My heart was throbbing, my whole being pulsated with the pure ecstasy of being alive. Lots of other women feel like that when they're going to the sales. And this year there is a hint of genuine reductions in the sale-time atmosphere.

So with a heart, as I have said, full of lightness and a purse full of Bradburys I turned my face to the West. I went into one of the big Stores and approached an assistant.

"Have you got any bargains in costumes, or am I too late?" I inquired eagerly.

I said "Am I too late?" because as a rule, if you arrive five minutes after the doors have opened on the very first day of the sale, some invisible throng of super-shoppers seems to have been ahead of you, swept up all the delectable bargains you read about in the advertisements, and vanished while the shopwalker is telling you to take the third turning on your left, eight shops through.

But on this occasion I was in time. "Yes, Madam," murmured the assistant, "we still have a large number of greatly reduced costumes."

My soul rejoiced. The world seemed a pleasant place; the mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like young sheep.

"It 's just a shopping suit I want," I explained; "something quite plain and simple."

"Certainly, Madam. Will you try on this coat?"

I was about to plunge my arm into the sleeve when I was seized with a paralysing numbness. I drew back shuddering and pointed to the ticket hanging from a buttonhole.

"What figure is that?" I asked in a hollow voice.

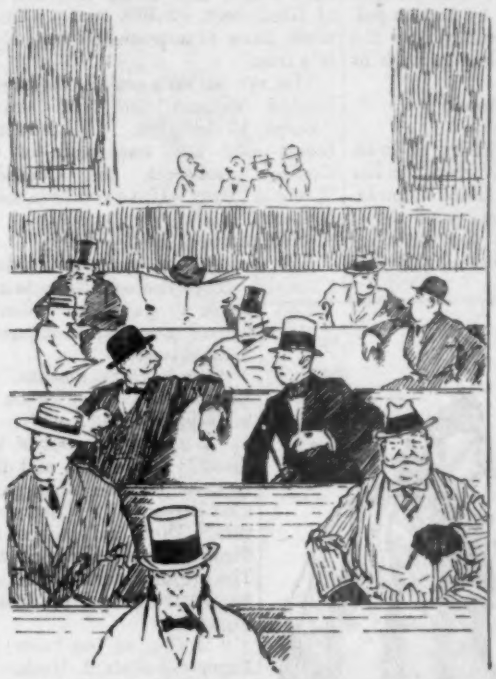
"Eighteen and a half guineas, Madam."

"But I want something cheap," I said, "something that is reduced—a bargain, you know."

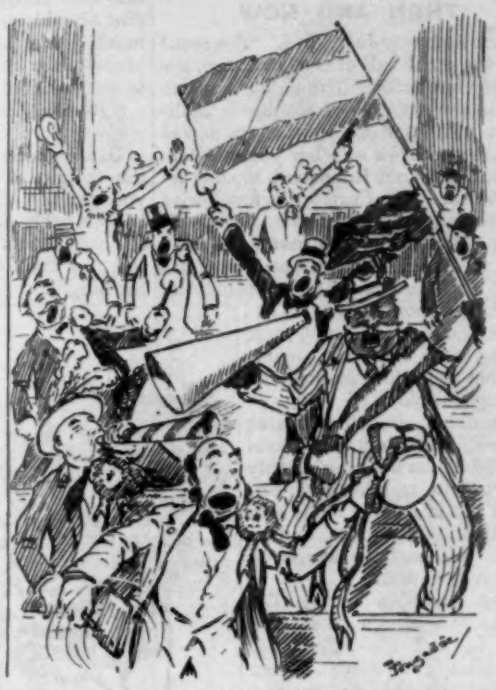
"This *is* reduced, Madam. It was formerly twenty-two guineas."

It was dreadful to feel the girl's quiet scorn of me as she said that. Not, mind you, that she was impertinent; there was nothing in her actual words that would justify a complaint to the management. But, oh, how her unspoken thoughts lashed me!

"This is the kind of thing we have to cope with in sale-time," she seemed to say, "a rabble that knows nothing of the elegant world of our regular customers;" and she sighed.



THE FRONT OF THE PAVILION AT LORD'S DURING THE PROGRESS OF A MATCH.



THE SAME, AS IT SHOULD BE IF ONLY WE TOOK OUR GAMES SERIOUSLY IN THIS COUNTRY.

"Will you try it on, Madam?" she asked aloud.

I was about to refuse when it occurred to me that I should like to see how I looked in a plain costume that cost nearly twenty pounds. What grace, what distinction such a garment must give to its wearer. I put it on.

There was an odd silence and then the assistant broke out with the usual exultant expressions relative to perfection in style, cut and fit, and winding up with the solemn assurance, "It was built for you, Madam." But I felt that her pæan of praise was only half-hearted; for it was the bitter truth that the costume did not give me an air of distinction, after all. It even sagged a little at the shoulders and dipped a trifle at the back. Of course my figure was to blame. The eyes of the assistant told me that. It was I, not the costume, that was wrongly built.

"I'm sorry," I said humbly; "I don't feel I could pay all that."

"We have nothing *cheaper*, Madam." In silence she handed me the shoddy garment in which I had entered the shop and which I had thought very expensive when I paid ten pounds for it.

It is an awful moment being helped into your things again by an assistant who knows you don't intend to make a purchase; chasms yawn between you. Only the thin veneer of civilisation—thinner than ever at sale-time—prevents an open rupture.

I turned to go. And then a sudden impulse prompted me to lower my voice and say with disarming frankness, "But, I say, you know, don't you think it's an awful price to ask for a costume?"

For a moment she wavered. And then a look that was almost human came into her face as she whispered, "It's *terrible*, Madam."

"Miss —— was the other soloist, and played most beautifully. She is a most sympathetic interpreter in trios and quartettes, and throws her whole sole into the work."—*Local Paper.*

So that's how the conductor got his black eye.

"A Berlin message announces that the famous General, von Falkenwayn, has been placed on the half-pay list at his own request. At one time von Valkenhayn was the outstanding figure of the war on the German side . . . In Palestine, after his retreat, one weary officer in the pursuing British Army had the felicity of 'sleeping in Falkenhoyn's bed.'

'If Germany goes down it will be honourably and fighting to the last ditch and the last man,' was one of Falkenhayn's unfulfilled boasts."—*Daily Paper.*

It is believed that the retiring commander has come to the conclusion that further evasion is useless and has decided to revert to his original name of FALKENHAYN.

EUTHANASIA.

["Victory Bonds issued at £85 rank as £100 for death duties."]

("*Il faut vivre.*" "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité.*")

"WE 're ruined though we won the War,
For prices rise and rise,"
Says Labour. But the CHANCELLOR
Rejoins with mild surprise:
"What though the price of food and coals
Is ludicrously high?
Just save your unemployment doles
And buy a Bond—and die."

"We 're ruined," say the Newly-Rich
In petulant despair;
"The taxes are a burden which
We really cannot bear."
"Why blame the poor old Cabinet?"
Says AUSTEN. "If you try
You 'll do the British Public yet;
Just buy my Bonds—and die."

Then let us praise the Government,
Which saves us from our ills;
Shall life in anxious care be spent?
Let 's go and make our wills;
No prudent citizen desponds;
To life he need not cling;
O Grave, you 're beat by Victory Bonds;
O Death, you 've lost your sting.

The Spread of Cannibalism.

"Large Hotel Cooking Range, in good order. Cook 150-200 people."—*Daily Paper.*

THEN AND NOW.

THE time was July, 1914. The scene was the great hall of Curfew Place, the stately but rather dilapidated mansion of the ancient race of Mouldy-le-Mallalieu. The persons were the widowed Baroness Curfew and her younger son, Raymond Raoul Rondebert Mouldy-le-Mallalieu. "Oh, Curfew, Curfew," cried the old lady, apostrophising her absent elder son as she looked round the lofty hall, "to think that you, the degenerate head of the ancient race of Mouldy-le-Mallalieu, should have let Curfew Place to that fearful man, Blogg, who made his money by that frightful composition, Blogg's Blacking!"

"I don't altogether blame Curfew," said Raymond Raoul Rondebert, as he leaned limply against the wall near an ancient suit of armour; "he's in a rotten state of debt, and so am I. When have we got to clear out, mother?"

The Baroness wrung her hands. "Within a week. Oh, woe is me! To think that Roundelay, thirtieth Baron Curfew, should do such a thing! He, directly descended from Guy Godfrey Gollibert Mouldy-le-Mallalieu, near whose armour you lean so limply—the armour he wore at the siege of Acre, when, surrounded by a hundred thousand fierce infidels, all striking at him with—with—whatever the weapons were that the creatures used—he held his own against them and received only that one little dint on his breast-plate! You yawn, my son. Ah, Raymond, you mean well, but you also are degenerate. To think that you, descended from that doughty Crusader, should have a heart-weakness that forbids a military career and a brain-weakness that fits you only for diplomacy!"

"Buck up, mother, and try to bring yourself up to date," yawned Raymond. "From kidhood I've been fed up with Guy Godfrey Gollibert, the Crusader, and the hundred thousand infidels and the small dint on the breast-plate which was all the damage they could do him, and I think he's a stuffy old bore. What are you goin' to take away with you?"

"Curfew allows me to take some furniture, some articles of vertu, and the breast-plate and back-plate of Guy the Crusader. I could not bear that they should be profaned by the gaze of the man Blogg, or that that glorious dint should be touched by fingers polluted with Blogg's Blacking. So the breast-plate and back-plate go with us to our London home."

"Right-o," said Raymond.

* * * * *

One evening in the Spring of 1919, the widowed Baroness Curfew and her younger son, Raymond Raoul Rondebert Mouldy-le-Mallalieu, were again *tête-à-tête*, this time in the drawing-room of their London home, a flat at Kensington.



"EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU THE JOCKEY WHO'S RIDING 'EYES RIGHT'?" "YES, MUM."

"WELL, MY NEPHEW HAS PERSUADED ME TO PUT A SHILLING ON YOU BOTH WAYS. NOW YOU'LL PROMISE NOT TO LET ME DOWN, WON'T YOU?"

"How did you leave them all at Oldgore Park?" asked Raymond, as he lounged limply by the fire, for his mother had but just returned from a visit of some months to her brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Oldgore.

"Pretty well," replied the Baroness, warming her arched insteps; "they've been a good deal inconvenienced by the War, of course, and expect to be still more inconvenienced by the Peace. I heard dreadful things about Curfew Place, Raymond. The Oldgores say the man Blogg has been in the habit of turning his six boys into the picture-gallery to play, and they've shot with catapults at the family portraits and have destroyed one eye of Roundelay, fifth baron, and obliterated the nose of Rondebert, twelfth baron. Curfew must have him punished severely, if it's true."

Her eye fell on a certain large glass-fronted cabinet and she started. "Empty!" she cried. "Where are the breast-plate and back-plate of Guy Godfrey Gollibert, the Crusader? Wretched boy! Have you been robbed of them?"

"No, mother; I—I——"

She seized his arm convulsively. "Speak! Have you sold them to a collector to pay your miserable debts? Degenerate scion of an ancient race!"

"Don't worry, mother," said Raymond. "They're on the table just behind you."

"Why are they out of their case?" she asked, and then, approaching the table, gave a loud scream. "What means this? Dints and scars all over the breast-plate and back-plate! The original glorious dint is almost lost among these dreadful injuries."

"Mother, as you know, I'm Deputy-Assistant-Under-Secretary at the 'No-Use-Coming-Here Office' in Whitehall. I go there and back by Tube every day—each time at the rush-hour."

"My son! my son! Do you really venture into those frightful scenes I have heard of?"

"Mother, I do; and to preserve myself for the country that needs me I wear under my coat the breast-plate and back-plate of Guy the Crusader."

"My heroic son!" and she threw her arms round him. "What were the dangers your ancestor faced at Acre compared with those *you* face twice a day! What is the one little dint in the breast-plate, which was all the damage a hundred thousand fierce infidels could inflict on the Crusader, compared with the fearful battering that both plates—breast and back—have suffered while worn by *you!* Worthy descendant of Guy Godfrey Gollibert Mouldy-le-Mallalieu, the famous Knight Templar, forgive me for having called you degenerate!"

"Right-o, mother," said Raymond.

Ambidexterity.

"Runs came slowly, and at 25 the bowlers changed hands."—*Hull Times.*

More Profiteering.

"White buckskin tennis shoes, size 6½, misfit, £25. Deposit."—*The Lady.*



Instructor. "NOW IN SALUTIN' YOU BRING THE 'AND UP SMARTLY IN A CIRCULAR MOTION TILL THE FINGER-TIPS ARE JUST OVER THE RIGHT EYE. YOU 'LL FIND THAT YER FINGERS ARE OF DIFFERENT LENGTHS SO AS TO FIT UNDER THE PEAK OF THE CAP."

HOW TO BRIGHTEN DOMESTIC SERVICE.

WHAT is crudely called the Servant Problem remains unsolved. Chloe and I did our own washing-up again to-day, or rather she did it and I encouraged her by my conversation.

None of the devices suggested in the Press seem to give domestic service the glamour necessary to make it attractive to the maidenhood of our village.

Even the permission to wear mufti, to dismiss daily at 2 P.M., to entertain gentlemen friends in the drawing-room twice a week, to use our gramophone and our Christian names, has so far failed to lure any young lady to our assistance.

Chloe thinks that perhaps the very word "kitchen" is offensive to delicate ears, and intends in future, when referring to this department in the presence of Ladies of the Household—or whatever they elect to be called—to speak of it as the "orderly room" or "your studio."

She is willing to address her *aides-de-chambre* in any way they choose—Miss Jones or Jonesy, if simple Gladys or Gwendoline is barred. (My suggestion of "Your washup" she treated as levity of the first water.)

My own serious conviction is that service on the domestic front must be brightened by the introduction of that sporting and competitive spirit which in most other departments of life serves to encourage *esprit de corps*.

To begin with, cooking competitions for valuable prizes should be inaugurated all over the country. In every district Gastronomic Boards or Committees should be constituted to judge, and the winner of the local contest would represent her district in the county or even the national championship. In this way the names of prominent kitchen artists would become household words, healthy rivalry would be fostered and public interest enlisted.

People of taste would feel it incumbent upon them to know something of the characteristic work of the local champion. The most brilliant culinary stars would very likely become *cuisinières errantes*, and go on tour about the country. Dining out would acquire a new interest if every guest was aware that in the preparation of the dishes some well-known specialist might have been concerned, whose style people of culture were expected to recognise; if one was supposed to spot, say, a Mrs. Martha Brown amongst the sweets as quickly as a Corot amongst the pictures.

Other branches of domestic work offer even finer opportunities for the introduction of the sporting spirit.

Bed-making, for instance, regarded as an indoor game, would become much more popular than it is. One can easily imagine public enthusiasm being aroused and maintained for this branch of household athletics by articles in the Press discussing the system of training, the *moral* and chances of the various entrants for some big competition. Schools of bed-making—the Græco-Roman, the Catch-as-catch-can—would develop each with its enthusiasts. Doubtless some QUEENSBERRY would arise to formulate rules for the sport, some LONSDALE to endow an embossed silver teapot for the Heavy-weight Mattress Tossing Championship of England.

The personal appearance, hobbies and styles of the favourites for such contests as the Championship of the League of Bed-makers would become familiar to the public through the medium of the movies, which amongst topical items would show Miss Daffodil Smithson practising bolster-throwing or quilt-squaring with her trainer.

Every girl in the country, thrilled by the example of her illustrious sisters, would emulate their achievements, and thus not only would the pace and methods of domestic work be infinitely improved, but its popularity ensured as yet another ladder towards the pedestal of public idolatry.

SWELLED HEAD.

"WHAT we want in this country," said the man with the red tie, "is equality of opportunity. Why ain't I a lord and a duke? Of course I wouldn't be one, not if I had the chawnce; lot o' blinkin' parasites, that 's what they are; but I ain't never 'ad the chawnce, 'ave I? No, nor you 'aven't 'ad the chawnce neither. Why, any one of us in this 'ere compawtment might 'ave the natural capacity to be the best Prime Minister England ever 'ad, but what chawnce 'ave we 'ad to prove it? None at all. Because," he ended loudly, "we ain't got equality of opportunity."

The old man in the corner woke up, yawned noisily, rubbed his eyes and broke into the conversation.

"I got the biggest 'ead in the City o' London," he said surprisingly.

We stared at him.

"Yus, I 'ave," he insisted truculently, though nobody had disputed his remarkable claim. "There ain't a 'at in the 'ole o' London big enough for me—not a 'ard felt 'at, like yours." He darted a skinny finger suddenly at the man opposite.

Taken aback for a moment, the wearer of the "'ard felt 'at" got a grip on himself.

"Yus, there is," he said.

"I tell yer there ain't—not a 'ard felt 'at—not in the 'ole o' London."

"And I say there is," was the confident retort.

The old man was annoyed. "There ain't, I tell yer," he repeated; "I 've bin everywhere to try to get a 'ard 'at. 'Ow should you know anything abaht it? Your 'ead ain't no more than a pimple alongside mine. I tell yer there ain't a 'at—— Well, then, you tell me where I can get a 'at big enough."

"Well," said the other, "I know where there 's one, at any rate. Outside old Jimson's shop—the one 'e 'as for a sign. That 's big enough, ain't it? Abaht four foot 'igh."

Plainly, in the old man's view, this was trifling with a serious subject.

"We don't want no jokin' abaht it," he said. "I 'm givin' yer fax, I am. There ain't a 'ard 'at big enough for me in London—not for sale," he added hastily. "Why, I once went into a shop with a friend 'oo wanted a 'at, and after the shopman 'ad served 'im 'e turned to me an' 'e says, 'Don't you want a hat?' 'e says. I says, 'Yus, if you 've got one big enough.' 'E laughed, thinking I was jokin', no doubt. 'Big enough!' 'e says; 'oh, we 've got one big enough.'

"'All right,' I says. 'Trot it aht; but I 'll bet five bob you ain't got one.'

"Well, 'e took the bet very confident. 'E tried on a dozen, I should think. At last 'e give it up. 'E looked at me very respectful like, an' then 'e says, 'Would you mind my tryin' the machine on your 'ead?'

"It was a machine something like a typewriter, what fitted rahnd yer 'ead. 'E put it on an' fiddled abaht with it an' took it off an' looked at it.

"'Well,' 'e says—'well!'

"Then 'e showed me a bit o' paper with the shape o' my 'ead marked on it. I never see anything like it myself—not unless it was a map of Ireland.

"'There,' 'e says, 'it ain't your fault, I suppose, but that 's the shape o' your 'ead, life-size. You 've won the bet. The only thing I 've got in the shop to fit you,' 'e says, 'is a 'at-box.'

"'E seemed a bit cross, but 'e cheered up when I said I wouldn't take 'is money. So there you are. There ain't a 'ard felt 'at in the City o' London what 'll fit me."

He leaned back and surveyed his audience complacently.

"Warn't it GLADSTONE?" asked someone, "what 'ad such a big 'ead?"

"That 's it!" cried the old man excitedly. "My 'ead 's the same size as old GLADSTONE'S was—the same size exactly."

"Well, that 's a case in pint," said the man with the red tie. "Equality of opportunity—that 's what we want. If your fawther 'ad 'ad the money to send you to college like GLADSTONE'S fawther sent 'im you might 'a' bin Prime Minister of England."

"I think it 's very likely," said the old man. "Any'ow, I got the 'ead for it."

Lord Leverhulme's Oversight.

[*The Liverpool Daily Post* announces the association of a Newcastle company with the "fish canning enterprises of Lord Leverhulme."]

WHEN his rank to a Barony earned an advance
Lord LEVERHULME missed a superlative chance;
For it 's clear from his prowess in company planning
That he ought to have chosen the style of "Lord Canning."

Commercial Candour.

"Rubber Gloves for protecting the hands, while they last, 1/7½ pair."
"The Sun," Sydney, Australia.

STILL ANOTHER PERPLEXITY.

LAST week Mr. Punch permitted me to inquire how false stories come to be invented and put into circulation. This week I have a further problem to propound—a mere trifle, but one to which I should dearly like a reply: What is Truth? No more than that.

The subject has been worrying me ever since my partner at dinner made a certain remark. "How can you," she said, "take all that salt? Don't you know that salt promotes gout?"

I was never so astonished in my life. I have always taken plenty of salt, principally because I find things insipid without it, but a little also in the belief that it is a healthy accessory. And this is the first breath of slander to impair its fair fame. That I am inclined to be gouty, I knew, but of all the contributory causes salt would be the last to occur to me. Quite the last. Indeed I am not sure that my addiction to salt is not in part due to a sub-conscious, unthinking belief that it is a corrective to gout. As dogs instinctively nibble grass when in need of medicine, so had I probably taken refuge in salt.

And now I was to hear this, lightly dropped in between talk of books and ballets, but far from lightly received.

For it is part of my character to believe rather than to suspect. Strange though it may sound, even after half a century's experience of this sinful world, my first tendency is to accept statements at their face value, and only later—or not at all—to set them under the microscope. On this occasion, however, I put the case, hitting me so nearly as it did, to the company at large.

"Is salt bad for one?" "Does salt conduce to gout?" "Is one better without salt at all?"—such momentous questions as these were passed about the table, to the complete rout of MASSINE and LOPOKOVA, but with no reassuring result to me, for every one differed even as this morning's racing experts of the newspapers differ as to this afternoon's winners.

Since then I have asked several medical men, and these also make contradictory replies. And now half my pleasure in food has gone, because, if I take salt with it, I am afraid I am doing myself a mischief, and if I abstain from salt there is a want of flavour. See what harm a dinner-partner can do!

Meanwhile I return to the greater problem, What *is* Truth?

"Pensioners are notoriously long-lived. The last survivor of the American Civil War died in 1869 at the age of 109. He fought as a lad of sixteen."—*Weekly Paper.*

He seems to have aged very rapidly.



First A.B. (*on sloop just arrived*). "OLD DEPÔT SHIP'S STILL 'ERE, THEN. BEEN 'ERE A LONG TIME, 'AIN'T SHE?"

Second ditto. "YEARS AND YEARS. THEY SAY AS 'OW SHE'S 'ARD AGROUND ON THE BOTTLES AND BULLY TINS WHAT THEY'VE 'AVED OVERBOARD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

APART from its criticisms of certain individuals, Lord FRENCH'S *1914* (CONSTABLE) is not very conspicuous for its revelations on such debated matters as, for instance, the change in VON KLUCK'S plans. We get more detail about those of Lord FRENCH'S own schemes which were thwarted either from home or by the French Government. But perhaps the chief interest of the volume lies in its revelations of the author's personality. His courage and foresight in resisting the temptation to seek refuge for his tired troops in the walls of Maubeuge, and so avoiding the trap laid for him by the enemy, shows him at his best and strongest. Elsewhere we often find him too much given to alternation between sanguine hopes and unwarrantable fears. And whatever he may have thought at the time, and whatever stimulus was needed to strengthen our thin line at Ypres, he shows a strange lack of faith in the nation's courage and resource when he asserts to-day that the breaking of that line and the consequent loss of the Channel ports would have ended the existence of the British Empire. Of the final chapter, in which he attacks the Government of the day for their neglect to supply him with adequate ammunition, we have not heard the last. It is noticeable, by the way, as significant of Lord FRENCH'S loyalty to his friends (the volume abounds in generous appreciations), that while he protests against the diversion of material to the Dardanelles he has no word to say against the original promoter of that campaign . . . Nothing in this book can lessen the debt of gratitude we owe to Lord FRENCH for the great part he played as Commander-in-Chief of our Expeditionary Force, but its untimeliness is, I think, beyond question; and, whatever the relation may be between his statements and the ultimate verdict of history, the indiscretion (to use a polite word) of his attack upon those whose lips are sealed is not likely to help either the writer or the Empire in whose service he still holds an honourable place.

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Every girl in the country, thrilled by the example of her illustrious sisters, would emulate their achievements, and thus not only would the pace and methods of domestic work be infinitely improved, but its popularity ensured as yet another ladder towards the pedestal of public idolatry.

SWELLED HEAD.

"WHAT we want in this country," said the man with the red tie, "is equality of opportunity. Why ain't I a lord and a duke? Of course I wouldn't be one, not if I had the chawnce; lot o' blinkin' parasites, that 's what they are; but I ain't never 'ad the chawnce, 'ave I? No, nor you 'aven't 'ad the chawnce neither. Why, any one of us in this 'ere compawtment might 'ave the natural capacity to be the best Prime Minister England ever 'ad, but what chawnce 'ave we 'ad to prove it? None at all. Because," he ended loudly, "we ain't got equality of opportunity."

The old man in the corner woke up, yawned noisily, rubbed his eyes and broke into the conversation.

"I got the biggest 'ead in the City o' London," he said surprisingly.

We stared at him.

"Yus, I 'ave," he insisted truculently, though nobody had disputed his remarkable claim. "There ain't a 'at in the 'ole o' London big enough for me—not a 'ard felt 'at, like yours." He darted a skinny finger suddenly at the man opposite.

Taken aback for a moment, the wearer of the "'ard felt 'at" got a grip on himself.

"Yus, there is," he said.

"I tell yer there ain't—not a 'ard felt 'at—not in the 'ole o' London."

"And I say there is," was the confident retort.

The old man was annoyed. "There ain't, I tell yer," he repeated; "I 've bin everywhere to try to get a 'ard 'at. 'Ow should you know anything abaht it? Your 'ead ain't no more than a pimple alongside mine. I tell yer there ain't a 'at—— Well, then, you tell me where I can get a 'at big enough."

"Well," said the other, "I know where there 's one, at any rate. Outside old Jimson's shop—the one 'e 'as for a sign. That 's big enough, ain't it? Abaht four foot 'igh."

Plainly, in the old man's view, this was trifling with a serious subject.

"We don't want no jokin' abaht it," he said. "I 'm givin' yer fax, I am. There ain't a 'ard 'at big enough for me in London—not for sale," he added hastily. "Why, I once went into a shop with a friend 'oo wanted a 'at, and after the shopman 'ad served 'im 'e turned to me an' 'e says, 'Don't you want a hat?' 'e says. I says, 'Yus, if you 've got one big enough.' 'E laughed, thinking I was jokin', no doubt. 'Big enough!' 'e says; 'oh, we 've got one big enough.'

"'All right,' I says. 'Trot it aht; but I 'll bet five bob you ain't got one.'

"Well, 'e took the bet very confident. 'E tried on a dozen, I should think. At last 'e give it up. 'E looked at me very respectful like, an' then 'e says, 'Would you mind my tryin' the machine on your 'ead?'

"It was a machine something like a typewriter, what fitted rahnd yer 'ead. 'E put it on an' fiddled abaht with it an' took it off an' looked at it.

"'Well,' 'e says—'well!'

"Then 'e showed me a bit o' paper with the shape o' my 'ead marked on it. I never see anything like it myself—not unless it was a map of Ireland.

"'There,' 'e says, 'it ain't your fault, I suppose, but that 's the shape o' your 'ead, life-size. You 've won the bet. The only thing I 've got in the shop to fit you,' 'e says, 'is a 'at-box.'

"'E seemed a bit cross, but 'e cheered up when I said I wouldn't take 'is money. So there you are. There ain't a 'ard felt 'at in the City o' London what 'll fit me."

He leaned back and surveyed his audience complacently.

"Warn't it GLADSTONE?" asked someone, "what 'ad such a big 'ead?"

"That 's it!" cried the old man excitedly. "My 'ead 's the same size as old GLADSTONE'S was—the same size exactly."

"Well, that 's a case in pint," said the man with the red tie. "Equality of opportunity—that 's what we want. If your fawther 'ad 'ad the money to send you to college like GLADSTONE'S fawther sent 'im you might 'a' bin Prime Minister of England."

"I think it 's very likely," said the old man. "Any'ow, I got the 'ead for it."

Lord Leverhulme's Oversight.

[*The Liverpool Daily Post* announces the association of a Newcastle company with the "fish canning enterprises of Lord Leverhulme."]

WHEN his rank to a Barony earned an advance
Lord LEVERHULME missed a superlative chance;
For it 's clear from his prowess in company planning
That he ought to have chosen the style of "Lord Canning."

Commercial Candour.

"Rubber Gloves for protecting the hands, while they last, 1/7½ pair."
"*The Sun*," *Sydney, Australia.*

STILL ANOTHER PERPLEXITY.

LAST week Mr. Punch permitted me to inquire how false stories come to be invented and put into circulation. This week I have a further problem to propound—a mere trifle, but one to which I should dearly like a reply: What is Truth? No more than that.

The subject has been worrying me ever since my partner at dinner made a certain remark. "How can you," she said, "take all that salt? Don't you know that salt promotes gout?"

I was never so astonished in my life. I have always taken plenty of salt, principally because I find things insipid without it, but a little also in the belief that it is a healthy accessory. And this is the first breath of slander to impair its fair fame. That I am inclined to be gouty, I knew, but of all the contributory causes salt would be the last to occur to me. Quite the last. Indeed I am not sure that my addiction to salt is not in part due to a sub-conscious, unthinking belief that it is a corrective to gout. As dogs instinctively nibble grass when in need of medicine, so had I probably taken refuge in salt.

And now I was to hear this, lightly dropped in between talk of books and ballets, but far from lightly received.

For it is part of my character to believe rather than to suspect. Strange though it may sound, even after half a century's experience of this sinful world, my first tendency is to accept statements at their face value, and only later—or not at all—to set them under the microscope. On this occasion, however, I put the case, hitting me so nearly as it did, to the company at large.

"Is salt bad for one?" "Does salt conduce to gout?" "Is one better without salt at all?"—such momentous questions as these were passed about the table, to the complete rout of MASSINE and LOPOKOVA, but with no reassuring result to me, for every one differed even as this morning's racing experts of the newspapers differ as to this afternoon's winners.

Since then I have asked several medical men, and these also make contradictory replies. And now half my pleasure in food has gone, because, if I take salt with it, I am afraid I am doing myself a mischief, and if I abstain from salt there is a want of flavour. See what harm a dinner-partner can do!

Meanwhile I return to the greater problem, What *is* Truth?

"Pensioners are notoriously long-lived. The last survivor of the American Civil War died in 1869 at the age of 109. He fought as a lad of sixteen."—*Weekly Paper.*

He seems to have aged very rapidly.



First A.B. (on sloop just arrived). "OLD DEPÔT SHIP 'S STILL 'ERE, THEN. BEEN 'ERE A LONG TIME, 'AIN'T SHE?"

Second ditto. "YEARS AND YEARS. THEY SAY AS 'OW SHE 'S 'ARD AGROUND ON THE BOTTLES AND BULLY TINS WHAT THEY 'VE 'AVED OVERBOARD."

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That a private soldier in the trenches should have a tunic button made from the brass of Aladdin's lamp, so that the polishing of it evoked all the magical properties of that vessel may well have seemed to Mr. W. A. DARLINGTON a jest of the richest promise. But unfortunately *Private Higgins* was of too retiring a nature to utilise the services of his genie for the practical purpose of capturing the KAISER and his High Command, and so bringing the War to an abrupt conclusion. Inconsistently enough he sets himself the far more difficult task, when on leave, of winning the hand of a Society beauty by taking a large house in her neighbourhood and displaying great wealth and magnificence. But in the trenches his enterprise is confined to comparatively trivial ends, in which the supply of unlimited beer figures largely. The most amusing effect, however, was undesigned. On the first appearance of the genie *Higgins*, petrified with horror, exclaimed, "Strike me pink!" with the result that his skin took on a colour which demanded immediate isolation. Eventually he was restored by the same medium, but *Captain Brown, R.A.M.C.*, whose treatment of the unprecedented malady had been an absolute failure, claimed credit for its cure and posed as the sole authority on what came to be known in the medical journals as "Brown's Disease." . . . The wonderful lamp idea has before now provided a modern comedy of approved success; but in the case of *The Brass Bottle* this was partly due to the entertaining and preposterous intrigue that held the whole adventure together. Lacking this, *Alf's Button* (JENKINS) does not quite, like those of ordinary humanity, come off. But the author has a pleasant sense of quiet humour, and his own experiences in the War have given him a sound knowledge of the speech and habits of Thomas Atkins. His publisher, by the way, claims, I think, to have discovered Mr. DARLINGTON, but he has, of course, long been known to readers of *Punch*.



"DEAR SIR,—I write to thank you for the marvellous benefit which I have received from your wonderful book on the Training of the Memory. I study this truly remarkable volume at odd moments with tremendous success.
"To Professor MEMO. "Yours faithfully, H. TIPTON."

The pleasure you take in *The Skeleton Key* (COLLINS) will be overcast by the knowledge that it is, I suppose, the last work we shall read from the pen of the late BERNARD CAPES. Not a page in the present book but proclaims eloquently the extent of that loss. The tale itself is an excellent example of the mystery or detective type; one of the best indeed that I have met this great while, so well is its interest sustained and so adroitly is the reader baffled. Usually in murder-stories the sole interest lies in the game of spotting the culprit; the affair becomes a kind of contest between author and public, in which the finer literary graces are too apt to be neglected. But Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, who contributes a short appreciative introduction to *The Skeleton Key*, rightly draws attention to the touch of dignity that Mr. CAPES never failed to impart to work of this kind, carrying on the artistic tradition of STEVENSON, in "the technical liberality of writing a penny dreadful so as to make it worth a pound." Incidentally let me add that none but the youthfully impatient should miss this brief but quite brilliant criticism by one who is himself a master of the craft with which it deals. As to the actual intrigue here unravelled, nothing shall induce me to give so much as a hint at it, lest clumsy handling should supply a clue that would ruin all. You must even accept my word for it that very seldom in such a business have I been further from the truth or more startled by its disclosure. And if, as always, attainment was not quite equal to the rapture of pursuing, that is but further praise of the ingenuity that prolonged this pleasure to the last possible moment.

My Rest Cure (GRANT RICHARDS) shows our premier jester and War-fund accelerator yielding to the temptation, that besets all accomplished artists, of attempting to express himself in another medium. I owe so many laughs to Mr. GEORGE ROBEY that I took up his book with the strongest sense of pleasurable anticipation—always, I suppose, a hazardous attitude. In the end I found myself saying, "But this will not quite do." Rather machine-made (is it not?) this account of a comedian's holiday at Little Slocum—the Mayor's welcome, the village idiot, the lumpy mattress, the country-side noises in the small hours, the punt accident, the escape. I am not sure that the converse of what the wag said of Sir HERBERT TREE's *Hamlet* would not apply. And yet quite a good deal of it, if it could have had the assistance of those arched brows, those mischievous shrewd eyes, that telescopic neck, that impossible bowler, and that air of genial impropriety, would, I feel sure, have reduced me to the old helplessness.

The Taste of Apples (SKEFFINGTON) is a simple tale of a delightful old shoemaker who had just a *soupçon* of genius, and his small round wife who existed to make pies. They are Americans, sent by their wealthy son to have a holiday in England. While "Mother," by dint of administering much affection and even more pie, is rescuing *Wally Tilton*, her son's old school-friend, from evil ways, the shoemaker wanders about making friends with all sorts and conditions of men and, true to his last, continually studying feet. It is in the description of his adventures that a memorable paragraph occurs: "One class stood apart—well-shod, their heavy serviceable boots alert and competent . . . firm on both feet, they overlooked the crowd—the one class that stood neither to gain nor lose by unrest—England's truly great ones—the Metropolitan police." Mrs. JENNETTE LEE's book, with the right page turned down, will no doubt be left in public places by countless thousands who share her enthusiasm and sometimes fear to find the "alert boots" of their idol filled with common clay.

CHARIVARIA.

À propos of trying the guilty Huns, not only the EX-KAISER but his accomplices, a correspondent draws our attention to a certain appositeness in Mrs. GLASSE'S cookery-book instruction, "First catch your Herr."

***

Concerning the statement that the KAISER is to be supplied with a house in London while awaiting his trial, might it not be sufficient punishment to make him find it himself?

***

We hear that force of habit is so deeply instilled in VON REUTER that no sooner does he enter his bath than he pulls out the bath-plug.

***

Up to the time of going to press the Germans had not yet put forward the plea that the sinking of their fleet was the work of a British floating mine.

***

The Admiralty announces that permits are no longer required from persons proceeding to the Orkney Islands. Londoners should remember, however, that the Orkneys have a housing problem of their own.

***

Agents of the Prohibition movement, declares *The Weekly Dispatch*, are already arriving in England from the United States with ample funds. Notably "Pussyfoot" JOHNSON. All we can say is there may be a bottle or two of the stuff hidden away somewhere, but it will take more than ample funds to ferret it out.

***

Every word in Article 227 of the Peace Treaty, says an *Evening News* correspondent, means exactly what it says and what it was intended to mean. This is an innovation in connection with State documents.

***

The London Education Committee has just spent a trifle of ten thousand pounds on new furniture. We understand they will purchase the other chair later on.

***

We believe in keeping *en rapport* with the causeries of the day. At the same time the man who wrote to *The Daily Mail* saying that he had just shot a telephone with fifteen wireworms in its crop has our sincere sympathy.

New Kronen banknotes issued by the Hungarian Bank bear an inscription forbidding their imitation. A few sharp lessons like this ought to teach forgers to be very careful.

***

Now that Peace has been signed practically every German prisoner is anxious to be the first back home in order to get his version of "How I escaped" into print before the crowd arrives.

***

It has leaked out that a new play is shortly to be introduced in London in which a bedroom scene will appear. We trust that unscrupulous producers will not be mean enough to appropriate this novel idea.

***

An army horse which had seen service in France, Italy, Belgium and Servia was offered for sale last Tuesday, but no buyer was forthcoming. It is thought that it may now be sent to one of the Allies' stables in France to act as an interpreter.

***

A bull-dog in Hyde Park last week was seen to attack a dachshund and take away a bone it was carrying. This seems to imply that the indemnity is already being exacted.

***

A sad story reaches us of a discharged soldier who was recently given employment on a fruit farm but who completely broke down when he was informed that the orchard in which he had to work contained only plum and apple trees.

***

Gillingham Corporation has been asked four guineas an hour for a Punch and Judy show for a children's Peace celebration. The expenditure, it was urged, was unwarranted when they could get a Member of Parliament to come and deliver a speech for nothing.

***

A British aviator now claims to have flown round the world. It transpires that he ascended from an aerodrome near Eastleigh, remained in the air while the earth revolved once, and then landed in the same field again.

***

"Should golf caddies give advice?" asks a contemporary. We ourselves prefer a caddie who occasionally strikes the serious note.

***

An attempt to define the phrase "Working-classes" in the Scottish Housing Bill has been defeated. We agree. The suggestion that as a matter of course any class works has a nasty smack of pre-war feudalism about it.

***

A member of a certain London club reports the loss of one hundred pounds worth of whisky. It is supposed that a clumsy fellow-member must have knocked his glass over.

***

Whitby has received the sum of two hundred pounds for the re-equipment of lodging-house keepers. It is thought that if the money is spent on something small but useful, like antimacassars, aspidistras, or china dogs, every lodging-house keeper should be able to receive at least one.

***

"I broke into the wrong house," was the defence of a burglar charged at Tottenham Police Court. Mistakes will happen of course in the best regulated business.

***

The wife of a Limehouse bargee last week gave birth to triplets. We regret we cannot publish the neat speech of the bargee, because it is still proceeding. There is some talk of its being orchestrated for a Jazz Band.

***

A scientist denies the recent statement that the end of the world is at hand, and points out that the earth will last another million years at least. Jerry-builders are said to be alarmed.

***

The various schemes for celebrating Peace Day are so novel that people are asking why somebody didn't hit on the idea of having a war before.



PACIFIC PUNCTILIO.

Polite Reveller. "MAY I, SIR, ON THIS AUSPICIOUS DAY, TAKE THE VERY GREAT LIBERTY——?"

HIDDEN TREASURE.

As soon as Charles came in I asked him anxiously whether he had any clue as to the whereabouts of my gold safety-pin. I did not ask him this because I considered him to be the successor of the famous sleuth-hounds of serial fiction, but because about a week ago he borrowed the bally thing and lost it. If the narrative that follows appears to be rather melodramatic in form you must blame Charles for it, not me.

"Wait a moment," he said, drawing his hand wearily across his brow, "and listen. I have had to-day the most terrifying experience of my life. I am still greatly overstraught and unmung—I mean unmanned."

"The cocaine has run out," I said, humouring him. "Some one left the back-door open. Have a go at the lime-juice."

He drained a deep draught and continued.

"I took a bus this morning from the Temple to the British Museum. I decided to return by two Tubes and the Inner Circle. I waited in the ticket-offing until my turn came to be served. As I was leaving the wire entanglement the man behind me clumsily dropped his change on the floor. I gave one glance back before I hurried to the lift, and met in his eyes a gaze of such sinister ferocity that I was positively appalled. My knees trembled under me. A cold shiver ran through my frame and chilled the very marrow in it. I shall not keep my marrow in a frame any more.

"The whole way down in the lift, across the intervening mass of heads, this man kept glaring at me. The carriage I had to get on to was rather crowded even for the Tube. I had to run full tilt at the gateway and take the wind of the passenger just in front of me. Then the conductor slammed the gate and the fellow expanded again. You may not have noticed it, Watson, but they are rather dangerous things, these Tube gates. Once when I was in uniform I caught the tape of my right puttee in the thing as I got off; then the carriage went on and I had to spin round faster and faster on that leg, with the other in the air, till the train took the whole puttee away like a streamer and left me spinning.

"But I have digressed. I did not see the sinister man on that Tube or the next; but when I was pushed off at Charing Cross there he was wedged in amongst the crowd a short distance away from me, and still glaring at me with the same expression of intense and bloodthirsty hate. I felt absolutely certain now that he was pursuing me. I wormed my way out of the crowd and hurried on I knew not and cared not whither. Suddenly I found myself at the foot of an escalator, but, alas, the wrong one. It was going down, not up——"

"You can't," I hazarded.

"Napoleon once observed," said Charles gently, "that there is no such word as 'can't' to a man who has been a field-marshal's batman."

"Go on," I groaned.

"Almost at the same moment with the tail of my eye I caught a glimpse of my enemy in hot pursuit. I was overcome with unreasoning terror. Almost without thinking I plunged up the falling stairway and in a few seconds I realised that my pursuer had done the same.

"The horror of the next moments will be with me as long as I live. They seemed an eternity. You realise that the downward motion of the steps kept counteracting my forward rush, and for longer than I like to think we two were pounding away, with our knees almost up to our chins, on that terrible treadmill.

"Cold beads of perspiration burst forth on my brow. Mechanically I counted them as they burst. How I ever reached the top I do not know. But reach it I did, with the foe hard on my heels. With a desperate courage I turned round and pushed off his hat and had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing him halt and pass rapidly away from me downwards and backwards.

"For a moment the pursuit was baffled, and I saw no more of him. I reached the Temple Station without further adventure and was half-way to my rooms when suddenly I heard the sound of pattering feet behind me. I suppose that my nerves were shattered, for I know that I screamed aloud and ran as I have never run in my life before. My imagination played wild tricks with me; I began to fancy even that this was no earthly adversary at all, but the reincarnation of some long-dead spirit that I had unwittingly evoked from the haunted shades of the Museum.

"Nearer and nearer came his heavy boots; nearer his loud pants. Just before I reached the staircase to my rooms a long skinny hand reached out and clutched my shoulder. My heart stopped. I turned and faced him, and for the first time he spoke.

"'Excuse me, Sir,' he said, 'but I think you have half-a-crown of mine in the turn-up of your left trouser-leg?'

"And as a matter of fact I had."

There was a long pause.

"Charles," I said at last sadly, "why have you told me these things?"

"They 're perfectly true," he said; "I can prove it."

"Yes?"

"Well, I thought I 'd look at the other trouser-leg while I was about it, and I found your rotten old safety-pin there."

And he handed me the missing trinket.

EVOE.

THE POWER OF THE NEW NAME.

THAT bold actor-manager and brave soldier, Colonel ROBERT LORAINE, has revised the title of *Cyrano de Bergerac* to *Cyrano* pure and simple, after toying for a while with *The Romance of Cyrano*. At the same time Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY, in her advertisement, is printing *St. George and the Dragons*, the original style of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' comedy, in small type, and accentuating its sub-title, *The Wise Bishop and the Foolish Virgins*; and the two changes suggest that any vitalising virtues that re-christening possesses might be tested more generally. There are several plays in London just now that might secure for themselves really good runs if they could be named again. *Chu Chin Chow*, for example, re-dressed and called *Open Sesame*, might be quite a success.

But the oddest development of the moment in play-titles is that of the forthcoming South African drama, *Dr. James Barry*. Here is distinctly a new idea. In default of acquiring a comedy by the author of *Dear Brutus* and *Peter Pan*, give another play his name, with a slight change of spelling to avoid trouble! Could anything be more simple or efficacious? Imitation being a law of life, we may expect shortly a melodrama entitled *The Rev. Arthur Wing Pinneroe*; a comedy of West Country manners, to be known as *Somerset Mawm*; and an idealistic play of American life and uplift since the dry period set in, called *Sam Drinkwater*.

From a soldier's testimonial to a patent medicine:—

"I am writing of the splendid results I received from your splendid ——. I used it in Salonika and it made my nerves splendid. I cannot speak too highly of your splendid cure, and I am continually recommending its splendid results to my comrades."

Who said Tommy had only one adjective?

"An interesting cricket match was played at Unter-Eschbach on Wednesday between the 19th and the 23rd Middlesex. Lieut. Potter, of the 23rd, made some brilliant hits, getting a total of 31 after being bowled by Sig. Taylor."
Cologne Post.

The true Briton never knows when he is beat.



VICTOR AND VICTIM.

MR. SMILLIE. "IT'S A GREAT TRIUMPH WE'VE WON FOR THE MINERS. A LOT MORE PAY AND A LOT LESS WORK."

WORKING WOMAN. "YES, AND COAL UP SIX SHILLINGS. WHAT MAY BE FUN FOR YOU MEANS DEATH FOR ME."



Conductress (to punishably haughty young man who has just handed her twopence). "TWO PENNY ONES?"

CHARLIE.

Charlie is a dog; I believe, though I have never seen him, a little dog. Betty, who owns, or rather owned, him, tells me that he was born black, but one day he got on to the roof—I don't quite see how he could have, but these things present less difficulty to dogs of Charlie's breed than to those of others: at any rate the point of the story is that to get down he had to take a jump, which frightened him so much that he became perfectly white all over, with, as Betty says, placing a fat finger upon her own, "just a littu tiny black noshe."

Probably you have guessed from this chapter of his history that Charlie is a 'maginary dog and have begun to envy Betty's mother because she has only 'maginary tax and 'maginary muzzle to deal with on his behalf. But for naughty tiresomeness Charlie is the peer of any real dog who ever, wagging a propitiatory tail, grinned at his owner, and as long as she had him Betty's mother used sometimes to wish that she hadn't. There was his tiresome habit of lagging behind on walks which often necessitated that Betty should stand in a narrow shop doorway during the busy hour of the morning—when in our suburban village everybody who is anybody goes shopping—stamping a sandalled foot at him and screaming, "Charlie, Charlie, 'tum here, Sir," while potential customers with empty baskets struggled to squeeze in past her, and satisfied customers with full ones raged behind her trying to get out.

Then there were the occasions upon which he elected to dash across the flower-beds in the park and hunt 'maginary rats in the shubberies beyond it, spite of all Betty's shouts and even tears (for a pure-bred 'maginary dog, Charlie can be remarkably determined and wrong-headed). More than once at such moments all Betty's mother's explanations (aside) have failed to convince a park-keeper, and strained relations have threatened to ensue.

There was too the discomfiture of Betty's little holiday governess. I know that all governesses are conventionally little, but Betty's was only just so much larger and older than her charge as enabled her to qualify for the post. Betty, sitting demurely with her on the sands at the seaside, called, "Tum here and lie down besides us, Charlie;" and a large Australian soldier, unused to 'maginary dogs, rose from the shadow of a breakwater and accepted the invitation, to the great annoyance of Betty's little governess, who is very dignified.

All the same, since Charlie has been given away Betty's mother has felt ridiculously sorry that he is gone. She misses the shrill admonition and encouragement which Betty addressed to him all day long, misses even the sight of the solid little boy next door who sometimes looks over the garden-wall at Betty, and in spite of all her efforts to exhibit her pet to him has never yet understood what Betty is playing at.

Charlie's exit came about in this way. Cook's young man's brother was discovered to be one of those soldiers for whom the War is never going to be over, who are still "carrying on" with unbelievable courage, though all the rest of the world goes past outside their hospital-walls savouring the joys of peace. Cook's young man's brother, or Joe, as his friends more simply call him, has been brought by the Fate who usually mismanages the disposal of wounded soldiers, kind for once, within a reasonable 'bus-ride of his brother's young lady's mistress's home, and so Betty's mother and Betty, and of course Charlie, for dogs of his breed have distinct advantages where 'buses and hospitals are concerned, set out one day last week to visit him. Taking Charlie was in the nature of an experiment. Joe might have been one of those curious people, like the little boy next door, to whom 'maginary dogs are invisible, but

he wasn't. He saw him at once when Betty called him to follow her into the ward, held out a skinny arm and clicked his fingers at him. When Betty, panting elaborately, for Charlie has lately grown very fat, hauled him up and put him on the bed—no nurse gainsaying her—Joe pulled his ears and Charlie licked his cheek.

"My word, Missy," said Joe, with Charlie curled up on the red quilt against his well leg, "if I had a dog like this it wouldn't half be company for me, would it now?"

Betty nodded, smiling back at him, but was, for her, so quiet that, as they walked away from the hospital, her mother looked down at the top of her small round hat wondering.

"Where 's Charlie, Betty?" she said; "you 're not looking after him."

"He 's sitting on Joe's bed. I leaved him for tumpany."

Betty's mother saw a stray tear splash down on to the yoke of her frock, sink in and leave a round dark spot. Being her mother she didn't suggest that there must be as many Charlies in imagination as ever came out of it. She only squeezed her daughter's hand very tight for sympathy, wondering what the chances are for a little 'maginary dog with even the kindest owner who doesn't know he is there.

AT THE BARBER'S.

ARRIVED in Town from overseas
About the hour of noon,
I blew as cheerful as you please
Into the "Gents' Saloon."

Unbrushed, ungarnished, oddly garbed,
I found it evident
'Twas more the barber than the barbed
Made claim to be the "Gent."

He was not of us lesser folk;
From boots of black and tan
To smooth coiffure, his mien bespoke
The perfect gentleman.

Within I pondered on the tip
Due to his special kind,
What time milord retired to snip,
With dignity, behind.

I saw his scornful glances fall
And hopefully surmised
He would accept no tip at all
From one he so despised.

Between the cutter and the cut
There was no loss of love;
His curt "Shampoo?" appeared as but
An order from above.

Towards the basin with disdain
My wretched head he thrust,
And functioned as a god of rain
Who lays the summer dust.

I wondered from the depths below,
Did Providence design
A hand so kempt as his to go
And mix with hair like mine?

Ablutions done, remained a mess
As grimy as could be;
His pride of self was even less
Than his contempt for me.

But did I give my end away?
Emphatically not;
I had the impudence to say,
"What dirty hands you 've got!"



Traveller. "ONE V'GINIA WATER." *Booking Clerk.* "SINGLE?"
Traveller. "NO, DOUBLE: AND PUT SOME ICE IN IT."

The Influence of Environment.

"From Llandrindod you proceed along the lovely valley of the Ithon, growing more beautiful as you proceed."—*Motor Cycle.*

"The British trans-Atlantic Steamer Mauritania broke the world's record by making the voyage from Halifax to Liverpool in 24 hours."
Eastern Spectator.

Where 's your R34 now?

"BE SMART.—Fashionable foreign hotel labels for your luggage; specimen, twelve penny stamps."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

The Travellers' Club must be careful about the credentials of its candidates.

"The erection of the hotel has only reached the skeleton stage, but its design and plans show that it is to be a most up-to-date establishment, into which every conceivable inconvenience is introduced."—*Scotch Paper.*

The architect must have had all his work cut out to surpass in this respect some existing establishments.



ARTISTS UNDER FIRE.

Critic (distant). "MY LITTLE BLOKE KEEPS PECKIN' AWAY SOMETHINK WONDERFUL. 'OW 'S YOURS?"
Critic (near). "PECKING? THERE 'S NONE O' YER *PECKIN'* ABOUT OLD BOLSHY 'ERE. 'E 'S *SLAPPIN'* IT ON LAVISH."

RESTAURANT D'ESPAGNE.

As I entered the expensive restaurant, to my great surprise the head-waiter hurried up and led me to a table. He spread the *carte de jour* before me and asked if I was sure I felt no draught. He pointed out such things as were good and such as were less to be desired. He could not recommend *this* as he would like, and, as to *that*, he felt certain I should be better without it.

Directly the head-waiter disappeared the wine-waiter was at my side to know what I should like to drink. As I had never before succeeded in getting any unsolicited attention from this functionary I was still more surprised.

The meal began to arrive quickly and was served with a rhythm such as the best restaurants once were noted for but latterly have disregarded: whether because they have lost pride or because their customers are unworthy of it, I cannot say.

Several times the head-waiter came back to me of his own accord to know if everything was all right. At first I thought I was the one privileged person to be so preferentially treated, but on looking round I found that he was showing everyone else the same fitting but unusual attention.

The table-waiters also were assiduous. My own attendant could not do enough for me and I never had to call "Waiter!" once, or send other waiters to find him and bring him back. No other waiter came to remove the cheese before I had done with it.

Indeed it really seemed as though the whole place for the moment existed only for the comfort of each guest; which of course is the right restaurant idea, but is too often forgotten.

Towards the end of the meal the wine-waiter reappeared, without being sent for, to know if I required a liqueur and a cigar.

The coffee was both hot and strong.

There was nothing in the bill that was unjust.

Unfortunately I can't tell you where this well-conducted establishment is, because just as I was preparing to pay I woke up.

Commercial Candour.

"As an Advertising Medium You can't beat the —— *Review*. Every month brings fresh evidence."—*Indian Magazine.*

A Mixed Bag.

"KOLTCHAK'S SUCCESS.
Samara Taken.
PARIS, May 16.
A minister's wife, a doctor's wife and important town on the left bank of the Volga."
Australian Paper.

"Between 69 and 70, both officers and men, were present."—*Local Paper.*

The slight uncertainty as to the number is probably due to its having included a "quarter-bloke."

"Ballatine says this prospect does not trouble him. The big thing for him was that he made the trip.

Ballantine was the only member of the crew who felt ill during the trip.—Exchange.

Ballantyne (adds the Central News) was discovered stowed away among the tanks a few hours after the airship had left East Fortune."
Daily News.

It has not yet been announced by the Press Association that the man's name is Valentine.

THE LEAVE HAT.

It 's a ng been a tradition that I crowned each leave with a new hat for Pamela, and it was a rite by no means devoid of pleasure for me. The varying expressions on Pamela's face and her ultimate rapture were worth paying for. But what I did grudge was the number of golden hours spent away among those strange creatures who apparently reveal their inner natures to Pamela, but to me are just soulless mannequins.

Last leave, therefore, I hit on a new plan.

The price of the leave hat had never exceeded three guineas.

"Look here, Pamela," I said, "I 'm going to make you a sporting offer. We 'll go and buy the hat to-day. If you choose it within five minutes it shall be a five-guinea one; if within ten, a four-guinea one; and so on, twenty-five minutes being the time-limit. What do you think of it?"

Pamela thought a moment.

"Very good," she said. "I 've never dared go to Jocelyn, but I shall this time."

We duly went to Jocelyn. Pamela intimated that five guineas was about her price. A gracious satin lady sailed forward with a succulent model in each hand.

"These are five guineas, Madam," she said.

Pamela turned both down in that firm shopping tone which is my despair. I took out my watch.

Suddenly she darted across the showroom and plucked something from a stand. "That 's the hat," she cried, jamming it on her head. It certainly suited her as well as all other hats.

"That 's charming, and it goes perfectly with my frock," raved Pamela, with the light of victory in her eyes. "How much is it?"

"Three guineas, Madam."

And only four minutes had run. Our eyes met; hers darted fire.

"There may be one I like still better," she said venomously. Then she tried on others, with a staccato "No" after each. Thus ten minutes passed.

"You are now within the three-guinea zone," I whispered. "You had better make sure of your first love before it is too late."

So she did. But then she did a horrible thing.

"I think I 'll wear the new hat and leave my velour to be done up," she said. "Do you think you could do it?"

Yes, for a guinea and a-half the satin lady graciously thought she could. I parted with four and a-half guineas and we left the shop.



PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

Excited Small Boy. "LOOK, UNCLE! HERE THEY COME!"

I was beginning to tell Pamela what I thought of her when a large drop of rain splashed my nose.

"Good heavens," cried Pamela in horror, "it 's going to rain on my new hat! Oh, there 's a taxi—what luck—fly for it!"

I flew; and once in the taxi I was able to give her a piece of my mind.

"It was implied," I finished up, "that if your feminine instinct lacked the subtlety to distinguish a five-guinea hat from a three-guinea one, the advantage should be mine. It 's the old, old—too old—story: women have no sense of honour."

"They can't have everything," said Pamela generously. "After all, I 've had quite a lot of nice things this afternoon—a new hat, a done-up one, a taxi drive and a not-too-bad husband"—she peered to see what the taxi-meter registered—"who is seven-and-six up on the outing."

THE DIPLOMATS.

II.

MY DEAR HENRY,—Some people look upon the diplomatic business as employing only Britain's picked brains. With three exceptions, Bill, Ralph and myself, or possibly only with one exception, myself, this is not exact. (I am sorry not to be able to be certain about Bill and Ralph in this despatch, but I am a little cross with both of them at the moment. Whatever his private motive, Bill should have kept an escape-hole open when sympathising with his Italian partner at bridge the other evening; and there is no reason why Ralph should have gone the whole hog with his Jugo friends just because he was out for the day with them. It made my lunch with my American friend, who is well aware of the partnership, very difficult to conduct yesterday. However, let Fiume pass; we have more important matters to deal with than a mere port.)

Some people, on the other hand, regard it as any fool's job. This is clearly wrong. Beyond the intimate knowledge of human nature demanded one requires also an exact understanding of all the nuances and an instinctive appreciation of the margin one should allow—in writing one's official despatches, I mean. As many a battle has been lost by the failure of a careless officer to observe the right official phraseology in making his application for leave, so many a country abroad has lost its whole position and prestige owing to an incompetent diplomat having concluded with—

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient
humble Servant, ——,"

in circumstances where he should, according to paramount and fundamental principles of international statesmanship, have written—

"I have the honour to be, with great
truth and regard, Sir,
Your most obedient
humble Servant, ——."

You note the difference—the vital, possibly fatal difference?

Some people again think that, as in every other function on this earth, from producing a first-class herbaceous border to making a success of married life, the thing never has been and never will be done properly in any instance without the aid of that omniscient and omnipotent element, the Business Man. I do not agree; not, at any rate, with regard to diplomacy. Say what you like of the inevitable habit of "availing oneself of this opportunity to renew to your Excellency the assurance of one's highest consideration," even at the end of a letter where one has informed your Excellency that there will be the devil to pay unless your Excellency tenders an apology, and that at once: but I don't concede that this can be improved upon by following the business model.

Anyhow, the diplomat doesn't feel obliged to call every "Sir" dear, doesn't flood his memoranda with proximos, insts., and ultimos, doesn't assure one of his continued attention at all times to one's esteemed orders, and very rarely notifies one that all future correspondence must be addressed to that expensive item, his solicitor. For my part I am content that my country should conduct its correspondence as at present, and shall derive no comfort from seeing its future letters bear a business-like heading:—

A.B.C. and A1 codes used.

BRITISH EMPIRE,
Incorporating England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, India, et cætera.

Head Offices: London.
(Branches all over the world.)

King: H.M. GEORGE V.
Prime Minister: D. LLOYD GEORGE, Esq.
District Representative: Sir A. Blank, K.C.M.G.
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And lastly, if my own sensations are anything to go by, the diplomatic note gives one a warm feeling inside, which the business communication tries hard but entirely fails to reproduce. When a colossal firm calls me, affectionately, "your good self," I am filled with horror and suspicion. But I am gladdened and uplifted when one of His Majesty's Ministers Plenipotentiary and Envoys Extraordinary has the honour to be, Sir, my most obedient humble Servant, ——, as they always have, whatever may have gone before.

That this deliberate courtesy is maintained up till the very last minute the following incidents will show. The writer of the despatches was His Majesty's Consul in an outlying district in a very troubled land. The subject matter of his despatches was unusually enthralling, to wit the advance of a riotous and bloodthirsty horde, bent on burning everything, especially consulates, and killing everybody, especially consuls. The despatches faithfully narrated the march of events, and with infinite respect and submission asked for aid. And, though the danger was ever described as coming more near and the aid as remaining no less remote, the writer always had the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant, John Smith, Consul.

It was not until the very last despatch of all that the writer permitted himself a slight, a very slight but necessary variation. Perhaps it was this that brought the desired help. However that may be, he described how the violent hordes were now within sight and must but for intervention very soon achieve their fell purpose locally. "In which case," he concluded,

"I shall no longer have the honour
to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble
Servant,
JOHN SMITH, Consul."

I, on the other hand, will conclude this present despatch in the neo-Russian form, which was employed by the Bolshevist Legation during its short stay in our midst:—

Yours, CHARLES.

TO A FALLEN HERO.

(Aeroplane propellers are being sold for hat-stands.)

WITH no unsympathetic hand
I hang you in the hall;
My artist soul can understand
The pathos of your fall;
What glorious paths you might have trod,
What stirring seasons had,
What feats performed . . . Oh, Ichabod!
It really is too bad.

Shaped for a warrior's career,
Ere yet our combat ceased,
The heavens were your intended sphere
(Not Camberwell, S.E.)
Far from this humdrum home of mine
Your part you should have played,
Outsoared the lark, and been, in fine,
A really dashing blade.

You should have winged your way through space,
But Fate, forbidding that,
Makes you a peg on which to place
A common bowler hat.
But obsequies you shall not lack;
In such I will not fail;
With muffled hammer let me smack
The sacrilegious nail.

"Assistant Wanted; able to make butter necessary."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

But the bread does that.

"In the immortal phrase of the 'Recessional,' written for an earlier period of triumph, 'Lest we forget'!"—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. KIPLING is said to have retained the services of Sir EDWARD CARSON.

"The new holder was leading 5—3, but Mrs. Chambers, by splendid placing and net work, won the set by 6—4."—*Daily Paper.*

We gather from the score that Mlle. LENGLEN temporarily "dropped her game."



THE MAN WHO ASKED A HOUSE-AGENT IF HE HAD A HOUSE TO LET.

NECTAR.

Ah! ye gods, could we only discover
What mixture your goblets contained
When you quaffed them and tilted them over
To show that no heel-taps remained!
Could we know what gave Venus her roses
And Juno her generous bust,
And Bacchus his brightest of noses,
And Vulcan his smile through the dust.

Could we learn where to purchase the potion
That fashioned your goddesses' charm,
Saved Neptune from cramp in the ocean
And muscled the Thunderer's arm;
The stuff that kept Mercury running
And bent for Diana the bow . . .
But, alas! though we mortals be cunning,
'Tis a secret we never shall know.

Ay, alas! For if beer-barons brewed it
And CHESTERTONS sang in its praise,
And "Pussyfoot" JOHNSONS pursued it
With curses down devious ways;
If the pub. at the corner but tapped it
All doubts and discussions would cease
As to which was the one drink adapted
To pledge this superlative Peace. W. H. O.

"Out of every hundred women, fifteen marry between the age of 16 and 20, fifty-two between 20 and 25, forty-six between 25 and 35, ten between 35 and 40, ten between 40 and 50, and one between 50 and 60."—*Scottish Paper.*

As that makes 134, and there is no allowance for old maids, we fear there must be a lot of bigamy about.

"The Judge said he had come to the conclusion that the horse was not sound, as made out in the warranty, and he must give judgment for the plaintiff.

The total takings for the two days was upwards of £300, and the number of visitors was close upon three thousand."

Provincial Paper.

And this in a mere county court! Mr. Justice —— is said to be quite jealous.



Mamma (to Susan, aged four). "HOW IS IT YOU ARE SUCH A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL? MABEL IS NEVER NAUGHTY, AND NEVER HAS BEEN."

Mabel (aged six). "I S'POSE IT'S BECAUSE I'M 'PRE-WAR,' MUMMIE."

MILLENNIAL MINSTRELSY.

THERE once was a bevy of bardlets, who swore
By Poesy's rules to be fettered no more,
So they shook themselves free from the shackles of scansion
And plunged in the ocean of formless expansion.

Compared with the "curve" of their wonderful line,
WALT WHITMAN was simply as water to wine;
And MASEFIELD himself in his goriest mood
In gore was not nearly so deeply imbrued.

Old fogies emitted malevolent screams
At their frankness of speech and the choice of their themes;
And the Bishop of LONDON and Cardinal LOGUE
United in keenly deploring their vogue.

Their sales were immense and their royalties high,
When a thunderbolt fell from a radiant sky;
For President SMILLIE began his crusade
For nationalizing the poetry trade.

The Report, which was swiftly embodied in Law,
Attacked the irregular bards tooth and claw,
And made it a penal offence to transgress
A rigorous system of scansion and stress.

Compulsory rhymes were an integral part
Of the State-supervised and State-recognised Art,
Which nullified royalties, as in the mines,
While the output *per diem* was fixed at ten lines.

Oh, the poetry teashops were loud in their wail,
For several minstrels were locked up in jail—
Mr. GOSSE wrote a letter (big type) in *The Times*
On the barbarous State-restoration of rhymes.

A meeting was summoned in Printing-house Square—
Urbane Mr. MARSH was of course in the chair,
And his protest evoked a symphonious howl
From *The Nation*, *The English Review* and *The Owl*.

But the conflict died down in a peaceable close,
For the statute imposed no embargo on prose,
And by running their verse on without any stop
The "poets that count" came again to the top.

For those who had suffered and languished in clink
Celebrated their exit in orgies of ink;
And pæans of joy to the zenith upflew
From *The Nation*, *The Owl* and *The English Review*.

"The Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Nurse was sold at Christies' yesterday for 52,000 guineas."—*Provincial Paper.*

Unlike the painter's better-known "Tragic Muse," this picture is believed to be absolutely unique.

"If you really cannot refrain from standing under a tree, choose a beech or a birch, for these trees are seldom if ever struck by lightning."—*Daily Express.*

Smith Minor discredits this. He himself has felt a distinct shock followed by a scorching after-glow when recumbent under the twigs of the second-named tree.

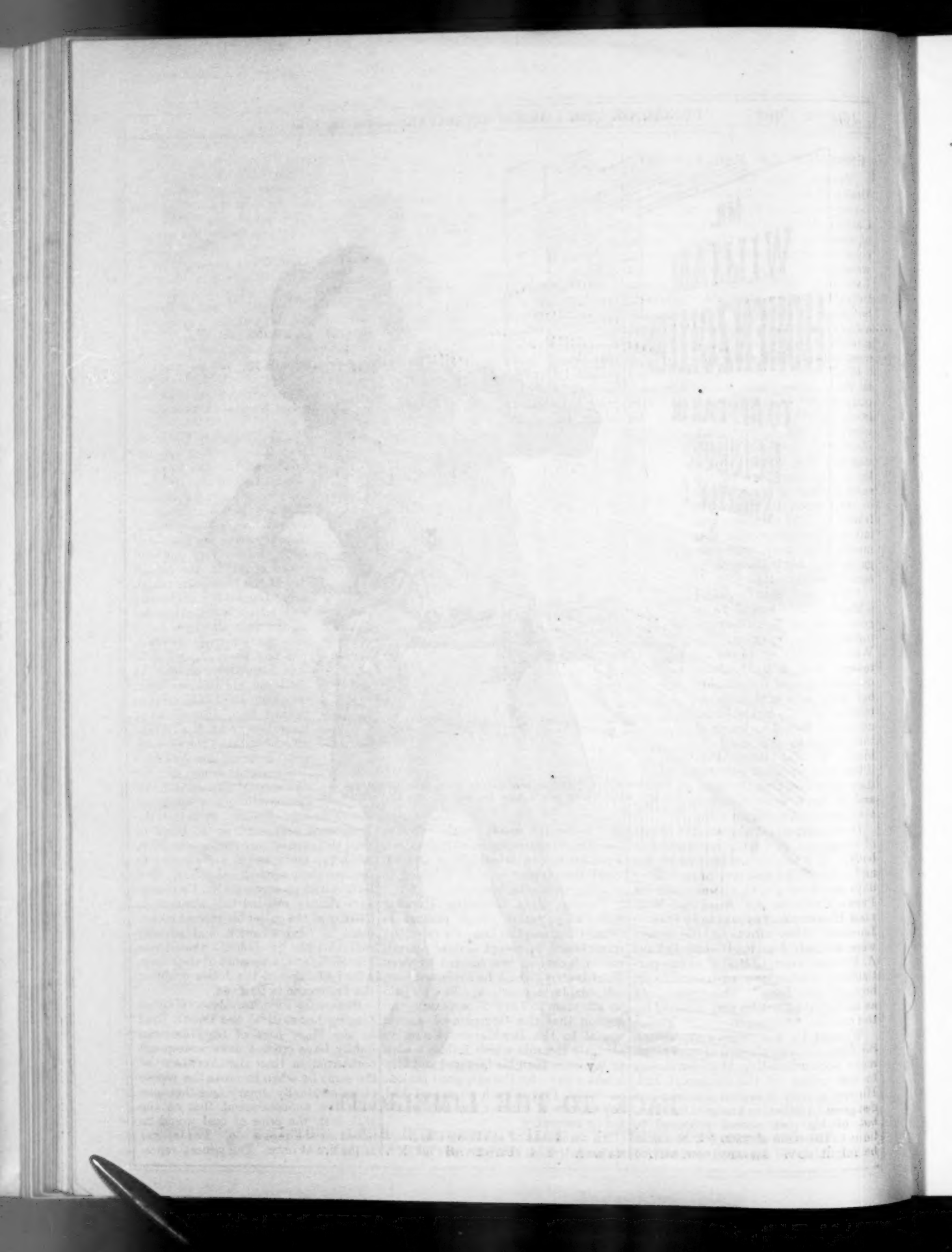
"A public meeting 'for women under thirty' was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, last night, at which all the speakers were under 03, except the proposer and seconder of the votes of thanks, who were aged 72 and 92 years."—*Provincial Paper.*

By way, no doubt, of redressing the balance.



BACK TO THE LIMELIGHT.

THE OLD ACTOR. "I'M AFRAID I'M PAST PLAYING THE HERO; BUT IT'S SOMETHING TO KNOW THAT I SHALL HAVE A STAR PART AS THE VILLAIN."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 7th.—The Treasury Bench showed no outward signs of its recent defeat in the division-lobbies. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, disappointed at seeing no symptoms of impending dissolution, inquired what the Government were going to do about it. Mr. BONAR LAW may have been inwardly perturbed by the behaviour of his followers, but he was not going to give himself away to an avowed opponent, and replied that the Government had not yet even considered the subject.

Mr. CHURCHILL's recent contributions to the Sunday Press evoked the curiosity of Mr. ARNOLD, who wanted to know whether they represented the views of the Government. Mr. LAW's reply was a little vague. "The articles in question," he said, "are in the same position as the speeches of my right honourable friend." The House was left wondering whether this meant that they were regarded by his colleagues as equally unimportant.

"A Woman, Two Dogs and a Motor-Car" would be a good title for Mr. CHURCHILL's next literary effort. The War Secretary could see no reason why a Lady-Commandant should not employ her pets to guard Government property. But he found no escape from the horns of the dilemma presented to him by Mr. MACVEAGH—that if the dogs were not muzzled they were breaking the law; and if they were muzzled they could not protect the car.



Mr. Bonar Law. "DUNNO WOT 'S COME OVER THIS 'ERE MOKE. IF I DON'T WHIP 'IM 'E DON'T GET ON WIV IT, AND IF I WHIPS 'IM 'E KICKS."

In one respect, at any rate, the House of Commons is a truly representative body. It is as much subject to hot fits and cold fits as the rest of us. Four days ago it rang with cheers when the PRIME MINISTER announced that WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN was to be tried in London. This afternoon the cheers were scarcely less loud when Colonel A. MURRAY asserted that "no one particularly wishes the ex-Kaiser to be brought over here." This uncertainty as to his fate must be very wearing for the exile of Amerongen.

Warned by last week's experience, Sir ERIC GEDDES showed himself much more accommodating than heretofore to the critics of the Transport Bill. He not merely accepted amendments designed to fetter his financial freedom, but of his own accord proposed to limit to the trifle of £500,000 the sum he might spend on any new service without coming to the House for permission. He thinks only in half-millions now.

The Lords also spent a busy day in considering the bureaucratic activities of the Government. The dairy-farmers of the West, who have been mulcted in twopence a gallon by the Milk Commission, found an ardent champion in Lord STRACHIE, who accused the Ministry of Food of a dark design to capture the milk trade in order to keep itself alive. Lord RUSSELL as a motorist complained that though Zeppelins had long ceased from troubling, Dora still obliged him to hide his light under a bushel; and Lord HALDANE vainly protested against a Forestry Bill under which, he implied, you would not be able to see the woods for the officials. Lord CRAWFORD replied that short views were no use in arboriculture and advised the prophet of clear thinking to procure "a mental telescope."

Tuesday, July 8th.—The Housing Bill had a rather rough passage in Committee, and the LORD CHANCELLOR was obliged to accept several amendments, including one (moved by Lord NORTHBROOK) which he confessed himself unable to construe. But he paid no attention to Lord SYDENHAM's suggestion that the Government should appeal to the Bricklayers' Union to abrogate the rule which forbids a man to lay more than six hundred and fifty bricks a day—for the very good reason, no doubt, that if such an appeal had any chance of success the Bill would not be necessary.

An avoidance of anything like overstatement is a characteristic of Mr. HARMSWORTH's Ministerial style. Thus when asked whether a Ukrainian leader called GRIGORIEFF had conducted pogroms against the Jews in South Russia, and in many places wiped out the whole Hebrew population, the utmost that he would permit himself to say was that GRIGORIEFF was reported to be "strongly anti-Jewish in his sympathies."

Mr. SWAN is justly proud at having elicited from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER a statement that Victory Bonds now purchased will be immediately available for the payment of death-duties, but nevertheless intends, I am credibly informed, to resist as long as possible the temptation to make a song about it.

The Transport Bill completed its Report Stage, but not without further attrition. Mr. RAWLINSON and Mr. MARRIOTT combined in moving that the Minister-Designate should have only one Parliamentary Secretary instead of two. Only a very powerful cause could on the second day of the University match bring Cambridge University and Oxford City into the same camp; and although for a time the SOLICITOR-GENERAL put up a stout resistance he was ultimately obliged to send for his LEADER, who, on seeing the forces arrayed against him, surrendered at discretion, took the Whips off and so saved the Government from another defeat.

On the Finance Bill Sir DONALD MACLEAN did his best to induce the Coalitionist Free Traders to defeat the Preference proposals, or at least to limit their operation to September 30th, when the Government are pledged to produce their whole fiscal policy. But he met with no success. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stoutly resisted this attempt to destroy at the outset his modest monument of filial affection, and adroitly reminded the "wobblers" that it was Mr. MCKENNA, a prophet of their own, who had imposed the duties enabling the Preference to be given.

Wednesday, July 9th.—JENNY GEDDES flinging her stool at the Dean's head in the High Kirk of St. Giles can hardly have created more widespread consternation than did AUCKLAND of the same ilk when he broke the repose of an unusually dreary Question-time with the announcement that on the 16th inst. the price of coal would be raised six shillings a ton. The fat was in the fire at once. The miners' repre-

sentatives saw in the increase, which the Minister had definitely ascribed to the consequences of the SANKEY award, a covert blow at their policy of Nationalisation, and clamoured for a new Commission to investigate the causes of the reduced output. This idea did not find much favour. "Bar Bolshevists," boomed "Boanerges" STANTON. "Have no economic freaks!" squeaked Mr. MACQUISTEN. And Mr. BONAR LAW thought a Commission was superfluous, since no amount of discussion would alter the facts. The country has got to pay the miners' wages in one form or another, and it is fairer and certainly more conducive to economy that the cost should fall upon the consumer than upon the tax-payer.

The few Members who remained in the House for the resumed debate upon Preference were rewarded by an entertaining speech from Commander KENWORTHY. Before the War, it seems, he was an ardent Preferentialist, but he has been converted from the error of his ways by conversations with Colonial soldiers and sailors, who, according to him, never talked about Tariffs—this does not surprise me—but were eloquent upon "the future organisation of the world, the founding of a commonwealth of all people." This does surprise me, since it is not the experience of others who have had the privilege of conversing with these gallant fellows. Is it possible that the Commander's companions could have been indulging in the favourite Colonial pastime of "leg-pulling"?

One or two Coalitionists spoke and voted against the Government, but the majority held firm, and enabled Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to extend his Preference not only to the existing Dominions and Dependencies but also to any "mandated territories"—hideous term!—which the League of Nations may see fit to entrust to us.

Thursday, July 10th.—Although the so-called Enabling Bill passed through Committee in the House of Lords the New Reformation is not likely to begin just yet. The measure has still to obtain the approval of the Cabinet and the House of Commons, and even if it survives these ordeals will only enable the Church to legislate for herself subject to the approval of an Ecclesiastical Committee of the Privy Council and of both Houses of Parliament. In these conditions Church reform is not likely to exceed the speed-limit, and there is little danger of His Grace of CANTERBURY figuring in the *rôle* of JEHU.

On the Third Reading of the Transport Bill Sir ERIC GEDDES made a praiseworthy effort to live up to Mr. BONAR LAW's recent description of him as "one of the most modest men I know." You would think to listen to him that he positively enjoyed the network of advisory committees in which the Lilliputians had attempted to enmesh him. As for the roads, to which he was supposed to be an enemy, he was so enthusiastic in praise of their construction and so lyrical in description of their infinite possibilities that Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS beamed with satisfaction. And the climax was reached when, in announcing the proposed personnel of the new Ministry, he revealed the fact that, with a moderation that astonished the House no less than himself, he had included in it only two officials of the North-Eastern Railway.

Only the National Party still remained obdurate. Sir RICHARD COOPER,



Mr. Reginald McHen. "AND TO THINK *THEY* ARE THE FRUITS OF *MY* LAST SITTING!"

its "odd file," saw nationalisation in every line of the Bill, and moved its rejection. He was nobly supported by General PAGE CROFT, and insisted upon challenging a division. The gallant pair were duly named as tellers. But, like the Needy Knife-grinder, they had "none to tell, Sir," and the Third Reading was carried by 245 to 0.

Business done (as Toby, M.P., used to say).—The National Party's.

"The colossal Diplodocus Cœrnejii in the South Kensington Natural History Museum."
Birmingham Daily Post.

What a judgment on Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who presented the Diplodocus and is an enthusiast for phonetic spelling.

"Marshals Foch, Joffre and Petain are to lead a victory march through Paris on July 14. Windows in the Champs d'Élysees, from which to view the scene, are being let at prices ranging from £80 to £400.

The price of bricks has now risen to about 1½*d.* each."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

It looks as if they expected some strangers in the procession.

IF FLOWERS COULD WALK.

If flowers could walk about, I know
Daintily, daintily they would go;
To and fro along the grass
Prettily, prettily smile and pass.

I know that they would meet and talk
In coloured groups along the walk,
And, ladylike, with perfect ease
Bow low to every passing breeze.

I see them move and set afloat
Their clouds of perfumed petticoat
And chide with aromatic kiss
The baby buds that walk amiss.

I almost see them turn about
And spread their scented sunshades out,
Or pause and, laughing, lean as one
With jewelled smiles toward the sun.

But when the evening star hung low
Above the sunset's fading glow,
Back to the borders, light as air,
Like drifting rainbows they 'd repair.

And then a perfumed prayer they 'd say
And fold their fragrant frocks away,
And go to sleep like "my son John,"
Keeping their green silk stockings on.

"Cook (experienced), active, temporary, any length of time; well up in sauce, fruit-bottling, break-making."—*Scottish Paper.*

We fear her sauce and shall give her a miss in baulk.

"The honeymoon is being enjoyed at Tunbridge Wells, the bridegroom leaving in a costume of fawn amethyst, Georgette hat, trimmed with silver, flowers and braid."
Local Paper.

It is supposed that he wished to avoid attention.

From a draper's advertisement:—

"A Collection of Personally-created
FUR GARMENTS
of particular interest to buyers of High-class Furs now offered at Summer Prices."

At last we know the meaning of the announcement so often seen in furriers' windows, "Ladies' Own Skins Made Up."

"HOW THE BUSINESS GIRL CAN KEEP FIT.

A series of articles of great value to the business girl has been specially written for the *Daily* —— by Dr. ——, O.B.E., the distinguished lady surgeon.

Embracing rowing, walking, gymnastic exercises, dancing, the articles will appear at intervals of a few days."—*Evening Paper.*

We understand that the compositor who refrained from putting a comma after "embracing" has been rewarded for his self-control.

There was a fair lady of Sheen
Who dyed her blond *chevelure* green,
But she got into print,
Not by means of her tint,
But by calling a Bishop "old bean."



THE NEW ERA.

PEACE SUNDAY IN THE PARK.

A FORCED SALE.

(An Episode of the great Furniture Famine.)

IT was finding the table in the bathroom that gave me the idea.

"Prudence," I said, "why is that table in the bathroom?"

"I 've been spring-cleaning the flat," said Prudence, as though that explained everything.

"I know," I said; "but now there 's nowhere for me to dry myself unless I stand on the table, and then I should bump my head against the ceiling and bring the Postlethwaites through. You know what these ceilings are."

"We 've never really had room for the wretched thing," remarked Prudence. And then I had my idea.

"We 'll sell it," I said; "furniture is fearfully scarce just now and fetching tremendous prices."

"Splendid!" said Prudence. "I 've been wanting some new silk stockings."

As a matter of fact I had already earmarked the proceeds of the sale for the purchase of pyjamas; but a husband should not be selfish.

Next week the following advertisement appeared in *The Hampstead Harbinger*:—

FOR SALE.—A Table, kitchen top, dining-room legs; 30s. to good home.—Apply 7, Peachblossom Mansions, West Hampstead, between 9 and 6 on the 29th inst.

* * * * *

While we were sitting at breakfast on the morning of the 29th inst. Prudence suddenly said:

"Can you hear that noise, Joseph?"

"Now you come to mention it," I replied, "I can hear a kind of murmur. It sounds," I added dreamily, "like the voice of the sea." I have a touch of the poet in my composition and often throw off little lyrics in my spare time.

"It sounds to me like a strike-meeting," said Prudence.

I went to the window and looked out. At the entrance to Peachblossom Mansions stood a large crowd gazing upwards with anxious expectant faces. I called Prudence to the window.

"Good heavens," said she, "what on earth has happened?"

"Prudence," I said solemnly, "there has been a murder at Peachblossom Mansions, and these people have come to visit the scene of the crime. We shall be famous at last; our portraits will appear in *The Daily Snap*: 'Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simpkinson, who heard the dying screams of the victim.' By the way, *did* you hear anything last night?"

"I heard *something*," said Prudence, "but I thought it was cats."

"What you thought," I said judicially, "is not evidence. You must be more precise in the witness-box."

"And it 's time," said Prudence inconsequently, "that you were off to the City."

I put on my hat and gloves, kissed Prudence, went to the front-door and opened it. Without the slightest warning a large female of menacing aspect shot over the threshold, struck me amidships and felled me to the ground. I rose stiffly and saw that she had been impelled by the weight of a large crowd behind her.

"Madam," I said, "there is some mistake; this is *not* the scene of the murder."

"I saw you first," she said truculently.

"I know," I murmured, rubbing my damaged salient, "but——"

"Where's that table? I want that table!" she went on.

A hoarse shout of protest rose from the crowd, which now filled the hall.

"If you would wait a moment——" I began.

"Sammy!" she shouted.

"Coming, mother," said a gruff voice. I heard the sound of groans and muffled cries of pain proceeding from its immediate neighbourhood.

"My son," said the female, her grim face relaxing for a moment, "'eavy-weight champion of Cannin' Town."

The groans sounded nearer, and suddenly a burly unshaven man of repulsive aspect emerged and stood beside her. The family likeness was most striking.

"Wot abaht it, guvnor?" he said, breathing heavily.

"What about what?" I asked.

"That table," he answered briefly.

I calculated my chances against him and dismissed them as negligible. The main thing seemed to be to get rid of the table; that gone there was some hope that we should escape with our lives.

"It's in here," I said, pointing to the bathroom.

Closely followed by the vanguard of the crowd, Sammy plunged into the bathroom and reappeared holding the table above his head.

"Table's sold," he roared in a huge voice, and then, ably seconded by his parent, commenced to fight his way towards the door. After a superhuman struggle he won through, and the crowd, inflamed by the sight of the table, followed him out. I shut the front-door, staggered back into the dining-room and collapsed on the settee.

"Prudence," I called hoarsely, imagining that she must be hiding under the bed, "Prudence!"

There was no answer. A terrible thought flashed into my mind. What if there *had* been a murder in Peach-blossom Mansions? I leapt up and searched frantically through our little flat. Prudence was nowhere to be seen. Then I heard a knock at the door.

"They are bringing her back," I shuddered. Then, pulling myself together, I went to the door and flung it open. Outside stood Prudence, slightly rumpled but bright-eyed and triumphant.

"I've got it," she said exultingly.

"Got what?" I asked feebly.

"The money, of course," she said. "You forgot the money, you silly old thing."

I looked at her reproachfully.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you, a frail woman, have tackled the heavy-weight champion of Canning Town for a paltry thirty shillings?"

"It wasn't nearly so bad as the Bakerloo," said Prudence cheerfully.

WAR'S AFTERMATH.

IN the old days I was not thought much of as a cricketer. When I was allowed to play at all, I went in ninth wicket (unless we were one man short, when I went in eighth). I was one of those fellows who go on to bowl after the wicket-keeper has taken off his pads to have a try. I was usually put at square leg when the off-theory man was bowling, and long stop to the slow stuff.

Now I go on to bowl first.

There has been a war. I have invented a new kind of ball.

It happened in this way. Our opponents had scored 850 for none. Most of our side had been carried into the pavilion in a fainting condition. It was very hot. There came a time when the last bowler struck. He said his union would not let him work more than eight hours a day.

Then it was that our skipper, in his coign of vantage on the pavilion balcony, had a brain-wave. He put me on to bowl by megaphone.

I was as fresh as paint. I had been employed all day in receiving the ball from the spectators on the other side of the boundary, and returning it to the bowler.

I went on to bowl. My first ball hit the umpire at my end. He woke up yawning and stretched out his arms to their full extent. My next ball fell within reach of the batsman. It was a slow half-volley. Up, up it soared in a beautiful parabolic curve. I watched it sleepily. It reminded me of the dear old howitzer I used to play with "out there." It looked as if it would never come down. But it did—in the next field but one.

It was then that I found myself murmuring: "If the shoot is to be a success, I must put on elevation for my next shot."

It landed (without any assistance from the batsman) full pitch on the pavilion balcony. The captain began to get nervous, and tried to take me off by megaphone. The umpire at my end seemed quite keen about it, but the square leg one objected, and said I must finish my over.

I depressed considerably for my next shot. The ball hit my left toe (full pitch) and ricochetted towards the batsman. No one knows what happened to it after that.

However, they gave me a new ball, and I was satisfied. I had bracketed.

The next delivery I prepared with considerable care. I had no intention of discharging it until I had produced pencil and paper and worked it out to a nicety. Then I ran up to the crease and swung my arm. In an almost inappreciable space of time the ball had vanished completely. The umpire signalled a wide.

After waiting in silence for a short time he produced another new ball from his pocket and ordered me to proceed. I argued the point. I said that we hadn't seen the last of the previous ball; that its muzzle velocity was six thousand feet per second, and its elevation (as measured by my pocket-clinometer) eight-nine degrees five eight minutes; that by all the brightest and best of the laws of gravity it was bound to come down somewhere; that if he would not believe me he must at least take the testimony of so eminent a physicist as Sir ISAAC NEWTON; that if he would only condescend to look at it I had a copy of the *Principia* in my pocket and could, I thought, convince him; that, failing that, I had a crate of range-tables in the pavilion.



THE DEMOBBED HORSE.

THE BOY SCOUT HAPPENED TO SOUND THE "CHARGE."



"MY DEAR, CONGRATULATIONS! HOW DELIGHTFUL! I'VE JUST HEARD YOUR BOY HAS BEEN GIVEN THE L.B.W.!"

When I found him adamant I appealed to the batsman. I explained that a projectile with a muzzle velocity of six thousand feet per second would strike the earth at a very similar pace; that I didn't want to frighten him, but I had the range to a nicety—it was twenty-two yards, no feet and no inches to speak of; that I was very sorry, but I wasn't at all sure that I wasn't a yard out in my calculations, and I *might* have worked on a basis of twenty-one yards; that I had forgotten to allow for drift, which, as doubtless he was aware, was not negligible when the ball was new. In short, I exhorted him not to place the onus of manslaughter upon me, but to leave immediately.

He left. In fact, they all left.

They had not, however, gone very far before a sharp exclamation from me made them all turn round again (I had gone to inspect the batsman's wicket).

"Look!" I cried. "It's an O.K.!"

They all looked towards the wicket, and perceived that though both the leg and off-stumps remained *in situ*, the middle one had completely vanished.

Ignoring the risk, they rushed back to the spot. Sure enough it was just as I said. There was no trace whatever of the middle stump.

"Umpire," I said in clear ringing tones, "how is that?"

The man was shaken to the core. Tears of emotion quivered on his eyelashes. He raised his arm impressively.

"Out!" he replied.

When I had a moment to myself I took the stump out of my trouser leg and concealed it behind the lockers in the changing room. The ball I kept as a souvenir.

Bryan O'Lynn—New Style.

Bryan O'Lynn wished to buy some new boots
And replenish his wardrobe with twelve-guinea suits,
But having exhausted his balance at COUTTS
He has gone to the woods, where he lives upon roots,
In a garb that would scandalize *Falstaff's* recruits.

Application received for a post in the Copying Department of an Indian Government office:—

"Hearing that there is necessity of some more plagiarists in your plagiarism office, I beg respectfully to offer myself as an apprentice and a candidate as one of them."

Perils of Mixed Bathing.

"The bride was given away by her bather."
Provincial Paper.

"Wanted Lady who could manage a Christian boarding-house, or man and wife."
Church Times.

If she is wise she will choose the boarding-house.

"The Note of the Supremen Council on the sinking of the German fleet reflects pretty well the general feeling here."
Provincial Paper.

No doubt the Council are supermen, but why not spell it properly?

"Here and there the uniform of a Rifleman, the light blue of the Air Force, khaki service dress or the darker lue of the bArmy Medical Service struck a distinctive note."
Daily Paper.

We protest against this libel upon a corps noted for its intelligence.

"The seventh section deals with responsibilities and punishment and provides for the trial of the ex-Emperor Wilson."
Shanghai Times.

China seems to be labouring under a misapprehension, which may account for her withdrawal from the Peace Conference.

PENSIONEERING.

SINCE I became the unwilling recipient of a stray portion of a Teutonic obus, some two years ago, I have acquired the board habit, developed along strictly medical lines. Therefore I was not unduly surprised the other day to receive a neatly typed but illegibly signed missive summoning me to one of those orgies which seem to form so integral a part of my official life.

This document, however, departed from its customary form in so far as it hinted that a period was about to be put to my term of service, and that, if I could show myself to be suitably decrepit, a pension might be arranged.

Had this invitation found me still in the state of disrepair from which I was suffering some eighteen months earlier all would have been well. But Time the Healer, assisted by professional masseurs, has done his work so effectually that my step, which was at one time unsteady to the verge of syncopation, is now as firm as an army cook's soufflé.

It was in a penurious spirit, therefore, that I decided to ride to London rather than pay the first-class fare for a third-class train service. Accordingly, on the cessation of my labours of that day, I set out on my two-and-three-quarters h.p. (hen power) motor-bicycle to ride to London. Whether it was the fierceness of the sun or the fiery temperament of my mount I know not, but hardly had I traversed four miles ere she gave a heart-rending sob and ceased.

Of her exact ailment I am unaware, but I am informed by those instructed in such matters that she had "seized"; what she had seized I could not determine, but certainly it was not the bit between her teeth. However, whatever may have been the cause, the effect was that I had to furnish the means of locomotion for myself, for my so-called mount and for some hundredweight of baggage over another four miles, back to the starting-point of my endeavour, in an atmosphere so close as to be almost adjacent.

Between the anecdote and my text the connection may not at first be evident, but all will be clear when I explain that by the end I had recovered my long-lost limp.

I eventually reached my destination by train and punctually the next morning reported as instructed. After I had waited about an hour in the ante-room and read all the files marked "Secret and Confidential" which littered the table therein, the master of the ceremonies arrived. He took, I think, an instinctive dislike to me, and, having presented me with a hectographed form, on which my name was mis-spelt in one of the many ways that a life of three years in the army has accustomed me to recognise at sight, instructed me to report forthwith to a certain military hospital the other side of London, mentioning at the same time that, unless careful treatment was meted out to it, the door had a tendency to slam on closing.

Nothing daunted and with a well-developed limp I proceeded as instructed to the hospital. There I found the larger part of the British Army assembled on a similar mission. After an hour's wait I was provided with some forms to fill in, for the edification of the Medical Officer. Amongst other questions was the following: "What in your opinion was the cause of your disablement?"

I gave it as my opinion that a German high velocity shell fired with malice aforethought was the cause, adding a footnote to the effect that I was not bigoted, however, but prepared to be convinced on suitable evidence that it might have been the doctors who operated, or rather excavated, after the event.

After another wait of three or four hours, during which the rest of the British Army arrived, I was ushered into the presence of the Medical Officer. He promptly gave me another form to fill in, to show his authority, and then asked, "Whereabouts were you wounded?"

"Left thigh, Sir."

"Then let me hear your heart."

As he did so a look of ineffable gloom spread over his face, but he continued brightly, "Do your shin bones hurt?"

On my denial of this soft impeachment his face fell as low as a bank holiday barometer, but still he carried on.

"Do you limp?" he asked.

This of course was what I had been waiting for. I showed him the limp. A smile lit up his countenance and, hastily seizing a buff slip, he inscribed the mystic formula C.11 thereon, adding as an afterthought the word "two" in brackets, possibly to guard against forgery on my part; but since he omitted to place my name on the document and even to sign it, the precaution seemed to me superfluous.

This talisman he ordered me to bear forthwith to yet another office. I did so, and the officer, on his return from lunch, said that of course the certificate was null and void, but that he was delighted to see me and that in all probability the M.O. would eventually forward him an official document, on the receipt of which I should be demobilised and receive much money as a pension.

Now my point is this. Had my bicycle not "seized" (some object unknown) I should have had no limp and consequently no pension. (I know that the income-tax will probably have to be raised another shilling to pay for it, but even then I hope to be the gainer). Of course my right to the pension is unquestionable, but still I think the public should know how I came by it.

TRANSPORT.

I 've had to move divisions over Flanders,
With horses, limbers, guns and Lord knows what,
Stern brigadiers, divisional commanders
And all the blessed lot.

Whole stacks of grub on "active operations"
By lorry to the ration-dumps I've sent,
And learnt by heart in all its conjugations
The magic verb "indent."

I hoped that, once demobb'd, I 'd evermore shun
The tasks I 'd known as A.A.Q.M.G.,
But Fate 's reserved one "unexpended portion"
Of labour still for me.

For back again to England, home and beauty
(My scarlet tabs and cap-band all gone West),
I 'm learning how domestic transport duty
Makes child's play of the rest.

I 'd rather cope with Thomas A. and his kit,
Arrange for troops (tho' times were out of joint),
To reach with forage, bully-beef and biscuit
The "concentration point"

Than move (it needs a real administrator)
One better-half with bags and trunks for three,
One son and heir and one perambulator,
From London to the sea.

"On April 27th . . . the wife of —— of a son, Assistant Superintendent of Surveys, Ceylon, 2nd Lieut., R.F.A."—*Ceylon Paper.*

The little pluralist!

"Rather more than fourteen-and-a-half years ago we were thrilled by the cleverness and intensity of a young Russian Jewess in Eugen Tschirikoff's 'The Chosen People.' She came to London unheralded by N'chama."
Daily News.

It was very encouraging to find that without the aid of this famous Zulu impresario she won due recognition.



Mistress (to charlady, who has been given a ticket for Ranelagh). "WELL, MRS. BROWN, AND HOW DID YOU ENJOY IT?"

Charlady. "OH, MUM, IT WAS FINE! BUT, LOR, THE DRESSES! I WORE MY BROWN VELVETEEN SKIRT AND WHITE SILK BLOUSE, AN ME BLUE HAT WITH GRAPES IN, AND THE TUSSORE SILK COAT WHAT I BOUGHT FROM MY SISTER LAST YEAR FOR A SOVEREIGN—AND I WASN'T IN IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WAS delighted to greet yet a third of those happy little hill-top books in which MILDRED ALDRICH so engagingly details for us her experiences, pleasant and otherwise, as an American householder behind the Western front. The sight of it was like that of a friendly face; interesting also to find upon the cover a charming drawing of the house and garden (showing, as the history books say, "cabbages cultivated at period"), about which I now share with the author so many genial memories. Incidentally, a pity that this admirable illustration has been confined to the precarious existence of a paper wrapper; it is in every way deserving of reproduction within covers, particularly since, as a note informs us, the censorship regulations have held up the photographs that were to have figured there. As for the writing, that is as brave and humorously observant as ever; though, even for this courageous and witty lady, the hopes-deferred of '17 and the trials of early '18 were obviously not without their effect. The record stops, to my disappointment, in August of last year, at a time when, though the light was hourly growing, no one yet knew how near we were to the full sunrise of victory. The remedy, of course, is obvious, and I trust that the writer will soon see her way to a fourth volume that shall include the released photographs and tell us how reward came to the watchers on the hill-top. Meantime (I had almost forgotten to tell you) the title, significant enough, of the present instalment is *The Peak of the Load* (CONSTABLE). "When found make a note of."

The only prejudiced thing in Mr. KEELING'S little book on *Bolshevism* (HODDER) is the lurid picture on the wrapper of a tarantula with the head of LENIN (or is it TROTSKY?) for a body. This is an error of judgment, as the value of the book is its sobriety and tolerance, and it would be most profitably read, not by the conservative-minded, but rather by the wrong-headed stalwarts of the extreme Left, who have, I am afraid, rather cold-shouldered our author because he couldn't prophesy smooth things about the Bolshevist régime. Mr. KEELING is a trade-unionist who has lived as a workman in Russia since just before the beginning of the War, and was actually, before his escape, employed in the Education Office of the Bolshevist Government. He testifies that, whatever be the idealistic basis of Bolshevism as a creed to free humanity, in fact it is the most damnable tyranny, using naked terrorism and complete suppression

of free speech as the only means of continuing in power, and putting its detailed administration in the hands of axe-grinding and axe-wielding scoundrels of the very worst type. Mr. KEELING hoped that his fellow-workmen in England might be glad to listen to his first-hand account of the misery in which Russian working men who do not happen to belong to the Red Army are at present living; but he has found an England divided into two camps or schools of prejudice, one holding that a Bolshevist can do and mean no right (and that every malcontent is a Bolshevist); the other that a greedy capitalism has frankly invented the legend of the Red tyranny. Not much of an audience for a man who has a short truthful story to tell for what it may be worth.

Messrs. ARCHIBALD HURD and H. H. BASHFORD claim that *Sons of Admiralty* (CONSTABLE) is the "first attempt to give in narrative form a reasonably complete and consecutive history of the naval war." Furthermore they have tried to show that the "spirit of admiralty" has never shone with greater splendour in our race than during the last few years. Temperate enthusiasms, combined with knowledge and sound judgment of naval affairs, are obviously needed for such a task as this, and the fact that the authors have been successful in their attempt is due partly, at any rate, to their refusal to gloat over our victories or to shy away from the one or two incidents over which we had no reason to rejoice. Except on what must be called the political side I cannot say that those who are already primed with specialists' accounts of various phases of the War will derive much fresh information from this book, but nevertheless it is absorbingly interesting and can be commended freely as a glorious record of our Navy's part in the War. One may not always be able to subscribe to the authors' opinions about either men or matters, but in avoiding anything in the nature of sensational disclosures they have shown an admirable reticence and have handled their task in a spirit worthy of it, which is high praise.



Editor. "OUR READERS HAVE LOST THEIR TASTE FOR WAR-VERSE, MISS THROSTLE. A *lot* OF INK HAS FLOWED UNDER FLEET STREET SINCE 1914."

As a frontispiece to *In the Morning of Time* (HUTCHINSON) there is a drawing of the progenitor of all the villains of melodrama carrying off in true kinema style the first-known distressful heroine. He is called *Mawg* and she *A-ya*, and they lived in the epoch of cave-dwellings and flint-headed spears, of easy manners and no irksome complex civilisation. Mr. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, putting together careful notes from a bad dream and a good museum, has written a yarn which, even without the note which the publishers thoughtfully enclosed for the benefit of the reviewer, I should have had no difficulty in recognising as one "that depicts the perils which surrounded our remote forefathers." This is even an under-statement, for in fact so amazingly are the perils set forth that one has hardly a moment's respite all the way through from the most fascinating apprehensions, and is inclined to cry with *A-ya*, when by chance something does run away from and not towards us, how delightful it is for once to be hunter instead of hunted. So portentous are the author's dinosaurs and mammoths and sabre-tooths that one feels they could easily brush aside the centuries to emerge from the arena of his pages and attack us innocent spectators. Think, for just one instance, of a dicky-bird twelve feet high and with the head of a crocodile, walking delicately, intent on gobbling up mankind—it did, in fact gobble up *Mawg*, and that, as it happened, most opportunely. The special point about the book is that, though we have in a way known it all before, this world of the fossils, yet in the form of a story, even though the plot is of the simplest, it has a new and strange fascination. A really jolly tale—of its sort—but who's for the simple life?

The invasion of Welsh fiction continues unabated, though I have yet to find among the invaders one whose work reveals any conspicuous affection for the land of his fathers. Here, for example, is Mr. ELLIS LLOYD giving us, in *Scarlet Nest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), what one might call a romance of the Welsh kailyard. Chiefly it concerns the infatuation of a young (little?) minister for an alleged operatic singer, who fascinates him to the undoing of his ministry and the scandal of the elders. There is also a local farmer-squire, a rival suitor, whose emotion constrains him to ride violently about on an untamable mountain pony called *Megan*, and eventually to shoot *Nest* (the improbable name of the enchantress) in mistake for her lover. It is about her that scepticism assails me. I very willingly admit the probability that Mr. LLOYD knows more about the home-life of South Wales than I do; in this spirit I accept *en bloc* his elders, squires, ministers and other native products. But I am driven to ask myself if he is perhaps a thought less trustworthy on the habits of London opera singers. Would they, for example, even in the off season and on holiday, give al fresco recitals on the harp, or attend chapel in costumes of "scarlet velvet"? It all leaves me with the impression that, in neglecting to send a photographer to Cwm Herlod, illustrated journalism missed the chance of a lifetime.

An Imaginary Dublin Dialogue.

Said Lord FRENCH, "Is it really true, Dr. WALSH avick,
That you're seriously thinking of turning a Bolshevik?"
Said the pious Archbishop, "Go 'long wid ye, FRENCH avick,
Sure I never was more than a moderate Menshevik."

"The loss to the State on the working of the railways to-day he [Sir E. Geddes] estimated at £60,000,000—which includes the guarantee of the net receipts of 19*s.* 3*d.* to the shareholders."—*Times.*

Considering that the shareholders were originally promised all they got in 1913, the Government might have sprung another ninepence and made it even money.

CHARIVARIA.

UP to the time of going to Press the date of the German Peace Celebrations had not been fixed.

* * *

A Mexican who arrived in London on July 19th inquired the reason of all the commotion. He was informed that Peace was being celebrated; but in spite of the repeated efforts of several sympathisers no one could make him understand what Peace really meant.

* * *

Workmen in many parts of England insisted on working on Peace Day, says a news item. Feeling, no doubt, that they needed a little change, like the rest of us.

* * *

Many dogs seem puzzled by the fact that, although Peace has been declared, they still have to wear their muzzles.

* * *

Quite a sensation was recently caused at a well-known East Coast resort by the announcement that a teetotaler claims to have seen the sea-serpent.

* * *

Some alarm was aroused in Liberal quarters last week when the news went round that Mr. ASQUITH had been presented to KING ALBERT of the Belgians.

* * *

According to the Board of Agriculture the farmers' greatest need just now is sunshine and plenty of it. It is expected that Sir ERIC GEDDES will be asked to give the matter his earnest attention and consideration.

* * *

From recent statements by Sir EDWARD CARSON we gather that peace may soon rage in Ireland.

* * *

Every boy must be trained for the next war, says Sir DOUGLAS HAIG. A simple training manual, containing such elementary words of command as "Forward, my Provisional Government!" "To arms, the Volunteers!" "Perish the Plunketts!" etc., is, we understand, already in preparation.

* * *

"Our only enemy remains the British Empire," Count WESTARP recently assured the Pan-German party. That's what we hope to remain; but it would be idle to pretend that we are unimpressed by the possibility of becoming the Irish-American Empire.

* * *

"I saw my Pekingese dog bite raspberries off the bush yesterday and eat them. Surely this is very unusual?" writes a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. There would only be one recorded instance of it if he was our darling doggie.

* * *

The leading lady in a West-end play recently had a dispute with the management and in consequence was immediately dismissed. However it is highly gratifying to learn that several young ladies in the cast stepped forward and offered to take her part.

* * *

Now that the War is over it appears that a certain music-hall comedian, having no further use for the same, would like to dispose of the well-known Mess-up-o'tamian joke, only been used a few thousand times.



ENNUI IN GLOOMVILLE CREEK.

THE ABSENCE OF FIRE-WATER HAS MADE THE INHABITANTS SO PEACEABLE THAT DEADHEAD HAROLD IS REDUCED TO FIGHTING HIS OWN REFLECTION.

A sad story reaches us from Norfolk concerning two six-months-old twins which were so much alike that the poor mother, whilst bathing them the other morning, dried one of them twice, whilst the other one was left in the bath and nearly drowned.

* * *

President CARRANZA has begun confiscating the property of British Companies in Mexico. It is not yet known whether he is relying for moral support on Mr. SMILLIE or the Irish-American vote.

* * *

Described by the police as a thoroughly bad case a boy was released by the Tottenham magistrate because he had a pleasant little face. It appears that another aspect of the case was not dealt with as it should have been.

* * *

A gramophone needle which entered the arm of a Chicago woman some years ago has just emerged from her shoulder. This, of course, is most annoying in view of the fact that the woman had purchased another needle in the meantime.

* * *

The danger of premature burial is not great, declares a Sunday contemporary. Our view is that what with Peace celebrations and Jazz music it has never been less.

* * *

Joseph ——, who was knocked down by a motor-car, says a weekly paper, is not out of danger yet. He is still in the hands of the doctors. We rather fancy we have heard that one before.

* * *

The British Empire Union indicates that the enemy in our midst, in order to trade, is already adopting the name of Smith. It would be interesting to know which Mr. Smith's name is being used.

* * *

According to the newspapers profiteering is going on as badly as ever. Some merchants do not seem to realise that there isn't a war on now.

* * *

The safe containing four hundred pounds that was lost from Oswestry station platform has been found in the Vyrnwy river empty. The significance of the discovery is admitted by the police in charge of the case.

* * *

For various offences against the Bolshevists a Petrograd tailor has been sentenced to a total of sixty-two years' imprisonment. It is expected that this will be a lesson to him.

* * *

The Daily Express points out that the Amir AMINULLAH is anxious for peace. Some newspapers can never keep a secret.

* * *

In a recent breach-of-promise case it was stated that the defendant, a farmer, after postponing marriage with his fiancée for twenty-four years on one pretext or another, informed her that he did not propose to proceed further with the matter. To one of a less mercurial temperament the danger of not adding "for the present" would have been manifest.

* * *

During the inquest in London on a man supposed to have been found drowned the man himself entered the room. It is not yet known whether this constitutes "contempt of court" or not.

INSPIRATION.

I FIRST met the Serbian major in the spring of 1918 in the Chapel of the Arena, Padua, studying through opera-glasses GIOTTO's impressions of a busy day in Hell. We went and had some wonderful coffee-rums together in a little resort off the Piazza Garibaldi.

I met him again in the late spring of 1919 in the Zoo at Cologne, quizzing a moth-eaten yak through a tortoise-rimmed monocle. We went and had some iced beer together under the chestnut-trees by the Rhine-side and talked of many things.

All about us (it was Sunday) obese and perspiring Teutons gargled their liquor and hiccoughed *Pros'ts* and *Mahlzeits* to one another, the ladies' paper-underclothing rustling whenever they moved. My Serbian shivered. "Och! hoch! woch! 'The language of horses'—and that is a libel on a noble animal," he quoted. "*Pas jolie—hein? Allons-nous.*" We strolled down the riverside towards the Hohenzollern Bridge. A white paddle-steamer labelled "Hindenburg" flapped past us down-stream, laden to the guards with cheering British Tommies, *en route* for home and demobilisation. A smart Hun policeman saluted us punctiliously. Outside a tall house the folds of a great Union Jack stirred lazily in the evening breeze. Signs of the times.

"First the Romans, then the Franks, then the Austrians, then the French again, then the Prussians, and now you," the Serb commented, nodding his head towards the flag. "Well, I wish you could do something that none of the other masters have done, and that is to dilute the jargon. Listen to it all about us. Oh, dreadful! Reminds me of one of your Channel steamers."

Then suddenly we saw her. She was threading through the moving crowd before us, accompanied by a sky-blue officer. She was *petite*, she was pretty, she was smart, she was plainly not indigenous. The Serb nudged me with his elbow. "French, from the Liaison," he whispered. "Listen—follow." And follow we did, like a couple of the most brazen *vieux suiveurs*, round the Bahnhof, across the Dom Platz, halfway up the Hohestrasse, drawn by the music of that little woman's voice, the purl of her laughter and the play of her fluttering hands. At the corner of the Ring the couple turned into a restaurant and we turned back.

"Whew!" whistled the Serb. "What a relief! Like a lark singing in a parrot-house. She tinkled and rippled like a baby brook, didn't she? I'll wager she was amusing, too. Did you note how that fortunate devil had his head bent down to catch every word? How his shoulders shook—*hein?*"

"Oh, yes," said I. "Yes, they can be very charming, Frenchwomen."

He nodded. "Charming! There are none like them. I will tell you of a little episode if you like. It was in the early days of the War, just after our disaster. My battery was wiped out and they gave me a species of a job in Paris—diplomatic work.

"One morning I was mooning in the Bois, wondering what there was left in life for a gunner without guns, when I saw a lady walking in front of me with two children and a nurse. A lady *d'un certain âge, vous savez*; but oh, my friend, with what ankles! All my life I had kept my eyes about me, but never before had I seen such a perfect pair. They were——"

He made a gesture in the air as though to describe some Hogarthian line of consummate beauty, failed and kissed his fingers piously.

"Like that?" I suggested.

"Like that," said he. "Exquisite."

"For half-an-hour I followed them, worshipping. Presently she came to a gate and lifted the latch, and I realized that in a moment those wonderful ankles would disappear and I should never see them again. I called up all my courage, stepped forward and saluted.

"'Madame,' said I, 'will you be very gracious to an old soldier who has not known much good fortune of late?'

"She bowed, smiling kindly—everybody, I think, was sorry for us in those days—and said she would do anything in her power.

"'Madame,' said I, 'you have the most perfect pair of ankles in the wide world. They are beyond belief. They are the most beautiful things I ever saw. Immortal sonnets have been written for far, far less. To-morrow I leave Paris, go back to my people, and I shall not see you again. But I have here in my pocket a little camera. Could you, would you, will you permit me to take a tiny souvenir of your so exquisite ankles to sustain me through the hard time that is coming?'

"She blushed, she bit her lip, she hesitated, she dimpled, then she backed into the gateway and lifted her skirts slowly *jusqu'aux genoux*." He patted his chest. "I have the photograph here in my case. It has been a great source of inspiration to me these last years." He turned and tapped his long fingers on my shoulder. "But is there any other woman on earth but a Frenchwoman who could have carried it off with such grace, such dignity? Tell me that, my friend."

"Is there any other man on earth but yourself who would have had the frigid impudence to ask it? Tell me *that*," said I.

He chuckled and lit a cigarette.

PATLANDER.

DUNSLEY GLEN.

THERE is no road to Dunsley Glen,
I should not know the way again
Because the fairies took me there,
Down by a little rocky stair—
A little stair all twists and turns,
Half hidden by the spreading ferns.

High overhead the trees were green,
With little bits of blue between,
So high that they could see, I 'm sure,
Beyond the wood, beyond the moor,
The water many miles away
Mistily shining in the bay.

Deep in the glen a streamlet cool
Ran down into a magic pool
With mossy caverns all about
Where fairies fluttered in and out;
Their sparkling wings and golden hair
Made dancing twinkles here and there.

I stood and watched them at their play
Until I dared no longer stay;
I knew that I might seek and seek
On every day of every week
Ere I should find the place again—
There is no road to Dunsley Glen.

R. F.

The "Dernier Cri" at Lord's.

"Tea tables were crowded after Eton 'declared,' but the pretty frocks of the previous day were absent, although most of the wearers were present."—*Daily Mail.*

"Export of gods from Switzerland is to be allowed by the Department of Public Economy as from to-merrow."—*Provincial Paper.*

Will Holland follow this example and export the EX-ALL-HIGHEST?

"As the Mayor and his followers entered the church, the choir and congregation sang the morning in his gold chain, cocked hat and National Anthem."—*Surrey Times.*

This must have been one of the unsettled mornings we have had lately.

From an article by "A Lady Instructor":—

"An expert woman-driver is quite, if not more, as dependable than most men."

Motoring Paper.

But a little reckless, occasionally, in matters of syntax.

From a testimonial:—

"Please send me a tin of ——, as these beastly cockroaches have appeared again. —— drove them away for twelve months. It is excellent, and so far as my experience goes, harmless to dumb animals."

It is the incessant chattering of these creatures after lights are out that has always annoyed us most.



RE-MOBBED.

SERGEANT ROBERTS. "NOW THEN; WHO SAID 'DISMISS'? AS YOU WERE! *FALL IN*!!!"



Earnest Citizen (loth to leave his subject). "AND, MARK YOU, THE REAL TROUBLE WITH REGARD TO LABOUR IS THAT NEITHER PARTY WILL CONCEDE A SINGLE POINT. THEY WILL HAVE THEIR POUND OF FLESH—NO 'GIVE AND TAKE.'"

Earnest Golfer. "OH, YES—QUITE. BUT I REALLY MUST ASK YOU TO HOLE OUT *THIS ONE*."

THE STANDARD SHIP.

If you ever sailed on board the *Polyhymnia*
You 'd have noticed in her Captain and her crew
An affection for their craft, whom they worshipped fore and aft,
That was quite incomprehensible to you.
She 'd a character as strong as any human,
She was wet and hard to handle in a sea,
But her charm was in the way that she spoke to them all day,
Just as easily as you can speak to me.

You 'd not have understood the *Polyhymnia*,
Except perhaps a sentence now and then,
But her fancies and her tales, in the doldrums or the gales,
Were like picture-books to simple sailor men;
Then they sent her off to cross the North Atlantic,
But she never told the story of the trip,
For she struck a floating mine well below her water line
And her crew were sent to man a standard ship!

A standard ship! Poseidon and his Court
Made holiday to mock what time they saw
A ship that was no ship; for, though her lines
Were rigidly correct, she had no soul,
But only such a life as springs half-dead
From Government Departments, and she told
No legends, such as deep may tell to deep:
As when and why the coral insect learned
To be the architect of lonely isles
Set for the harbouring of weary craft,
Nor what shall happen when the starfish shine.

Not she, indeed, but droned unceasingly
Statistics of the shipyard whence she came
Correct, as ever, to the second place
Of dreary decimals, and these she would
"Submit for their concurrence" to the crew,
Who grew morose, then thin, and, staring out
From her bluff bows, saw madness in the seas
And raved at her; and then just in the nick
The pitying waves washed up another mine,
Whereat the crew, half-witted and unmanned,
Drave her thereon and took them to their rafts.

Now they 're gone to sea again in the *Euterpe*,
Who 's as fanciful and wayward as you please,
With the family complaint of a scarcity of paint
And a tendency to wallow in the seas.
She 's the sister of their dear old *Polyhymnia*
And her magic is to comfort and condole,
So they fatten and rejoice
At the music in her voice,
As is common in a ship that has a soul.

"Large quantities of water have inundated the countryside, but the Great Western Railway employees have prevented serious trouble by damning the canal."—*Gloucestershire Echo.*

A not uncommon expedient, but rarely so successful as on this occasion.

"To be Let, three minutes from sea.—Gentleman's well Furnished detached House. Eight bed, three sitting rooms, good kitchens, pantry; bath-room (h. and c.); cloak-room; pretty servants' sitting-room." *Times.*

A correspondent wishes to know whether the pretty servants will be left in the house, or whether the tenant will have to bring some with him.

THE PUFF OBLIQUE.

A DISTINGUISHED public servant has recently written to a famous firm of cigarette-makers to say that, though he is not much of a smoker himself, his friends have tried the cigarettes in question and like them exceedingly. By the adoption of this vicarious method a wide field of disinterested testimony is opened up, as may be judged from the following examples:—

To a Butcher.—Mr. Jeremy Sweetapple, the famous Tolstoyan philanthropist, writes from the Garden City, Letchworth: "Though a convinced and life-long Fruitarian I am obliged in honesty to admit that my son-in-law, Sir Hercules Bludyer, who is unfortunately an adherent to the carnivorous heresy, declares that he owes his robust health to the unvarying excellence of the prime cuts which for many years you have supplied to his table."

To a Wine Merchant.—Sir Parry Gorwick, F.R.C.P., the famous authority on dietetics, writes: "I need hardly remind you that both in my practice and in my public utterances I have set my face like a flint against indulgence in any form of alcoholic beverage, including ginger-beer. But it would be irreconcilable with that character for veracity which I hope and believe has been ascribed to me in my profession if I failed to place on record the remarkable fact that one of my oldest patients and friends, a nobleman who has attained to Cabinet rank, has for the last thirty years been in the habit of drinking champagne and port purchased from your firm at luncheon and dinner daily, and now, at the age of seventy-eight, has been selected to act as Chairman of a Commission to inquire into the Nationalisation of Distilleries. Only the other day his handicap at the North Thanet Golf Club was reduced from 30 to 25."

To a Tailor.—Lord Broke of Stoney Stratford writes: "Owing to the severity of present-day taxation I am unable to continue my custom. But in penning this reluctant valedictory epistle I feel it my duty to state that my wife's cousin, Sir Offley Richborough, who has made a large fortune in synthetic sweetmeats, tells me that your thirty-guinea lounge suits are admirably cut and will last with care for three weeks or even a month."

To a Publisher.—Mr. Siegmund Nasalheim, the eminent pro-Bolshevist Georgian poet, writes: "I have not read, and, to speak candidly, I do not intend to read, Mr. Hector Buck's *Glory of Empire*. But the other day, while travelling in the train from London to Derby, I noticed a man in the same compartment who was so deeply engrossed in the book that he failed to notice his arrival at St. Albans and was carried fifty miles further before he realised his oversight. As he did not belong to the bourgeois class, but was wearing dungaree overalls, his testimony was all the more remarkable."

To a Mind-Culture Institute.—Mr. Jim Jameson, the great Syndicalist leader, writes: "Both by temperament and experience I am profoundly convinced of the futility of any study of the past, literary or historical. But I am an honest man and I cannot blind myself to facts. My colleague and friend, William Blathers, who has been nominated for the post of Foreign Secretary in the first All-Labour Ministry, tells me that as a result of a six-months' trial of your 'Mnemonic Efficiency Course,' he has completely mastered the names of all the capitals of Europe. Not bad this for Blathers, who is still known by hostile critics in Newcastle as 'Waffle-headed Wullie.'"



The Major. "AND SO YOU 'RE TWELVE, ARE YOU, BETTY? REALLY, I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT."

Betty. "OH, MAJOR, YOU FLATTER ME!"

There was an old lady of Cheltenham
Whose boots had a great deal of felt in 'em;
She said, "In hot weather,
If they were of leather,
I really believe I should melt in 'em."



Gloomy Policeman. "YOU 'VE HAD ENOUGH. BETTER GO HOME."
Reveller (far from satiated). "SHUSH-UP—PUSSYFOOT!"

THE NEXT BILL.

THE great man leaned back in his chair. A thousand bell pushes surrounded the desk.

"I shall, as you see," he said, smiling, "be in communication with some of the more important of my assistant-under-secretaries. But, as you will observe, I have to be modest in my requirements. Indeed, I had to show quite a stiff lip to the House before making it sanction the paltry provision now permitted—that is, for three thousand two hundred under-secretaries for Ways and Communications, and for twelve thousand assistant under-secretaries—though how a department is expected to carry on in this crippled way I don't know."

"Still," I suggested, "we may congratulate you on the fact that your policy is winning its way?"

The great man shook his head mournfully, doubtfully. "Things are scarcely as I could wish. For instance, the offence—gross, as I consider it—of making use of a steamer for a journey from one coast town to another, between which a railway exists, is still merely a misdemeanour and not, as I feel it ought to be, a felony. I can only hope to strengthen the Bill by subsequent amendment."

"The Bill, then, if it takes the shape you desire, will differ a good deal even from the Bill as we know it?"

"Certainly. I demand an unspecified and quite unlimited number of assistant secretaries. I must be able to create new offices if I consider it necessary to do so, even at the rate of hundreds a day, without being troubled to go to Parliament for permission in trivial matters of this kind. In the midst of all my work I cannot be expected to remember to an odd hundred how many employees of a certain efficient Railway have applied to me for jobs during the past twenty-four hours, and as I am bound, if only in the country's interests, to take them on as secretaries, I must not be trammelled by the thought that all the existing offices are filled."

"And what other powers do you claim?"

"I must have power to pay such salaries as I consider suitable. It is ridiculous to suggest that the employee of a peculiarly remarkable Railway should be expected to rub along on the remuneration that would no doubt be proper in the case of other people.

"I want also to secure the definite abolition of all canals, coastal steamers and roads—all of which lead simply to wasteful competition with railways and which in the past have made it difficult for us to raise freights to the level to which we feel they ought to go."

"And does your ambition end there?" I asked.

"No," he said, as he rose to conclude the interview; "I shall not be satisfied until the nation as a whole realises that upon the railways, and ultimately upon the most efficient line of all, its happiness and prosperity depend."

THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

To-DAY my lady walks with pride;
  And who has better right than she
To put an inch upon her stride
  Who found a cook 'twixt lunch and tea?
What though her working hours be few,
  Her wage the ransom of a king?—
More glory than NAPOLEON knew
  Is hers who caught her on the wing.

What matter if by Monday week
  We hear that she has "changed her mind"
And gone some other place to seek,
  As is the fashion of her kind?
What matter if her trunk arrives
  And leaves next day—accepted style?
The triumph of the hour survives:
  We've owned a cook a little while.

W. H. O.



Comatose Passenger. "HOW MY EAR BURNS! SOMEONE MUST BE SPEAKING OF ME."

A WAR CROP.

WHEN the litter of warfare is finally cleared up, one Y.M.C.A. hut I know of will yield a choice crop.

It (the crop) was raised over the period in which various minor States joined the Allies. Thus, when China came in, the manageress suggested to our Colonel that he and his officers should present the Chinese flag to her hut. The Colonel approved, the flag was got down from London, and the manageress arranged a "Chinese evening" concert. At this function the Colonel unfurled the flag, and our pet pianist played what the programme declared to be the Chinese National Anthem, during which we all stood at "attention." I was in favour of giving three hearty "banzais," but remembered just in time that this is the Japanese form of jubilant expression. A Padre (ex-missionary to China) gave us forty minutes of dynasties and chances of converts, whereas we would have preferred five minutes' compressed information in pidgin English. The rest of the programme was commonplace and insular. If the men hoped for a free issue of edible birds'-nests they were disappointed.

When Siam threw off the chafing bonds of neutrality the manageress informed our Colonel that Siam had done so. A week later we attended a "Siamese evening." The Colonel did the unfurling as before. Our pianist hammered the black notes and called his noise the Siamese National Anthem—probably purest fiction, but we daren't risk it, and stood solemnly at "attention." There being no ex-missionary to Siam present, the Colonel made the oration, and spoke about the man-power of Siam as affected by that nation's productivity in twins. Then we settled down to the old familiar routine of "God send you back to me" and Corporal Jenkins' farmyard imitations.

When Cuba perceived on which side truth and justice lay, we had a "Cuban evening." We unfurled the flag, stood stiffly while the pianist played something Spanishy, listened to the Colonel's thinly-veiled ignorance of Cubism and the Cubes, and smoked Havana cigars by way of compliment to our latest ally.

Even Liberia's timely bellicosity did not daunt the manageress, the Colonel or the pianist. The interior of the hut began to look really bright. The Liberian National Anthem sounded like "Chopsticks" syncopated, and when asked about it the pianist said they were by the same composer.

As events moved the good work went on. We grew thoroughly cosmopolitan, and felt that our hut was the very keystone of the Allied edifice. It was a blow that Patagonia failed to start. We would have delighted to honour the broncho rampant on a field of esparto grass. The pianist would probably have utilised that weird thing from "Peer Gynt." But we had compensation in Panama, and "Peer Gynt" was utilised after all.

That is how the crop was raised. To whom shall the harvest be given? Surely, to the League of Nations, as a free gift towards the equipment of G.H.Q., Geneva.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

(A weekly paper deplores the cigarette habit among the young mothers of to-day.)

A TIME there was, if anguish racked
The infant soul and, incommoded,
It vocally announced the fact
(As, reader, you yourself, you know, did),
Nor laid aside its tearful mien
For "dummies" doped with glycerine.

The harassed neighbours far and wide
Assumed (and rightly) that the wee thing
Who made them muse on babycide
Was busily engaged in teething;
Its fretfulness was wholly due
To tiny molars hacking through.

But now another tale 's to tell;
To-day one cannot gather clearly
In diagnosing baby's yell
Whether 'tis due to teeth, or merely
That pains assail the little pet
Through sparks from mother's cigarette.

A BOOK FOR ALL.

SELF-PRAISE, it used to be held, is no recommendation; but that was before the War. The War has altered so many things that it may have altered this too, and self-praise be the best recommendation of all. Mr. Punch hopes so, because he wants to indulge for the moment in the pleasure of extolling one of his own products: he wishes in short to urge upon all his readers the merits of *Mr. Punch's History of the Great War* (CASSELL AND Co.), which one of his young men has been "assembling" in time for the completed volume—and a very handsome one it is—to be all ready for book-buyers as a Peace Day gift.

Having read the *History* from cover to cover Mr. Punch is able to affirm with perfect impartiality and not a little pride that it is very well done. The labour of compressing the record of four-and-a-half critical and crowded years, when so much was happening simultaneously on different Fronts and in different countries, into a small space, and preserving lucidity and movement, is no inconsiderable one, and the author (who attempts to conceal his identity under the initials "C. L. G.," but fails woefully with all those who peruse our half-yearly index or who have read *The Hawarden Horace* and *The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove* and the *Diversions of a Music Lover*) is to be felicitated upon the skill and judgment with which he has carried it out. He has shown a fine discretion also in his selection of quotations, both in prose and verse, from the weekly issues, which with consistent self-effacement he always prefers to his own comments, shrewd as those can be; and these passages, together with the profusion of illustrations, are numerous enough to give Mr. Punch the cordial feeling, however illusory, that he is really both author and artist himself. Since to be a good-humoured trustworthy historian has always been his ambition, we must not grudge the old gentleman his glow.

Looking through this record, which, after a brief glance at the immediate antecedents of the Great War—culminating in TENNIEL'S picture of Germania with her indemnity leaving France in 1871 and being saluted with "*Au Revoir!*"—settles down in August 1914 to a narrative that ends only with Peace in the summer of 1919, Mr. Punch finds himself almost too poignantly reliving those difficult, grievous, wonderful years. But with the pain is pleasure too: recognition of the stout-hearted gaiety of the race and all its smiling composure under dark clouds. "C. L. G." indeed, when writing of those early days of the War, when humanity was horrified by the ferocity of the invasion of Belgium and the wanton slaughter of non-combatants, takes his readers into a secret. "Let it now," he says, "be frankly owned that in the shock of this discovery Mr. Punch thought seriously of putting up his shutters. How could he carry on in a shattered and mourning world? The chronicle that follows shows how it became possible, thanks to the temper of all our people in all parts of the Empire, above all to the unwavering confidence of our sailors and soldiers, to that 'wonderful spirit of light-heartedness, that perpetual sense of the ridiculous' which, in the words of one of Mr. Punch's many contributors from the front, 'even under the most appalling conditions never seemed to desert them, and which indeed seemed to flourish more freely in the mud and rain of the front line trenches than in the comparative comfort of billets or cushy jobs.'"

It was Tommy, in short, who "gave Mr. Punch his cue, and his high example was not thrown away on those at home, where, when all allowance is made for shirkers and slackers and scaremongers, callous pleasure-seekers, faint-hearted pacifists, rebels and traitors, the great majority so bore themselves as to convince Mr. Punch that it was not only a privilege but a duty to minister to mirth even at times when one hastened to laugh for fear of being obliged to weep. In this resolve he was fortified and encouraged, week after week, by the generous recognition of his efforts which came from all parts of our far-flung line." These are indeed gratifying words to read and treasure.

Regular readers of Mr. Punch's pages will (like himself) find themselves back again in time as they proceed through this *History*, so many well-remembered verses, grave and gay, cartoons and social cuts, are here. Again we see the KAISER taunting KING ALBERT with having lost all; again we see the German family performing its morning hate; again the American Eagle swooping from the West, and the CROWN PRINCE imploring his father not to repeat the mistake of applying the epithet "contemptible." Here once more is the old lady who had seen the KAISER riding as bold as brass through the streets of London, and who, if she had known then what she knew later, would have called a policeman; and here again the meatless gentleman in the restaurant who tears off a coupon in order that the band may play five-pennyworth of the "Roast Beef of Old England."

We renew acquaintance with so many old friends, not least of them being the civilian bidden to the War Office who undergoes such extremes of humiliation and pride; and the North Sea skipper with a sore throat who, on being asked if he has ever gargled with salt water, replies that he has been torpedoed six times; and the charwoman who during air raids never kept still because she had heard that a moving target is harder to hit. Again we see the KAISER, the doomed egoist, despairingly watching the sands running out, while Mr. PARTRIDGE'S beautiful drawing of "Peace the Sower," which distinguished a very recent number of the paper, stands as frontispiece.

Everything, you see, is here, in very noteworthy synthesis: the tragedy and the comedy inextricably mingled, as they must ever be, but as by more formal historians they are not.

The book closes upon a note of confident hopefulness for the future. That a slightly over-emphasised tendency towards frivolity and ebullience followed the Armistice is conceded, but, says "C. L. G.," "when commonsense is found in natures that are honest and hearts that are clean, it may make mistakes, but not for long. No, the spirit which won the War is not going to fail us at this second call. Perhaps we have only been waiting for the actual coming of Peace to settle down to our new and greater task. But," he concludes, "let us never forget the debt, unpaid and unpayable, to our immortal dead and to the valiant survivors of the great conflict, to whom we owe freedom and security and the possibility of a better and cleaner world."

In June, 1915, "C. L. G." reminds us, the Germans were very angry with Mr. Punch and honoured him with a serious warning. His performances, he was told, were diligently noted, so that when the day of reckoning arrived he might be faithfully dealt with. Has not that day arrived? If so, can Mr. Punch have been pardoned, for he has heard nothing. If not, what can be in store for him? If any loss of nerve, any weakness in handling the varying situations that arise so punctually, should be noted by his readers, they must attribute the cause to this uncertainty and suspense. But he must not be thought of as anything but impenitent.

Another Impending Apology.

From a cinema programme:—

"Wild Youth.
Landmarks in the Life of the Rt. Hon. Lloyd George."

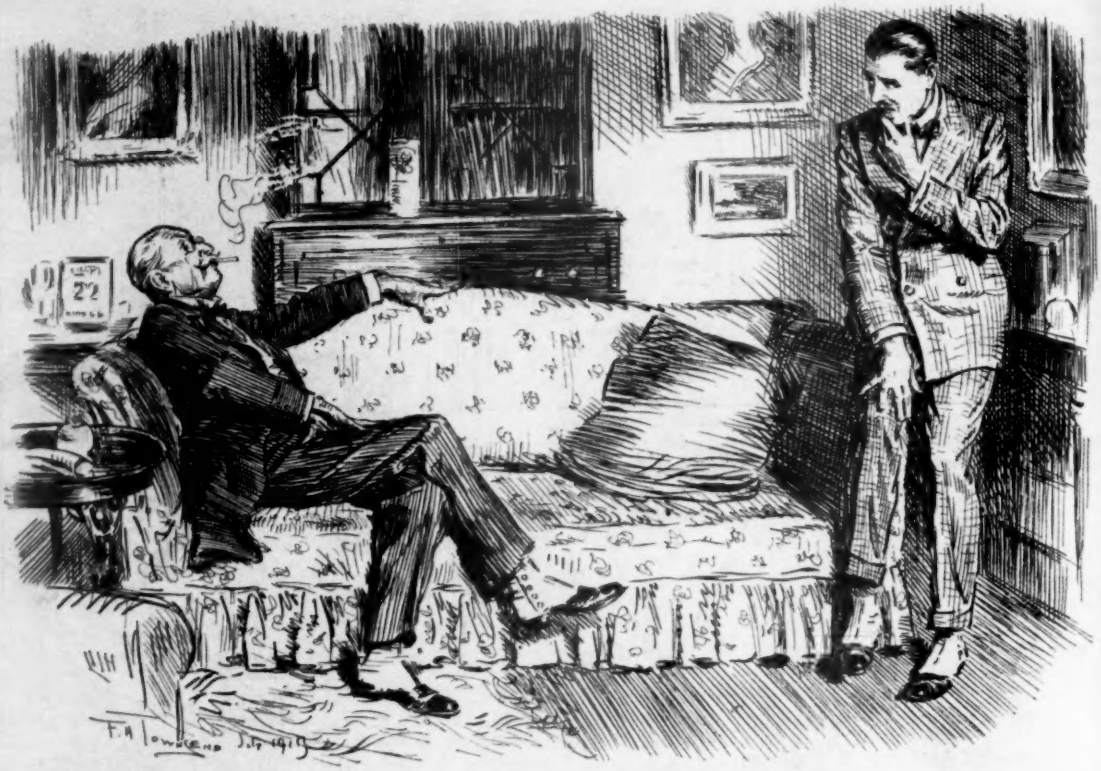
From a law report:—

"Of his bothers-in-law three served in the Navy and one in the Army."

It looks like a case of "strained relations."



THE AMATEUR GARDENER *v.* THE PROFESSIONAL DANDELION.



"SO YOU WANT TO BE MY SON-IN-LAW, EH—WHAT—WHAT?"

"WELL—ER—I WOULD NOT PUT IT EXACTLY THAT WAY, SIR. BUT THE SITUATION YOU MENTION WOULD BE CONSEQUENT UPON THE REALIZATION OF MY MATRIMONIAL ASPIRATIONS."

TO THE SEA.

(Telling it not to mind about R 34.)

KEEP calm, thou mighty ocean, calm, I say,
Over the recent outcome of events;
Let not thy salt tears rise and sweep away
The Sandville-super-Mare bathing-tents;
If any word of mine may haply save
The Pebbleborough bandstand, hear, O wave.

Thou art no longer all that thou hast been
(Before the silvery sausage leaped the tide),
The single practicable route between
The realm of England and the realms outside;
Where is the ancient trust, the old-time ring?
Broken to bits! But cheer thou up, old thing.

Content thee with the triumphs that remain;
Though all the earth were linked by keels unwet
And Honolulu half-an-hour from Spain
And no ships ploughed the watery swan-path, yet
Thou hast romances still, thy shining shore
Shall make perpetual castles as of yore.

With huge despatches from *The Daily Mail*
From continent to continent we spin,
Contemptuous of thy green and outgrown pale;
But who shall rob thee of thy buckets, tin,
The slippery rocks whereon the starfish roam,
And all the spoil of sea-weed trailing home;

The millions who ne'er braved thy heaving breast
And never shall, by barque nor by balloon,
But only ask of thee a quiet rest
Under an outspread handkerchief at noon,
Who have not shared the stout explorer's thrill,
Or if they have—in sailing-boats—felt ill;

Who care not greatly how the trade-routes run
So long as they have ham and eggs for tea,
And count all kinds of ships as rather fun
To look at, by thy silvern side, O sea,
Or two miles off (they *called* it "Ocean Glimpse")
Love thee and worship thee and prod for shrimps?

Thou hast thine ozone and a sun that shines
On parboiled asphalt, and thy lodgings dear,
Whelks and innumerable fishing-lines,
The fringes of a southward-facing pier;
Therefore be calm, O ocean—men may break
Thine ancient power, these things they cannot take.

Let not thine unavailing passions rise
Against the prowess of our gas-filled craft,
Whereon so few that love thee have set eyes
And fewer still would know the fore from aft;
In other words, O sea, keep mild and fair
When I go down to Winkleton-sur-Mer. EVOE.

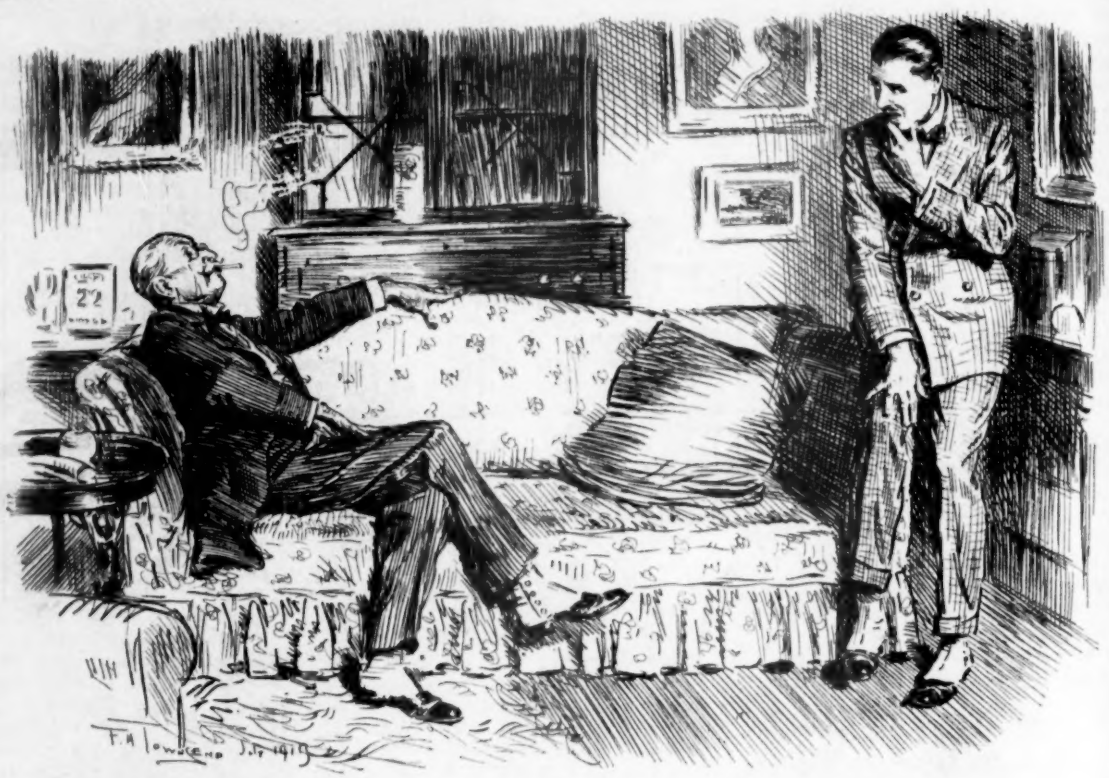
Perils of Peace-Celebration.

"The chorus of jubilation was punctured by the reports of fireworks."—*Provincial Paper.*



HIS DUTY DANCE.

MADAM VICTORY *(to John Bull)*. "WE 'VE HAD A DELIGHTFUL TIME TOGETHER; BUT I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU FROM YOUR NEXT PARTNER ANY LONGER, OR SHE 'LL THINK YOU 'RE NEGLECTING HER."



"SO YOU WANT TO BE MY SON-IN-LAW, EH—WHAT—WHAT?"

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 14th.—In the opinion of Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH the practice of "dilution" as applied to the House of Lords has been carried too far, with the result that the blue blood of the peerage is now very little thicker than Government ale. Lord CURZON, himself an example of both old and new creations, admitted that there had been a considerable increase in the output of hereditary titles, but pleaded in defence that it had not kept pace with the increase in the population. A hundred years ago there was one peer per forty-three thousand; now the proportion was only one per sixty thousand. The advocates of "equality of opportunity" have here distinct ground for complaint. Why should the infant of 1919 have thirty per cent. less chance of obtaining a coronet than his predecessor of 1815? It is true that, as Lord SALISBURY complained with some bitterness, comparatively few of the new Peers ever visit the House of Lords after their first introduction. Possibly they consider that they have already made sufficient sacrifices for their country.

If all the Peers' debates were as lively as that of this afternoon there would be no lack of attendance. Nominally the subject under discussion was the Forestry Bill: really it was the question of the merits or demerits of the squirrel. That engaging little creature found stalwart defenders in Lords BUCKMASTER, PHILLIMORE and BRYCE, to the last named of whom its hirsute appendages make a special appeal; and an equally uncompromising opponent in Lord CRAWFORD, who, while yielding to none in his admiration of its delightful acrobatics, insisted that its destructive qualities would be fatal in a Government forest. A division was taken, and the "Anti-Squirrels" had it by a narrow majority.

Most of us would, I think, be puzzled to give a list of all the Ministers who have sat in the War Cabinet since December, 1916. Thanks to a blunt inquiry by Colonel AUBREY HERBERT we now know that the present "Big Five" are the PRIME MINISTER, Lord CURZON, Mr. BARNES, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BONAR LAW. It was pleasing to hear from the last-named that he and his colleagues had been discussing for two hours that morning the question of high prices, with particular reference to boots and clothing. I should like to have heard Lord CURZON and Mr. BARNES swapping sartorial reminiscences, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER discussing where the shoe pinches, and why.

A renewed attempt to elicit from Mr. BONAR LAW the Government's intentions regarding Ireland was unsuccessful. He would say no more than that "we do not wish to attempt anything without some chance of success"—not a very hopeful utterance in view of Sir EDWARD CARSON'S Twelfth of July fulmination in Belfast. As to that, he promised that the Government would administer the law impartially; but when Mr. DEVLIN asked specifically what steps would be taken to bring the Ulster leader to book the impartial LAW was judiciously silent.

The debate on the proposed increase in the price of coal was conducted in an appropriate atmosphere of gloom. Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES—*Jean qui pleure*, as Lord R. CECIL called him in contradistinction to the more cheerful ERIC—grew more and more melancholy as he pictured the disastrous prospects in store for us unless the coal-miners worked more and played less. But he was careful to say that they were not alone to blame; and this gave Mr. BRACE, to whom the miners had wisely entrusted their case, a chance to exhibit his sweet reasonableness. If the Government would hold their hand, he said, he and his friends would do their utmost to get the output increased. The Government, having gained their main object and startled the country into a realization of its parlous state, accepted the offer; and for the moment all was peace.



JOY OF "RED HAND" IN UNEARTHING HIS LONG-LOST HATCHET.

Tuesday, July 15th.—Lord MACDONNELL invited the Lords to insist that the Government should declare their Irish policy "forthwith." His own idea is that they should hark back to the abortive scheme of the Convention, and disregard the talk of "Dominion status," which he thought had greatly injured the Irish cause. Lord SHANDON, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, took the same line, but with equal avoidance of exact definition. "Something in the form of a subsidiary Parliament," with control over such economic questions as were peculiar to Ireland, was his prescription. The LORD CHANCELLOR was in an awkward position. Spokesman at the moment for a Government pledged to provide a scheme of self-government for Ireland, he is also a member of the Ulster Volunteers and liable to be called up for service at the whim of his imperious Commander-in-Chief. The most accomplished "Galloper" would find it difficult to ride simultaneously two horses that insisted on going in diametrically opposite directions. "Forthwith" is a disagreeable word in such circumstances; "at an early date" he suggested would make the motion more acceptable; and eventually compromise was reached on "before the end of this session"—which, with this heavy obligation hanging on to it, is in danger of being decidedly elongated.

Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND, having found the position of *liaison* officer

between the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade more prolific of kicks than halfpence, has been succeeded by Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, who is expected to prove more pachydermatous. His truly British manner of tackling in his first reply the pronunciation of the "*Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement*" greatly impressed the House.

An intimation by Mr. CHURCHILL that the Army of Occupation in Mesopotamia would be reduced and native levies employed in its place lured Mr MACVEAGH into an inquiry as to whether a similar statement could be made regarding the Army of Occupation in another country "not so far away." But the WAR SECRETARY was prepared. "No, Sir," he rapped out; "nor the extent to which it is possible to trust the native levies." A very palpable hit.

Sir F. HALL, whose favourite sport is mare's-nesting, asked the representative of the SHIPPING CONTROLLER why a certain cargo of wood-pulp had not been brought home by the *Aquitania*. Colonel LESLIE WILSON replied that exhaustive inquiries had revealed no trace of the alleged cargo and distinctly suggested that the hon. Member had evolved it out of his own head.

The pertinacity of Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON, in endeavouring to induce the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to remove the anomaly by which husband and wife are regarded as a single taxable entity, has met with some reward. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, while still declining to anticipate the report of the Income Tax Commission, agreed to increase the abatement in respect of a wife from twenty-five to fifty pounds. A slight restraint on matrimony has thus been removed and thousands of existing husbands will find their spouses all the dearer for being a little less expensive.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was unable to give the figures of the Victory Loan, but took the opportunity of thanking those who had helped to float it, "whether on the earth or in the air." This must not be taken, of course, as a confession that he has been engaged in "kite-flying."

Wednesday, July 16th.—At the instance of Lord BRASSEY the Peers talked at large about Nationalization without reaching any definite conclusion, possibly because nobody provided a clear definition on the subject. Lord ASKWITH, as an old Civil Servant, said that if it meant putting the coal-mines under a bureaucracy he should oppose it root and branch. Lord HALDANE thought the subject should be investigated—which rather discounted his previous praise of Mr. Justice SANKEY's conduct of the Coal Commission. Lord MILNER said he had an open mind on the subject, and immediately afterwards observed that there was an "irresistible" trend of opinion in its favour. Lord SALISBURY, as one might expect, considered an open mind a very dangerous thing to have about you.

The Commons heard with satisfaction that the Government had decided to abolish the censorship at midnight on July 23rd, but could not quite understand why, having come to a decision, they should take a week to carry it out. Mr. H. W. FORSTER said that it "obviously" required some time to execute the necessary arrangements. It would be too abrupt, I suppose, to send all the censors a telegram, "Censorship abolished." Some of them may have weak hearts.



MODERATE SUCCESS OF THE EXCHEQUER MANDARIN IN HIS LATEST KITE-FLYING ACTIVITIES.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN firmly resisted a proposal to raise the income-tax limit to £250, but at the same time made a further extension of the children's allowance, which will have the same effect in the case of every father who has even three arrows in his quiver.

It is a pity that Sir EDWARD CARSON was not in his place to-night, for he would have heard a lot of nice things about himself and his recent speeches. Mr. CLYNES pressed the Government to prosecute him, as they had done humbler advocates of "direct action," and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL explained how much he would have liked to do so, but that the right hon. culprit, taking an unfair advantage of his knowledge of the law, had been careful to keep on the windy side of it.

Thursday, July 17th.—The modest total of the Victory Loan rather startled the House of Commons, which had been led by the Press to expect at least twice as much. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, however, seemed quite pleased with the result. As a very large proportion of the 708 millions subscribed is "New money," he will at all events have enough to cover the anticipated deficit on this Year's Budget. What if the holders of a thousand millions of short-dated securities have obstinately refused to accept "conversion"? At any rate the War is over and he has enough to go on with. As *Omar* says in FITZGERALD's first version:—

"Ah, take the Cash in hand, and waive the Rest,
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* drum!"

PEACE TRAGEDIES.

THERE was an old man of King's Lynn
Who used to play tunes on his chin;
So he joined a Jazz-band,
But went back to the land
When his jaw-bone caved suddenly in.

There was a young man from St. Kitts
Who went to a ball at the Blitz;
But his style was so curious,
Exotic and furious
That most of his partners had fits.

Stands Scotland where it Did?

"It is announced from Tobermory that the Admiralty are busy compiling a register of the places suitable for the establishment of naval bases in Ireland, and with this idea in view Campbeltown, Tobermory, and Loch-na-Keal have been visited."—*Daily Paper.*

"The Devil's Own."

"Letters must be enclosed in another envelope addressed to The Registry, Law Society's Hall, Bell Yard, W.C.2."
Law Society's Registry.

From a report of the Bisley meeting:

"The Bass provided the main interest of the morning."—*Times.*

We shouldn't wonder.

"LOST.

No. 3, Cardigan Terrace, Victoria Avenue.—Apply Fire Station."—*Guernsey Evening Post.*

Very careless, with houses so scarce, too.

There was a young man of Rangoon
Who composed an orchestral Typhoon;
But it isn't the noise
That the expert enjoys,
It 's the absolute absence of tune.



THE MUGGLETON PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

The Mayor (to D.S.O., M.C., etc., O.C. Guard of Honour). "'S ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN. YOU CAN GO HON WITH YOUR DRILL NOW."

UPS AND DOWNS.

As soon as I saw it I stroked my moustache and decided to be married there at once.

Mr. KIPLING had, of course, told me long ago about the

"... little, lost Down churches ..."

but at Up Waltham, in the heart of the South Downs, there is surely the littlest church of them all, and the most lost—till I found it.

So small it is one could tuck two of it quite comfortably into the great barn the other side of the long-grassed churchyard. The sun and the storms of hundreds of years have weathered my little church to the ripe ruddy-brown of the old shepherd's face—the old shepherd up there on the hill-side with his flock. But the timbered toy tower still brandishes its weathercock gallantly aloft, defying the centuries.

Inside there are, I think, eight pews. The congregation must consist of the dwellers in those two long farmsteads that guard it like a couple of big lazy sheep-dogs at watch over a pet lamb.

And it is in this little church that I am going to be married.

No room there for your great concourse of elaborately millinered and tailored people, of whom about all one knows is that they have reluctantly presented you with those seventeen cut-glass rose-bowls, those nine muflineers, the terrible inevitable water-colours of Venice ...

No need for any usher to question the handful of friends that come to my wedding as to whether they are for "Bride or Bridegroom?" till he longs to change the formula to "Oranges or Lemons?" and in desperation to follow this up with—

"Here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"

There will be no bridesmaids, no panting dowagers, no fuss.

She and I will stand facing the tiny altar, and the sunlight will stream down on us through the narrow pointed windows. We shall hear the south-west breeze rustling the grasses outside. A big bumble-bee will suddenly go booming past the porch ...

* * * * *

Afterwards, side by side we two will climb on to the smooth-green, thymy hill-tops, and over our heads the larks will raise a triumphal arch of song. We shall look down on the broad many-coloured world spread beneath our feet ... like the new life that awaits us.

And when the last lark of all has sung the Downs to sleep we shall still be there, we two in the dusk, watching the yellow moon—our honeymoon—coming up out of the far sea ...

Then and only then shall we descend to our cottage and cut the wedding-cake with——

But here the old rhyme interrupts me:—

"How shall you cut it without a knife?
How shall you marry without a wife?"

Yes, I *knew* I had forgotten something. I have found the little church I am to be married in, but I have not yet found a bride ...

Ah well, the philosophers tell us that if we can't have all we like we must like all we have.

And I like this day-dream of mine.

"COUNTY SURVEYOR'S RESIGNATION.

The Secretary said if they decided on giving superannuation he would be entitled to thirty-two sixteenths of his salary ...

Mr. O'——: 'I move that we don't accept his resignation until he resigns.'"

Irish Paper.

If the Secretary's calculation is correct that surely won't be long.

"Wanted, two sisters, friends, or otherwise, for entire work of small private house; family of two ladies; Church of England; abstainers."

Daily Paper.

We are sorry for the two ladies if the sisters are otherwise.

THE DIPLOMATS.

III.

MY DEAR HENRY,—The other morning I awoke from my sleep and, after due consideration, stepped out of my bed. Undecided what to do next I went to my dressing-table and had a good look round. I was still doing this with great thoroughness, when my attention was attracted to my last night's handkerchief. Its whole attitude was, to say the least, suspicious. To be frank, it had tied itself into a knot. Now, if I know anything about my handkerchief, it would not do that without some reason. The matter clearly required looking into; in order to look into it the more deliberately I hurried back to bed.

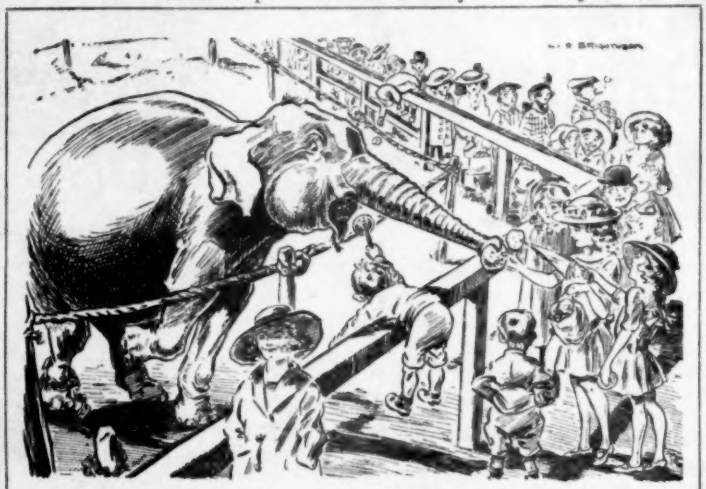
The main facts appeared upon investigation to be the following. A diplomatic official of a foreign power, desiring to bring his country and mine closer together or hoping to expedite the peace or intending to lure me into the declaration of another war, had asked me to dinner. In diplomacy it is more blessed to receive than to give. I accepted the invitation. All the evidence, as I looked about my room, proved that the dinner-party had taken place the previous evening and I had been at it. This accounted for the behaviour of everything, except of my handkerchief. Carrying my inquiry further, I elicited the circumstances in which the latter had compromised itself.

By some oversight, no doubt, my hostess had allotted to me as partner a lady who was neither the wife, the daughter nor even the sister of a First-class Ambassador. She was, to be exact, merely the mother of the wife of a Third Secretary, and that an English one. That wasn't good enough, was it? I mean, you can't frame secret treaties with Third Secretaries' wives' mothers, can you? And between one Englishman and another, no secret treaty should be necessary . . . However, there were compensations. She was just as charming as only old English ladies can be, and I welcomed a little holiday from the awful strain of having to be so careful what one says, and the still more awful strain of having to say it in one of those dreadful languages they will persist in using on the Continent. I suppose it was because I approached the affair in this careless frame of mind that my handkerchief got tied into a knot, and so did I. If you ask me, I think these old English ladies are just a shade too charming.

I omit the earlier passages of the conversation, in which at the time I was given cause to suppose that I acquitted myself with great brilliance. I come at once to the point, to which she came by easy stages. She was about to return to England; she had a native maid; the native maid was about to come to England also. Good. Her passport was in order and ready for the journey. Good. About the maid's passport there was difficulty and delay. (A-ha?) I should readily understand the paramount importance of the old lady and her maid travelling together and doing it at once? Of course I understood; the artful old thing had postponed this question until I was sufficiently fed to understand anything she might care to suggest. So much for her side of the case.

As for mine, it was my function in those days to sign the passports of old English ladies offhand, but to hold up the passports of native maids long enough to permit of an interchange of amenities, by mail, between His Majesty's representatives abroad and His Majesty's representatives (all of them) at home. I now found myself publicly referred to as the most competent and least red-tape man of my time, and at the same time faced with the alternative either of confessing that in reality I had no scope at all, or of saying simply and grandly, "You leave that to me," and hoping to goodness that she would do no such thing.

I chose the latter alternative, and she took me at my word.



Baby Elephant (working his way through the Bun queue). "NOTHING BUT CLOSING-TIME CAN SAVE ME FROM DISASTER."

The only other noteworthy conversation I could recall was my remark to myself as the ladies left us: "Charles, this is an error which you will regret."

That was the problem which in my opinion justified my staying in bed that morning even longer than I generally do after the final decision to get up has been taken.

When an official has before him explicit instructions not to do a certain thing in certain circumstances until the authorities at home have concurred, and when he has also before him an explicit knot in his handkerchief obliging him to do the thing anyway and at once, what happens next? I consulted all the Secretaries, odd and even numbers, the Counsellor's typist, and, best authority of all, the Chancellery servant, but there was no precedent. Either I had to persuade the authorities, which was impossible, owing to their being so far away, or I had to dissuade the old lady, which was equally impossible, owing to her being so near. Bill, my soldier colleague, having heard the facts, ruled that this was undoubtedly a case of the irresistible force advancing to meet the immovable body, and that I was the unfortunate in between. I told him it was no use talking like that at an international crisis, and so he got thinking.

If Bill, the new diplomat, failed to evolve a brilliant solution, Bill, the old soldier, at any rate discovered the quietest way out. He sat down to our typewriter, to stamp out some draft despatches. (If typewriting machines could be made more like horses—easier, I mean, to handle—Bill would be very grateful and affairs would develop more rapidly; but that is by the way.)

"Why regard yourself," he said between the thuds, "as in active opposition either to the lady or the authorities? You should give in quietly to both."

I saw no sense in that.

"Give the maid her passport right away," he went on.

"But what about the next act; the great scene between me and the authorities?"

"One is bound to make a mistake sometimes," said Bill, "and some mistakes are made by mistake, and some are not." Thereupon he handed me



New Butcher Boy (to noble lord strolling in his park). "BE YOU LORD RUSHTON?" *Lord R.* "YES, BOY."
New Butcher Boy. "WELL, 'ERE'S YER MEAT."

the two draft despatches he had knocked out of the typewriter.

The first one bore that day's date and was an unprovoked announcement from me that I had that day had the honour to give Mlle. Angèle Thingummy, the maid, her passport in the usual course. The second one left the date blank and ran: "I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your despatch, dated blank and numbered blank, calling attention to the fact that no passport should have been granted to Mlle. Angèle Thingummy without previous compliance with your instructions, numbered blank, blank, blank and blank. The error is regretted." Yours, CHARLES.

More Pussy-foot!

"And now here is perhaps the most remarkable fact of all. Mr. Johnson has been silently at work here for no less than five months. Hardly a soul outside of temperance circles knows that he has silently addressed 107 meetings of carefully selected business men and others in this country."—*Daily Mail.*

"Mr. H —— took strong exception to Bailie ——'s remarks, as they were absolutely uncalled for. He would not sit there and stand it."—*Scots Paper.*

There was, of course, still the alternative of "taking it lying down."

WHO'S WHO?

SANDWICHED in my mind between great thoughts on reconstruction several perplexities jostle one another, all provoked by study of Suburban timetables.

I am particularly concerned at present to learn more about several dead-and-gone worthies of the Metropolis.

For instance, there's Ponder. How few people one meets who can tell one anything about Ponder, except that he had an end. And if one should say to these persons, "Yes, I know, but which end?" they would be hard put to it to answer.

Can it be that Ponder's End is really indicative of a warning? Did Mr. Ponder wake one morning (in Newgate) to the sound of St. Sepulchre's bells a-tolling? And did he then ride in a vehicle along Holborn and Oxford Street (with one stoppage for refreshment) on his way to a dance upon nothing, hard by where the Marble Arch now stands? Even the Underground does not enlighten us on this point.

Then there is Ball, who apparently had a pond. The rest would appear to be silence. Earl's Court, Baron's Court—what Earl and which Baron?

Shepherd's Bush has an Arcadian sound. Did the bush belong to a gentleman named Shepherd, or does the word Shepherd merely refer to the office of the sheep herd who kept his flock from straying on the tram-lines? Go to Shepherd's Bush and see if you can spot the bush. You will be able to see the music-hall and picture-palace with the naked eye, but even a microscope would fail to disclose for you the whereabouts of the bush.

Who was Palmer? Some callow youth who was so verdant that the fact had to be perpetuated in the name Palmer's Green? And what particular Parson was it who also affected the same hue?

And then Walham? And Golder? Why is the World's End at Chelsea? Who Hammered Smith?

[Enough.—ED.]

"Wanted.—A thoroughly reliable Head Servant that can manage Bungalow, cook when required, and wind up the other servants."—*Indian Paper.*

A correspondent suggests that the intention of the advertiser would have been more completely realised if the words "put the" had been inserted before the words "wind up."

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WE have begun to have our Peace—we have really. They had a meeting about it in the Sixth Form room, and unanimously decided by six votes to four to bring out the Peace Number of the School Magazine, and it's out to-day.

We are all expected to get a copy, or what is the good of having a war?

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With scars upon his arms
And golden wound-stripes on his sleeve,
Who wanders by the farms.

His fiddle bow was newer when
He had it out in France,
And played to please the fighting men
And make the children dance—
A soldier, a soldier,
I knew it by his glance.

A friend I had here yesterday
Was blinded in the war;
He came to hear the fiddler play,
Who leaned against the door,
The fiddler, the fiddler
Who gave him one tune more.

The fiddler had a soldier's smile
(And trod a soldier's pace),
With just a touch of gipsy guile
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Latest Matrimonial News.

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We are glad to know the real cause of the present fashion.

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Dear Old Lady. "MY DEAR, MY BEGONIAS HAVE DONE SO BADLY THIS YEAR. AND I'M SURE IT IS DUE TO THE DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL. YOU SEE, THE MORNINGS ARE SO COLD—I HAVE FELT IT MYSELF."

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ous little *Anne*. It is not that I regret her subsequent marriage to a famous surgeon, who I am assured is everything that is charming and whose only emotion on hearing her story seemed to be hatred of her betrayer; or that I am not satisfied to leave *Roddy* ultimately married to a plain shrew and vainly longing for *Anne's* love and the companionship of their little son; but because, when *Anne* became a fashionable painter and began to mix in high society, the delightful real-life atmosphere of the first chapters was shut out. My vote is all for the beginning this time, and, as it is the sort of beginning which takes up half the book, only the reader who doesn't agree with me will have any cause for complaint.

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450 Miles to Freedom (BLACKWOOD) is as thrilling a story of triumph over difficulties as the War has brought my way. It relates the adventures of eight British officers while escaping from the hands of the Turks, and the scarcely less exciting preparations which had to be made before their formidable journey was attempted. It is a tale well told and worth telling, and my only grumble against the authors, Captain M. A. B. JOHNSTON, R.G.A., and Captain K. D. YEARSLEY, R.E., is that they produced some confusion in my mind by the nicknames they gave to themselves and four of their companions in flight. This, however, is an unimportant detail in a story of great and moving adventure. Starting from Yozgad on August 7th, 1918, these sportsmen arrived, "eight thin and weary ragamuffins," on British soil in Cyprus on September 13th. Times and again during this dash for liberty their chance of success seemed to sink to zero; lack of water was, perhaps, the most terrible difficulty which they had to fight against, but perils of all kinds surrounded them by day and by night. My hat goes off to the whole eight of them, and in particular to their leader, Commander A. D. COCHRANE, D.S.O. "Providence," the authors write on the concluding page of this fine book, "was manifest in our escape, and we see in it an answer to prayer." In these materialistic days I quote this statement with a certain quiet satisfaction.

I found Mrs. NORRIS's new novel, *Josselyn's Wife* (MURRAY), interesting in the sense that all reasonably faithful pictures of contemporary American society, with no special reference to war conditions, are to friendly students of the very progressive descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is an honest competent piece of work, avoiding (perhaps) distinction on the one hand as it avoids banality and ultra-sensationalism on the other, though it does provide a very determined vampire and something like a murder. Poor *Ellen Latimer*, a nice thing, becomes *Mrs. Gibbs Josselyn, Gibbs* being born a rich man's son and developing into a successful painter. His father marries a second time, and in due course *Josselyn* junior falls under the spell of his young stepmother's beauty, a spell cast with the most deliberate premeditation. The author and the characters generally seemed to me to take this situation with greater calmness than I was prepared to expect. . . . I congratulate Mrs. NORRIS on the new twist she has contrived to give to her murder mystery, which baffled me completely and will, I hope, equally baffle you. By the way, counsel for young *Josselyn's* defence might have made the point that murderers are not in the habit (as far as my experience goes) of dropping their smoking revolvers into their victims' waste-paper baskets.

Mr. BARRY PAIN is entitled to claim that *The Problem Club* (COLLINS) provides at least a solution of the difficulty of finding a new theme for humour, even if, as here, the ingenuity of the device is more conspicuous than the resulting fun. His plan is to suppose a select club, apparently of the idle rich, since abundant leisure seems postulated for the members, and set them each month some test of ingenuity to be rewarded by a handsome pool. Let me hasten to remove for you the apprehension roused in my own mind by the ambiguous title. Here is no question of a herring-and-a-half or three-sides-of-a-field; the problems involved are of the more human type, exemplified by such tasks as stealing pocket-handkerchiefs, establishing a false alibi, or making a woman ignorant of the plot say, "You ought to have been a giraffe." You will not need to be told that each of the trials finds Mr. BARRY PAIN with some fantastic tale of difficulties overcome by the contesting members; personally, however, I think it was a wise rule that enjoined that the club should meet only once a month; taken in bulk the record is apt to become monotonous. I may add, again as my own opinion, that nothing in the club's activities became it like the giraffe intrigue, indicated above; from this admirable opening it seemed to me that the humour declined as the months progressed. What would *Eliza*, that eminently practical lady, have said to such a waste of time? Only one person can solve that problem; and I wish he would.



PEACE!

"'ENERY, TO THINK YOU AN' ME WAS ONCE IN THE LABOUR CORPS!"

NOBLE GIFTS FROM NORMANDY.

Two noble gifts from Normandy have blessed our Island race:
The first was good KING WILLIAM, full of gallantry and grace;
Conquæstor was a proper man, we throve beneath his banners;
He gave us sounder laws and wider view—and better manners;
But, though it 's not in history, unless I 'm much mistook,
He brought to us a fairer boon than even Domesday Book.

Long plenteous years the joy of it within our lives we bore,
Long Lenten years we missed it through the late unholy War;
We made the best of things, no doubt, and, leal to our controllers,
We champed their soapy substitute between our outraged molars;
But hail we now the happy day of Peace beyond compare
That brings *thee* to our board again, delicious Camembert!

CHARIVARIA.

"ROBERT," the new hippopotamus, has arrived at the Zoo from Holland. The report that, through a misunderstanding, he had been removed under escort to the Tower, is denied.

***

It is believed that the most philosophical remark made in any Peace crowd was the remonstrance in London to an impatient spectator: "'Ere, we 've waited five years for Peace: Carn't you wait another five minutes for the blooming procession?"

***

"I suppose," said another Londoner in the crowd—this time a little girl—thoughtfully, "they won't take the flags down until the Peace is over."

***

Although quite a number of babies born on July 19th have been christened "Pax Victorius," no definite action has yet been decided upon by the N.S.P.C.C.

***

It was very unfortunate that the Peace Day procession splendidly organised by the inhabitants of a well-known Hampshire town should have been marred by one unlucky mistake. It appears that the prize for the most original costume was awarded to a non-competitor wearing a standard suit.

***

"Odd," says a correspondent, "that during the War sailors had the job of getting the mines out of the water, and that now they have been ordered to get the water out of the mines."

***

Since the announcement by a well-known circus-proprietor that all his clowns have been doing war-work for the last four years, more than two hundred correspondents have written to say that they know in which department of the War Office they have been employed. Curiously enough, however, each mentions a different department.

***

"An ex-Minister of the late Bavarian Cabinet," says a news item, "now lives by selling newspapers." It is thought that if he had mastered the newspaper business first he might now be selling Cabinet Ministers.

***

Latest developments have gone far to relieve the tension between the United States and Mexico, President CARRANZA, who was thought to be discriminating against American citizens, having now established his *bona fides* by murdering an Englishman.

***

Regarding the recent defeat of British forces on the borders of Afghanistan, there is good authority for stating that the Commission to ascertain whose fault it wasn't will not sit.

***

According to a contemporary, Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON passed into Buckingham Palace unnoticed the other morning. Things certainly seem to be coming to a pretty pass in this country.

***

The Bolshevists, according to an evening paper, have won a pronounced success at Serekrakovskaya. No such success could be ours.

***

A scientific journal points out that the next glacial epoch will be upon us in about 5,320 years. Soldiers awaiting demobilisation are now anxious that the scheme whereby they are to return their greatcoats and receive a sovereign shall be abolished.

***

The latest information about the Slough Motor Depôt is that the officials are quite convinced that it was a great success as a failure.

***

The best way, we are told, to choose one's friends is by the month they were born in. It would be interesting to know if this is how *The Morning Post* chose Mr. CHURCHILL.

***

The CROWN PRINCE, it appears, is quite ready to commence some useful work if he can get a start. The Allies have already intimated that they are ready to give him a trial.

***

It is said that the first book of the CROWN PRINCE will be *Personalities I have Met*. A second book might be *Commanders I have Dodged*.

***

In connection with the suggested formation of a Centre Party in this country we are asked to deny the rumour that the GEDDES family propose holding a mass meeting shortly to discuss the matter.

***

A canary aged twenty-one years died in *The Daily Mail* last week.

***

As spirits may be used by medical men as stimulants in America, it is said that motor cars are not now the deadly things they used to be in the eyes of the pedestrian.

***

"At the British Scientific Products Exhibition," says a contemporary, "an oven is being shown in which nothing can get burned. It ought to be called the 'King Alfred.'" We have one like that, but we shall continue to call it the "Robert Smillie."

***

"Among recent additions to the Zoo," says *The Field*, "are two Somaliland cheetahs." Not to be confused with the British cheetah (*Profiticus brevi-ponderator*), a commoner animal.

***

A Kingston Hill man has perfected a device by which the housemaid without leaving the kitchen can tell who is at the front-door. The old-fashioned method of sending Holdfast to fetch a piece of the visitor's trousers for identification never worked quite smoothly.

***

Since the recent announcement that fish can hear, several clergymen have given up angling and have taken up golf instead.



THE SUGGESTION HAS BEEN MADE THAT PEARLS SHOULD TAKE THE PLACE OF MONEY. IF THIS COMES TO PASS THE WOULD-BE CLEOPATRA OF THE FUTURE WILL DISSOLVE A COUPLE OF PRICELESS BRADBURYS IN HER WINE.

"I understand that party spirit, party interest, party organisation must in these very serious times be definitely subordinated to national spirit, national interests, and

A CRAZY AND SQUALID PARTY GAME."

Mr. Churchill's Speech, according to the "Manchester Guardian."

Our contemporary omits to record the loud and prolonged cheers which must have greeted such a pronouncement.

A CASE OF PRE-WAR WHISKY.

I FIRST met Blenkinsop in the Spring of 1916. We were sitting down outside Salonika slaying mosquitoes and waiting until either we or the Bulgars received sufficient reinforcements to justify a genuine offensive.

Blenkinsop arrived in command of a mixed party composed of A.S.C., Sappers, an aeronautic unit, and a draft of two hundred mules. As he came out with a brand-new commission to a line battalion there was no reasonable ground to suppose that his temporary command was a suitable one. It invaded the camp after the manner of a travelling circus, and Blenkinsop just blew into the Mess and left his various dependants to settle themselves. He seemed to be particularly fed up with them—especially the mules.

In those days Blenkinsop was not a person of striking individuality; his outstanding characteristic was his toneless acquiescence. He was the most plastic, colourless and innocuous Second-Lieutenant on the Army List. Yet he concealed the germ of greatness.

He may have been with us a month or two months—his personality was too hazy to attach itself to time—before he emerged from his obscurity. We had been singing our unanimous hymn of hate about war-whisky. It was a periodical affair and served youth as a safety-valve for accumulative restriction. When we had said of the Government what *Lady Macbeth* said about the spot, and all had spoken, the thin small voice of Blenkinsop was heard.

"I have at home," it said, "a case of pre-war whisky."

At the word whisky there was a roar of mingled astonishment, disbelief and ecstasy which submerged Blenkinsop as the surf engulphs the feeble swimmer.

From that moment dates Blenkinsop's first step upon the ladder of preferment. The Colonel inquired about him, and the Second-in-Command, who was a connoisseur of whiskies, spoke to him quite frequently. The saying went through the camp, "Have you heard that one of the Body Snatchers has got a case of pre-war whisky?"

Blenkinsop became a welcome guest of many Messes and always he was pointed out as the man who possessed a large quantity of pre-war whisky. His popularity reached such heights that, when at length he was appointed to the Brigadier's personal Staff, we, viz. the entire Mess of the Body Snatchers, heaved a profound and thankful sigh of relief. We felt we had been carrying too much weight.

I did not see Blenkinsop again until the Autumn of 1917. Our battalion had been moved across to Italy, where, in the early days of our visit, we throve comfortably in a small Piedmontese village. An admirable *liaison* officer, one Captain Rignolletti Guidotti, initiated us into the ways of the land. He spoke beautiful English, informed us where all the best scraps were likely to take place, and was wiser than many Generals; also he saw that we were provided against all want. He steered our Mess President through the difficulties which encompass the stranger in a strange country; he showed him the futility of setting his hopes upon roast sirloin in a goat and chicken district; and put him in the way of obtaining the rough, red wine which comes from the South. Dearly we loved our Guidotti, who adorned our Mess in a blue-and-silver uniform which carried us back to the high romances of the Kingdom of Illyria.

Then one day the old evil of the Northmen broke out in us and we treated him to the saga of the whisky cravers. He listened to our lamentations with the patience of a skilful nurse humouring her unpractical charges.

"Ver' sorry, my old beano," he said sympathetically to the Major; "all the whiskee have travelled West. Last week your General got feed up with the wine of Marsala and damn him profoundly, and be'old, of the Staff only Blinkersops have at home some prehistoric bottles . . . I regret, old beano, it is such a putrid egg."

Two days later the General came over to have a look at us. Accompanying him, red tabbed and immaculate with a piece of ribbon on his chest, rode Blenkinsop. He had broadened out and was less reticent than of old. He told us a good deal about the home strategy and ate an excellent lunch. Of the General I can only remember one incident. Towards the end of lunch I overheard him whisper hoarsely to the Colonel, "You 'll hardly believe it, but there 's a fella on my Staff who 's got a cellarful of pre-war whisky."

A few months later Blenkinsop's fame had spread to France and he was appropriated by another General who at the moment was too valuable to be denied.

Last week I was lunching at my Club in Piccadilly. I had not been seated long before my attention was drawn to two people entering the dining-room. One I recognised at once as the General of a famous Division; the other was, at the first glance, a stranger. It was only when I had made allowances for a heavy moustache and a dignified and convincing personality that I knew him to be Blenkinsop. The man lunching with me looked across at them.

"You see that fellow with General Blank," he said; "well, he owns a large distillery—in Scotland, I think."

After lunch I detached Blenkinsop discreetly from his General. "Look here," I said firmly, "I understand that you have a lake or a loch, or a litre or some other liquid measure, of the stuff which in the good old days Jeames used to produce nightly about 10 pip emma." Blenkinsop attempted to shy, but I hung firmly on to his red tab. "Well," I continued, "I have for three long years subsisted on the Graves wine of Macedonia, the rough, red wine of Capri, 1917 vintage, and, at rare intervals, a diluted mixture of H_2O and methylated spirit. I am a desperate man and nothing but the key of your cellar will placate me. If you refuse I shall—I shall publish an authentic account of your arrival at Salonika in 1916, illustrated with snapshots of your command from my own camera."

Blenkinsop turned pale and glanced furtively at his General.

"It 's all a dreadful mistake," he whispered hoarsely; "I did have a case of pre-war whisky—but it was only the case. My sister kept her rabbits in it, and the sight of the hutch was so exasperating to our Scotch gardener that he joined up rather than endure its proximity. I did try to explain the joke," he added apologetically, "but nobody would listen to me."

PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.

[Noting the newspaper discussion as to whether Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is inclining—in the French phrase—to the right or the left, a correspondent hazards a guess at his possible attitude.]

I SEE a Coalition cleft
And paths dividing right and left;
In the waste watches of the night
I ponder if the left is right;
If not, I might be soon bereft
Of followers in going left,
Whereas if left is right I might
Be doing wrong in going right.
To steal a march—an honest theft—
I see my chance upon the left,
And dimly, as by second sight,
Opponents "left" upon the right.
Yet right is so entwined with left,
Like weaver's warp with weaver's weft,
That if I rudely cut the right
What 's left is in a parlous plight.
O horrid choice! One course is left,
Whilst "centres" banquet CHURCHILL-chef'd—
To have a soldier's heart for fight
And march ahead—left, right—left, right.

The Grand Manner.

"Only a small sum—£283,000,000—is required to meet the deficit on the Budget."
Daily Telegraph.



THE PROFITEER'S FRIENDS.

JOHN BULL. "THESE THINGS ARE MUCH TOO DEAR."
MRS. JOHN BULL. "AND WE CAN EASILY DO WITHOUT THEM."
BOTH TOGETHER. "LET'S GO IN AND BUY THEM."



IN HYDE PARK.

Small Reveller (reassured as he catches sight of Bottom the Weaver). "HI! 'ERBERT! COME BACK. 'TAIN'T *SHAKSPEARE*: IT'S A CIRCUS."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

IT is astonishing how quickly a bad habit can fasten on a man; and there is no virus that spreads so rapidly as that of avarice.

But I was going to tell you about my friend Luker, whom I found yesterday frowning at a newspaper with an article in it forecasting the Bank Holiday festivities.

"In my opinion," he said snappishly, "this water-pageant is quite unnecessary."

"But why?" I asked. "Surely it is a good thing to use a day of rejoicing like that for patriotic purposes. Why should there be no more Peace celebrations?"

"I didn't say that," he replied. "What I object to is the river notion. If that 's all they can do, it 's time we got to work. We 've all played long enough."

"But Bank Holidays are Bank Holidays," I urged. "You can't make people work then. It 's not in the British character."

"We 've just had a Bank Holiday," he said. "Ridiculous to have another so soon. It 's criminally unsettling. And particularly so with this kind of tomfoolery."

"You can't apply such a term to this river pageant," I said. "It will be unique."

"I don't hold with river pageants," he replied.

"Not with the KING and the Royal Barge?" I exclaimed. "It ought to be wonderful. I think it 's one of the most interesting things that has been arranged for ever so long. We do so little with our river, and here 's an opportunity at last, and everyone is rising to it splendidly."

"I don't like river processions," he repeated.

"I hope some one will paint it," I went on. "Like a Canaletto. Or that great Constable of a river fête from Waterloo Bridge."

"I don't care about river fêtes," he said.

"But why? You must have some real reason," I said.

"Well," he replied, "how are people to see them? Only from the bridges and the banks. All packed tight. No comfort. People don't live by the river so there are no windows to let."

"You 're worried about the absence of windows?" I suggested.

"Of course I am," he replied. "Don't you want people to be happy and comfortable?—or are you, like every one else, merely selfish? Personally I like people to be happy. That 's why I maintain," he continued, "that river processions are wrong. Besides, you know what kind of language bargees use."

"Not Royal bargees," I said.

"All bargees," he affirmed. "No, processions should be on foot, and they should go where there are windows and chairs. That 's only common sense. Processions are intended to be seen, and to be seen under decent conditions. Now look at the procession on Peace Day. That was a sound idea—it passed through the streets, between houses, and every house had windows and seats. That was all right. What I hold is that, instead of having this river nonsense in boats and barges, it would be far better to repeat the Peace Day procession. Lots of people never saw

it. I heard of thousands who were disappointed, poor things! But what do you care? You 're just as selfish as everyone else."

"I 'm afraid the project 's gone too far to be altered now," I said. "But there 's something in what you say. And of course the East End and the City and Bloomsbury might have a chance this time."

"Oh!" he said quickly, "I wouldn't change the route. That would be absurd. After they 've learnt the way, too. No, the same Procession, the same route, but different people. That 's how I look at it. And really"—his face lit up philanthropically—"really I don't see why it shouldn't be repeated again and again until everyone has seen it."

"But what about the dislocation of industry and trade by these public holidays?" I asked. "I thought you deplored that."

"Only when they are given to nonsensical and practically private river shows," he explained. "For a fine, stimulating, educative land pageant, such as we had on Peace Day, I would set aside any number of days."

"It passed by your house, didn't it?" I inquired.

"Yes, of course it did," he said. "Right past it. We had one of the best spots on the whole route."

"And you enjoyed it, of course?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, I didn't see it. I let my windows, as any sensible man would. Just about paid my rent."

BIRD-LORE.

V.—THE COCK.

THE kindly cock is the fairies' friend,
He warns them when their revels must end;
He never forgets to give the word,
For the cock is a thoroughly punctual bird.

And since he grieves that he never can fly,
Like all the other birds, up in the sky,
The fairies put him now and again
High on a church for a weather-vane.

Little for sun or for rain he cares;
He turns about with the proudest airs,
And chuckles with joy as the clouds go past
To think he is up in the sky at last.

R. F.

Recent Athletic "Record."

"Gr. PARKER, 79th Battery, R.F.A., who held the
WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP
For Continuous Sword Swinging from 1913 to 1918."
Indian Paper.



FEMININE AMENITIES.

"*Do* TAKE MY SEAT. YOU 'RE EVER SO MUCH OLDER THAN I AM."

THE LIGHTS THAT FAILED.

Mr. Punch has received the following pathetic communication:—

"The Ministry of Munitions made it known through the medium of the Press that it had a special consignment of Dover Patrol flares, suitable for celebrations on Peace night, price ten shillings each. Joyfully I sent two pounds for four flares six days before Peace Day. Foolish people say the Government is unbusinesslike in its methods. By return of post I received an acknowledgment of my money, with the assurance that the flares would be despatched in due course. Great were my preparations and numerous my guests to see the unique display. Alas, no flares arrived. Nevertheless the Government's acknowledgment by return of post was a document worth showing, and most of the guests considered the evening well spent in beholding it.

"On the Tuesday after the Peace Celebration a letter arrived bearing the stamp of the Ministry of Munitions. Great excitement. Could it be an announcement that the flares were on the way? No, it was simply another receipt. Again dashed hopes.

"Yet the fault is largely my own, for I find that in ordering the flares I was not sufficiently explicit. I asked for them to be sent for the Peace Celebration; I omitted to say which Peace Celebration—whether the one to commemorate the end of the Great War, or another in a few years' time. The flares when they arrive will however be useful as an illuminant if we are to be stringently rationed for gas."

THE ADMIRABLE JENKINSON.

Poldunk's does not claim to rank amongst the aristocracy of restaurants. Its prices are on a scale that allows no margin for music, superfluous cutlery or ornamental printing. What the management save on the laundry bills the patrons receive in the quantity, if not the quality, of pudding. Therefore the presence of Jenkinson as waiter was in the nature of an incongruity.

It speaks much for the sterling worth of Jenkinson that he did not descend to the level of Poldunk's. In a measure he raised it to his. By his mere handling of it a metal cruet would be transformed into the semblance of a piece of precious silver plate, and oleaginous Irish stew served by him became an Epicurean delicacy. Deferential yet dignified, he possessed the thought-reading instinct which is the hall-mark of the born waiter.

"Jenkinson," said I one day, "what were you before you came here?"

"Before the War, Sir," he replied in modulated tones, "and for a brief period after, I 'ad the honour to be in the service of the Duchess of Port Lockington as first footman."

"But why——?" I commenced, trying to bridge in imagination the immense gulf between the Duchess and Poldunk's.

"I resigned the appointment, Sir, of my own volition," he replied hastily, as though fearful lest I should have the temerity to criticise a duchess. "On finding, Sir, that the strain of the War 'ad rendered me unequal to the duties. The sweet to-day is tapioca, Sir, *with* jam."

The idea of Jenkinson being unequal to anything on earth was so grotesque that I reopened the subject on his return.

"The story, Sir, is somewhat lengthy," he said in answer to my inquiry. "When war broke out I saw numerous references on the walls to a certain style of 'eadgear, inviting those who it would fit to wear it. Judging that it approximated to my size I ventured to request the Duchess to dispense with my services for a short time, until the social situation was again stabilized, so to speak. This she was graciously pleased to do, an' I enlisted into a very respectable battalion. I have every reason to believe, Sir, that I carried hout my duties as a soldier to the satisfaction of my commanding officer; in fact on one occasion he referred to me in very complimentary terms when recommending me for the Military Medal for 'aving successfully participated in—ahem—a 'stunt.'"

"And were you wounded?"

"I did have the misfortune once, Sir, to stop a blighty 'un (an Army expression, I may say), but I did not sustain any permanent incapacitation thereby. It was after the Armistice, Sir, that the seeds of my trouble were laid. The Hadjutant sent for me one day an' remarked that it 'ad been impossible to utilize my talents properly during active operations, but now he would like me to undertake the waiting in the B.H.Q. mess.

"Speaking professionally, I must say it had been done by my predecessors in a deplorable manner, although I am free to admit that conditions were sometimes a bit difficult. 'Owever, I was able to heffect certain improvements, so much so that one evening the C.O. invited the Brigade Staff to dinner, with the hobject, as the Hadjutant phrased it, 'of showing the rouge-embroidered nabobs at Brigade that the old batt. knew something of the art of taking nourishment decently.'

"As the evening advanced I 'appened to be serving sixteen or seventeen drinks from a tray with one hand whilst admixing the necessary soda with the other (really quite easy, Sir, when you have learned the knack), when the Hadjutant — a gallant soldier, Sir, though sometimes given to levity—suddenly remarked, 'Jenkinson, what would happen now if you were forced to sneeze?'

"They all laughed, but I just answered, 'Sir, the possibility of sneezing on my part whilst performing my duties is so remote that I confess I 'aven't given it any consideration.'

"They laughed again, and the incident passed off. But somehow the remark seemed to stick in my memory.

"Well, Sir, I was eventually demobilised, an' the Duchess very generously reinstated me with an hincreased honorarium. She resumed her celebrated garden-parties, of which you may 'ave read in the hillustrated journals, and one day I 'appened to be serving tea to the Dowager Lady Orpington and the Bishop of St. Guffs when that chance remark of the Hadjutant's came into my 'ead. Simultaneous a cold shiver ran down my spine. What would 'appen supposing I sneezed? Let alone the probability of damage to the Duchess's choice Crown Derby, a sneeze on my part in the vortex, so to speak, of such an aristocratic assemblage would be little short of a scandal. Then my nose, Sir, began to tickle, a symptom I had never noticed previously, an' I passed the remainder of the afternoon in a fever of happrehensivity. From this time honward I began to dread the garden-parties, because I could see my career was threatened by a momentary lapse. At last I could stand it no longer, and I presented myself before the Duchess.

"'Your Grace,' said I, 'feeling unequal to my duties I request permission to 'and in my resignation.'

"'But, Jenkinson,' said she, 'I am perfectly satisfied with you.'

"Still, much against my will and to her great surprise, I left her, Sir, an' entered the service of Poldunk's."

"But why Poldunk's?" I asked.

"Well, Sir, you 'll excuse me saying it," replied Jenkinson, "but I am morally certain I shall sneeze sooner or later in the course of my duties, an' it struck me such a calamity would be considered less of a *faux pas* at Poldunk's than at some other places. An' now, Sir, seeing that your coffee 'as got cold, permit me to replace it."

The problem of Jenkinson occupied my thoughts to such an extent that, next day, between the courses, I made certain dispositions on my emptied plate with the contents of a white packet. Having done this I awaited his coming.

"I hope, Sir," said he, taking the plate, "that you enjoyed the hash-ash-ach-choo!!"

It had come, the impending calamity, the long-delayed stroke! Curiously enough no one seemed to notice it,



"I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU SHOULD ENCOURAGE SO YOUNG A BOY BY GIVING HIM CIGARETTES."

"HUSH—NOT SO LOUD. IT'S MY OFFICE BOY."



Lady (off for the holidays). "I THINK WE 'VE GOT EVERYTHING NOW."
Cabby. "SEEMS A PITY, SOME'OW, TO LEAVE THE WINDER-BOXES BEHIND, DON'T IT?"

but Jenkinson, exhibiting a discomposure that I am sure he had never shown before in his life, rushed from the room. I waited, expectant and anxious.

He was back in a few minutes, apologetic but again perfectly self-possessed, and there was something of an air of subdued elation on his immobile features.

"Sir," he began, "I owe you a thousand apologies. Knowing the circumstances I trust you will forgive me. But," he continued, "I feel that, 'aving got that sneeze out of my system, I 'ave broken the spell, so to speak. I feel a man again, and confident that I shall not be troubled with a similar hebullition in future. Such being the case, Sir, to-morrow I return to the Duchess."

"Jenkinson," said I, "I congratulate you!"

And emerging from the restaurant I carefully emptied the remaining contents of the white packet in the gutter. The rehabilitation of a Jenkinson had been procured cheaply at the expense of an ounce of menthol snuff.

ANOTHER SONG OF SIMLA.

(*See "Songs of Simla" in recent numbers of "Punch."*)

On Simla's green and pleasant heights,
Instead of messy fields of gore,
I spent a year of rare delights,
Thanks to a freakish chance of war;
A very welcome change indeed
From chasing Turks and shedding bleed
And slaying by the score.

What fragrant memories to my brain
The poet's dulcet warbling brings
Of that serene and choice domain
Where common men may live as kings!
For I have worked at A.H.Q.;
I've watched the Jakko monkeys, too;
And oh, a lot of things.

Those hungry Generals, lunching well,
I too was privileged to see;
And *Mrs. Hauksbee's* brilliant spell
Has lighted, I admit, on me;
Still of Peliti's teas I dream,
Which made of life a joy supreme,
And all for one rupee.

Strange skins from Akbar's store I bought,
Sold, he bewailed, at losses vast;
I know the ancient sinner thought
"A fool! My crore approaches fast!"
Kim's haunts I know, and, wandering far
Through by-ways of the dim Bazaar,
Much curious gear amassed.

The foothills' headlong plainsward plunge;
The far Himalayas' mighty wall;
Prospect, Elysium, Boileauganj;
Mashobra, Fagu, Wildflower Hall;
Chadwick's impetuous, long cascades;
The Glen's cool depths and silent glades—
I loved them one and all.

For war and martial ways I feel
A hatred which can never cease,
Yet, though to-day (demobbed) with zeal
I praise the gods for my release,
I'll bless the Army all my life
Which gave me, in the midst of strife,
A year of Simla peace.

ONE OF THE
PUNCH BRIGADE.

THE SANDS OF PLEASURE.

LADIES first, so we will start with Jenny. Jenny is only nine, but she has been to the seaside before and knows all about it. She wears the fashionable *costume de plage*, which consists of a white linen hat, a jersey and an overcrowded pair of bathing-drawers, into which not only Jenny, but the rest of her wardrobe, has had to fit itself. Two slim brown legs emerge to bear the burden, and one feels that if she fell over she would have to stay there until somebody picked her up.

She is holding Richard Henry by the hand. Richard Henry is four, and this is the first time he has seen the sea. Jenny is showing it to him. Privately he thinks that it has been over-rated. There was a good deal of talk about it in his suburb, particularly from Jenny, who had been there before, and naturally one expected something rather—well, rather more like what they had been saying it was like. However, perhaps it would be as well to keep in with Jenny and not to let her see that he is disappointed, so every time she says, "Isn't the sea lovely?" he echoes, "Lovely," and now and then he adds (just to humour her), "Is 'at the sea?" and then she has the chance to say again, "Yes, that's the sea, darling. Isn't it lovely?" It is obvious that she is proud of it. Apparently she put it there. Anyway it seemed to be hers.

Jenny has brought Father and Mother as well as Richard Henry. There they are, over there. When she came before she had to leave them behind, much to their disappointment. Father was saying, "Form fours, left," before going off to France again, and Mother was buying wool to make him some more socks. It was a great relief to them to know that they were being taken this time and that they would have Jenny to tell them all about it.

Father is lying in a deck-chair, smoking his pipe. There has been an interesting discussion this afternoon as to whether he is a coward or not. Father thought he wasn't, but Mother wasn't quite so sure. Jenny said that of course he couldn't really be, because the KING gave him a medal for not being one, but Mother explained that it was only a medal he had over and Father happened to be passing by the window.

"I don't see what this has to do with it," said Father. "I simply prefer bathing in the morning."

"Oo, you said this morning you preferred bathing in the afternoon," says Jenny like a flash.

"I know; but since then I've had time to think it over, and I see that I was hasty. The morning is the best time."

"I'm afraid he *is* a coward," said Mother sadly, wondering why she had married him.

"The whole point is, why did Jenny bring me here?"

"To enjoy yourself," said Jenny promptly.

"Well, I am," said Father, closing his eyes.

But we do not feel so sure that Mother is enjoying herself. She has just read in the paper about a mine that floated ashore and exploded. Nobody was near at the time, but supposing one of the children had been playing with it.

"Which one?" said Father lazily.

"Jenny."

"Then we should have lost Jenny."

This being so, Jenny promises solemnly not to play with any mine that comes ashore, nor to let Richard Henry play with it, nor to allow it to play with Richard Henry, nor——

"I suppose I may just point it out to him and say, 'Look, that's a mine'?" says Jenny wistfully. If she can't do this it doesn't seem to be much use coming to the seaside at all.

"I don't think there would be any harm in that," says Father. "But don't engage it in conversation."

"Thank you very much," says Jenny, and she and Richard Henry go off together.

Mother watches them anxiously. Father closes his eyes.

"Now," says Jenny eagerly, "I'm going to show you a darling little crab. Won't that be lovely?"

Richard Henry, having been deceived, as he feels, about the sea, is not too hopeful about that crab. However, he asks politely, "What's a crab?"

"You'll see directly, darling," says Jenny; and he has to be content with that.

"Crab," he murmurs to himself.

Suddenly an idea occurs to him. He lets go of Jenny's hand and trots up to an old gentleman with white whiskers.

"Going to see a crab," he announces.

"Going to see a crab, are you, my little man?" says the old gentleman kindly.

"Going to see a crab," says Richard Henry, determined to keep up his end of the conversation.

"Well, I never! So you're going to see a crab?" says the old gentleman, doing his best with it.

Richard Henry nods two or three times. "Going to see a crab," he says firmly.

Luckily Jenny comes up and rescues him, otherwise they would still be at it. "Come along, darling, and see the crab," she says, picking up his hand; and Richard Henry looks triumphantly at the old gentleman. There you are. Perhaps he will believe him another time.

Jenny has evidently made an arrangement with a particular crab for this afternoon. It is to be hoped that the appointment will be kept, for she has hurried Richard Henry past all sorts of wonderful things which he wanted to stop with for a little. But the thought of this wonderful crab, which Jennie thinks so much of, forbids protest. Quite right not to keep it waiting. What will it be like? Will it be bigger than the sea?

We have reached the rendezvous. We see now that we need not have been in such a hurry.

"There!" says Jenny excitedly. "Isn't he a darling little crab? He's asleep." (That's why we need not have hurried.)

Richard Henry says nothing. He can't think of the words for what he is feeling. What he wants to say is that Jenny has let him down again. They passed a lot of these funny little things on their way here, but Jenny wouldn't stop because she was going to show him a CRAB, a great, big, enormous darling little CRAB—which might have been anything—and now it's only just this. No wonder the old gentleman didn't believe him.

Swindled—that's the word he wants. However, he can't think of it for the moment, so he tries something else.

"Darling little crab," he says.

Then they leave the dead crab there and hurry back.

"What shall I show you *now*?" says Jenny.

A. A. M.

"Mr. G. H. Roberts said he was advised by his financial advisers that the British sovereign, now worth 4 dollars in America, might shortly depreciate to only four dollars, which would mean the addition of 20 per cent. on any article we had to buy in the American markets."—*Provincial Paper.*

We should advise Mr. ROBERTS to change his financial advisers.

"Sea and cloud, the ships on the water and the ship in the air, all blended together in one *Fata Morgiana*. It produced a sensation of actual physical giddiness. It didn't seem to matter if one stood on one's head or one's heels."—*Observer.*

As the *Forty Thieves* said about the oil—you get it in the neck, anyhow.

"The restoration of the 2-cent postal rate on first-class matter on July 1 will not entirely solve the problem of the cost of loving."

American Paper.

It will, however, encourage its epistolary expression.

ONE TOUCH OF——



"COME ON, THEN—'IT ME, AN' I'LL GIVE YER WOT FOR."



HE COMES ON.



"COME ON AGAIN AN' I'LL GIVE YER WOT I GAVE OLD FRITZ AT YPRES."



"YPRES? WAS YOU AT YPRES?"
"COURSE I WAS. I WAS THERE IN '15?"
"BLOW ME, SO WAS I."



"WASN'T 'ARF A 'OT SHOP JUST BY SHRAPNEL CORNER, EH?"
"NOT 'ARF. DOES YER REMEMBER 'OW FRITZ USED TER PLONK THE PRISON AN' THE ASYLUM?"



"MIND YER, SHRAPNEL CORNER WOS 'OT ENOUGH, BUT GIVE ME HELL FIRE CORNER ANY DAY. SAW A BRASS HAT THERE ONCE; GOT THE BREEZE UP ORFUL, 'E 'AD."



"DOES YER REMEMBER THE MENIN GATE AT YPRES? YUS? WELL, IT WOS THERE OLE FRITZ PUT ONE CLEAN FROO THE COOK-HOUSE."
"YUS, 'E COPPED ONE OF MY MULES THERE. GOT A WELT ON THE NAPPER MESELF."



"SEEMS STRANGE TO BE AT PEACE AGAIN, DON'T IT?"
"YUS—WAPPING HIGH STREET IS A BIT QUIETER THAN THE MENIN GATE."
"FUNNY THING—I HAD A MULE NAFOOHED THERE TOO—LOST ME JACK-KNIFE AS WELL."



"I REMEMBER ONE DAY AS I WOS PASSIN' THE CLOTH HALL TER GIT ME FAG ISSUE—YUS, LET'S TRY THE 'ROSE AND CROWN,' IT'S QUIETER IN THERE—AS I WAS SAY-IN'——"



Fierce and quick-eared disciplinarian (to officer, with train to catch, attempting to leave hospital five minutes before the permitted time). "MR. SIMPSON, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Mr. Simpson. "HUSH—SH—SH—SH! I'M DESERTING."

A SAINT OF CORNWALL.

I DON'T know who Saint MAWES was, but he surely can't have been
A stiff old stone gazebo on a carved cathedral screen,
Or a holy-looking customer rigged out in blue and red
In a sunset-coloured window with a soup-plate round his head.
He must have been a skipper who had sailed the salt seas round
(Or at least as many of 'em as in his time had been found),
And sung his song and kissed his girl and had his share of fun,
Till he took and got religion, when his sailing days were done.

He must have had a ruddy face, a grey beard neatly trimmed,
And eyes, deep-set in crows'-feet, neither age nor use had dimmed,
And he'd lean there on the jetty with his glass up to his eye
And look across the Carrick Roads and watch the ships go by,
And yarn with his old cronies of the ships he used to know,
And chaps he used to sail with many and many a year ago,
In the West of England tin boats on the Tyre and Sidon run,
Before he got religion or his sailing days were done.

And when he came at last to die they'd lay him down to rest
On a green and grassy foreland sloping gently to the West,
Where the wind's cry and the gulls' cry would be near him night and day,
And the noises of the anchorage come to him where he lay.
And they'd leave him there a-sleeping for to smell the harbour smells,
And to count the passing watches by the striking of the bells,
And to listen to the sailormen a-singing in the sun,
A good old master-mariner whose sailing days are done.

C. F. S.

Cricket Extraordinary—The Knight's Move.

"Soon after the luncheon interval Mr. Knight was missed by Hearne in the deep field off a ball from Parkin, but a moment later held a catch in the same position."—*Times.*

One does not know which to admire more—Mr. KNIGHT'S chivalry or his mobility.

From a report of the Wesleyan Conference:—

"It was suggested that the stipend for a married minister of ten years and under should not be less than £200 a year, for a married minister over ten years, not less than £220."—*Daily Paper.*

But is it wise to encourage such very early marriages among the clergy?

"Admiral Beatty, on foot, headed the contingent, cap cocked over the right eye in the familiar way."—*Observer.*

"Sir David, his tanned face set with a determined grimness, his hat slightly drawn towards the left eye, marched along."

Weekly Dispatch.

It is the difficulty of getting these important details correct that is going to give the historians of the War so many headaches.



THE SOLUTION.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "'DIRECT ACTION'? BY JOVE, THAT'S AN IDEA!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE DREAM THAT (APPARENTLY) WON'T COME TRUE.

Sir DONALD MACLEAN. "THE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY WANT NO ROMAN TRIUMPH."
Lord CURZON. "THE TRIAL OF THE EX-KAISER MAY VERY LIKELY NOT BE HELD IN LONDON."

Monday, July 21st.—For a time the debate in the Commons on the Peace-treaty was "roses, roses all the way." Sir DONALD MACLEAN paid compliments to everybody—to the PRIME MINISTER for his "indomitable optimism," to Mr. BONAR LAW for his "tact, courtesy and ability," and to Mr. ASQUITH for the classic phrases in which he laid down Britain's aims in the War—aims which have now been accomplished. Almost his only criticism was directed to the proposal to try the EX-KAISER in London. "The people in this country," he said, "want no Roman triumph."

The chief note of dissent came from Mr. DEVLIN, who complained that Ireland had been left out of the general settlement. He was told that Ulster was the obstacle. Well, were there no Ulsters in the countries that the PRIME MINISTER had been helping to partition?

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had no satisfaction to give the Nationalists. If self-determination was to be the test, it must apply to Ulster as well as to Ireland. As for the EX-KAISER, it was right to try him and nowhere would he get a fairer trial than in England. There was no reason to suppose that any of the neutral countries wished to be the scene of the prosecution. Their motto, I gathered, would be, "No rubbish may be shot here."

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN wanted to know why, if the cost of living was so high, the Government did not remove the embargo from such imports as mops and flat-irons, cotton-duck and boot-protectors, saccharine and (of course) cocoa. Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES in his best professorial manner delivered a little lecture on the theory of foreign exchanges, the gist of which was that, unless we imported less and exported more, we were heading straight for bankruptcy.

It is a pity that Sir JOHN REES' suggestion that the cinemas should be employed to disseminate sound views of political economy among the working-classes did not receive encouragement. A film illustrating the fable of "The Belly and the Members" might be advantageously displayed just now in the Yorkshire coal-field, where the miners have yet to learn that they cannot strike without hurting themselves.

The Forestry Bill sent the Lords on another excursion into natural history. This time it was the hare and not the squirrel that came in for condemnation. In a meadow the hare may or may not be a timorous beastie, but in a plantation, to judge from Lord CRAWFORD'S account of its ravages, it becomes a ramping and a roaring lion. "The hare with many friends" is a misdescription, so far as the Lords are concerned, for not a voice was raised against Lord BLEDISLOE'S proposal to class it with the vermin that the Forestry Commissioners may destroy on sight.

In moving the second reading of the Ways and Communications Bill, Lord LYTTON displayed a praiseworthy zeal. But in order to throw up the brightness of the future need he have painted the past quite so black? To say that our distributing system had only escaped a disaster similar to that of Russia "by the very narrowest margin" is surely unjustified, even if the noble Lord has been travelling by the Underground during the rush hours.

Lord BUCKMASTER boldly declared that nationalisation would be a curse to the very people who were clamouring for it. He also furnished a new definition of pessimists—"persons who would mortgage the future without knowing how the debt was going to be redeemed." The special merit of this is that it applies with at least equal accuracy to optimists.

Tuesday, July 22nd.—The Commons sat up half the night to pass the Anglo-French Treaty Bill, which binds us to come to the assistance of our neighbour if Germany attempts "revanche," and then went down to Southend to refresh themselves with a view of the Fleet.

Accordingly there were big gaps in the House this afternoon, and the Treasury Bench was chiefly tenanted by Under-Secretaries. Mr. CHURCHILL, however, was present to state the intentions of the Government regarding the troops in North Russia. They are all to depart by November, unless they belong to the Military Missions, or the ice sets in unusually early, or the Bolshevists cannot bear to part with them.

According to Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN rabies is diminishing, but the muzzling-order and the restrictions on the movement of dogs cannot yet be relaxed. Major NEWMAN'S plaintive inquiry, "How can a man go away if his dog is at home?" aroused the MINISTER'S sympathy, but did not induce him to alter his decision. The country may or may not be going to the dogs, but the dogs are not going to the country.

A few weeks ago the Government were badly beaten in the Commons on a Women's Enfranchisement Bill.

There has been much inquiry as to how they would get over their defeat. The answer came this afternoon in the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Bill, which, according to the LORD CHANCELLOR, is a more generous measure than the other. He himself displayed a rather tepid enthusiasm for it, and Lord BRYCE thought the proposal to allow peeresses to sit and vote inopportune, in view of the Government's undertaking to reform the Second Chamber next Session.

Wednesday, July 23rd.—Lord CURZON is too busy these days understudying Mr. BALFOUR at the Foreign Office to put in much time in the House of Lords. But he paid a special visit this afternoon to correct Lord BRYCE's statement. The Government had merely promised to reform the Second Chamber some time, but not "next Session."

If Lord CURZON imagined that gratitude for the removal of this impending menace would cause noble lords to be more tender with the Transport Bill he was disappointed. Lord MONTAGU declared that, if the Bill passed, the traveller who desired to escape Ministerial control must either walk or swim. Lord DEVONPORT, who has been a Controller himself, scoffed at the notion of a Government ever making economies and urged the House "to put a knife into the Bill," and cut out everything but the railways. Lord MIDLETON said they were setting up "a gigantic trust" and putting it in the hands of one man, who might at any moment leave the Ministry, as so many business-men had done already. Lord BUCKMASTER considered that the Bill made Nationalisation inevitable, and could not understand why the Government should make two bites of their cherry.

Members so frequently complain of the curtness of Ministerial replies that it was a pleasant change to find Mr. HOHLER objecting that Dr. MACNAMARA employed "so much verbiage." Whereupon "Dr. Mac," ever ready to oblige, snapped out, "The short summary of this answer is 'No.'" That did not quite end the incident. Mr. HOHLER had five Questions on the Paper—one in excess of the present-day ration. The SPEAKER did not call the fifth, and when the hon. Member asked the reason, instantly hoisted him with his own petard —"Too much verbiage!" he said.

An unsuspected flaw in the Representation of the People Act has been discovered. So long as he is on service a youngster of eighteen has a Parliamentary vote, but with demobilisation comes disfranchisement. Possibly the idea is that judgment ripens quickly in face of the enemy, but deteriorates under the pernicious influence of home-life; and there may be something in it.

Anyway one good anomaly deserves another. So Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, anxious to smooth the path of the Finance Bill, decided that for purposes of fiscal relief a "child" might be any age provided that it was undergoing full-time education. Even the elderly undergraduate of the "Pa's ploughed again" type would be included in the definition, provided that he had a parent still living.

Thursday, July 24th.—The Lords' debate on the Peace Treaty turned chiefly on the proposed trial of the EX-KAISER. The critics of the proposal were not quite at one. Lord BRYCE thought a trial was superfluous, seeing that the Allies—the judges-designate—had already decided that there had hardly been a greater crime committed in history; Lord BUCKMASTER, after an argument full of what Mr. ASQUITH would call "juridical niceties," expressed the opinion that there was "nothing to try," and that the trial, if held, would quite possibly result in an acquittal.

Inconsistency is catching. Lord CURZON, in defending the trial, said in one breath that there was no danger of turning the criminal into a hero—WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN was not of the stuff of which heroes could be made; and in the next that he could not be left quietly in Holland because it was "as a hero" that the military party in Germany still regarded him.

As a sop to the critics, however, he observed that there was no absolute necessity that the trial should be held in London. Three weeks ago the House of Commons rang with cheers when the PRIME MINISTER announced that the capital of the Empire was to be the scene of this historic episode. Now the Lords seemed equally glad to hear that the *venue* might be changed. Thus quickly in our delightful climate does the cold fit succeed the hot.

I am afraid that Lord NORTHCLIFFE will not be pleased with Mr. BONAR LAW, who, on being asked whether the Government would adopt the scheme for the future administration of Ireland which fills four columns of the *Times* to-day, was obliged to confess that he had not yet read it. This is almost a case of *lèse-majesté*.

Having failed to obtain an answer to a question, on the ground that it was "hypothetical," Lord HENRY BENTINCK sonorously announced that he would ask "a question which is not hypothetical: How long will the Government insist on this misgovernment of the people of Ireland?" And Mr. LAW was as nonplussed as the witness who was asked, "Have you given up beating your wife? Yes or No?"



Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY (*who has an unhealthy craving for Bolshevism*). "STICK TO IT, MY BONNIE LAD; IT MAY BE NASTY BUT IT'S NOURISHING."

The Russian Romulus. "ALL THE SAME YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WERE BROUGHT UP ON SOMETHING BETTER."

From the description of a storm:—

"In the town the streets are cluttered with debris, telephone poles are down, the livery barn is a wreck, and the Church of England was turned upside down."
Canadian Paper.

Just as if it had been a breeze in Convocation.

"PERSONS WANTED.—Good Young Lady, with experience, as Sales Hand."
Liverpool Paper.

Surely the advertiser does not mean to suggest that any young lady could be bad.

From a book-catalogue:—

"Davis (H. W.) England under the Normans and Angevins, 8vo, *cloth*, 8s."

Students of the reign of HENRY VIII. should make a note of this.

Can you tell me why
A nation that's dry
Can better descry
Than you or I
On how many toes
A Pussyfoot goes?

A nation that's dry
Has reason to *pause*
And consider the *clause*
In its Pussyfoot laws.



Enthusiast. "I TELL YOU THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL. WHY, THAT ENGINE-DRIVER WEIGHS MORE THAN THE OLD 'ROCKET.'"

16, CHARING CROSS.

WHILE all around fit tributes are awarded
From grateful heart and unreluctant tongue,
I take it ill you should go unrecorded,
Unhonoured and unsung.

And since henceforth (like Willie) we shall miss you,
Honour, I pray, in token of our thanks,
This draught my humble Muse has deign'd to issue
Drawn on Parnassus' banks.

In days ere yet we gained our first commission
Your classic names were all too rarely heard,
But these five years have altered the position—
You 're now a household word.

For when at duty's call we went to seek a
New sphere of life by land or sea or air
In Mespot, Flanders, France or Salonica,
You kept us in your care.

And at your hands the sportsman and the rotter
Would equally receive allowance due;
When nations shook and thrones began to totter,
You kept our balance true.

No end of books (a plague on all that write 'em!)
We've been constrained to scan with little zest;
Not so with yours—there each absorbing item
Was charged with interest.

And so I thought, as no one else has said it,
I 'd try, old pals, to pen a humble line
To say how much we put down to your credit
(You might put more to mine!)

Of your polite attentions this account is
I trust not seriously overdrawn;
Our gratitude 's no lively sense of bounties
In days that yet shall dawn,

For now through you, alas! no further tin comes;
The best of friends must say good-bye, and so
For all you added (monthly) to our incomes
Here 's to you, COX AND CO.!

Our Candid Advertisers.

"£10,000 will buy attractive moderate-sized Country House, replete with every modern inconvenience."—*Daily Paper.*

From an agricultural review:—

"That appetising vegetable the opinion also occupies a place in this pamphlet."—*Canadian Paper.*

The pamphlet is notoriously its most congenial soil.

"To-day, if he [Mr. Churchill] died with a few friends and they had a little conversation on politics afterwards, it was suggested that he was endeavouring to form a new party by swallowing up all the old."—*Provincial Paper.*

From later information, however, it is evident that the WAR SECRETARY has no intention of permanently allying himself with the cold shades of Opposition.

DIVINE DISQUIET.

(By our Medical Expert.)

THE value of excitement as a potent stimulus to energy and national efficiency has been emphasized by Mr. GALLICHAN in a courageous and forcible article in *The Daily Mail*. Coming from a paper so notoriously addicted to steadfastness and calm, and at a time when the nation is suffering from an excess of sanity, the appeal gains enormously in impressiveness and urgency. As the writer reminds us, "we are wont to forget that over-repression is as harmful as unrestrained indulgence. Many persons require frequent excitement for a spur to activity, as a tonic, and also as a sedative. Neither men nor animals can live healthily without excitement." He tells us that "an alarm of fire will banish an acute toothache," but omits to mention the parallel case of the complete success with which on a historic occasion a patient suffering from a severe attack of hiccups cured himself for ever by setting his night-shirt on fire. He also relates the touching anecdote of an invalid mother, who was so invigorated by the sudden death of her daughter that she was suddenly transformed into a hardworking housewife. But if there is any fault to find with this admirable and most timely article, it is in the absence of specific suggestions to counteract our national lethargy and sweep away the last vestiges of the Puritan tradition which still hampers our indulgence in an unrestrained *joie de vivre*. For example, Mr. GALLICHAN says nothing of the imperative need of the revival of high-spirited practical joking, one of the most helpful aids to that unfortunate class of people who, in his own words, are "insufficiently stimulated by excitement." The old methods were, however, crude and ineffective. Now that we have the beneficent resources of applied science at our command, the stimulus is capable of limitless reinforcement. Still much can be done with the simplest apparatus. A can of boiling water, if carefully poised on the top of a slightly opened door, though not as potent as an explosive bomb, may still exert a most salutary influence on a nervous subject. Even the secreting of a number of mice in the bed of a delicate guest, or the dexterous disposition of a platoon of alarum clocks in her room, may work wonders.

But perhaps the worst of all the obstacles in the way of improvement is the deadening tradition of the "well-behaved child"—of the maxims that "little children should be seen and not heard," and so on. Modern pedagogy realises, on the contrary, that in the nursery, as in the concert-room, the first aim should be the establishment of the dominion of din and the annihilation of the monstrous doctrine which finds its supreme expression in the odious calumny of "Fidgety Phil." It is one of the greatest tragedies of the world that this noble pioneer in the art of self-realisation and emancipated table-manners should have been held up to execration, instead of being made the subject of unqualified panegyric. Assuredly the poets of the past have much to answer for by their persistent disparagement of vivacity, restlessness and quick-silverishness, and their corresponding exaltation of repose, stolidity and calm. Thank Heaven, no one now dares to extol Castles of Indolence or "mild-eyed melancholy lotus-eaters"! The educative effect of the Jazz, in gesture and music, has been an incalculable boon. Yet much remains to be done before we can expect to reap the full benefit of applied excitement. We welcome therefore as an incentive to redoubled effort the divine discontent of an anonymous Georgian singer, who has lent a fresh lustre to the outworn metre of a forgotten Victorian in "The Jim-Jammiad," from which we quote the two last stanzas:—

The apostles of mental ataxy
Who once lent a hand in the game,
HORATIO, GARVIN and MAXSE,
Have grown quite unbearably tame:
No longer alternately burning
And freezing with scoops and with scares,
Men read *The D.M.* without turning
The shortest of hairs.

But we who are sick of emotions
Too stale to inflame or convulse—
We crave for more poisonous potions
To heighten and fever our pulse;
We need something fresh to excite us,
Some new and implacable pest:
Come down, O beloved Saint VITUS,
And rid us of rest.



"I THOUGHT I SAW THE KING IN 'IS CARRIAGE, BUT I DIDN'T LIKE TO STARE 'ARD."

THE DECADENCE OF ROBERT.

IF it had been a Cockney sparrow that had done this thing I could have borne it, for doubtless by this time they are all more or less perverted. But that it should have been Robert—Robert, my own familiar friend . . .

My nerves had become flabby. Partly,—as I like to believe—through the storm and stress of the days of War; partly—according to my doctor—as a result of the still stormier and more stressful days of Peace.

"Go to the country, my dear lady," said that hard and unsympathetic man. "Forget the town and its heated ball-rooms. Lie on your back and watch the ruminative cows and the peaceful birds. And don't dance, don't think about dancing. Forget it."

I did. I lay on my back and I watched ruminative cows. I also watched the peaceful birds, and in so doing made the acquaintance of Robert.

Robert is to me a small brown object that wears a red waistcoat and a green moustache of dangling caterpillars. I am to Robert a kind of Y.R.C.A. (Young Robins' Christian Association), which supplies shelter and food in unlimited quantities at infinitesimal cost.

Our mode of procedure is as follows: Robert appears on the ledge of my window, within a foot of my pillow, his head on one side, his beak containing two caterpillars, a big white grub and a small brown moth. To this insignificant collection he purposes to add a little bread or, if possible, cake.

I keep a small pyramid of pilules made from these intoxicating substances by my bed. I stretch out my hand, and Robert backs hastily to the end of the window-sill. I place the



Profiteer. "WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' WITH THAT DOG?"

Mrs. P. "WIPING 'IS TWEETY LITTLE NOSE."

Profiteer. "THERE YOU GO—DEMEANIN' YERSELF! WHY DON'T YER SEND FOR ONE O' THE KENNEL-MAIDS?"

pilule on the ledge, and he returns, tucks it with precision into an unoccupied corner of his beak, and disappears with a soft scurry over the rhododendrons. As a bird Robert may have his faults; as a husband I am convinced he is doing more than his bit.

It was all very idyllic. I lay on my back and gazed at a patch of blue sky with a branch of yellow laburnum across it, and fed that peaceful bird, and thoughts of the great city with its mad glad ballrooms drifted ever further away.

And then this morning Robert spoiled it all.

He appeared, as is his custom, as soon as the nurse had planted the breakfast tray firmly across my chest. Even to my sleep-dimmed eyes there seemed something distraught about him. His beak was, for a wonder, empty. He opened it and squeaked, then backed as usual to the end of the sill.

Hastily I wriggled from beneath the tray, grabbed at the toast-rack and stretched my hand out of the window with a tempting morsel in the centre of its palm.

Robert considered it and me for an instant in his one-sided fashion, lowered his head meditatively and then—apparently went mad. He advanced three steps, he retreated four. He proceeded to do a chassé sideways and wave his right leg in the air, then did the same with his left. He hopped forward to within an inch of my hand and hastily staggered back again. He extended his wings and jumped into the air. He advanced with a wild dive, retreated with a wilder, spun rapidly thrice round, wavered back to his original position and finally stopped, regarding me with ruffled feathers and an expression of the most utter imbecility.

I sank back on my pillows, the toast dropped from my palsied hand, and that small brown destroyer of my tranquillity hopped up sedately to eat it. I regarded him with dully horrified eyes.

He has spoiled my breakfast; he has ruined my country peace. He has brought the breath of town to my very windows. The hideous truth can no longer be concealed.

Robert has learned to JAZZ.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £ conscience money on account of income-tax."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is presumed that a profiteer, stricken with remorse, has sent the CHANCELLOR a blank cheque.

From an Irish time-table:—

"TRAIN SERVICE—SUNDAYS.

From Cork.	A.M.
Cork (Albert-st.) d. . .	11*0

* This train if filled will leave Cork before 11 a.m."

Who dares to say that Ireland is behind the times?

"Mr. Lloyd George will preside at a dinner at the House of Commons yesterday to Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial Staff."
Scotch Paper.

It has often been remarked with what intelligence the modern journalist anticipates things that have already happened.

THE CIVILISING OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

HERE am I in M'Banga. Scots myself I was attracted by the name, but my mission (from Government) is not to the wild tribes of Aberdeen but to the heart of Mid-Africa.

On the termination of hostilities the King, Umbongi, offered his services to fight the Germans, Turks, Austrians, Sinn Feiners, and their allies, and at all hazards to get a share in any distribution of President WILSON's Fourteen Points. Such was the purport of his letter in the Sebanga language. He did not seem to grasp the international situation, and in fact mixed up the Sinn Feiners with the Abyssinians, who are quite civilised. The Fourteen Points he apparently regarded as edibles. A postscript, to his letter stated with emphasis that he would take something on account, and that he would like the other Great Powers to appoint him mandatory to all outlying cattle. I was sent to talk things over with the King.

Regarding my mission as one for promoting civilisation, I translated the Laws of Golf into Sebanga, and brought with me the best set of clubs seen on the Equator, which forms part of a bunker on our sixth fairway.

M'Banga has now given up cattle raids and has taken to golf wholeheartedly, the Bantu languages lending themselves remarkably to this game. As I am a diplomat, the King has so far always beaten me, except upon one unfortunate occasion when my ball cannoned off a lion into the short eighteenth hole for one. However, I told the King that at St. Andrews to strike a lion without shouting "Fore!" gave one's opponent the game, and everyone was content, except the lion, who has not yet stopped running.

Owing to local conditions we have made some permissible alterations in the Royal and Antient game. The King, who is corpulent, hates dismounting from his caddie too often, and has invented a new rule by which, after driving off, we race for the ball lying in the best position. This innovation, borrowed from polo, should be welcomed by elderly mounted players. He invariably wins, and his victory is celebrated by deafening applause from the four-and-twenty tom-toms that precede us.

Umbongi has great respect for St. Andrews, and I have persuaded him that among the things never done there is the decapitating one's caddie when one misses the ball. He now says "Tut, tut" instead. Another concession to the traditions of the headquarters of the Royal and Antient game is the wearing of clothes by all players. As I pointed out to our head witch-doctor, no clergyman in St. Andrews would play a round attired solely in an old top-hat. Though not expressly forbidden by the rules, I said it was one of the things which are never done.

Civilisation is spreading rapidly in M'Banga. There have been no wars since I arrived with my Laws of Golf. All the assegais have been turned into cleeks, niblicks and corkscrews. The whole male population now spends its days on the golf links and the ladies attend to any necessary work. It is like being home in bonnie Scotland.

I am returning shortly with the honorary degree of WW.D. from the M'Banga University, and a letter from King Umbongi agreeing to the Fourteen Points, or as many more as we like, provided he receives at once a Dictionary of the Scottish language and an unlimited supply of golf balls. He desires, too, a ruling from St. Andrews University on the following points:—

(1) Are large snakes, of a peculiarly venomous kind, to be considered hazards of the green?

(2) In a match game all square and one to play and an infuriated bison on the eighteenth putting green, what is the etiquette?

(3) What (short of death) is the maximum penalty allowed to be inflicted upon a caddie with a sarcastic cough?

TO AN IDEAL CANDIDATE.

(During a recent Election contest a Candidate completely lost his voice.)

WHEN you, my Henry, lately wrote
That in your quest for high renown,
Just at the psychic hour, your throat
Had been and let you badly down,
It was not due to want of thought,
Which is a virtue that I prize,
When I withheld the sop you sought
And failed to sympathize.

In one with such a natural gift
For gassing till the crack of doom,
To find your lute reveal a rift
Must have occasioned utter gloom.
But in that hour of bitter need
Did there occur the thought to you
That silence does at times indeed
Assume a golden hue?

And see! Th' unequal contest 's done;
No longer do I hear you grouse;
For you (I guessed you would) have won,
And potter now about the "House."
So let me with you here rejoice
And thank Miss Fortune's comic touch
Which left the other man his voice
And let him "say too much."

The Boys of the Old Brigade.

"50 Yards Handicap, for boys under 61 years of age (open)."—*Irish Paper.*

MOTOR NOTES.

By "HOT AIR."

(After the manner of these things.)

A FEW days ago I had the privilege of inspecting a chassis representing the latest production of the Moonshine Motor Co.

This attractive model, which is of 25-30 h.p. (developing umpteen h.p. on the brake), while of orthodox construction, following sound engineering lines, nevertheless presents several novel and distinctive features which will specially appeal to the owner-driver, and I should not hesitate to predict that it will still further enhance the already deservedly high reputation of Moonshine Cars.

The framework of the car is carried on four circular wheels, two of which are placed in front and two behind, equal distances separating the two pairs. This is a device which will add considerably to the rigidity and smooth running of the vehicle, especially on bad roads.

The cylinders, which are of the gramophonic type, are cast in groups and are furnished with a roughened surface, which renders them very convenient for striking matches on.

The valves are of the semi-upersutic type, operated by longitudinal ferro-concrete cams, working eccentrically with phosphor-bronze bosses, which are actuated by semi-elliptical cantilevers from the differential. The usual difficulty encountered in similar designs, of the inaccessibility of the plunger-gudgeons, is overcome in a very ingenious manner by placing these on the dashboard with an adjustable adapter of case-hardened peroxide—a device which will not fail to recommend itself to the owner-driver.

The lubricating system follows orthodox lines and is of the centrifugal type operated by means of a soda-syphon pump, the handle of which is conveniently situated between the carburetter and the armature of the magneto.

The springs are of the quasi-apoplectic type and are calculated to absorb the shock of any ordinary breakdown.

The gear-box is a model of simplicity, and will on that account recommend itself to—— (No, I really mustn't say that again). The gears being situated by an ingenious device outside the box the latter can be used for storing spare parts, small articles of luggage, etc., and will be found very useful for touring.

The car is to be placed on the market at the extremely moderate figure of three thousand pounds, and the Moonshine Co. anticipate being able to commence delivery of this model in the early Autumn of 1925.



Highlander. "YE'RE FOND O' MUSIC, I'M THINKIN'? YE SHOULD 'A' BEEN WI' ME ON PEACE NICHT. THERE WAS SAXTEEN O' US PIPERS IN SANDY CAMEL'S WEE BACK PARLOUR, ALL PLAYIN' DIFFERENT CHUNES. MAN, IT WAS GRAND!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

METEMPSYCHOSIS alone will account for the phenomenon of *Samuell Pepys, Junior*, who has crowned his admirable work with a third and *Last Diary of the Great War* (LANE). It is rounded off by a happy dedication to Field-Marshal HAIG and some diverting designs by JOHN KETTELWELL. *General Pirpleton* and *Admiral Topper* still crab our every stroke of strategy and tactics, *Brigadier Brigstock* dispenses his robust optimism, *Mistress Pepys* still buys hats, each less comely and more costly than the last, while her lord, that notable cynic, reactionary, gossip and egoist, is busy with the latest idle or credible war rumour, the choicest morsel of scandal, the tastiest recipe for food, the cut of his clothes, his accounts, his ailments and his putts—and, more solidly, with the record of the hopes and fears of the wonderful but terrible years 1917 (from July) and 1918. I would certainly recommend intending historians to lay in these three volumes as an epitome in a brilliant shorthand of the facts and moods of the War—packed with shrewd comments and happy strokes of irony. For us others the book will serve as a most enjoyable way of recalling in a luxury of relief the anguish and suspense of these past great days. As a literary and dramatic *tour-de-force* I should judge it to be unsurpassed of its kind. As I have hinted there is here rather a matter of reincarnation than of parody.

Old *Jeremy Ammidon* thought that things on the seas were going to the devil. And if you suppose that this reflection was provoked by anything so new-fangled as the German U-boat campaign you are very much mistaken. It was the monstrous apparition of clipper-built boats in the port of Salem nearly two hundred years ago that troubled this retired master-mariner, the most carefully-drawn of the figures whom Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER has grouped in *Java Head* (HEINEMANN). I say "carefully-drawn" because this is the most lasting impression I take away from Mr. HERGESHEIMER'S book; and not because he cannot tell a story that thrills. There is indeed a moment when he brings together into one room the high-born Chinese wife whom *Gessit Ammidon*, old *Jeremy's* son, has brought home; *Nellie Vollar*, the girl whom *Gessit* had loved before, and *Edward Dunsack*, an opium-sodden clerk; and though I was certain that one of the three would commit murder or suicide before the end of the chapter, for several breathless pages I could not guess who or which it would be. Nevertheless it is the author's pictures of interiors, of gardens, of a ship's rig, of a Manchu lady's toilet that stay most clearly in my mind; if they do not interfere with the plot they stand out more luminously than the characters. In any case *Java Head* is an exquisite piece of work and one that will transport you from the prose of life into the regions of genuine romance.

In *Birds and the War* (SKEFFINGTON) Mr. H. S. GLADSTONE has collected some very interesting evidence to show that in adaptability to their surroundings birds are not to be beaten even by the British soldier. In the war-zone they persisted in singing, making love and building nests under the most appallingly discouraging conditions. The idea is that they preferred the din of battle to the treacher-

ous quiet of peace in which they were liable to be molested by people who had leisure for that kind of distraction. Their gaiety and insouciance were often a source of comfortable solace to harassed and tired soldiers; though Mr. GLADSTONE cites one occasion when, after terrific fighting, productive of heavy casualties, the bombardment had just ceased when a lark soared imperturbably into the sky and poured out its soul in a song so care-free that it called forth a very unusual protest from a prostrate Tommy. "What the 'ell is 'e singing about?" he asked. The book does not pretend to be anything more than a collection of extracts from various sources, but they are excellently set out.

The outstanding feature of *The Cow Puncher* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that all the characters in it talk like ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. But Mr. ROBERT J. C. STEAD cannot persuade me that they were doing it in Colorado at the time when, some score of years ago, one gathers, the high-principled but unlettered cow-puncher hero met the cultured but (to judge from the dialogue) almost as unlettered heroine from the East, and the two, after an exchange of high-principled and wholly Wilcoxian sentiments, decide to wait for each other. While waiting, the hero, in partnership with the villain, develops into a millionaire real estate man, though without abandoning any of his higher principles—which is absurd. There is nothing in common between an American real estate man and ELLA WHEELER WILCOX except the ability to sell hot air at a handsome profit. Well, the heroine crops up again and the young affection is renewed. But an unfortunate contretemps occurs. The heroine unthinkingly begs her lover to give up the idea of murdering his late partner in the midst of his villainies. So he rushes off and enlists (I can't think how modern American authors would manage to finish their stories if it wasn't for the War) and dies like a hero. The heroine lives to suffer and regret. The villain lives, we gather, to inherit the real estate business, and the author lives (this is the real tragedy) to write more stuff of the same kind.



ROMANCE ON THE LAND.

Land Volunteer (normally novelette-writer, to scarecrow's hat). "AH! MANY OF MAYFAIR'S LOVELIEST DAUGHTERS MAY HAVE THRILLED WHEN YOU WERE DOFFED."

"In talking to her I always feel that hers is a point of view—not, as one so often feels in talking, *especially to women*, that what they think is simply nonsense, and not a point of view at all!" I daresay the italicized parenthesis has already given you a sufficient clue to the author of this quotation from *Sister Woman* (GRANT RICHARDS), since there can hardly exist the male writer capable of quite such devastating candour. It may convey also a fair idea of the peculiar detachment that Miss or Mrs. J. G. SIME brings to these little studies of her kind. There are thirty of them in all, none more than a few pages long, each the result of the writer's shrewd, tolerant and perhaps rather insistently broad-minded outlook upon feminine life as it is lived, apparently, in a Canadian city. Clerks, munition-girls, charwomen—for every type the writer has a sympathetic eye, with, as I suggest, a suspicion of preference for those whose histories might be supposed to outrage convention. One fancies her still pleasantly thrilled by her own freedom from prejudice in this respect. Many of the sketches are admirably drawn (among the best an excellent study in "Jacquot and Pierre" of the practical French worker, and a very daintily told romance of a girl in a cheap drug store); but inevitably the collection as a whole suffers from some monotony of effect. Fortunately the remedy, skipping-exercise, is within the reach of all, and should add greatly to the reader's enjoyment.

Far be it from me to demand that the characters, and particularly the young females, of current fiction shall bear the hall-mark of reality, provided always they are entertaining. *Dimpsey Dorcas Durden*, the leading juvenile, if not the heroine, of *Bart* (HUTCHINSON), is not real, but she amuses. Having said that and added that the plot, or rather the action, of Miss DOROTA FLATAU'S latest novel is well sustained, one has said about all in its favour that justice demands. The hero is a bit of a fool; the gilded Society youths and maidens a trifle overgilded; the villain almost unnecessarily vile, and the hero's mother, though ever so darling, just a wee bit too pawky. But what matter since the book is obviously written to entertain, which it does, and not to hold the mirror up to fast Society, which it doesn't. If there is an especially false note it is in making the quite immoral *Dimpsey* try to elope with the villain—for the sake of the sensation merely—after he has been discovered in all his vileness and is departing for South America and oblivion. But again, what matter since by that time everything has turned out right for the really nice people in the story?

A VICTORY PAGEANT.

A KENTISH horse—a stately horse of Kent,
Pure white and bearing with a royal tread
His badge, "Invicta," the procession led.
And after him the soldier heralds went,
In painted sacking tabards, well content
To wear their gilded heraldry instead
Of weary fighting kit. Next, garlanded
The singing children came. And then we sent
Old smiling folk in waggons. Fields of grain!
Into the sacking tabards put away,
Your ripened corn may still be stored again.
Heralds! you 'll fold your painted coats and say
They are but pageantry. But you! our slain,
Will trumpet out "Invicta" every day.

CHARIVARIA.

A RESIDENT of Long Island, U.S.A., claims to have seen a triple-headed octopus of enormous size. It is evident from this that prohibition is not all it was cracked up to be.

* * *

A young giraffe was recently sent from Africa by a British officer as a present to the KING. We have since heard that the look of disgust on the animal's face, when it was housed at the Zoological Gardens instead of at Buckingham Palace, was painful to behold.

* * *

A young New York couple were recently wedded in the air. This is the first instance of an American marriage beginning in this way.

* * *

"Chislehurst," says a news item, "has decided to use maroons to call out the fire brigade." It may not be any quicker than the present system of dropping them a postcard, but it is thought that the moral effect on the fire will be excellent.

* * *

A destructive fire occurred last week at a basic slag works at Middlesbrough. The action of the crowd in permitting the fire brigade to try to extinguish it has made a distinctly unfavourable impression in mining circles.

* * *

The New York Shipping Board contemplate building two liners, each over a thousand feet long. Later on it is hoped they will build a liner which will bridge the Atlantic.

* * *

A West End thief last week used gas to stupefy a lady before robbing her. Can this be the beginning of a new method of painless extraction by pickpockets?

* * *

A sad case is reported from Scotland. In spite of prohibition in America it seems that a Glasgow man has booked a passage to New York. He was only twenty-eight years of age.

* * *

A premium of two thousand pounds is asked for the lease of a flat at Albert Hall in a *Times*' advertisement. The high premium is due to the fact that in the kitchen there is a coal fire laid in readiness for the winter months.

A man charged at Willesden told the magistrate that he was not a striker. He was put back for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

* * *

The dumping of German pianos into this country has commenced, says a contemporary. Perhaps Herr EBERT thought the Allies had offered to take it out in notes.

* * *

The Blandford County Council are offering a workhouse for sale. This is just the chance in these hard times for those desirous of setting up in business as a pauper.

* * *

We hear that Mr. MARTIN, on checking his forty million yards of linen, found it was a yard and a half short, and in consequence the Government have decided to hold a Court of Inquiry on the loss.

* * *

According to *The Weekly Dispatch*, BETSEY ARNOLD, who claims to be one hundred and seventeen years old, celebrated Peace Day by dancing round a Verdun oak-tree planted by the Mayor of ABERGAVENNY. We now hear that, on returning home, she was severely reprimanded by her parents for such childish conduct.

* * *

Now that the War is over will all those who are going to swim the Channel this year please stand up and be counted?

* * *

A marvellous story reaches us from Margate. It appears that a gentleman visitor placed his walking-stick in the sand, to illustrate to a friend the exact place where he lost a gold ring the previous year, and found on withdrawing it that the ring was not on the end.

* * *

Whilst walking along the towing-path of the canal near Atherstone in Warwickshire, a bargee tripped over a spade left there by a careless allotment worker and narrowly escaped being drowned. This is supposed to be one of the few recorded instances of a spade not being called a spade.

* * *

According to a daily paper a working man named EDWARD JONES, living near Chelmsford, has been married four times and is the father of sixteen children. This splendid effort to keep the good old English name of Jones from dying out deserves the highest praise.

* * *

It is interesting to note that to-day is the first anniversary of the day on which the last empty house was discovered in London.

* * *

In well-informed circles it is generally expected that as soon as a suitable word can be found to rhyme with "Peace," the POET LAUREATE may treat us to something really inspiring.

* * *

As anticipated, the visitor who, at a popular South Coast resort, slipped over the edge of a cliff but managed to hang on to the overhanging branch of a tree until rescued, now turns out to be a regular traveller on the Tube railway during its busiest hours.

* * *

"To obtain perfect results at golf," says a contemporary expert, "the two hands must work as one." What the professionals preserve a profound secrecy about, however, is which hand they should work as.



DOMESTIC CONFIDENCES.

Bride (after the ceremony). "JOHN, I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE."
John. "RIGHT-O! GO AHEAD."
Bride. "I'VE GOT TWO OTHER HUSBANDS ALIVE."

LETTERS THAT HELP US.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the papers which get this sort of thing done.)

"SOME" DUCK.

SIR,—I have a black-and-tan Bombay runner duck. Like all of its kind it is of a most affectionate disposition and catholic taste in diet. About four weeks ago it laid a perfectly solid and round egg, with which I subsequently played several rounds on the North Foreland links. I found it excellent for putting and short iron shots, but rather severe on my wooden clubs. You can imagine my feelings when the authorities of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, to whom I offered it, declined my gift as an "unverifiable specimen"! I should be prepared to exchange it for a side-car or a small landscape by SARGENT. ANDREW MERRILEES.

Gazeka Grange, Broadstairs.

A "GRAND" CANARY.

SIR,—My Canary, "Patti," which has been in the family since 1861, the year of the London *début* of the famous *prima donna*, was recently allowed out of its cage on my lawn, and in the space of about three hours ate the whole of a croquet-ball. No untoward results have so far been noticeable, except perhaps a slight lack of brilliancy in the bird's highest register. The really extraordinary thing is that it shows no appreciable increase in bulk. GLADYS WOLFF.

Gullane, N.B.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION IN A SEA-SERPENT.

SIR,—The shortage of the gooseberry crop has been very marked this year, and has been seriously felt by those reptiles which habitually depend for their sustenance on this nutritious fruit. I was fortunate enough early in the season to obtain a large consignment from Greenland for the benefit of the inhabitants of my aquarium, and in particular for a fine dwarf sea-serpent which I purchased a few years ago from a Norwegian trawler. Unfortunately, after long abstinence from its favourite diet, the creature attacked its first meal with such avidity that it was choked by a large and very hairy gooseberry, and in spite of all our efforts with the kitchen tongs never regained consciousness, but lapsed into a state of deep coma, in which it still remains. Repeated telegrams to Sir E. RAY LANKESTER for advice have remained so far without an answer, but we are expecting Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY to-morrow to interview and stimulate the patient, and have not given up hope.

A. MINCH HOWSON, F.R.Z.S.

Gotham Lodge, Great Grimsby.

SAD CASE OF A SQUIRREL.

SIR,—The tragedies of animal life are too often overlooked even in this humanitarian age. A squirrel which I had succeeded in half-taming was discovered a fortnight ago in a fainting condition on the terrace, having dislocated its jaw in the attempt to crack an ostrich egg which stood as an ornament on the dining-room mantelpiece. The jaw was put in its place by our chauffeur, but mumps supervened and the poor squirrel is now undergoing a rest cure in the Scilly Islands. When opportunity arises I hope to test his capacity in regard to crab, lobster and hedgehogs *au naturel*. THEODORE HOOKHAM.

The Oaks, Fakenham.

FELINE AMENITIES.

SIR,—None of your correspondents have so far noted the omnivorous habits of Manx cats. My cat "Bradda," though not despising milk, fish and fowl, supplements them with tin-tacks, sandpaper, Swedish matches and linoleum. I tested her the other day with the works of Mr. CHARLES GARVICE, bound in limp lamb-skin; but she drew the line. Now was it patriotism or criticism which inspired this grand refusal?

QUILLIAM QUIRK.

Laxey Hall, Cattewater.

THE DUPE'S DIARY.

MONDAY.

CALL me foolish if you like.
I have bought a motor-bike!
Felt I couldn't do without it
(Though I don't know much about it),
And the man who sold it me
Said, "It's cheap at forty-three.
She is not exactly new,
But that need not worry *you*.
There's a rest for both the feet,
Kick-start, foot-clutch all complete,
Spares and tools and lamps and gears—
She will run for years and years.
They are in this bag, you see
(I'm afraid I've lost the key).
Forty-three's the merest song;
There is simply nothing wrong."

* * * * *

Well, to cut the story short, he
Let me have the thing for forty.

TUESDAY.

Woe is me! She will not stir;
Something must be wrong with her.
I have pushed and pulled and cursed,
Done my best and said my worst;
Nothing happened. Then I found
That the wheels were far from round;
Both the mud-guards by mistake
Acted for the (absent) brake,
And whene'er I touched a spoke
It incontinently broke.
Now the boot-boy's working at her;
He may find out what's the matter.

WEDNESDAY.

In the bag that arrant scamp
Said that I should find the lamp;
I have forced the lock this minute,
There's a broken spanner in it
And a dirty bit of rag.
That is all that's in the bag.

THURSDAY.

I have got the thing to go.
Started perfectly in low,
And she sailed without a stop
To the nearest motor shop.
Both the wheels were turning round,
Engine barely made a sound
(Still, perhaps I ought to say
It is down-hill all the way).

FRIDAY.

Oh the villain! This, in short,
Is the garage-man's report:—
"Bikes depend so very much
On the thing they call a 'clutch,'
Which you have not got; besides,
Almost everyone who rides
Has a belt (or chain instead);
Also"—and he shook his head—
"It would go a trifle better
If it had a carburetter."

SATURDAY.

She has gone! She *did* look neat
When I pushed her down the street
Very early in the morning;
Then, without a word of warning,
Off she started like a shot,
Which, my reader, *I did not*.

SUNDAY.

Sunday is a day of rest,
And I cannot don my vest,
For my body's black and blue
And my head is thumping too;
On my chest's a leaden weight
And my back-bone's far from straight;
Both my knees are very sore,
While a brace of ribs or more
Are entangled with my liver—
And the bike is in the river!

"Mr. G. H. Roberts, the Food Controller, said that there appeared to be nothing involved in the mining dispute in Yorkshire that might not be settled amicably around a table."

Lancashire Daily Post.

"Mr. Roebuck went on to state the basis on which the 10 per cent. of the Sankey Report is founded. He continued: 'We had other grounds, impregnable and incontrovertible at least by the coal owners of Yorkshire.'"

Manchester Guardian.

If this conspiracy on the part of the Lancashire Press continues we fear there will be another War of the Roses.



HER NEW CHAMPION.

"*THE TIMES*" (*to Erin*). "YOUR OLD FRIENDS SEEM TO BE NEGLECTING YOU, MADAM; ALLOW ME TO PUT MY PEN AT YOUR SERVICE."



Soldier. "LOOK AT THAT SILLY BLOKE CLIMBING ABAHT 'ERE VOLUNTARY—AN' BIN IN THE ARMY TOO!"

EULOGY IN EXCELSIS.

As a result of the epidemic of mutual congratulation which has recently been raging, the opening meeting of the newly-formed Royal Eulogical Society was held on Thursday last at the Gigantic Hotel, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE being in the Chair. Among other members present were Mr. BONAR LAW, the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING, Mr. PAL MOORE, Mr. OWEN NARES, Lord NORTHCLIFFE, the Editor of *John Bull*, Mr. JAMES WILDE, several members of the Centre Party, Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE, Lord FRENCH, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Mr. HENRY AINLEY, Sir ALFRED MOND, Lord BIRKENHEAD, and the GEDDES family. The proceedings were remarkable for a unique display of spontaneous adulation, the intensity of which may be judged from a few extracts chosen at random from the verbatim report, a copy of which is forwarded to each member gratis. It may be mentioned that one of the rules of the Society clearly states that no speech may exceed five minutes in duration; which accounts for the absence of Mr. J. L. GARVIN, who felt unable to limit himself to such truncated eloquence.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: I have told you what I think of my friend, Mr. BONAR LAW; but how can I hope adequately to express my feelings towards my other friend, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL? The task is too stupendous even for me.

Mr. BONAR LAW: I have known Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL both as an ally and as an opponent, but in either *rôle* his head was always well above water. He is a man you cannot down—*drown!*

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL: Words fail me when I attempt to express my admiration for my friends and colleagues, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. BONAR LAW. However, I shall endeavour to do justice to their great qualities in their biographies, which I am hoping to write in due course.

Mr. JAMES WILDE in a few well-chosen words expressed the opinion that his friend Mr. PAL MOORE was the hardest-headed man he had ever met.

Mr. PAL MOORE guessed that his friend Mr. JAMES WILDE was caught bending very seldom indeed.

The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND: Recently, in another place, I had the privilege of studying my friend Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE at close, almost stuffy, quarters. I found him one of the most charming men imaginable, endowed, moreover, with an unusual sense of delicacy and an unquenchable thirst for information.

Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE: The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND is a man after my own heart. His intimate acquaintance with royalties is no doubt responsible for much of his affability and sunny disposition. He is an oasis in an otherwise arid waste of dukes.

Mr. OWEN NARES: My friend and fellow-worker in the sacred cause of Dramatic Art, Mr. HENRY AINLEY, is an accomplished actor whose *métier* leans towards the pseudo-serious-psychic. As soon as he finds a part to fit him he will fit it like a glove, and, I am sure, speedily recoup himself for all the sacrifices he made in answer to the call of King and Country. (Slow music, please—thank you!) I often think of him as I face my enthusiastic matinée audiences at 2·30 on Thursdays and Saturdays, and note the queues every evening at 8·15.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY: While serving my country on the Virginia Water Front I had ample leisure for reflection, thanks to the exigencies of my military duties, and I often wondered what the London stage would be like deprived of the refining influence of my friend and fellow-artiste, Mr. OWEN NARES. I

was inclined to think it would resemble the ball without *Cinderella*. At the same time I am convinced that Mr. OWEN NARES would have made an ideal O.C. of a Divisional Concert Party or manager of a Y.M.C.A. Hut.

POLITICS IN THE HOME.

LONG experience of the delightful methods of economy adopted by Government Departments in their dealings with their employees enabled me to cope satisfactorily with the exorbitant demand for higher wages submitted to me, through my wife, by Eliza, our cook-general.

All I did was to retire to the seaside for the week-end and there call a Cabinet meeting. My wife attended as Home Secretary, and I presided as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.

As a result of our deliberations the following letter was drafted: "Whereas it has been represented to Mr. Brown, by Mrs. Brown, that Miss Eliza Smith has hitherto been in receipt of emoluments wholly incommensurate with the volume of responsibility devolving upon her, and whereas Mr. Brown, after thorough and detailed investigation, desires to show himself in complete accord with this view, he is pleased to authorise Mrs. Brown to cease payments to Miss Smith in accordance with the scale of pay at present in force (viz., four pounds per mensem) on and after the 15th inst., and to substitute in lieu thereof, but not in addition thereto, payments in accordance with the new scale, which shall be four pounds seven shillings and threepence per mensem, as from the 15th proximo."

This done the Cabinet was reorganised and a meeting called. I rose as Chancellor of the Exchequer to protest against the additional drain on the revenue which this scheme would seem to involve; the Home Secretary pointed out that the deft use of the words inst. and proximo in its text made of the draft a miracle of statesmanship, providing, as it did, for the necessary increase to Miss E. Smith without causing the Exchequer to disgorge so much as a red cent more than hitherto.

The letter was accordingly despatched with the approval of all Government Departments.

To-day Miss Smith's criticisms are at hand. She demands at least double the increase. The Cabinet are on good terms with one another; the only alterations required in the original draft will be:—For "inst." read "ult." For "seven shillings and threepence" read "sixteen shillings." The arrangement will call for revision after one year, of course—but sufficient unto the day——



"THE NEW MEENISTER GAVE US A GRAN' SERMON THIS MORNIN'."
"OCH, AY, IT WAS AWFU' FINE. BUT D' YE KEN HE *READ* IT?"
"READ IT! I WOULDNA' 'A' CARED IF HE'D *WHUSTLED* IT!"

The House Boat's Chance.

"The League of Arts hopes that every house having a river frontage on both embankments will be made gay with bunting."
Daily Telegraph.

"The Government are not a three-quarter back trying to get their policy past the public goal-keeper."—*Times.*

Of course if they were a centre-forward trying to get their service past the public wicket-keeper it would be different.

Our Tactful Sailors.

"Lord Jellicoe walked to the fire that was burning in the grate, and stood with his hands behind his back. 'I cannot say too much about the warmth of the welcome,' he continued."—*Australian Paper.*

"Divorce is the only means by which 1½ can obtain moderate happiness."—*Evening Paper.*

We know that marriage makes 2 into 1 and divorce 1 into 2, but the above problem eludes us.

THE HOLIDAY BUREAU.

THE notice caught my eye as I was taking a short cut through an unfamiliar street: "Holiday Bureau," it ran, and then underneath in small letters: "Clients' individual needs supplied."

My most pressing problem just then was where to go for a quiet inexpensive holiday. I went in.

It was very like a railway inquiry office, but besides the usual pigeonholes there were shelves of bottles, as in a chemist's shop. A pretty girl was talking eagerly to the official-in-charge.

"And the catering must all be done for me," she was insisting. "I want to be able to get something to eat just when I fancy it, no regular meals, they are so upsetting to one's plans. Then I want plenty of sea-bathing *and* games, *and* a jolly set of people who will like the things that I like; and it *must* be cheap. Can you really manage all that?" Her voice was wistful.

"Certainly, Madam, we can supply the very holiday you require, on the Cornish or Devon coast."

"Cornwall! How lovely! But I thought it was awfully difficult to get rooms down there, and isn't food a problem in those out-of-the-way places?"

"I assure you that you will have no difficulty either about food or accommodation; and there is congenial society and plenty of sport, good fishing, swimming, bathing, flying."

"Flying? Oh!"

"Yes, Madam, I think that our Seagull Month will exactly meet your requirements. Half-a-guinea a week, plus railway fare, is our charge. The travel difficulty is simplified by taking no luggage; you will need none. You simply take this phial, monthly size; on arrival drink it; the change lasts for one calendar month; introductions go with the outfit."

"And my return ticket?"

"In your as-you-were suit, Madam;" and he bowed her out.

"Yes, Sir, and what can I do for you?"

"I want a quiet holiday," I said, "lively and congenial society, but not noisy. I don't want to be obliged to get up in the morning or to keep any sort of appointment. I'd like to lie in bed all day if I feel inclined, and perhaps stay up all night." It was astonishingly easy to reveal my most secret longings to this sympathetic listener.

"We have exactly what you require, Sir," he said; "our Rabbit Fortnight. You simply take a ticket to any locality you fancy—ah, excuse me a moment," as a large golden-haired lady rustled in.

"Oh, my dear good Sir," she cried, "*so* clever of you! I've had the time of my life. I can never be grateful enough—a *real* rest cure. Just lying in the sun all day long and living on cream, exactly what I've always longed to do. I had a fright though when the Fulkes called. I hadn't realised it was so near their place; but they never noticed me—so queer and refreshing, you know, not to be noticed. *Too* sweet of you to arrange it all so beautifully. My friends say they never saw me looking so well and want to know where I've been! I *had* to come and thank you. *Good*-bye," and she sailed out.



Beach Policeman. "CORPORATION DON'T ALLOW FISHING FROM THESE STEPS, SIR."

Hypochondriac. "I'M NOT FISHING. I'M JUST TAKING THE SEA'S TEMPERATURE BEFORE DECIDING TO BATHE."

"This lady——?" I began.

"A rather special arrangement," he answered. "We cannot always find vacancies. A guest in a pleasant house—as a Persian cat. And now, Sir?"

"Oh, please attend to this lady first," I answered hastily, as a thin shabbily-dressed figure entered, half-shyly as it seemed.

"Is it possible to arrange a cheap holiday?" she asked timidly.

She was obviously a lady and a very tired one.

"A cheap holiday for six children," she added, gaining courage. "I want to take them all into the country, but the present prices make it impossible."

The attendant looked sympathetic. "How would a month at a farm-house suit you, Madam?" he asked.

"The very thing," she said eagerly; "but it would cost so much."

"Not very much," he answered; "children are half-price, because the change takes effect on them so easily. Ten shillings a week for adults and five shillings for children is our charge for a farmhouse holiday. A month would quite set you up," he added.

"It would indeed," she cried; "but please explain. I do not understand how it can be done at the price."

"Take the children down to any pleasant farmhouse you fancy," he said, busily measuring a clear amber liquid into a medicine bottle; "find a quiet field or wood close by and give them each a tablespoonful of this, taking three yourself; rest a few moments and then walk into the farmyard. Great pleasure will be shown on your arrival and a private house and food provided. The probable comment will be, 'A late clutch!' but the hospitality will be none the less hearty for that."

"It will be just the thing for the children," she said, and left the office with a light step.

By this time I was so much interested in the other clients that I sat back in a corner watching them.

A sapper decided on an Eagle Week in Scotland, and an airman who wanted a complete change thought that a Mole Week-end would suit him down to the ground.

Then a very stout gentleman entered, with boots made of leather and coat-cloth made of wool, and a handsome gold chain and diamond studs.

"I want a really *comfortable* holiday," he said, "with a few like-minded friends, good food and a little gentle exercise."

"Yes, Sir, we have the very thing. We have made special arrangements with a farmer in the Shires, a trustworthy man; he has a well-stocked place and caters specially for gentlemen like you. You will be well housed, well fed and thoroughly appreciated."

They talked a while in low tones, making arrangements; but the fat gentleman seemed displeased with something.

"No, not very happy nomenclature," admitted the official humbly, "but these farmers are a homely race, and one must use terms which they understand."

"Still—Fat Stock!" objected the client.

"Quite so, my dear Sir; but what's in a name? *We* know the valuable services you will render to the country after this well-deserved holiday. And I do assure you that you will be thoroughly comfortable."

"And now, Sir," he said, turning to me in my corner as the portly gentleman left the office.



Passenger (to indignant guard on very slow railway). "YES, PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT IN SAYING IT'S ONLY SLOW BY COMPARISON. YOU SEE I'VE BEEN USED TO DASHING ABOUT IN A TANK."

"I'll take the Rabbit Fortnight, please," I said; "but is there not—er—some risk?"

"There is risk in all holidays, Sir," he replied with dignity—"mountaineering, motoring—what you will; but in your case, provided that you avoid the vicinity of a harvest field when the corn is being cut, I should say that the risk was very slight."

So I settled with him for the Rabbit Fortnight, and on reaching home put the phial safely away on the top shelf in my dressing-room; but at dinner the next evening my wife said, "We turned out your dressing-room to-day, dear, and Ann accidentally broke that little blue bottle—the one without a label."

And I cannot find that street again!

Necessary Candour.

"Snug Freehold Suburban Villa, £450: hot bath; not overlooked."—*Worcester Times.*

There was an old man in a mine
Who said, "Though the world should repine
And every soul
Be left without coal
My wages must never decline."

THE FAIRY RING.

I STOOD inside the fairy ring,
I kept my eyes shut fast,
I heard the fairies dance and sing,
I felt them whirling past.

Nearer and nearer still they came,
They touched my dress, my hair;
They called me softly by my name;
I heard them everywhere.

My heart was beating loud and fast;
I neither moved nor spoke;
And so they went away at last,
The tiny fairy folk.

To-morrow I shall go again
And seek the magic place,
I shall not be so foolish then,
I shall not hide my face.

But I shall stay for hours and hours
Until the daylight ends,
And we shall dance among the flowers
And be the greatest friends.

And I shall learn their fairy song,
And when I come away
I still shall hear it all night long
And sing it every day. R. F.

Another Impending Apology.

"An organ recital will be given on Tuesday at one o'clock by Mr. ——. On Wednesday the church will be closed until further notice for the repair of the organ."—*Weekly Paper.*

"Sam Weller's father pointed out, on a famous occasion, that 'the law is a hass!'"
Lloyd's Sunday News.

We live and learn. Was it perhaps *Oliver Twist's* uncle who said, "Beware of widders"?

"The Bishop of London the other day gave the London Diocesan Conference a few facts about his income. This, he said, was how it worked out:—

[CR.]		[DR.]
Income £10,000	Income-tax . .	£3,000
	Supper-tax . .	£1,500
	Rates and taxes	£2,000
Balance £3,500		£6,500

'It can't be done,' said the Bishop."
Madras Mail.

Then why not give up suppers?

A conjurer hailing from York
Inadvertently swallowed a fork.
When they asked, "Does it pain?"
He replied with disdain,
"I digest it far quicker than pork."

THE GREAT CONSOLER.

WHAT is Mr. JOHNSON doing? Everyone wants to know that. I happen by great good luck to have found out. He is not holding soft-pedalled conferences with prominent business men; he is not trying to introduce the teetotalisator at fashionable race-meetings. No; he is subtler even than that. He has persuaded the Government to appoint a secret Interdepartmental Committee, and you can guess how secret that must be. It is composed of representatives of the Board of Trade and the Board of Education, and its object is to revise the standard classical works of the English poets in such a way as to alter or dilute or eliminate the more Bacchanalian bits of them. A few stray minute sheets, floating down from a window in Whitehall, gave me the clue. I picked them up and read as follows:

"SONG OF THE BRITISH WORKING MAN.
(ACX 15397/R 509.)

"Betwixt the A.S.E. and suchlike things
I sat a-toping; for what hammer swings
When all the wide world to the dogs is gone?
So I kept on
Filling my pewter pint-pot up with beers
Bad as my fears.*
Betwixt the A.S.E. and suchlike things
I sat a-toping; for small comfort brings
Peace and her rainbow message from the sky
With rent so high
Betwixt the A.S.E. and suchlike things.

"And as I sat, over the light-blue sea
There came a noise of purring; cups of tea
Were forced into the hands of barmaids proud;
'Twas Pussyfoot and crowd!
The nasal accent twanged, nor overloud,
But soft as gentle strains from Ohio:
'Twas Pussyfoot and Co.!
They gained the shore, they climbed a tramcar's top,
Like to a parish outing up they pop,
Invoking shame with lifted hand and brolly
On all things alcoholly!
Ah then, ah then I let my tankard drop,
And I despised my ignorance and folly,
As boys despise, when cricketing in June,
The roasted chestnuts of a winter-moon;
I rushed into the trolley.

"Packed to the further end the triumph car
Had kings of commerce, members of the Bar
And various dons on;
The azure streamlets floated from them far;
Their hats, their coats were ebon as the night,
Their gloves of pearly-white,
And high above them all in pensive mood,
Trifling an ivory tooth-pick as he stood,
The young IONSON.*

"'Whence come ye, merry sports, and what about?
So many and so many and such drought?
Why have ye left behind your beans and pork
In little old New York?'
'We follow JOHNSON! JOHNSON on the ramp
Has moved his camp!
JOHNSON, YOUNG JOHNSON! whatso'er may hap
On Prohibition we have all gone nap;
Come hither, working man, and moulded be
To more efficiency.'"

The next sheet was so soiled with mud that I couldn't read it, but I've just managed to decipher the line:—

"Mounted on tabby-furs and tortoise-shells,"

in one place, and a little lower further on

"I saw repentant Pittsburg kneel a-down,"

and the last paper bore the following beautiful conclusion, from which it appears that the working man was so carried away by enthusiasm that he lapsed completely into the missionaries' tongue:—

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This would make a useful wedding-gift from a mutual friend.

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In justice to the very gallant force sometimes known as the "Wavy Navy" we protest against the suggestion that it wears its heart upon its sleeve.

THE SPREAD OF NEWSPAPER GOVERNMENT.

TAKING their cue from *The Times* and Ireland, other newspapers' plans for hastening the Millennium come thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. We can only very briefly mention the most important.

Perhaps the most momentous is that of the President of the North Boreland Golf Club, to which *The Daily Mail* has given its generous support, for the nationalising of golf courses, on the basis of (1) the abolition of the stymie, as that vexatious regulation has been shown to promote ill-will between the classes; (2) a minimum wage of ten shillings a day for caddies, and a daily allowance of half-a-pint of sloe-gin; (3) the inclusion of the President of the North Boreland Golf Club as an *ex-officio* member of the Cabinet, without portfolio or responsibilities, during his lifetime.

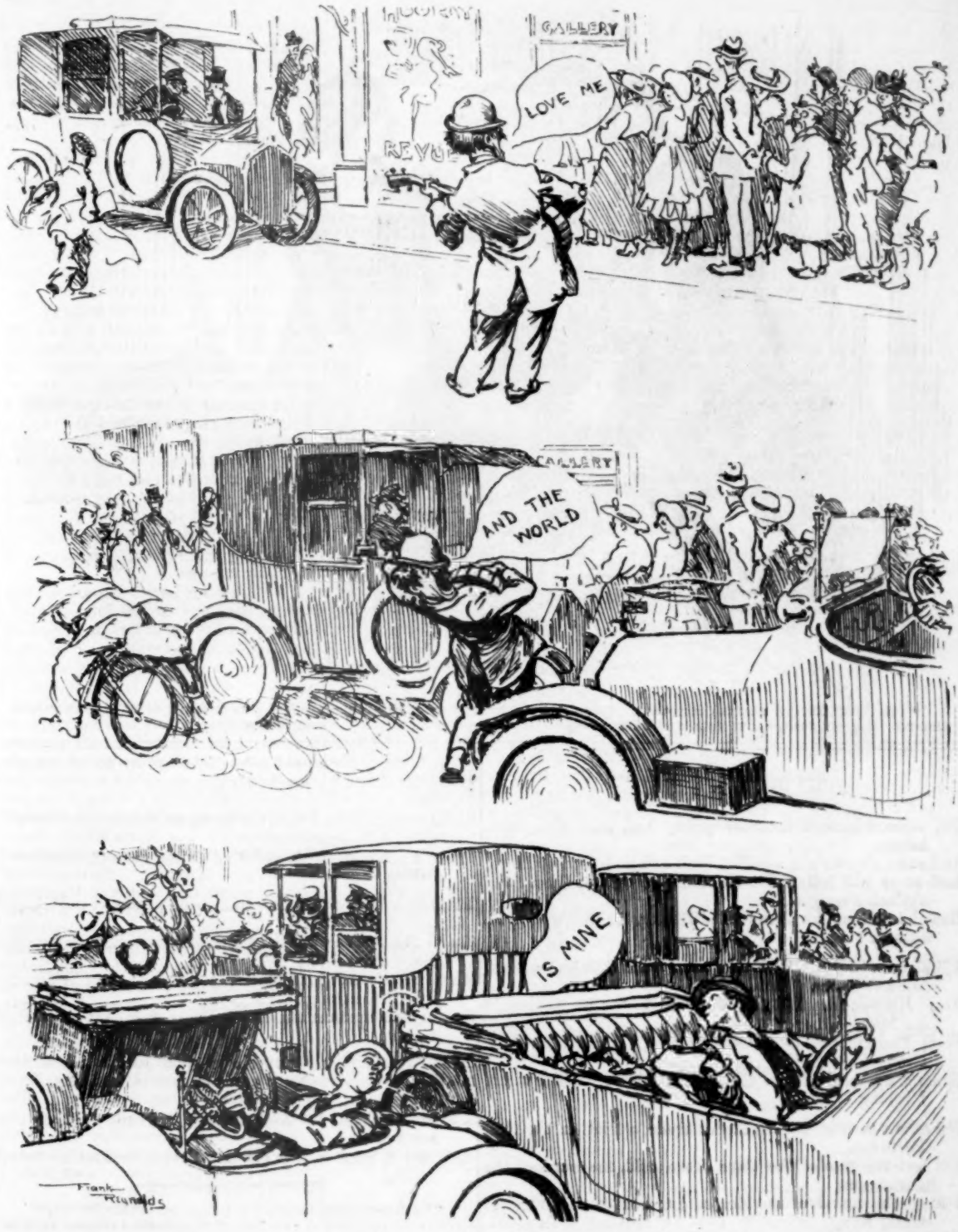
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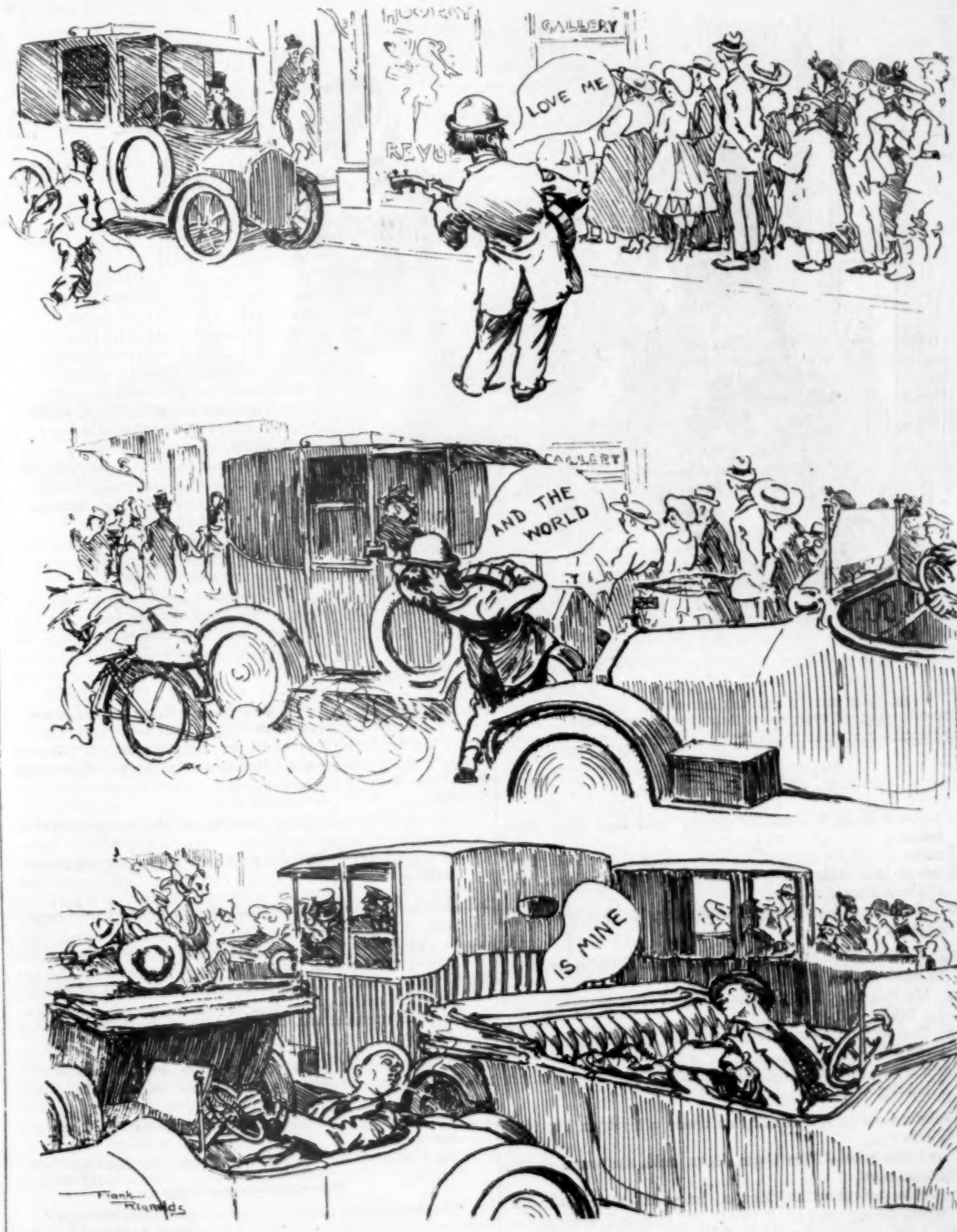
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A TRAGEDY OF CONGESTION.



"YES, I BELIEVE IN PLAYING THE GAME. I TOSSED UP WHETHER MY JUNIOR PARTNER OR I SHOULD COME DOWN HERE FOR THE REGATTA, AND, MY DEAR LADY, WILL YOU BELIEVE ME? IT TOOK FIVE SPINS BEFORE IT CAME RIGHT."

THE RED DUSTER.

(R.N.R. Demobilised.)

Oh, some will save their Navy pay and take their ease ashore,
And some sit down at an office desk and go to sea no more,
And some will follow the blooming plough and hear the skylark's song . . .
But oh! it 's me for the old Red Duster, for that 's where I belong.

I 'll sign and sail in the Lord knows what, I 'll go the Lord knows where,
From Hudson Bay I 'll beat my way to the Straits of old Le Mair,
From Pernambuck to Palembang, oh! I know I 'll not go wrong,
So long 's I 'm under the old Red Duster, for that 's where I belong.

I 'll take a turn in the Black Sea trade, a trick on the Gulf Ports run,
I 'll feel the bite o' the Cape Horn cold, the burn o' the Perim sun;
I 'll go the round of the blessed lot, from the Gunfleet to Hong Kong,
When I get back to the old Red Duster, the place where I belong.

There 's many a rum old sailor-town I mean to fetch again,
There are chaps I know in Mexico, there 's a port of call in Maine,
And many a light I 'll lift once more 'tween the Dondrah and the Tongue,
When I get back to the old Red Duster, the place where I belong.

I 'll ship aboard o' the first that comes, and any old thing 'll do,
And I don't much care if she 's sail or steam or whether she 's old or new,
There 'll be never a tramp too foul for me nor a spouter smell too strong,
So long 's I 'm under the old Red Duster, for that 's where I belong.

For Navy chaps are Navy chaps—good luck to all and one!
And Navy ways are Navy ways . . . and now the fighting 's done
I 'm sick at heart for a shellback's yarn my old-time pals among,
And oh! it 's me for the old Red Duster, for that 's where I belong.

C. F. S.

"EX-KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE TO BE FRIED SHORTLY."
Standard (Buenos Ayres).

À la mode de Mikado—"Something humorous, with boiling oil in it."



THE LONDON PUZZLE.

THERE IS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVES IN A SHOE;
SHE HAS SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO;
TO GET THEM TO WORK AND TO GET THEM TO BED IS
A PROBLEM TOO KNOTTY FOR EVEN A GEDDES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 28th.—A proposal to set up four consultative councils, presumably with appropriate emoluments, to assist the new MINISTER OF HEALTH, did not meet with the approval of Lord DOWNHAM. In his opinion the tendency of our new rulers to surround themselves with buffer-states strikes at the root of Ministerial responsibility. But the Peers were more impressed by Lord SANDHURST'S artful plea that "everything should not be done from Whitehall," and swallowed the councils by a small majority.

If all the heat engendered over the Cippenham motor-depôt could have been stored up for future use we could regard the coal-strike with complacency. Even Lord MILNER was stirred out of his usual impassivity by Lord DESBOROUGH'S criticism, and declared that his opponent had embroidered the Commissioners' report "with comment and innuendo and invective." He declared that the only "scandal" in connection with the scheme was the manner in which it had been attacked, and boldly predicted that far from being a failure it would, at present rates, have paid for itself in two years' time.

The policy of the "locked box" continues to find favour with Ministers. It is true that Mr. BONAR LAW expressed a hope that he would be able to reveal the contents of the fiscal casket before the Recess. But at the same time he intimated that the receptacle containing the Government's Irish policy was hermetically sealed and could not be opened in time for a debate upon the subject if the House was to rise in reasonable time. Some Members, to whom *The Times'* plan for satisfying Ireland's demand for a Parliament of her very own by endowing her with three makes special appeal, were disappointed; but the majority, I fear, were relieved to hear that their holidays would not be delayed.

Except as a vehicle for humour Ireland does not appeal much to the present House of Commons. The Minister of Labour having decided that the out-of-work donation cannot be extended to recruiting-clerks in that country—presumably on the ground that they belong to the class of permanently unemployed—an hon. Member asked if he was aware that several respectable men were in great distress. "It may be," replied Sir ROBERT HORNE, "that there are several respectable people in Ireland——" but the rest of the sentence was submerged in laughter.

Mr. BALDWIN, replying to a suggestion that the Government should take steps to "deflate the currency," observed that, thanks to the success of the recent Loan, the process had already begun. It seems odd that the first step in deflation should be "raising the wind."

The connection between the dog-tax and the salaries of Petty Sessions' clerks appears at first sight to be as remote as that between Tenterden steeple and Goodwin Sands. In Ireland however they are closely linked, the fees on the dogs going to provide the honoraria of the clerks. Desiring to improve the condition of this deserving class, Mr. DENIS HENRY brought in a Bill to raise the dog-tax from the modest florin at which it stands at present to three times that amount. Even then, as he pointed out, the Irish dog-owner would be eighteen-pence better off than the British. But the SPEAKER promptly clapped a muzzle on him, pointing out that if a Bill imposed a charge upon the public it must be originated in Committee.

Apart from this slight mishap the Government had a wonderful run of luck, and before eight o'clock had got through half-a-dozen Bills, one of which, for the irrigation of the Sudan, would in the old days have furnished matter for a couple of nights' debate, while another, the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, has before now been made the excuse for a pitched battle.

Tuesday, July 29th.—Lord SALISBURY has hitherto effectually disguised his affection for the Ways and Communications Bill. He must in reality be very fond of it, for he sought this afternoon to make two of it. But the parent of the child, as in the leading case before SOLOMON, thought that bisection would be fatal to the infant's continued existence, and successfully resisted the proposal.

For weeks past the Commons have been trying to extract from a dilatory Government the names of the new Ambassador to Washington and of the new Consul-General at New York. All sorts of rumours as to the reasons for the delay have been current, the most popular, of course, being that, like *Neptune* in the song, none of the possible candidates was willing to live upon dry land. And there may be something in it, for when the name of the Consul-General was announced this afternoon it was found that the Government had had to go all the way to Abyssinia to find him. Even under present conditions New York is probably a shade less arid than Addis Abeba.

The War Office is maintaining to the very last its generous attitude towards the Volunteers. Those pampered popinjays are, it seems, to have the privilege of purchasing the ammunition boots with which they were provided by a grateful country after wearing out their own. Not under cost price, of course—that would never do; nor even at cost price—you evidently don't know our War Office when it is on the economical lay; no, Sir, at the price (some eight or ten shillings more) which the War Office would have to pay if it were buying the same article to-day! I hope the genius responsible for this splendid stroke of business will get the appropriate Order.

Fearing that the Government might have overlooked the threat of the Triple Alliance to bring about a general strike if their demands on certain political questions were not conceded, Sir FREDERICK HALL kindly drew their attention to it and asked how many men were affected. Mr. WARDLE was much



The Hen (to the Marquis of Salisbury). "SURE AS EGGS IS EGGS I CAN'T WORK HALF SO WELL IF YOU DIVIDE ME INTO TWO."

[But fortunately for the bird the Lord High Executioner failed in the division.]

obliged. There were only 1,600,000 men in the Triple Alliance; but, yes, the Government had noticed it, thank you.

Talk of *Pooh-Bah!* There is a gentleman in Lincolnshire who already holds the posts of Relieving Officer, Vaccination Officer, Local Executive Officer (Ministry of Food) and Deputy Coal Controller, and has now been offered (and has accepted) an appointment as Cereals Inspector. It is believed that the last word has been spelt wrongly, and that he is to be "continued in our next."

Some adverse comment was passed upon Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S absence from Question-time, but he made up for it by sitting through a large portion of the debate on the situation in Russia, and throughly enjoyed the manner in which his last speech on the subject was bandied about between the two Front Benches. Large chunks of it, proving conclusively that we had no business to interfere with Russian internal affairs, were hurled by Sir DONALD MACLEAN and Mr. CLYNES at the devoted head of Mr. CHURCHILL. The WAR SECRETARY, drawing upon the same arsenal, found ammunition equally effective to show that we must not leave our Russian friends in the lurch. The Government policy is evacuation eventually, but in the meantime our Commanders on the spot are to have every latitude in conducting their operations.

Wednesday, July 30th.—Mr. LONG reported that nineteen vessels of the ex-German fleet had been salved from Scapa Flow, but did not display much desire to increase the number, and promptly turned down Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY'S suggestion that German salvage-companies (which he characteristically implied were much better than ours) should be employed in the work. The Government and the House generally were more sympathetically disposed to Mr. RENWICK'S request that the resources of our shipyards should not be wasted on repairing these derelicts.

Many complaints of the continual delay in the issue of passports were addressed to the Foreign Office, and Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD promised to attend to them. But he turned a deaf ear to Colonel WEDGWOOD'S suggestion that the examination of passports on the return journey should be confined to aliens. There are some British travellers, I gather, whose return to their native country it is not desired to facilitate.

The silence of the POET LAUREATE during the Peace-celebrations has vexed the literary soul of Mr. BOTTOMLEY and induced him to make a suggestion. Why not revive the ancient practice of paying a portion of his salary in Canary, on the off-chance that it might inspire him to sing like one? Mr. BONAR LAW doubted whether, with wine at its present price, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would approve the proposed transaction; besides, he might feel a certain delicacy in giving so rare a minstrel the sack.

In moving the Third Reading of the War Loan Bill the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had the satisfaction of announcing that since his last statement about sixty millions had been added to the receipts. In new money the Funding Loan and the Victory Bonds had run neck and neck, 287 millions to 286. But as regards conversions the Funding Loan had won hands down with 120 millions to 72. It is believed that the miner's wife who complained the other day that if her husband brought home much more money she would have to put some of it in the bank must have carried out her threat.



"MUZZLED."
MR. DENIS HENRY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND.

"This little sparkle is from the pen of the writer of the immoral 'Alice in Wonderland.'"
Indian Paper.

Personally we have only read the expurgated edition, and found it charming.

"HEALTHY HOLIDAY.—PICKLES wanted for Fruit Farms at BLAIRGOWRIE and AUCHTERARDER. Cheap Fares. Good conditions. Arrangements made for parties of friends to be accommodated in the same hut."
Scotch Paper.

We know a lot of little pickles who would be delighted to oblige.

The Army of Un-Occupation.

Notice exhibited in a village in the British zone:—

"R. T. O.
OFFICE HOURS . . 9 TO 5
This Office is closed from 11 till 4.
Messages should be left between these hours."

OUR ENEMY STILL.

WHENEVER I pay a visit to my brother it has become almost a matter of routine that I devote an hour each evening to my nephew Robert, my niece Henrietta and their nursery. Many an hour have Robert and I spent in marshalling hordes of tin troops over the green linoleum and laying waste cardboard houses and villages. The uniforms and nationalities of our armies are of little account. One of the best battles I can remember was between some thirty or forty Grenadier Guards, under the command of Robert, who had temporarily assumed the character of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, against a troup of staunch boy scouts, supported by Red Indian cavalry, gallantly led by NAPOLEON THE THIRD, whose earthly shell was that of a Colonel in the St. John's Ambulance Corps.

During these combats Henrietta sat at the other end of the nursery ministering to the wants of a large family of dolls. In spite of Robert's protestations I always devoted ten minutes of the hour to his sister. But neither Henrietta nor I found this very satisfactory; I am not a family-man and never shall be.

Since the declaration of Peace—I refer, of course, to the wars outside Robert's nursery—Henrietta has developed a taste, simple as yet, for mechanics. Her family lies in ghastly disorder at the bottom of the toy-cupboard, and now she sits in the same corner winding up a clockwork-man with a waxed moustache who continually saws a piece of wood. From time to time kindly relations add to her collection. Last Christmas she was presented with a performing acrobat, who gyrated madly round a horizontal bar.

The other day I spent the week-end with my brother and, as usual, went up to the nursery. For once I went, not as a general, but as a propagandist. I had heard that German ships had already sailed from their harbours, bearing Eastward cargoes of merchandise in order to re-establish their trade. A large portion of this merchandise would consist of toys; therefore I felt it my duty to warn Robert and Henrietta lest they should unwittingly trade with the enemy.

"Robert," I said, as we moved to and fro over the linoleum, "never allow a German toy to darken your nursery cupboard."

"No fear!" replied Robert, as he deftly advanced a platoon of infantry into a position that threatened my right flank. "Now, Uncle Henry, *do* surrender and we'll have a grand march-past!"



Kathleen (to father, who has accidentally broken her pet doll). "Y-YOU ISN'T WORTHY TO BE A GRANDPA."

I surrendered and left Robert to arrange the march. I found Henrietta winding up a new toy with tremendous enthusiasm.

"Hullo, Henrietta, what 's this?" I asked.

"German pwisoner," puffed Henrietta curtly.

Having wound it up she placed it on the floor. It was, indeed, a splendid toy. There was a platform and some ingenious machinery, the result of which was that an English soldier with a bayonet was continually pursuing a German soldier, alternately prodding him with his bayonet and administering corporal punishment with his boot. Henrietta and I were convulsed with laughter.

"By Jove!" said I, as the pair came to rest with the Englishman's boot firmly emplanted on his foe, "that 's good. I 'll bet you it 's a French toy . . . they 'll never forget. Let 's have a look at it, Henrietta."

She handed it to me. I picked it up and searched for the familiar *Marque Deposée*. I searched in vain. But on the sole of the German's boot I found four letters—"D.R.G.M.," which, alas! signify "Made in Germany"!

So the enemy had already arrived, without humour and without shame.

THE DIPLOMATS.

IV.

MY DEAR HENRY,—The demands upon us are of infinite variety and come from applicants of every possible nationality. One has only to set up in business abroad these days and state on the door-plate that one is BRITISH, and the whole of Europe is represented in the queue waiting outside one's front-door next morning. The requests may be for anything, from the loan of an infantry division to the purchase of a gent's summer suiting. About twice a week a deputation waits upon us with the simple request that we should take over Turkey *en bloc*, and then all will be well. When I rise to reply that we, Bill, Ralph and myself, are only we, myself, Ralph and Bill, the deputation, with true Oriental cunning, takes it for granted that we are saying the exact opposite of what we mean and asks for a further appointment on the day following to arrange details of the transfer. Sometimes I have been goaded into saying that if the deputation isn't careful I *will* take over Turkey, and at this the deputation frowns at itself and determines to dismiss its spokesman for having put me off the bargain when I was just about to accept. But the Oriental is a sticker and likes to make a long job of a thing—the long way round for the long way round's sake. I sometimes wonder whether the water is not dripping with effect on to the stone; is Bill thinking, after all, of taking over the Ottoman Empire? Upon my word I doubt if anyone would notice it at home if he did.

About two-and-a-half months ago a man came to us and said he wanted nothing. Pressed to reveal the meaning of this overture, he explained that he wanted absolutely nothing. He had just dropped in to make our acquaintance and have a chat. We tried him with the offer of a British Army Corps, a ninety-nine years' lease of the Port of Smyrna at a peppercorn rent, or five francs and a packet of cigarettes to tell us all he knew. He said he wanted nothing and offered us a cigar each. I looked at my watch with a sorry-to-appear-rude-but-there-are-a-dozen-ex-emperors-waiting-in-the-ante-room expression; Bill asked him to repeat his name and took it down in block letters for future reference; Ralph, recognising a kindred spirit, pulled up his chair in an encouraging manner, accepted the cigar and generously gave him one of my matches. It ultimately transpired that when he said he wanted

nothing, he meant nothing to speak of. He wanted to know the contents of the Peace Treaty as at that date just presented to the German delegates at Versailles. Bill grunted; I gathered myself together to kill him with a speech, and Ralph seized the opportunity to explain that what I was about to say was that the contents of the Peace Treaty should be his by noon to-morrow. His train for his distant home country was to leave in the early afternoon.

I asked Ralph, after the man's departure, what he meant by promising the impossible to a more than improbable customer? Ralph pointed out the fact that he was a newspaper man of a far country and therefore of infinite use. We said we saw no use at all; his news columns we could read without his permission, and his advertisement columns were his own affair. Ralph observed that there is a half-and-half column, which looks like news but is really advertisement; we should want a place in that some day all to ourselves. There was something in this; no scheme is possible these days without advertisement. We did not know what we might be doing to-morrow. We have not too clear an idea what we are doing to-day.

But how to get the Peace Treaty? "That," said Ralph, "I leave to you," and went his ways, no doubt, to involve us in further undertakings with his low friends. "We've got to do it," said I. "We must keep in with Ralph, since soon we shall be wanting a second motor-car." Bill agreed; Bill feels inwardly that we ought to have a car apiece.

I asked a Secretary of the Legation to lunch. I also asked his wife to lunch. I made it clear that if there had been any children I would have asked them too. The Secretary inquired what this was all about? I told him to get on with the costly food and not be suspicious. I said that he would, of course, take coffee—the special coffee. I told him that his wife would also. And a liqueur? Or two? And cigars? Would his wife break her rule and also have a cigar this once? I made it clear that if there had been any children they should have had a box of Coronas each to play with. "And now be a good fellow," I said, "and show me that Peace Treaty of yours."

The Secretary said he would have been only too glad to divulge the whole secret, did he but know it. He would have even borrowed the Legation copy, had there but been one. He would have entertained the entire *personnel* of all the Allied Legations had it not been the fact that they also were kept in the dark. Developing the matter further, he pointed out that the Four were keeping the details entirely to themselves; the House of Commons in England was clamouring to be told, and clamouring in vain; Senators in America, who had got hold of some spicy bits and were repeating them, were being threatened with dire punishment by the President, who was said to be contemplating the issue of fourteen more points, if they weren't careful; and in every Allied country every man who could set pen to paper was writing letters to his favourite journal, apologising for trespassing on its valuable space, but insisting on the scandal of keeping the terms hidden even from the important people in the Home Government. So, said the Secretary, there was nothing doing, and there would have been no better results even if he had had a dozen children and I had filled them all to the brim with caviare.

So that was that. If the Four were keeping their *magnum opus* so SECRET, CONFIDENTIAL, PERSONAL AND PRIVATE as that, the Three were down and out in the matter. But were they? Where was Bill all this time, and what was he doing?

Bill often strolls round to the shop of the German Official Propaganda Bureau, about lunch-time, to read the latest news about Ireland. He asked the man behind the counter, in his best German, if he had any notes about the Peace Treaty. The man behind the counter presented him with a handsomely bound volume, printed and published that very morning by the German Society for the Prevention of War and the Suppression of Tyrants, and being "The Official Peace Terms, as Presented by the Four to the German Delegates at Versailles." It was in English.

Bill bought two copies, one to be given (with cover removed) to our impressionable friend, the other to be sent (with cover) to our House of Commons. Yours ever, CHARLES.

OUR WASHINGTON POST.

MANY people seem to think that Mr. Punch has it in his power to accelerate the Government in appointing a British Ambassador to the United States. The result is that he receives letters on the subject every day. He has no hope of either himself or anyone else being able to accelerate the present Government in any direction whatever, but it is flattering to be thought so influential.

A selection of recent letters follow:—

Lord RIBBLESDALE writes: If Mr. BONAR LAW could be spared from Parliament he would, I am certain, make an ideal Ambassador to the States. He has a balanced mind, a pleasant way of temporising and doubtless other qualities of use in a diplomatic intermediary. But being so conscious of his value to the Government, for perhaps just those reasons, I hesitate to bring him to the PRIME MINISTER'S mind as a possible choice. One cannot think of Westminster without him in his capacity as a buffer between the Government and its critics, a palliator of attacks and a deprecator of action. I must therefore fall back on other suggestions. What price Lord ESHER?

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: I can think of no more suitable emissary from the Old Country to the New than H. G. WELLS. Could you not secure his appointment, and quickly? He is just what America would most appreciate; he is alert, imaginative, audacious and a man of letters. For long it has been America's custom to appoint men of letters to such posts; why should we not return the compliment? The duties of Ambassador might also so occupy his time as to enable WELLS to take a rest from writing.

Mr. H. G. WELLS writes: The more I think of the problem of filling this Washington vacancy—and I began to study it last night—the more convinced I am that BENNETT is the ideal candidate. BENNETT is alive to the spirit of the times, he has a Transatlantic reputation, he is a publicist and man of the world. I can see in the mind's eye delightful discussions between BENNETT and WILSON, in which one will support the Five Towns and the other the Fourteen Points. Moreover, if BENNETT takes the job, he will be able to lay aside his pen for a while.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE writes: Were it not that America has taken the foolhardy and inconsidered step of going dry I should be willing to consider the flattering offer which recently reached me from high quarters to accept the post of Plenipo in Washington; but such is my detestation of forcible prohibition that I must decline. I venture to suggest as a substitute for my unworthy self Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who makes no secret of his devotion to aqueous inspiration, or Mr. CHESTERTON, whose love of paradox would be amply rewarded in such an environment.

Sir HARRY BRITTAIN writes: I have filled the post of British Ambassador to America, in an honorary capacity, for so long that don't you think I might now just as well have the position and emoluments as well?

Sir OSWALD STOLL writes: Surely if there is any real wish to appoint a live Ambassador to Washington the Government need not look further than Sir ALFRED BUTT? Here we have a gentleman of zeal whose successful en-



Mistress (nervously to maid whom she has caught trying on one of her dresses). "Now, Gladys, I don't think that is at all nice." *Maid.* "Oh, *don't* you? And I was just thinking it wasn't *'alf* bad."

terprises are almost too numerous, and one, moreover, who not only knows America, but has profited by his knowledge. London, it is true, could ill spare him; but I for one should be prepared, in the interests of my country, to make the sacrifice.

A Man in the Street writes: Is there no Geddes available for Washington? That there should be a Geddes' shortage at this critical time is unpardonable.

"SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

A1 men cannot be reared on C3 novels.—*Sir James Crichton-Browne.*"—*Observer.*

Although Sir James really said "in C3 hovels," he is not likely to quarrel with our contemporary's version.

A typist's advertisement:—

"Authors' MSS. promptly and carefully executed."

If publishers would only employ this lady more freely they would save reviewers a lot of unnecessary labour.

THE OLD SPIRIT.

In distant ages dead and gone,
  The days when Nature knew no trammels,
When roamed the mighty mastodon
  And many an outside size in mammals,
The lover who was worth a rush,
  If such alarmed his heart's possessor,
Fared forth and did his best to crush
  The pliocene transgressor.

He tracked the monster to his lair
  In tangled wood or mountain cragged,
And resolutely clubbed him there
  Or pelted him with something jagged.
Then home again in triumph went
  (Unless, perchance, he lost the tussle)
And told his mate how love had lent
  A might unto his muscle.

I can't perform such feats for you,
  Much as I 'd like to do them, Winnie;
The ichthyosaurus is napoo,
  The mastodon entirely fini,
But one thing I can do to-day
  To prove my love no idle rapture:
Pale but determined I will slay
  The mouse-trap's latest capture.

"To ex-R.F.A. Officers.

I am asked to say that the ex-R.A.F. Officers' City Luncheon Club has now transferred to ——'s Restaurant."—*Weekly Paper.*

Not 'arf.

"Wanted, Oak Sideboard; also C—arpet."
Northampton Daily Chronicle.

For K—aty's new home?

"'The R—— has given every satisfaction, beyond every expectation,' writes Miss —— of Clovenfords, Selkirk, after riding it daily 8,005 miles as rural postwoman."
Hamilton Advertiser.

Aren't some women splendid?

"The square-cut neck, guiltless of collar-band or frilling, is far kinder to those who lack swan-like throats. Only the Rosetian neck can wear an ample ruffle with importunity."
Daily News.

A variation on the ten-pound look?

THE FATALIST.

Of course Elizabeth isn't to blame. She will tell you herself that she was "born unlucky." But destiny having now woven my life with hers it has made me unlucky too. You see, Elizabeth is my domestic worker—a product of peace. She is not clean or tidy or respectful or economical or a good cook; but Nature having endowed her with enough propelling power to enable her to wash up, I cling to Elizabeth with the steady force and tenacity of the barnacle.

The only thing that I actually complain about is her intense fatalism. "I 've been unlucky an' broke the teapot this mornin'," she announces. "That means I 'll break another two things afore the week 's out. It always goes in threes."

"Then hadn't you better smash something that is of no value at once," I suggest anxiously, "and get it over?"

"It 's no good," she says with conviction; "I 've tried that before an' it didn't work. It has to be done unexpected."

There is something positively uncanny in the way misfortune lies in wait for that girl; you would think that after causing her to break two full breakfast services it would leave her alone for a while. But no, she has now started on a third, and her luck shows no sign of changing.

Spilling the salt accounted for three burnt saucepans and the collapse of the plate-rack (at the moment fully charged); while seeing the new moon through glass caused her to overlook the fact that she had left a can in the middle of the staircase. Afterwards (during the week that I waited on her on account of her sprained ankle) she said she would never go near a window again until the moon was at full and quite safe.

Of course I do my best to parry these mysterious blows of fate. And when it was necessary for her to clean the drawing-room I took away everything that a mysterious agency might cause to come to bits in her hands. I left her alone with the grand piano and scrubbing materials and went out to spend the afternoon with cheerful countenance. I returned rather late, and directly Elizabeth opened the door to me I saw something was wrong.

"I've been unlucky," she began.

"Unlucky," I faltered. "But what with? Don't say the piano came in two directly you touched it?"

"It wasn't me 'ands," she said; "it was me feet. The floor gave way and I went through."

"You went through the floor!" I marvelled. And then my face cleared. The house is not mine, and after all the landlord has no right to escape these unusual machinations of fate.

"I knew something 'd happen when I put the boots on the table by accident this mornin'," she explained. "It 's always a bad sign."

But you mustn't think that Elizabeth allows her fatalism to interfere with her judgment. For she came to me the other day looking actually concerned. "I 'm sorry, 'm," she said, "but them two varses that was on the mantelpicce in the pink bedroom——"

I started up. "Don't dare to say you 've been unlucky with them!"

"No, 'm, I wasn't unlucky. I was just careless when I broke those."

My Sèvres vases that I love, dearest of my possessions, and which, in the words of those who keep shops, "cannot be repeated!" I regarded Elizabeth, no longer able to control my wrath. I cared not that the bitter recriminations I intended to hurl at her would bring forth the inevitable month's notice—that, at the first hint of her leaving me, a dozen at least of my neighbours would stretch out eager hands to snatch Elizabeth, a dozen different vacant sinks were ready for her selection. I did not care, I say. I had loved my vases, and in that moment I hated Elizabeth.

But she began to speak before I did. "It isn't as if I 'd been unlucky—I couldn't ha' helped *that*. But I know when I 'm in the wrong"—she unfolded a parcel she had in her hand as she spoke—"so I went out larst night an' bought these to replace what I broke. Right 's right, *I* always say;" and she laid down before me a pair of vases on which were emblazoned gigantic and strangely-hued flowers that could belong to no earthly flora. "They 're bigger than the varses I broke," murmured Elizabeth, regarding her purchase with satisfaction.

And then I saw that she wore an expression of lofty pride, that she glowed with the calm satisfaction of one who has made ample reparation. Looking at Elizabeth just then you might almost have thought that she had a soul. Really, it gave one an odd feeling.

I picked up her offering and regarded it in silence, while my æsthetic soul shook to its foundations.

"Thank you, Elizabeth," I said humbly.



REINFORCED HATGUARDS.

An absolute necessity with straw hats at their present price.

"Experienced Sweater Wanted."

"Improver Wanted in smithing business; able to strike."

Advertisements in "Luton News."

Not content with its recent disturbances, Luton appears to be asking for more trouble.

Culture.

"Proof that audiences in Dublin can appreciate the best in dramatic art was furnished by the reception given Mr. —— last night at the close of each of his impersonations of Shakesperian characters, especially that of 'Peggotty.'"

Irish Paper.

"For immediate disposal, two Donkeys and one Bath chair; full harness, etc.; in excellent condition; price £65. Clerks, Assistants, Wanted."—*Provincial Paper.*

To fill the vacancies?

From a Board of Guardians' report:

"The cost of maintenance of lunatics had increased by £798, £220 having to be found to meet election expenses."—*Provincial Paper.*

There *were* some very odd candidates at the last election.

There was a brave son of Sinn Fein
Who was toasting his Cause in champagne;
But on learning by chance
That the wine came from France,
He at once abjured all alcoholic liquors
—always excepting Irish whiskey, vodka (Trotsky brand) and the heavier vintages of Spain.



Lady Visitor (who has been told she cannot have any milk, it being very scarce). "But what will you do when the rush of visitors comes later on?"

Local Dairymaid. "Och, we 'll juist hae to streetch it."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Jeremy (Cassell) is an attempt at that very rare thing, an absolutely sincere book about childhood. I can imagine Mr. Hugh Walpole embarking upon it with the stern resolve to avoid at once artificial sentiment and the tongue-in-cheek manner of the self-conscious humourist. Just how far he has succeeded I will leave the individual reader to determine; he has certainly produced an unusually interesting study of nursery life. We meet the hero, *Jeremy*, trailing clouds of glory on the morning of his eighth birthday; we take leave of him, a year later, departing for his first school. This momentous period Mr. Walpole has reviewed in twelve chapters, each making its definite mark in *Jeremy's* development towards boyhood—the arrival of the family dog, an engaging monster named *Hamlet*, loved by *Jeremy* throughout the book more than any created being; the departure of Nurse ("Jampot") and the advent in her stead of *Miss Jones*, middle-aged and inefficient, whom the nursery tortured and then protected; trouble of illness in the house, and the like. So far as memory serves one may say about the three inmates of the *Cole* nursery that they ring true. *Jeremy* himself, cruel, vain, curious, affectionate, dreamer and profound egoist, does exercise the charm of genuine childhood, exceptional, perhaps, but real; while of his two sisters, *Mary*, the "misunderstood," with her too-jealous affection and her fatal habit of untimely sentiment, is a portrait almost painfully convincing. Of course the incidents are "arranged" to some extent; in actual life events would hardly fall out so readably. But this only means that Mr. Walpole is a practised novelist, whose determination not to emulate heaven and "lie about about us in our infancy" (if you will forgive the antique jest) has resulted in a volume that will provoke both laughter and discussion in equal parts.

If novels whose authors have their location—to use their language also—in the United States at all represent real life in those promiscuous parts it must be the very nicest place on earth in which to be a damsel in distress. From the perusal of many American novels on this theme I have gathered that a little distress at first is an absolute guarantee of the heroine's ultimate health, wealth and happiness. The history—as told by Mrs. Amanda B. Hall—of *Daphne Haggin*, the eldest of the family who inhabited *The Little Red House in the Hollow* (Hurst and Blackett), is no exception to the rule, and I may say for myself that after the first page I never expected that it would be. *Daphne's* distress was that, while visiting her rich relations, she met, loved, and was kissed by, a fashionable young artist addicted to wearing white suits all the year round (which convinced me at once that he was not a really nice person), who afterwards found her drunken father and ramshackle home sufficiently discouraging to prevent him from carrying the affair to a proper conclusion. His perfidy had the

unfortunate result of blinding *Daphne* for some time to the worth of the ideal American hero who opportunely arrived upon the scene; but a comparison between the conduct of her two lovers on the occasion of a fire opened her eyes effectively, and, after receiving and refusing the long-delayed proposal from the artist, a little flustered by the consciousness that he had not shown up to advantage as a fireman, our heroine comes out of her distress triumphantly all round. When I tell you that it is said of the heroine that "she squinted archly at him (the hero) over her sandwich," and of the hero that he was "thin and attenuated," you will perhaps decline to believe me when I say further that it is a pretty story quite prettily told. But it is.

Storm in a Teacup (HEINEMANN) makes me wonder whether Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' plan of explaining an industry and telling a story in the same book is altogether happy. Here, at any rate, the difficulties which beset those who try to combine instruction with amusement can clearly be detected. And although I have learnt quite a lot about the manufacture of hand-made paper and have read the attendant love-tale with enjoyment I do not think that the harnessing of the one to the other has been neatly done. It is not a gay world into which we are introduced. *Medora Dingle*, a vain young woman, imagined that her husband was too brainless to appreciate her, and she conjured up so many grievances against him that she eventually sought safety in flight with one *Kellock*, who knew considerably more about Labour questions than about women. Indeed, this Labour light, pending the divorce, treated *Medora* solely as a companion and typist. *Medora*, however, soon tired of this unwifely existence and in the end returned to the husband from whom she had fled. We are led to suppose that by this time she had been taught to think less of brains and more of brawn; Mr. PHILLPOTTS, however, does not entirely convince me that *Mr. Dingle's* future happiness was assured. The storm, such as it is, is relieved by many gleams of sunshine in the way of humour, but—as the title sufficiently suggests—it is a quite diminutive affair.



"BEAN'T THAT MARVELLOUS, AGNES? PLUMB IN THE 'OLE EVERY TIME."

All members of the four Inns will be of opinion that their learned friend, Mr. J. A. STRAHAN, has very ably and pleasantly defended the profession in *The Bench and Bar of England* (BLACKWOOD), and they will trust that no more will be heard of the persistent and unreasoned abuse which has been heaped upon them since that time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The lay public will testify that the author most ingeniously mixes up the powder (sometimes very dry) of corrective facts with the jam of amusing anecdotes, and will thank him for being at such pains to tickle their fancies while he is reforming their views. It would be an impossibly hard-hearted jury which hesitated to acquit the Profession of Advocacy on all counts after listening to the apologia of an advocate himself so human and humorous. He is a little stern with the Bench, perhaps, every now and then, but no doubt they deserve it, and in any case all of us may enjoy seeing the Judges, who give so much, getting a little back. The skill of the draftsman appears in the fact that Mr. STRAHAN has been able, in a little book of 256 pages, to give an exact conception of all the respective attributes of the tribunal, the lawyers and the parties to litigation, a short survey of the history and principles of English law, and a graphic picture of life in the Temple of yesterday; the skill of the pleader is shown by the certain prospect of a verdict enabling Judges, Leaders and Juniors all to leave the court, or stay in it, without a stain on their characters. Laymen will possibly feel a slight regret to be deprived of a theme—"lawyers are liars"—which has served them so well; and members of the four Inns may perhaps be so impressed by the skill of Mr. STRAHAN'S defence as to wonder, impersonally, whether there was not all the time something in the charge.

The promise held out by the publishers upon the wrapper of *The Caravan Man* (COLLINS) of "six chuckles to every page" is engagingly definite. As the pages number three hundred and twelve you will admit that I was justified in considerable expectations. Well, the fault, like the misfortune, may have been my own, but the fact remains that not till page 173 did I secure my first, and alas only, smile, a bag under the circumstances woefully disappointing. However, I gladly admit the possibility that others may find better sport in (or between) Mr. ERNEST GOODWIN'S covers. To turn to the actual story, this is about an unsatisfied artist who picks up a sixpence for a lady in Oxford Street, asks her to tea and falls in love with her. At least, no; this is only what the story begins to be about. As a fact the lady (in whom I was prepared to be pleasantly interested) disappears till the last chapter, the artist takes to a caravan, and we get an entirely different and not nearly so attractive adventure, in which he is mistaken (*a*) by comic countrymen for a travelling photographer, and (*b*) by some improbable snobs for an eccentric peer. As his studio had contained on its wall the portrait of a fair unknown, by the hand of a previous tenant, it hardly astonished me at all that, at the very first village green on which his caravan rested, he should encounter the original. This, of course, supplies an adequate love interest and may draw sighs from the sympathetic; but as for the "chuckles," I can only repeat that he must be of enviable risibility whose return in them is at all up to schedule.

"Paul Freeman persists in his hunger strike, as a protest against his detention on the Sonoma for deportation from the country. The military authorities have drawn a tighter cordon round him."
Herald (*Melbourne*).

PAUL probably considers that they are taking a mean advantage of his emaciation.

CHARIVARIA.

IT appears that the PRINCE OF WALES will make very few speeches while in America. We cannot help thinking, however, that our versatile Prince would soon learn the language.

A gossip writer points out that the PRINCE OF WALES has also been invited to visit Australia, but he decided to see America thirst.

There is some talk of the Government holding a Court of Inquiry to find out who is to blame for the success of some of our National Shipyards.

"Now that labour is available," says a news item, "it is proposed to carry out structural alterations in the House of Commons." This, we are glad to say, puts an end to the persistent rumour that the whole thing was going to be moved over to Belfast.

The free travel facilities to be granted to M.P.'s will, it is stated, be strictly limited. The suggestion that the further they go from Westminster the more liberal the allowance should be has not yet been adopted.

"The Government must have a few days to consider the problem," said Mr. BONAR LAW, referring to the report of the Select Committee on London Transport. Commander KENWORTHY has since been understood to say that this fantastic idea of thinking first and legislating afterwards strikes a body-blow at the foundations of constitutional government.

The Intestate Moveable Succession (Scotland) Bill has passed the House of Commons. The general purport of the Bill is that if there is anything lying round loose a Scotchman will get it.

The question, "Are the Northern people cleverer than those of the South?" was recently discussed by the Weymouth Town Council. We can only point out that Scotchmen would never waste time arguing such an absurd question.

Will the gentleman who last April tried to ring up 8976 Mayfair on the telephone please note that he is now through?

The newspaper comment on the silence of the POET LAUREATE has drawn no reply. It is now suggested that Our Dumb Friends League should take up the case.

A man charged before the Thames magistrate admitted that he had struck his wife on Armistice night, on Peace night and on the River Pageant night. It is hoped that he will be more careful next war.

In connection with the Muzzling Order it is reported that a muzzle was last week seen in Hyde Park wearing a tiny Pomeranian.

"In the stomach of a dog killed at Plymouth," says a news item, "was found a poster advertising the performance of the 'White-eyed Kaffir.'" As neither hat check nor programme could be found it is thought that the animal was prevented at the last minute from actually witnessing the performance.



"'E'S GOT 'SCOOTER LEG.' THERE AIN'T NO 'ARM IN IT, DOCTOR SEZ, BUT 'E'S GOT TO DEVELOP THE OTHER TO MATCH."

Caught by a conger-eel while fishing from the pier, a Ramsgate man narrowly escaped by reason of the line parting. The conger-eel has since declared that the man weighed four hundred pounds if an ounce.

A Chertsey man who has just died at the age of seventy lived the whole of his life in the workhouse. To the vast mass of us who merely expect to die in it it is comforting to learn that his end was a peaceful one.

The butter ration has been reduced to one-and-a-half ounces per week. A proposal to allow householders to exchange it for an extra allowance of coal, in the ratio of two ounces of butter for one ounce of coal, is under consideration.

"Is the Coalition Government any longer necessary?" asks Lord ROTHERMERE in *The Sunday Pictorial*. It is for him or the most illustrious of his brothers to say, of course.

Tons of fish have been thrown away during the last few days, says a news item. Some people are so unreasonable however, that, not content with getting their fish for nothing, they begrudge the paltry dollar or two the fishmonger charges for wrapping it up.

At the local Peace celebration sports a Rye woman received four pounds for catching a greasy pig. It is not known whether this sum represents the value of the performance or of the pig.

Mrs. Quiverful at the sea-side, finding that bathing charges have mounted up, reflects sadly how Grandmamma could recall the farthing dip.

Much sympathy is felt for the guest at a London hotel who removed the coals from his bedroom fireplace and took them down to the head porter. When spoken to about it he pointed out the hotel notice: "All valuables should be deposited with the clerk-in-charge and placed in the safe."

Only a few days ago we read of the American Snuff King's poverty, and now comes the death of the Australian Rabbit King. Royalty is certainly striking a dark patch.

A Battersea man charged with bigamy stated that he did not remember his first marriage. A very good plan is to tie a piece of tape round the fourth finger every time you marry.

À propos of our report in last week's issue, that Mr. MARTIN'S forty million yards of linen was found to be a yard and a half short, we now hear that the Government has decided that all yard-measures shall be controlled and their maximum length fixed.

On going to press we learn that the Burglars' Union has decided to call a strike as a protest against two of their members having been stopped early one morning last week whilst going off duty.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN ——.

In the face of so many signs of unrest and such a prevalent tendency to down whatever is downable, Mr. Punch has no alternative but to embrace his *métier* anew and spring forward as the guide, philosopher and friend to all. For if there is no one left to do things for us we must do them for ourselves, whether it is baking our bread or standing on point duty or driving engines or extracting fuel from the reluctant and very grimy soil, or whatever else it may be. For when Adam no longer delves and Eve declines to spin, Eve has to acquire the rudiments of spade-work and Adam must deal as faithfully as he can with thread.

Now for some practical hints both to Adam and Eve to help tide them over the fretful days ahead.

How to Bake.

Baking is one of the oldest of the household arts. It is mentioned both by Herodotus and Hippocrates; but let that pass. The idea of baking is to produce bread, a much over-rated article of food which only butter can make tolerable, but which it is agreed everyone must have. Bread is made in lumps called loaves, which can be either round or square according to taste. A loaf should be hard and brownish without, and fairly soft and white within. Before, however, baking can begin much must have been done: the farmer has had to plough and harrow and sow. Then a boy has had to scare the rooks away, and then what wheat the rooks have left has had to grow, and such as remains after the English summer has done its worst with it has to be cut and stacked and thrashed and the resultant corn ground by the miller into flour. It is at this point that you, dear reader, come in. Having purchased your flour you take a basin and mix it with water in such a way that the stuff sticks to your hands. This is humorously called kneading it—the "k" being silent, as in "knut," and the need becoming more excessive every day. Having sufficiently kned it you put it in the oven and wash your hands. In the course of some hours, during which you must never cease to peer through the crack of the oven door, the heat of the fire (if you have any coal for the purpose, which is extremely unlikely) will brown the loaf all over, and when you judge it to be done you will remove the red-hot loaf with whatever is most handy, but a pair of wicket-keeping gloves is best, and set it aside to cool. Later the lord and master will arrive and, after taking a mouthful, will say, "What the dickens is the matter with this bread?" You will then reply—and not without reason—"I'm very sorry, darling, but Mr. Punch in his otherwise careful directions never said a word about yeast."

Cake.

Cake is made very much in the same way as bread, only it is more fun because there are currants and sugar as well as the flour, and every now and then you can have a taste. Cakes also need an egg or two to make them light, and (we are getting cautious after that bloomer about the yeast) some baking-powder. In order to prevent them from being what is called "sad" it is well, while sitting by the oven door, to read aloud some sprightly article or story or even to sing a merry song. Ever since the days of Marie Antoinette cake has been an accepted substitute for bread, but that queen was very careful not to allow Alfred the Great to bake it for her.

Coal.

To those living in London who find it difficult to obtain this material, Mr. Punch's advice is—Take a sack down to Victoria Street or Parliament Square, or to whatever other place where they are repaving the road, and collect as many wood blocks as you can carry. If stopped by the police drop the full sack on his toes (there will be plenty of room for it) and run.

How to Wash Clothes.

With laundry prices so high it behoves every one to learn how to wash clothes. For this purpose a tub is needed, a supply of hot water and one of the many varieties of soap now to be obtained to which such original and witty names as "Washo" and "Scrubbo" are given. Having prepared the tub to receive it, you plunge the garment in and proceed to deal with it either as your laundry is in the habit of doing, or as you would prefer it to be done. If you are an idealist you will see that it is clean and uninjured; but if you wish merely to reproduce in your home the methods of your laundry you will see that the buttons are wrenched off, the handkerchiefs torn and the soft cuffs of your evening silk shirt scrupulously starched. Afterwards you will iron these things and, with the example of your laundry before you, keep the iron on them till they are well and permanently browned.

False Money.

In the scarcity of the genuine article forged notes that will pass are of the highest use. The first thing to do is to cultivate the acquaintance of the village blacksmith, who will then lend you his forge. The rest is easy.

THE REASON.

"Well," I asked, as the time drew near, "which is it to be—fishing or golf?" My hopes were fixed on the answer being golf.

"Fishing," said my wife with instant decision.

"I can't see what difference it makes to you," I said, "as you do neither."

She nodded her head wisely.

"Let it be fishing," she repeated.

So fishing it is, and here we are. My wife, I must confess, behaves charmingly; each morning she walks out the first mile with us, chats with the gilly, who adores her, wishes us good luck, and leaves us; each evening she looks up with the kindest commiseration, or lays down her book and comes to stand by my side and say, "It *is* a beauty, Jack," or "*Two!* How perfectly splendid!"

None the less the inn is indifferent, and until last night it remained a mystery to me why she should prefer fishing to golf. But last night I overheard her talking to another woman. "This is possible," she said; "but when it is golf they come in twice a day, and each time you have to follow the history of eighteen holes and be ready with eighteen suitable remarks—more, if the bunkers are very bad. The strain is awful; but fishing I can just manage."

THE MENIN WAY.

Along the cobbled Menin way
The wine and wool were sent,
And market waggons every day
To Ypres and Menin went,
And oh! the laughing women sat and sewed
Before their houses on the Menin road.

There are no houses now; the rain
In pools where they have been
Lies deep; or out upon the plain
A few frail walls may lean;
And oh! the little children must not play
With what they find beside the Menin way.

And I remember gallant men
And lads who fought and died,
And think of all their laughter when
They said Good-bye—and lied;
For "Oh! it 's not too bad," they used to say,
"Along the Armentières and Menin way."

"STOCK EXCHANGE.

In Caterings Aerated Breads were flat at 4 1-16, but British Oil Cakes were firm at 44s. 6d."—*Evening Standard.*

A hint, we presume, of what we may come to if the bakers persist in striking.



THE OLD WOMAN OF THE SEA.

JOHN BULL. "I UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU WERE ALIGHTING."
DORA. "NOT FOR ANOTHER YEAR, I HOPE, DEARIE."



1914 Man. "PUTS ME IN MIND OF THE TIMES WE USED TO HAVE ON THE OLD SOMME."
Wife (full of suspicion). "AH, I DARESAY YOU *DID* 'AVE! FIREWORKS, INDEED!"

THE TREMBLING FIST.

IT was not that we did not know the man's face, although strangers are rarely seen at the "Horse and Groom," Barleyhammerden. We were not surprised at his drawn features and haunted eyes, for he was in khaki. Our silence—and you ought to hear us at 12.5 of an average morning—was impelled by a curious and fascinating mannerism of the unknown visitor.

When first he approached the bar and while waiting to give his order to Mr. Appleyard's assistant, he lifted the closed fist of his right hand to the right side of his head. Just so he posed, and then he appeared to impart a trembling movement to his right forearm.

I wasn't the first to notice it. I think Fuggle, the auctioneer, who is reckoned a spry fellow even for Barleyhammerden, was the one who nearly dropped his glass and said, "Well, I'm dashed!" But two or three of the others afterwards claimed that they had noticed the thing all along and hadn't cared to speak about it. The amazing part of the business was that the soldier constantly repeated his strange movement, and it was quickly borne upon us that the gesture was involuntary and that here was an affliction that only disease could have bequeathed.

There is always a man in every bar who knows everything. Well, Bert Norris is our local "know-all," and when he came in at 12.20 he sized the case up in a couple of glances. We told him about the soldier, and he nodded just as if he was the doctor or the bank manager. Then he watched the poor chap lift his shaking hand once or twice and said right out, without beating about the bush, "Shell-shock!"

Then we all knew. We'd all had it at the back of our heads that it might be shell-shock, but it was one of those cases where you felt it better to keep your opinion to yourself. Still, there was no doubt Norris was right. Nothing else could explain the thing. And when Norris went up to the soldier and in the nicest possible way asked him to have a pint, and the soldier said he would, we were all rather proud of Norris and knew he was right in his diagnosis.

Then came Mr. Appleyard, rotund and kindly master of the inn. One or two of us had to smile when he first spotted the soldier's trick. His eyes became fixed, and he moved down his bar to watch more closely. Soon he came back to our end with quite a startled expression on his face.

"What's he doing that for, I wonder?" he asked plaintively.

"Doing what?" replies Norris cockily.

"Why, making funny business with his fist. Haven't you noticed it? Look at that now. There he goes again!"

"Shell-shock," says Norris.

Old "Apple" drew in a deep atmo-

spherical draught of understanding and a look of commiseration stole over his face.

"Well, there now," he soliloquised, "shell-shock, eh? Poor, poor fellow. And I had a boy out there. . . . But for the mercy of 'eaven, as you might say . . . Shell-shock, eh? Poor, poor fellow. I can't bear to look at 'im . . . Here, boys, what do you say to a little whip-round, eh?"

All were in a kindly mood, and in no time Mr. Appleyard collected a purse of fifteen shillings. (We raised two guineas once—before the War—for the tailor, when he had to have all his teeth out and couldn't undo knots.) "Apple" beckoned the soldier over, and, funnily enough, started to shout at him. Of course he might have been deaf as well; you never know.

"Hope there 's no offence," said "Apple," "but the boys felt they 'd like to do something for you." The soldier stared at him blankly. "DO SOMETHING FOR YOU!" roared "Apple" at the top of his voice, sure now that the soldier was deaf. "Here 's fifteen bob we 've collected. Buy yourself some drinks and smokes—yes, DRINKS AND SMOKES!"

"Well, I 'm sure it 's very kind of you, gentlemen, very kind. . . . I can't say more." He bashfully resumed his seat, elevated his right fist and shook it.

"What part of the line were you?" thundered "Apple." "Didn't meet my boy, I s'pose? Where did you get your shell-shock?"

"What 's that?" asked the soldier.

"SHELL-SHOCK," shrieked "Apple." "Where did you get it?"

"I 'aven't got no shell-shock."

For some of us the room emptied itself of air.

"No, gentlemen, I 'aven't got no shell-shock. Whatever made you think that? I 've never been outside this country in my life."

"Apple's" face was nearly purple.

"You 've never been out of the country! You sit there and tell me that. What do you mean by doing this funny business with your fist? Yes, clenching your fist and holding it up and shaking it. What d' ye mean by it?"

"Oh, that," said the soldier. He drew back the cuff of his right sleeve and revealed a wrist-watch. "You see I bought this silly thing this morning and I can't get it to go."

"It is idle to pretend that the just grievances of policemen may justify them in paralysing the life of the community, but the just grievances of doctors cannot. That cannot be true."—*Daily Paper.*

Our contemporary owes an apology to the medical profession for this horrifying suggestion.



Customer (studying the bill). "NO WONDER YOUR HAIR STANDS ON END."

IN BOND STREET.

UPON her little velvet hat
A silken tassel hung,
And to the very end of that
A tiny fairy clung.

Among her curls he bobbed about
And played at hide-and-seek
With every dimple that came out
Upon her chin or cheek.

This is a common sight perchance
For Londoners to see?
It seemed to draw no curious glance
From anyone but me.

Along the street I watched her go
Serenely unaware;
And still he tumbled to and fro
(It seemed so strange she should not know)
Among her golden hair.

R. F.

"A few years back we could boast of a fife and the ladies. Returning men are to entertained later, for supply intoxicating liquor on licensed premises oing time, and there has been a difficulty about his very late hour, concluding with illuminations and afires."
Local Paper.

Some of this is slightly cryptic, but there seems to be no doubt about the "supply intoxicating liquor."

TWO WANDERERS IN RUSSIA.

THE story of Swingleham and his kit is one that appeals strangely to the imagination. Swingleham landed at Archangel in May, with a white star on his shoulder, heroism in his heart and a soldier's simple needs in his valise. His abilities were so various, his experiences so diverse, his qualifications so incongruous, that the gods who govern one's destinies from Archangel were puzzled to know what to do with him. When, in reply to their inquiry as to his wishes, he said that of course he wanted a fighting job, they smiled at him pleasantly and thought it would be best to appoint him as A.M.L.O., or Assistant Military Landing Officer, at a place which we will call Ust-Troitski, consisting of two wooden houses, three tents and a ferry-boat on the banks of a tributary of the Dvina. His command and staff there were to consist of a British corporal and two Russian soldiers; and his work would be to scan the shining stretches of the broad river on the chance that a barge-load of troops might haul in to Ust-Troitski.

The prospect did not please Swingleham, but he had a soldier-soul, and proceeded—though grousing—whither he was sent. Together, he and his kit, after a delightful barge-trip of two or three days, reached an important village, where there were as many as twenty wooden houses, one of them being what is known here as a Rest House. This village we will call Pinetskoe, and there the barge deposited Swingleham and his valise to await transport for Ust-Troitski.

Having dropped his kit at the Rest House, Swingleham dashed off to see the Naval Transport Officer and ask when the boat for Ust-Troitski left. That was how he put it—"the boat for Ust-Troitski," as who should say "the London Express." The N.T.O., long-suffering but a little cynical, asked when he would like it to go, and Swingleham said "At once."

Then the N.T.O. explained how things really were; that the river was low, and still sinking; that there was only one tug of shallow enough draught to cross the bar at the mouth of the Troitski river, that she was busy pulling barges off the sand miles and miles away, and might not be available for weeks.

"How can I go, then?" asked Swingleham.

"You might wait till the winter and go by sleigh," said the N.T.O.; "or—I'll ring up Cupples and see if he can give you a droshky."

Cupples was a wonderful R.A.S.C. man who had spent an endless winter working miracles, but he was absolutely stumped for droshkies.

"How far is it?" asked Swingleham.

"Twenty versts," said the N.T.O.

"I'll walk it," said Swingleham, "and your Mr. Cupples can push off my kit after me, like a kind soul, when he can raise a droshky."

So Swingleham walked off and reached Ust-Troitski in a mist of flies and a white lather; and the Corporal met him with a telegram saying that he was posted to a Slavo-British battalion and was to report forthwith at Shedish. Where Shedish was Swingleham didn't know, so, after mopping his brow and remarking about the flies, he walked back to Pinetskoe. There he found a tug at the quay on the point of starting for Shedish—a four days' journey.

"By Jove, how lucky!" said Swingleham to the N.T.O.; "I'll get my valise from the Rest House and push off."

"Your valise isn't at the Rest House," said the N.T.O. "Didn't it pass you on the Ust-Troitski road? I got hold of a droshky just after you left and sent it off on your track."

"Never saw it," said Swingleham. "Please have it sent after me to Shedish; there's a Corporal at Ust-Troitski who'll turn the droshky round when it blows in there. I'm not going to miss this boat."

So Swingleham embarked, his face at last towards the battle. But when he reached Shedish the battalion had moved. Nothing daunted, having bought a tooth-brush and a towel from Ordnance, he caught a barge and followed it, leaving instructions with the N.T.O. at Shedish to keep the kit moving in his wake . . .

With the battalion, a few weeks later, Swingleham returned to Shedish. His valise had left two days before, trying to overtake him. (You will kindly remember the size of North Russia.)

So it goes on. Everybody is trying to help Swingleham. His story is well-known throughout the Allied forces; not an Embarkation or Naval Transport officer, O.C. troops or Base Commandant but is familiar with the externals of the valise. The respective orbits of the man and his kit are matter for frequent priority wires; the energies of a large number of brilliant and determined organisers are concentrated on the effort to effect their junction.

I said that this simple story appeals to the imagination. Is there not food for fancy in the thought of the lonely travels of those two—the man disconsolate though refusing to despair; the valise, useless, mere inert and obstructive matter without him, wandering week by week, day and night, along the wide polished vistas of shallow rivers, bumping in carts on woodland tracks, waiting in bare rest houses or crowded camps, passing each other unaware perhaps, as one big barge slides by another on the Dvina; perhaps even waiting on the same beach for boats going opposite ways.

Though they all do their best to bring it about, his friends do not know whether the reunion might not now be a disaster. At present Swingleham's valise is a beautiful dream to him, an inspiration, a daily hope. His first thought every morning is that the new day may bring it; at meals he falls into trance-like contemplation, and we know that his inner eye is following it, with its incredibly various and complete contents, to and fro and up and down upon the sun-beaten roadways and waterways of this vast, lonely and most leisurely land. Is not disillusionment inevitable if ever Swingleham's dream is consummated?



Golfer. "ER—DEAR ME—THE MAJOR IS CERTAINLY VERY STRONG IN HIS LANGUAGE."

Sandy (lately demobilised). "HOOTS, MAN, THAT'S NOTHIN'. I WAS WI' HIM AE NICHT ON THE ARRAS ROAD WHEN THE MULE GOT LOOSE AN' PUT ITS FEET THROUGH THE CASE O' WHUSKY. HE WAS WONDER-R-FUL!"



Boot Manufacturer (gloomily). "DISGUSTIN' AIN'T IT, MARIA—ALL THIS BAREFOOT BUSINESS? NOT A DECENT BOOT NOR SHOE-MARK TO BE SEEN."

RECIDIVISTS.

"WELL, and what are you people doing about holidays?" said Pamela.

After three months we three had met again, and were now in Pam's boudoir discussing holidays, those holidays which we had planned so many times during our war-work.

Our castles in the air had taken different shapes. Pam, who had been an R.A.F. driver for two years, had planned a long lazy month in Cornwall—the sea-bathing, bed-at-eight-o'clock variety. Diana, whose hands still testified to her unceasing labours on the land for the past three years, evidently considered that Brighton was the height of human bliss; while I, having washed up, scrubbed floors, blacked grates and incidentally tended the wounded, felt that the only holiday worth having was a country house one, with heaps of lawn-tennis and boating.

These had been our plans on being demobilised, and now, after a strenuous three months of jazzing, theatres and so on, we had met by appointment to discuss once more the joys of our much-talked-of holidays.

At Pam's question I felt my face glow, but, on gazing furtively round, I was surprised to see the same phenomenon apparent in the others. There was a short pause, then Diana broke into hurried conversation.

"Look here, you two, I've been so bored these last months with people and everything that I could weep, and the thought of Brighton doesn't attract somehow. A girl I used to know at the farm, and who is still there, is longing for a month off, so I'm going back to take her place."

This came out with a defiant rush. Pam and I gazed at each other and then dissolved into laughter.

"What is it?" cried Diana. "You don't mean——"

"But I do," said Pam. "I've been so fed up and missed the car so much that I've persuaded my uncle, the doctor, you know, to give his chauffeur a month off and let me take his place."

They both turned to me. "Now then, Anne, what's *your* horrid secret?"

"A month at St. Mark's Hospital, because they are so shorthanded," I confessed; and the holidays committee broke up in disorder.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"An Australian declaration was long overdue . . . at the Oval on Saturday afternoon, when there broke from the crowd a straw-hatted stranger, who advanced towards the pitch gesticulating wildly, pointing an indignant finger first at the score-board and then at the clock."—*Daily Mail, Aug. 4th.*

"Then one gentleman in black, with a black bowler hat, and a black look on his face, woke suddenly from a deep sleep. . . He shook himself up, bade good-bye to his friends, who were ignorant of his intentions, and strode solemnly into the centre of the arena."

Daily Chronicle, Aug. 4th.

"THE FASTEST PLANE.—The fastest aeroplane in the world, which arrived at Kenley, having come from Paris at a speed of 112 miles a minute, is reported to have crashed at Marquise."—*Cologne Post.*

Too bad, just as we were contemplating the possibility of a week-end trip to Australia.

A Candid Confession.

"The rain did not damp the spirits of the parishioners. On the contrary it put them into a good temper, and it was badly needed."

West-Country Paper.

"BRITISH AND RUSSIA.—The position of the British forces in Russia will be explained in the Commons yesterday."—*Daily Mirror.*

Exactly!

TO A GOLF-BALL.

Oh, was it just here in the bramble
  Or right over there in the whin
That thou boundedst with many a gambol
  And poppedst exultingly in?
As a sword that is swung by the smiter
  Thou cleavedst the ambient blue,
And I cried, "I will hole out that blighter,
  So help me, in two."

How little I thought of disaster
  As I stepped to the seventeenth tee
And, assuming the airs of a master,
  Adjusted each ankle and knee,
Poised lightly, addressed thee and drave thee,
  Then poised with professional mien,
Never dreaming the belt that I gave thee
  Had carried the green.

The lark in the blue empyrean
  Sings sweetly and mounts as he sings,
And I would for the nonce I could be an
  Ethereal creature with wings;
Not hunting a piffulent pellet,
  A target for prickle and spine,
And wondering where in the—deuce it
  Contrives to recline.

As a rabbit surprised in the furrow
  And chased by the ravening hound
Retires in disgust to his burrow
  And passes the day underground,
So lurkest thou, deftly concealèd
  In a bower of sweet grasses and thyme,
Secure as an eft or an eel hid
  In bottomless slime.

My caddie I long since have rated
  As one with the bat and the mole,
And Smith, my opponent, elated,
  Implores me to give up the hole;
I wis he is anxious to collar
  A cheaply won triumph, and claim
The match and the paltry half-dollar
  We have on the game.

Not so. Though I search for an æon
  Till my soul become one with the wilds
And a crop of white whiskers flow free on
  This chin that is bare as a child's,
Some day I shall find thee and play thee,
  Yea, grasping my niblick with glee,
A foot from the pin will I lay thee
  And sink thee in three.

And Smith (well along in the seventies)
  Will shake his abandoned old head
And, croaking, "An outrage, by Heaven, 'tis!"
  Go doddering home to his bed;
But me they will lay in my coffin
  And friends will inscribe on my bier,
"He perished, a victim to golf, in
  His ninety-fifth year." ALGOL.

CELESTIAL LOOT.

YESTERDAY evening, just before dusk, I heard a commotion outside my hut. Putting my head round the door to see what was the matter, I nearly butted into my two old friends, Ah Sin and Dam Li.

"China boy wantchee say good-byee," they began together as soon as they saw me. "You savvy, go back to China plenty quick to-mollow."

"I am very sorry to hear that," I replied truthfully. "I shall miss you both very much indeed—although you are a couple of awful ruffians, aren't you?"

Dam Li grinned.

"Ah Sin number one big luffian," he agreed; "but Dam Li——"

"Dam Li blother to Ah Sin," the latter worthy put in promptly, "and allee both plenty too muchee sad for leaving hon'lable officer," he went on. "Him number one topside fine gentleman an' China boy no wantchee go."

I had heard this gratifying intelligence about myself too often to be greatly impressed by it. I knew exactly what was coming—a shameless attempt to wheedle something out of me before they went. My pockets felt lighter already in anticipation, for I knew that I could never harden my heart this time, when in all human probability I should never see them again.

"Aren't you glad to be going back to China?" I asked after a while, seeing that they seemed to be waiting for me to say something.

"China welly tip-top," admitted Ah Sin, "but sea too muchee bad. Makeum lations topsy-turvy in stomach," he added with a wave of his hand towards that susceptible region.

"Sea plenty too muchee loly-poly," agreed Dam Li. "But s'pose China boy haveum joss in pocket, sea no can do nothing."

"Have you two got a joss?" I asked.

"Haveum plenty soon," replied Dam Li enigmatically, after which they were both silent for a few moments. The conversation was evidently not shaping itself to their liking. They looked several times from one to the other and then at me until finally Dam Li pushed Ah Sin forward in my direction.

"You talkee," he said with unwonted self-denial.

"China boy him clear out to-mollow," he began as though telling me something new. "Plenty solly."

Dam Li came to his rescue.

"China boy flighten' for hon'lable officer, him forgettee poo' Dam Li an' Ah Sin," he explained.

"No wantchee *that*," continued Ah Sin.

"You needn't worry," I assured them. "I shall certainly never forget *you*, and I hope you won't forget me either."

"No can do," they asserted in unison. "S'pose hon'lable officer giveum photoglaph," they went on hastily, bringing out the last word with evident pride at their mastery of the English language.

"Photoglaph plenty good joss," remarked Dam Li thoughtfully.

"Of course, I'll give you a photo if you want one," I began.

"Allee two both wantchee photoglaph," said Ah Sin hastily.

"All right—two photos," I amended and went into the hut to fetch them.

While I was rummaging in my kit I heard a slight sound and looked up to find the two Chinamen standing close behind me.

"Photoglaphs have walkee?" asked Dam Li. "China boy findum plenty quick," he affirmed, and they bent down to assist me in the search.

Ultimately the photos were discovered, signed by me and presented with due ceremony, and then we said good-bye to one another with many protestations of mutual esteem.

After I had seen them out of the camp I went back to my hut. I saw my kit strewn about the floor and a horrible thought struck me.

"Good Lord!" I said to myself. "Only a couple of photos. It's hardly like them. I'd better have a look round and see what they've taken a fancy to *this* time."

I had a look and was immediately ashamed. Nothing was missing. On the contrary I found a pair of beautiful German binoculars and a German automatic pistol which had never been there before.

I fear I must return these treasures to the Salvage Corps from which they were pinched, or I sink below the moral of a Chink.

For it is better to give stolen goods than to receive them.

Another Sex-Problem.

"FOR SALE.

Pure-bred Milking Shorthorn Bull, 9 months old."—*Fiji Times and Herald.*

"LUBRICATING and Edible Oil Traveller, with connection, Desires Change."
Provincial Paper.

Why not try the Cannibal Islands?

"NON-STOP PEACE POEM.

The president of the —— Free Church Council publishes a 28-line Peace poem with only one full stop at the end."
Glasgow Evening Times.

Not having seen the poem in question we are unable to say whether it would have been an improvement to have placed the full stop at the beginning.



THE DECK CHAIR.



"HELEN, OLD THING, YOUR *HAIR!*" "HERBERT DARLING, YOUR *FACE!*"

MY FIRST FLIGHT.

STRANDED at Brighton and bored to monotony,
Sadly I roamed by the crowd-haunted shore;
Fed up with bathing and boating and botany,
Languidly humming the strains of "Asthore";
Then, in the offing, descended an aeroplane,
Gaily the pilot came striding my way;
"'Afternoon, Sir!" he exclaimed. "Would you dare a 'plane
Voyage to-day?"

Turning, I gazed with an eye that was critical
At the contraption of fabric and wires;
Flying 's a game which my friends in the City call
Simply gilt-edged—it uplifts and inspires.
Holiday-makers stood by in expectancy,
Cinema merchants rushed up with their reels;
"Go it!" cried somebody; "go an' get wrecked an' see
Just how it feels."

I who had fought for a seat in an omnibus
Surely could never recoil from a 'plane?
There, newly painted, she stood like a Romney 'bus,
Bidding me soar through the vasty inane.
Breathing a prayer for myself and my Fatherland
Swiftly I scrambled aboard (the First Act);
Upward we soared till I felt I would rather land
Promptly—intact.

Swift rushed the air and the engine was thunderous;
"Say, shall I stunt you?" the pilot then roared.
Clouds were above us and Brighton was under us;
Peace reigned below—there was Panic on board.
Fiercely pulsated my turbulent heart inside,
Fiercely we skidded and stunted and swayed;
Grimly I crouched in that brute of a Martinsyde—
Dazed and dismayed.

Every mad moment seemed in its intensity
More than a cycle of slow-moving years;
Finally I, in a state of dumb density,
Reached *terra firma* mid hurricane cheers.
Since I 've decided that nothing can justify
Passenger flights in a nerve-racking 'plane;
Others may welcome the sport, but I 'm cussed if I
Try it again.

"In a few days we should learn the composition of the Ministry, if, indeed, there are to be changes beyond the limitation of the Ministers in the Cabinet to a doze or so."—*Provincial Paper.*

The Government appears to be waking up at last.

"Major Patteson, who is in charge of the aeroplanes at Harrogate, has made some 200 flights between Paris and London, and crossed the Channel very often."—*Yorkshire Observer.*

Yes, that is, we believe, the most popular route.

The Westminster Gazette informs us that an American war correspondent will shortly delight London with his "illustrated travelogues." If successful he will doubtless be succeeded by a Californian cow-puncher with his illustrated cattleogues.

From a report of Sussex *v.* Lancashire:—

"Bowling much faster than he had done before luncheon Tyldesley ought to have had Baker's wicket with the batsman's score at six, Hallows missing a catch that came to him rather low in the lips. It was not an expensive mistake."—*Daily Paper.*

Still, the fieldsman was decidedly down in the mouth over it.



A DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.

Mr. Bonar Law. "COME AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE OLD PLACE ONCE MORE. I THINK I COULD GET YOU IN."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 4th.—The concurrence of Bank Holiday, fine weather and a Marine Pageant on the Thames did not deter Members from doing their duty to their constituents. They turned up punctually at a quarter to three, sat through Questions and were listening with rapt attention while Mr. Hodge expounded the true inwardness of the Scottish Estimates, until Mr. Speaker, fearing the effect of so much excitement, suggested an adjournment to the Terrace for an hour or so.

It is fortunate that as Chairman of the Great Northern Railway Sir Frederick Banbury is thoroughly acquainted with the block-system. But for his vigilance the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill, under which our liberties would be at the mercy of D.O.R.A. for yet another year, might have slipped through unopposed. But Sir Frederick, putting down the signal, temporarily shunted it into a siding.

A commendable vigilance regarding the administration of St. Helena was displayed by Mr. Joynson-Hicks. Colonel Amery might think it all right that the Governor should be doing war-work at home and that his deputy should have only half-a-dozen soldiers under his command, but Mr. Joynson-Hicks sees farther into the future. At any moment St. Helena may be called upon to resume her historic rôle as an imperial dungeon, and surely she should be suitably equipped for the purpose.

Convinced by the Mercantile Marine Pageant—the last of the Peace celebrations—that the War is really over, Lord Haldane sees no further reason for concealing his light under a bushel. As an ex-Lord Chancellor, he comforted Lord Lovat with the assurance that it was quite permissible to make a second-reading speech on going into Committee. Next, as a squire of dames he protested against the Government's proposal to exclude women by Order in Council from certain Imperial posts. Finally, as an ex-War Secretary, he objected to the inclusion of the Militia Acts in the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill. If there is one thing on which he prides himself it is the destruction of the old Constitutional force. Still he does not want to be haunted every year by its ghost.

Tuesday, August 5th.—The Lords continued their efforts to turn the Ways and Communications Bill into something less of a "one-man show" than it was when presented to them, and carried against the Government an amendment providing that the Minister's "advisory council" should consist, not of Ministerial nominees, as had been intended, but of the representatives of outside bodies. The Lord Chancellor disclaimed the notion that the Minister would be an irresponsible autocrat, and incidentally showed that there are limits to his own personal ambitions. He presumed that so important an officer of State would be a Member of the Cabinet, but hastened to add, "I shall not have the forming of that Cabinet, and I do not know."



Lord Robert Cecil. "Behold the gauntlet, Sire, that has been thrown down before us by the triple band."

Mr. Bonar Law. "Yes, I've rung up David, and he says that he will take off his own gloves when necessary."

Members were agreeably surprised to hear from Mr. Churchill that in future education is to be regarded as an integral part of Army training. So perhaps the refrain of the old song, "The Army 's the very best school in the nation," may some day be more than metaphorically true. Meantime it is satisfactory to know that the system of direct commissions from the Universities (which gave us, among other officers, one Douglas Haig) is to be resumed.

The Army of Occupation in Ireland is costing the country close on a million a month; and never have Irish farmers been more flourishing. No wonder Sinn Fein is popular in the rural districts.

Lord Robert Cecil must be amused to see the way in which he is hailed as the coming man in newspapers which before the War had never a good word for him or his family. But he shows no tendency to gain power by leaning to the extreme Left, and this afternoon he elicited from Mr. Bonar Law a statement that the "direct action" movement was the negation of democracy and would be resisted by the Government with all the forces at their disposal.

Asked if he had called the Prime Minister's attention to the necessity of cutting down unnecessary expenditure, Mr. Chamberlain, his hand on his heart, replied that his right hon. friend was as zealous as himself for economy in every branch of the public service. The value of this testimonial was, of course, in no way discounted by the immediate appearance of his right hon. friend, bearing a message from the King, recommending the grants of sums varying from £100,000 to £10,000 to the victorious commanders and organizers of victory by sea and land. These are debts of honour which the Nation will gladly and gratefully pay.

But when Mr. Bonar Law, later in the evening, invited the House to pass the Second Reading of the Ministries and Secretaries Bill, under which Ministerial salaries of two thousand pounds are to be raised to five thousand pounds, it was felt that there was too glaring a discrepancy between principles and practice. Mr. Law's engaging plea, that in this connection "economy was irrelevant," failed to convince; and he only got his Bill by promising that nothing more should be heard of it till the Autumn.

Wednesday, August 6th.—If our Ministers have been somewhat tardy in moving the Votes of Thanks to the Forces, they atoned for the delay by the eloquence with which they recommended them. Lord Curzon sought to be excused, on the ground of recent indisposition, if he failed to rise to the full height of his majestic theme, but

the Peers who listened with delight to his comprehensive and finely-phrased review of the War could only wonder what more he could have said, or how he could have bettered its expression, if he had been in robust health.

The lapidary art is not that branch of oratory in which the present Prime Minister most particularly excels. But if his compliments to individuals did not rise much above the commonplace, his story of how the British nation—in 1914 "the most unwarlike people in Europe"—braced and equipped itself for the long struggle and eventually emerged victorious, was thrillingly told.

The Votes of Thanks were passed *nemine contradicente*, but there was a certain amount of opposition to the monetary grants for the naval and military commanders. Mr. ADAMSON, on behalf of the Labour Party, moved to reduce them from £580,000 to £200,000, and received a rather surprising volume of heterogeneous support. But the Votes were carried by 272 to 64.

Then the House had a lively hour or two over the Welsh Church (Temporalities) Bill. As the result of the War the value of tithe has risen so greatly that the Welsh municipalities, instead of profiting by the disendowment of the Church in Wales, are threatened with bankruptcy. So they are to be relieved at the expense of the long-suffering taxpayer. The debate was chiefly remarkable for a concerted attack by the brothers CECIL on Mr. BONAR LAW for his alleged perfidy in accepting as a *fait accompli* an Act which he had promised to repeal. The culprit's defence was that as a Coalitionist Minister he was not bound by his promises as a Unionist leader of the Opposition; and this plea, backed by a testimonial from the Bishop of ST. ASAPH, was so convincing that only 37 Members went into the Cecilian lobby.

An announcement that leathern gloves may now be imported from Germany has caused dismay among Tariff Reformers, who fear that the Government have forgotten the intimate connection between these articles and the Hidden Hand.

Thursday, August 7th.—The sudden introduction of a Profiteering Bill is by no means popular with Members, chiefly because it will oblige them to postpone their holidays. Sir FREDERICK BANBURY advanced another objection to it in the fact that the word "profiteering" does not yet appear in the dictionary, and urged that the title should be brought into conformity with the English language. Presumably he would like "The Forestalling, Engrossing and Regrating Bill." The use of these ancient terms would, at any rate, remind people that "profiteering" is not a vice peculiar to the twentieth century and that previous legislative attempts to extirpate it have not been conspicuously successful.

The debate on the Consolidated Fund Bill was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the PRIME MINISTER took part in it. This is the third time this week that he has been in the House of Commons—a place that latterly he has been supposed to cherish in the spirit of the man who liked Glasgow because there were "such grand facilities for getting away from it." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was careful, however, to explain that this week's assiduity must not be regarded as a precedent, and that in the future, as in the past, his visits would probably be of an angelic character.



ALL QUIET AT SCOTLAND YARD.
"SHORTT'S THE FRIEND."

He is entirely in sympathy with his Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, in the course of a most gloomy oration, showing that his Budget estimates had been all knocked sideways, remarked that if they were to give Ministers six weeks' holiday and then six weeks for thought the national business would be better done.

À propos of the German indemnities:

"Is it not the considered judgment of our best financial experts that if the Allies get 200 thousand millions over a long course of years they will be very lucky?"
Westminster Gazette.

The answer is in the affirmative.

From a *feuilleton*:—

"And the fragrance of bog-myrtle, wild thyme and the sea-anemone rose to the senses like a sweet narcotic."

Well, there's no accounting for tastes, but personally we prefer that the anemone should come from the wood.

THE LATEST GOLF RECORDS.

ACCORDING to *The Pall Mall Gazette* of August 6th Mr. G. SCRUBY of Finchley caught a swallow-tail butterfly on the Wembley golf course on the previous Saturday. The event, in view of the scene of the capture, seems to him worthy of record. We agree; but should like to point out with all respect that Wembley does not enjoy a monopoly of these interesting experiences.

For example, the Weekly Bulletin of the North Boreland Golf Club describes how Mr. Norman Stunter, the captain of the club, while recently approaching the sixth green, struck and temporarily stunned a fine capercailzie which had inadvertently perched on the pin. The bird on its recovery struggled desperately to escape, but was finally overpowered and despatched in a motor-car to Mr. Stunter's moor in Inverness-shire, where it is doing as well as could be expected.

Curiously enough, on the same day another member of the North Boreland Golf Club discovered a huge slow-worm in a comatose condition in his locker. The reptile, having been revived with sloe-gin, executed a quick march into the sand-hills and disappeared.

Even more startling was the experience vouchsafed to Mr. Ivor Jenkins, the famous Broadstairs plusser, two days later, when, on reaching the crater hole, he discovered a lion cub, which had escaped from a travelling menagerie, lying asleep on the green. Mr. Jenkins, who is a man of iron constitution, telegraphed to the chief constable, and with the aid of the police succeeded in driving the animal off the course into the grounds of an adjoining Christian Science infant school.

Lastly, there remains the gallant exploit of Sir Silas Slazenger, K.B.E., who, while sitting outside the club-house after lunch, caught a Purple Emperor in his twenty-guinea Panama hat. The insect has been duly forwarded by aeroplane to the headquarters of the League of Nations for examination and internment.

"On Saturday evening last there was a record audience around the Band Stand to listen to the instrumentalisation and vocalisation of this celebrated Concert Party, every chair being occupied by between 600 and 700 people."

A "record" indeed.

"Mr. ——, B.A., intends to Open a Preparatory School at 'The Birches,' ——, on September 19th, 1919, to Prepare Boys for the Public Schools, Navy, etc."—*Scottish Paper.*

"What's in a name?"—yet it sounds rather ominous.



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL—

Young Bride (breathlessly). "ARE YOU—COULD YOU BE—IS IT POSSIBLE YOU ARE BY ANY CHANCE ON YOUR WAY TO START BUILDING A HOUSE?"

TO A VERY OLD FRIEND.

THOUGH the void that your absence created
Went wholly unnoticed in war,
This year, now our Peace has been fêted,
We eagerly wait you once more.
Unheld by a warlike commotion,
All ready for you is the scene
To come (Venus-like) from the ocean,
Sea-serpent, old bean.

We are hoping a newspaper note 'll
Inform us ere long how the mate,
A person entirely teetotal,
Perceived you on such and such date
Careering some distance to leeward,
And, almost demented with fear,
Called out to his colleague the steward
For (temperance) beer.

Come back to us, friend; there 's no reason
This Summer why you should withhold
That charm from our holiday season
It boasted so often of old.
We are getting quite anxious about you,
Say not you are totally lost;
Come back, for an August without you
Is simply a frost.

"GIRL wanted, used to breeches and trousers."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

A chance for the Women's Land Army.

STRANGE WAYS AND CURIOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

192—, A.D.

FOGGY weather yesterday favoured the ceremony of pulling up the first milestone of the York-Newcastle road. The dislodgment ceremony was performed by the Right Hon. the Lord GEDDES OF ERRICK, who as late Chairman of the North-Eastern Railway is also, as is generally known, *ex-officio* President of the Ways and Communications Ministry.

Owing to the existence of some local disaffection it was found necessary to post a strong force of railway police, and these, together with a group of North-Eastern Railway directors and other officials of the company, made up an appreciative if not very large audience.

Having skilfully dislodged the stone the noble lord, in response to the sound of loud cheers and fog-signals, said that it gave him the very greatest pleasure thus to initiate the suppression of the iniquitous system of English roads with which the nation had been so long cursed. By thus discouraging the use of these highways, continued the noble lord, speaking with considerable emotion, they would be removing from the public a great temptation to disloyalty—disloyalty to the railways to which they owed so much and to which they were now going to owe so much more—much more than they could ever hope to pay. He had the greatest pleasure in declaring the milestone well and truly pulled up. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

The guests afterwards partook of tea, light refreshment served from a railway platform tea-waggon, after which the company indulged in motorist-baiting, pedestrian-hunting and other popular sports, and a very pleasant day ended with a magnificent bonfire, by means of which several million gallons of petrol were consumed.

* * * * *

The Bill making it a misdemeanour for a person to leave the street in which he resides except by means of a railway passed its second reading yesterday. An amendment, by which it was proposed to suspend the operation of the Act in the case of persons residing in streets through which one of the new street railways, has not yet been laid, was resisted by the President of the No-Road Board, who said that it was the intention of the Government to prevent all movement other than by rail. Persons who were still waiting for a street-railway must in the interval content themselves with remaining at home.

A CONFESSION.

CONSCIENCE makes cowards of us all, and after four years of secret suffering which I can no longer bear I have decided to confess all and go and live in a neutral country.

I will not mince matters. For four years and a half I have sheltered an enemy alien, one Ludwig of Munich. I brought him with me from Munich in 1913, and it would be idle to pretend that our acquaintance ripened into anything less than deep affection. That he ever had any German sympathies I shall always deny, and he will remain for ever in my memory as a paragon of gentility.

Ludwig, I may mention *en passant*, was a Dachshund, who first attracted my attention in Munich by his ingenuity in defending his dinner against hungry rivals, which he did by forming a complete circle round the plate and eating from the centre. I approached his owner with regard to purchase. After measuring Ludwig from nose to tail, he offered to sell him for five marks an inch, and so he returned to England with me.

Ludwig quickly settled down in this country and made many friends, having little difficulty in picking up the English bark and adapting himself to our customs; but less than a year after his arrival war was declared between Great Britain and Germany, and the whole position changed.

Ludwig's friends dropped him at once; strange dogs fought him, choosing always a style unknown to him and to which his physique was unsuited. His Continental training had been purely Greco-Roman, for which his length of torso was admirably suited; but his antagonists invariably chose Catch-as-catch-can, at which he stood no chance and was always beaten.

As Ludwig's master I incurred the displeasure of my neighbours. I was suspect in Surbiton. My older friends changed in their manner and advised me to destroy the enemy within my gates. My position was intolerable. I attempted to camouflage him, but you cannot conceive how difficult it is to make a Dachshund look like anything else but a Dachshund. My wife tried to take tucks in him, but without success, and the attempt caused Ludwig considerable pain.

At last I decided to intern him, with an occasional walk *en parole* at night; but I found it too dangerous and decided to confine him to the house, giving it out to the world that I had despatched him.

The result was electrical; Surbiton smiled upon me once more, and for four years this deception was kept up. I found it difficult to look people straight in the face and developed a hunted feeling, as if I were always under the eye of the police or the secret service.

The long period of sedentary living told upon Ludwig, who put on flesh to such a degree that towards the close of the War his legs became quite useless, as they simply did not reach the ground. The employment of Swedish movements proved quite ineffective and Ludwig was compelled to remain in bed.

On returning home on the day of the proclamation of Armistice I rushed into Ludwig's room to tell him the news. His face lit up, but the supreme effort of wagging his tail caused heart failure, due to fatty degeneration, and he died.

His death was a great shock to me. I had hoped that at the conclusion of the War a sojourn at one of the Spas would restore him to his former good health. But this was not to be.

I fully realise that I court the contempt of my fellow-countrymen in making such a declaration, but I openly admit that I loved Ludwig. Throughout a long and trying ordeal, in which he felt his position keenly, he preserved the calm dignity which we expect from Saxon blood. His devoted loyalty to those who gave him shelter and his cheerful resignation to his physical affliction stamp him as a gentleman whom, despite his nationality, I am proud to have known.



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"*THE SCARER.*—THE MOST SPORTING AND DEADLY ARTIFICIAL MECHANICAL MINNOW NOW ON THE MARKET. FRIGHTENS THE FISH OUT OF THE WATER. WRITE FOR ONE NOW AND MAKE CERTAIN OF A GOOD BASKET. ONLY TWO-AND-SIXPENCE EACH. LARGER SIZE, TWICE AS DEADLY, FOUR-AND-SIXPENCE."

"ITALIAN CRISIS.
COUNTRY SEE THINGS WITH DISCONTENT."
South African Paper.

This phenomenon unfortunately is not peculiar to Italy.

VALEDICTORY.

(To the Russian Ballet.)

A WORLD that is sombre or petty
  Has suddenly drearier grown:
KARSAVINA, MASSINE, CECCHETTI,
  With all of the Ballet, have flown;
And the audiences, strangely assorted,
  That packed the Alhambra by night
By unanimous rapture transported,
  Are robbed of their dearest delight.

No more for a while shall our joyance
  Be found in those marvellous mimes
Whose names are a source of annoyance
  To makers of topical rhymes;
But whose genius in regions romantic,
  In fantasy's freakish domains,
Now delicate, now corybantic,
  With equal supremacy reigns.

Delightful, though seldom hilarious,
  Their methods refresh and inspire;
For an art so enchantingly various
  Is lit by perennial fire:
And, wedded to music immortal
  Or fierce and alert and intense,
Triumphantly enters the portal
  Of heart and of brain and of sense.

From a world of *malaise* and of mourning,
  Where daily new perils take shape,
From Labour's implacable warning
  They gave us a nightly escape;
And, deeply although she is sundered
  At home from Humanity's heart,
We came and we saw and we wondered
  At Russia's invincible Art.

Farewell, then, delectable dancers,
  Compared with whose effortless ease
The feats of contortionist prancers
  Depress and dismay and displease.
Farewell; may your holiday lend you
  The rest you so royally earn,
And grateful good wishes attend you,
  With hopes of your happy return!

"FOR SALE.—One big Blacksmith's Bellow."
South African Paper.

Let us hope he is a harmonious blacksmith.

From a list of church services:—

"Festival of S Peter, Apollo and Martyr."
South African Paper.

This new detail is most interesting. We have always longed to know more about the great Apostle's personal appearance.



Lady (to fair stranger who has retrieved a wandering pet dog). "THANKS, EVER SO MUCH. I *do* HOPE YOU HAVEN'T WET YOUR LOVELY DRESS?"

Stranger. "OH, I ONLY GOT A WAVE OVER MY FOOT. I DON'T THINK MUCH HARM IS DONE."

PRIZE MONEY.

ON Victory night the lads of our village dragged a tarry old pilchard-boat to the top of the headland and set it afire. Full royally did it blaze. The moor-men on the heights of Carn Pol-Dhu saw it and made answer by setting the furze alight. The graziers of Penhaze, not to be outdone in patriotism, touched a match to their landlord's hay-stacks. All along the backbone of the Delectable Duchy leapt points of fire.

Climbing our headland at 11·15 of that joyous night, I saw those ancient mariners, Captain Amos Jago and Uncle Billy John Polsue, the centre of an admiring school of small-fry, dancing round the flaming ribs of the pilchard-boat and chanting "Rule, Britannia."

Seeing that their combined ages totalled a century and a quarter, that they were wearing sea-boots, and that they had been toiling to unload the freight of the "Ship Inn" for six consecutive hours, it was a very creditable performance, I thought.

At 12.45 I met the *corps de ballet* half-way down the cliff-path, homeward bound.

Captain Amos Jago was sitting on the path, his broad back lodged against a boulder, engaged in a hopeless attempt to strike a light for his empty pipe with the miss-fire end of a match. On the lee-side of him lay Uncle Billy John, taking his rest at full-length, his snores crashing like fog-signals. "Total wreck, 'e is, the gert ole good-for-nawthin'," grunted the Captain, referring to his dancing partner. "Well, what 's the odds? 'Peace do come but wance a year,' as the sayin' is—naw, that 's Christmas, edden it?" he corrected. "Naw matter, wadever a is a doan come offen, an' if me an' Billy John 'ere, what done fower year coast-watchin', wet or fine, edden entitled to our orderly an' legitimate rejoicements no man edden, no man."

I said I was sure of it. The Captain nodded vigorously. "Yessir, we done our bit as good as the rest, wet or fine, an' now—well, a drop of drink in season an' in reason doan do a man no 'arm, do et?" I said I thought it might even do good. The Captain agreed. "Yes, it might even do good—a power o' good. Why, dang et all, look at Billy John 'ere—did 'im a hundred pounds' worth o' good, didn't et? A hundred pounds an' a letter of 'preciation from the Admiralty."

"Did it?" I asked. The Captain snorted, "Of course et did. Didn't you never heard tell on how Billy John winned the hundred pound, then? Sit down to wance while I tell on et, for 'tis a brea mazin' yarn. Sit down to wance." I squatted obediently.

"Happened all along of a wreck we 'ad 'ere last July twelve-month. Coast-guard called down wan evenin' to say there was a barque makin' poor weather of et close on the Shark's Fin an' 'e thought she might be in trouble 'fore mornin'. Sure 'nough, come eleven o'clock, up goes two red rockets to the nor'-west. Lifeboat put out, but 'arf-way 'cross the Bay she met a long-boat comin' in with fowerteen poor souls an' wan ole black nigger aboard. Their barque had struck on the western edge of the Seven Sisters reef, they said, an' was goin' to pieces fast. Next mornin,' sure 'nough, there wadden a thing to be seed of 'er, nawthin' but a scatter of sticks rollin' in on the tide—wooden ship she were. The crew stayed around for two days, waitin' to see would any of their belongings come ashore, then drove off to P'nzance in a waggonette, black nigger an' all. The gale had blawed itself clane out by then, but there was a brea drift of fog about, ridin' 'pon the say.

"No sooner had the crew drove off than ole Billy John lets on 'e 's for visitin' 'is crab-pots, pushes 'is dinghy off the slip and rows away sou'-east. Soon as 'e 's out of sight in the fog, 'e swings the dinghy nor'-west and pulls 'ard for the Seven Sisters—sly ole serpint! The say was as calm as a bowl o' milk an' lappin' round they gert rocks like a cat lickin'

'er kits, so 'e didn't 'ave no trouble in makin' a landin' at all. 'E hitched the dinghy to a nobble o' rock, where she'd float, an' went pokin' an' pryin' over the reef for what 'e could find. Wadden much 'e did find ayther, for all 'is cunnin.' By the end o' some hours all 'e 'd got were about thirty fathom of rope 'e 'd cut off spars, a block or two, a couple o' canvas buckets, a bird-cage wid a dead canary in it an' wan old say-boot. Then, just when he 'd give et up as a bad job an' was for pushin' off home, he spied a lil' keg jammed in a crack o' the rocks. 'E worked et loose, prised the bung out wid 'is marlin-spike an' set 'is nose to et. It were rum, good rum, the very best. The smell of et rose up through the bung strong as death an' gave ole Billy's nose a tweak that bringed tears to his eyes. Beautiful stench et 'ad, warm an' powerful. 'E put 'is mouth to the bung an' drawed off a valyant sup of et, once, twice an' again—thought et would maybe charm 'is stummick, he said, 'im being all scat abroad wid chronicle indegestion. Must 'ave misjudged the strength of the stuff or opened 'is throat too wide or somethin,' for next thing 'e knawed was that 'e was lyin' on 'is back in a puddle o' water, the keg upside down beside 'im an' it was full moonlight. Sleepin' drunk to the world 'e 'd been for six mortal hours. Old Billy sat up an' clung to 'is 'ead with both 'ands. The Sisters was rockin' under 'im as if they was afloat. 'E could 'ear the say lickin' round the reef like as if et were laughin,' an' away to the southard the red lantern of the Longships Light'ouse winked at en like a blood-shot eye.

"Old Billy thought the sickness of death was upon 'im sure 'nough, an' 'im a sinful man. 'E was considerin' 'pon castin' 'isself into the ocean an' endin' 'is misery there and then, when all of a sudden, not seventy fathoms inshore of the Sisters, 'e seed the water bubble an' eave an' up comes a gert creature big as a whale an' bigger. For the first instant Billy thought et *was* a whale; then he thought no, it were too long, must be the say-serpint; then 'e *knawed* what et were. 'Oh, my dear life an' soul, 'tis a German submarine!' says 'e, 'an' flattened 'isself out in the pool as flat as 'e could an' pulled the sayweed all over 'im. 'E could see the submarine as plain as I can see you now, lying like a black rock right across the moonlight. 'E seed 'er 'atch open an' a brace o' foreign chaps come out an' stand about on 'er conning-tower laughin' an' talkin'. Now an' again wan o' them would put up a pair o' night-glasses an' look away towards the Longships passage. Old Billy, lyin' there under the weed, like a pig in a dung-heap, seed what their game was. They were waitin' on one of our convoys goin' up the Bristol Channel; waitin' lyin' on the sand-bottom 'tween the Sisters an' the shore, where nobody would think o' lookin' for 'em. They 'd come up now to fill air-tanks, never thinkin' o' that fat ole weasel, Billy John Polsue, lyin' drunk out on the reef. For three mortal hours she lay there pumpin', an' for three mortal hours ole Billy lay in the pool shivering like a wet cat, darin' hardly to breathe. Then the Germans closed the 'atch an' she went under. Billy gave 'er a quarter-hour to get settled, then jumped in 'is dinghy and pulled for dear life, not for the Cove, but straight ashore. He ripped the bottom out of the dinghy, beachin' 'er on the boulders below the Cape, an' tore the knees out of 'is pants scramblin' up the cliff. When 'e got into the coast-guard station at Penhair 'e was more dead than alive, an' they 'ad to 'most drown 'im in brandy before they could get mouth-speech out of en. But when 'e did speak they jumped to the telephone an' 'ad the Naval Commander in P'nzance out of bed in 'is night-shirt runnin' about like a mad dog."

"And did they scupper her?" I asked.

The Captain rose unsteadily to his feet and yawned loudly. "Scupper 'er, yes. They 'ad a fleet o' patrol-boats round before dawn droppin' enough depth charges to blow the bottom out of the say. An' where do you think that ole toad, Billy John Polsue, was while they was doin' of et?"

"Bed?" I ventured.

The Captain cackled. "Bed! Not 'e. Why, baling in the dead fish what floated up. Loaded a gig-ful, 'e did, an' swamped the market."

He placed a weighty sea-boot on the thickest portion of the recumbent opportunist and pressed.

"Come on, thou ole worm, thou ole good-for-nawthin'. Time us was gettin' home-along." PATLANDER.

Our Cynical Press.

"As a result of partial failure in the Ministry of Labour, satisfactory progress was made towards a settlement of the surface workers' dispute."—*Scotsman.*

From the report of a speech by Lord MILNER:—

"If, in stretching out after a *pax mundi* which we might never attain, we were to let slip from our grasp the Tax Britannica, we should be sacrificing substance for the shadow. (Cheers.)"—*Irish Paper.*

But so long as the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER remains with us there is no danger of this particular catastrophe.

VERSES INSPIRED BY THE PUSSYFOOT MUSE.

I BRING new spells from the magic wells
  Of the U.S.A.
To banish from earth the excess of mirth
  In a world too gay;
I draw fresh forces from watercourses
  To work upon British brawn
Till it cease to put out the strength of the stout
  And the day of judgment dawn;
When I've bound the free to cocoa and tea
  And all that is unfermented
I tighten the rope till I drive them to dope,
  And then I can die contented.

O'er the herring-pond from the back of beyond
  I come to put you wise
In the way to win from original sin
  To ultimate enterprise;
In Arkansaw by the strength of my jaw,
  In Illinois by craft,
In Ohio by a trick I know
  (No, certainly *not* by graft),
I have raised my race to a lofty place
  Where only the chained can stand,
And plucked from the fire of Western desire
  A Californian brand,
So that must of wine by a mustn't of mine
  Shall there be ever banned.

I am the kitten that hands the mitten
  To the brewers of beer;
On velvet feet I creep to cheat
  Whoever may love good cheer;
If I flatter the mood of the unco' guid,
  If I frighten feeble folk,
If I plot and scheme till, half a-dream,
  Men pass beneath my yoke,
A day shall break when there may be cake,
  For cake is mostly dry,
But naught shall avail the call for Ale,
  An exceeding Bitter cry.

"APRÈS LE JAZZ.

The new vagary is the hoola-hoola, which is the native performance of the ladies of Hawaii. It will presumably have to be somewhat bolderised even for the most advanced London coteries, because experts who have heard—and seen—it pronounce that it is extremely feminist and exoticly passionate."
Provincial Paper.

Then the suggestion that it should be made still bolder is enough to cause old BOWDLER to turn in his grave.

"CAMUS" writes:—

The reverend sire of the Cam
Tells Bacchus and OMAR KHAYYAM
  That, should Pussyfoot dare
  To show his foot there,
Nine lives will be lost in the Cam.



Kathleen (busy with the chocolates). "MOTHER, WHAT *CAN* THRUSHES SEE IN WORM?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE name of SACHA GREGORY is, I think, new to me; but if this means that his book, *Yellowleaf* (HEINEMANN), is a first novel, it is certainly one of unusually matured power. Mr. GREGORY seems to be a born tale-teller. His plot here is largely a matter of atmosphere; and from the opening pages of the story the atmosphere of Yellowleaf, the big retired house in St. John's Wood that is its setting, is very highly charged . . . I greatly wish that I could suggest to you the quality of the intrigue without a premature revelation of its course. Briefly, we have this house filled with charming people: old *Lady-Mary*, who owned it, her widowed stepdaughter, *Lily*, her two grandchildren, her nephew *Charles*, who loved *Lily*, and her ancient butler, who loved them all. This was the Yellowleaf circle before the breaking in upon it of *Aghassy*, the piano-playing genius who married *Lily* and brought such unpleasant happenings to the house. In some ways *Aghassy* himself is the most skilfully-drawn figure in the group. His apparent kindliness, his plausibility and general absence of melodrama come so near disarming suspicion that the gradual realisation of just what sinister business is behind it all gains monstrously in emotional effect. Perhaps you will close the book with a grateful conviction that, as the man says in the play, "people don't do such things;" but this, I fancy, will hardly affect your interest in a clever, creepy and very well-written story.

Before the wisdom of elders destroyed the nice distinction I believed that "narrative" was that explanatory streak in books which comes in between and as it were prepares the way for the story bits. If I still might to that extent emulate LEWIS CARROLL'S *Humpty-Dumpty* and order the words about I should like to say that Lady CHARNWOOD'S book, *The Dean* (CONSTABLE), has lots of very interesting narrative in it, but that, however eagerly you scurry along looking for it, you will never find the story. It always seems to be getting ready to begin, but it never does. You are told many things of births, deaths, marriages, dinners, dances, inheritings and disinheritings, but you never feel them happening; yet, because the people concerned are so real and many of them, in a nice, human, possible way, so fine, you will be ready to forgive the disappointment of finding that there wasn't any very urgent reason for telling you about them at all. Lady CHARNWOOD can draw people—draws too, I think, in what art students call the "life class"—and it is just possible that her fidelity to her models, to what she knows of them in private life, has prevented her from infusing any sense of action into their imaginary history. The *Dean* himself, an ordinary high-minded clever impatient man, and his delightful wife, who would tell him things about his own family which he must have known as well as she did, just because she wanted me to know too, are people whom it has been delightful to meet, although it has cost me some effort from time to time to sort out all their family connections, whose relationships both they and Lady CHARNWOOD seemed to expect me to remember.

To those of us who are not afraid of technical details, *Under the Periscope* (COLLINS) should prove as intriguing as its title. Lieutenant MARK BENNET, R.N.R., intends here to tell us all about a particular class of submarine, and scrupulously he carries out his intention. After reading

his book I feel that there is no excuse for ignorance about under-water craft, but all the same there is such an appalling lot to learn that my admiration for those men who go under the sea in ships has, if possible, increased. Let me, however, hasten to say that Lieutenant BENNET is not only an instructor of the ignorant. "The incidents recorded," he writes, "are all founded on fact, and many of them are personal experiences." And to this I can truly add that most of the selected incidents have a thrill in them. This is a shortish book and some of the pages in my copy are absolutely blank, but even in its shorn condition I recommend it to everyone who wants an answer to the question, "What does it feel like to be below the sea?"

Mr. IAN COLVIN candidly asserts with Marshal VON HINDENBURG and Mr. BOTTOMLEY that all this talk of Leagues of Nations is sheer fudge—dangerous because plausible. There will be none of this nonsense if he can help it! The *Safety of the Nation* (MURRAY) depends on its industries, and commerce is safe only if it helps the essential industries. Wealth is not wealth if there be not security. (So far so good.) Security can only be attained by a people that stops its ears against syren-voices, whether of money-grabbers (that is Free Traders and other profiteers) or idealists, and realises that War is War and inevitable; that moreover Peace is War, and Trade as between nations is not a mutual accommodation but a desperate conflict, in which it is right to use every device of diplomacy, every resource of power, to outwit the enemy. The Germans in fact were on the right lines before the Great War. Now nobody can dismiss this all with a wave of the hand merely because it is unpleasant. It represents the up-to-date stone age point of view, which has never yet been disproved, and it logically accounts for all Mr. COLVIN'S deductions and *obiter dicta*, which would otherwise be rather startling; *e.g.*, "The true ideal of a national education is the better service of the industries by which the nation lives." Mr. COLVIN (despite his scorn of other brands) is an idealist of the extremist will-to-power school and a passionate anti-huckster. And, as I say, he may be right. In fact, if he gets enough people to believe him, he *is* right. An interesting, cocksure, learnedly documented, biassed and depressing book.



SCENE IN THE HOME OF THE INVENTOR OF THE AUTOMATIC MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

On the analogy of the man who called himself a constant lover because he was always in love with somebody, *Sheila*, heroine of Miss MURIEL HINE'S latest novel, *The Hidden Valley* (LANE), might be held a conspicuous example of the constantly loved. You never met a girl with such a procession of pretenders to her heart. If, however, you deduce from this that the tale is going to be yet one more comedy of courtship, you miss your guess. For one thing, poor *Sheila* was not fortunate; despite the multitude of her chances she had rank bad luck in her percentage of impossibles—including in this category both the fish-blooded egoist whom she marries, and a couple of bad-hats, genuine wrong'uns, of a type (certainly not fish-like!) that I must believe Miss HINE to suppose more common than the facts warrant. It is, I fancy, part of her scheme to emphasise the "passion" of *Sheila's* wooers; the result being that the universe appeared to that bewildered lady as pervaded either by men whose behaviour scared her into justified hysterics, or (in the exceptional case of her husband) bored her to tears. Incidentally, you may observe already that *The Hidden Valley* is in no sense a war-book; man-shortage at least was never among *Sheila's* trials. On the positive side it might be called a number of things, according to the taste and fancy of the individual reader; but certainly neither dull nor badly written. From which indication you may judge whether you are more like to be repelled or entertained, and can take action accordingly.

Mr. KENELM FOSS has a lot to learn in the art of constructing a novel. Indeed his arrangement of the nine chapters of *Till our Ship comes in* (GRANT RICHARDS) is astoundingly capricious, and I put it to him that a courtship is unnecessarily handicapped in the telling when one knows that the ensuing marriage resulted in an everlasting struggle against poverty. Mr. Foss derives some sentimental humour from the situations he creates, but in essentials his battle of the *Fosters* to feed and clothe their numerous progeny is a dreary affair; and I wonder if any father of a family could be as feckless as *Herbert Foster* and still retain an atom of self-respect. The greatest humourist alive would be hard-pressed to squeeze many smiles from such a poverty-stricken theme as this; but I can truthfully say that Mr. Foss squeezed with great energy. Mr. H. M. BROCK has supplied some charming illustrations.

There are eleven stories and sketches bound together in *Home Fires in France* (CONSTABLE), and in spite of Miss DOROTHY CANFIELD'S reputation as a novelist, and although she has nowhere vouched for their truth, I am not at all convinced that she would like me to regard them as fiction. In half of them her point of view is that of an American in France during the War—and both her own countrymen and mine should thank her for exhibiting it after such a fashion—the others might have been written by an authoress of either of the allied nationalities who possessed a sympathy never maudlin and a tenderness never merely saccharine. Miss CANFIELD has not strained her facts to bring about that air of completeness which fiction has taught us to expect. I feel quite sure that the men and women in her pages went on living for chapters more after she had written her last word about them—and I do not remember that any of them married each other. This is not the way of the novelist. Yet all the romance of courage and kindness and patient effort and heroic faith is here, with a trust in the goodness of human nature so sincere and unconscious as to be an additional argument in its own favour.



THE STOWAWAY.

CHARIVARIA.

AN old lady of ninety-nine is living in Kensington who has never heard of the Peace. Newspapers containing the shocking details are carefully kept from her.

* * *

THE irresponsible newsgatherer who recently caused a boom in Government securities by announcing that three hundred generals had left the War Office now writes to explain that they all returned after lunch.

* * *

"Intelligence has reached me," says Mr. LOVAT FRASER, "that British money is being poured into the morasses of Mesopotamia." The Government, we understand, deny both allegations.

* * *

The Royal Automobile Club refuses to divulge the name of the wealthy merchant who entered the Club dining-room on August 12th and ordered half-a-dozen grouse's eggs.

* * *

According to an American report China raises one hundred million pigs annually. An expert statistician calculates that, if the whole hundred million were gathered together in a flock and their tails pulled, very little would be heard of the Irish Question.

* * *

The report that an Aberdeen child had become mentally affected as the result of swallowing a penny turns out to be incorrect. It is the father of the child whose sanity is despaired of.

* * *

A boy of fifteen, called as a witness in the Durham County Court, admitted that he could not read. It was explained that the lad's ignorance was the result of a compromise between an uncle who reads *The Morning Post* and a godfather addicted to *The Daily News*.

* * *

"Anybody," says a contemporary, "can keep a few marine animals in an aquarium, no matter how far from the sea they may live." The Official Limpet, for example, will last for years and years under favourable conditions.

* * *

The bachelor vicar of a Garden Suburb declares that husband and wife should wherever possible take their holidays apart. With that elusiveness peculiar to the celibate clergy he cleverly omits to say which party should take the children.

* * *

A 680-lb. tunny fish, a species seldom seen north of the Mediterranean, has been caught off the coast of Scotland. There is a theory that the creature had tasted Scotchman off the coast of Africa and acquired a craving for it.

* * *

It was so hot last week that one gentleman rushed into the Chamber of Horrors at a famous waxworks and asked for a couple of cold shudders up the back.

* * *

An *Evening News* correspondent points out a case where quite recently the train beat the telephone. It is only fair to say that Mr. ILLINGWORTH did not know there was a competition and so was not really trying.

* * *

In the event of the prison officers striking in future several old hands now undergoing sentence have offered to come out in sympathy.

* * *

The giraffe at the Zoo is suffering from an affection of the eye, and steps have been taken to deal with it. We suppose this was the only method of reaching that part of the animal's anatomy.

* * *

A six-year-old girl of Selby is said to play the piano better than many adults. We are sure of it.

* * *

SZAMUELLY, the well-known Bolshevik terrorist of Budapest, who boasts of having executed more people than any other man, has recently married. His wife has promised to love and obey him.

* * *

Very few murders are committed on a Monday, says a London magistrate. We are not surprised at this, for Monday is too busy a day for people to find time to bother about anything but work.

* * *

"Everybody who is anybody," says *The Evening News*, "is on the moors." But who isn't anybody these days, we should like to know.

* * *

Since the announcement in a medical journal that the human voice is produced by the action of forty-four different muscles, many husbands have forbidden their wives to do Physical Training before breakfast.

* * *

According to a trustworthy correspondent another gratuity was paid last week.

"After viewing the grounds, etc., the party assembled on the terrace, where a presumptuous repast had been prepared."
Provincial Paper.

Swank!

Profiteering.

The grocer who has made his pile,
Does he grow nicer? No, Sir!
He does not change his heart or style,
But grows a grosser grocer.

HOLIDAYS AND PRODUCTION.

WHITE sands, and blue of Cornish seas
In which with dolphin grace I wallowed;
O lotus land, the haunt of ease;
O all that sweet ozone I swallowed;
O dulcet airs that so improve
The body's tissues and the mind's tone—
Sadly I leave you, sadly move
Back to the grindstone.

Lulled by the murmur of a main
Almost too torpid to be tidal,
For weeks I've let my vacant brain
Lie indefatigably idle;
And now the old Muse, long suppressed,
With sharp tattoo of fife and tabor
Wakes roughly from his billets (rest)
This son of Labour.

Homeward returning, rudely tanned,
How am I shocked to find the nation
Has got completely out of hand
During my unremarked vacation;
To grasp the fact (for news down there
Seemed dull and didn't much concern us)
Of England heading unaware
Straight for Avernus!

I hear we don't "produce" enough;
I hear the Yankee victual-monger
Says if we can't turn out the stuff
He'll have to see us die of hunger;
One power alone can stay the rot
And keep our molars well in action—
LABOUR (the Thing Itself and not
The Party faction).

This is no time for pleasure, no;
This is no time for flannelled fooling
(I've had my holiday and so
Can give impartially this ruling);
Shame, shame on him that in the sea
At such an hour his form immerses,
Instead of making goods—like me
(I made these verses).

O. S.

THE HOT-AIR FORCE.

THE world is a different place for a number of people now that we have a "Marshal of the Air." The title so affected an elder brother who has not smiled since LEBAUDY dubbed himself "Emperor of the Sahara" that he upset a Sunday morning breakfast in a spasm of hilarity, and the youngest, still in the Air Force, threatened to illuminate his "wings" with electricity after sunset.

Happy as I am about the new titular styles, I cannot but grieve over certain omissions. Of course one must know what they call fellows who command Groups and Wings and Flights and so forth, but, as I said when I was an Equipment Officer, they are not the only fellows on earth, even when they are on earth. What of us others—the Quarter-master, the Administration Officer, the Paymaster, the Doctor and the Chaplain? And, above all (or beside all?), what of the W.R.A.F.'s? So far the Air Ministry is silent.

We must help. Obviously the Air Council is in difficulties. There is the next uniform to worry over for one thing, and the uniform which is to succeed the next uniform for another, and the small fry are expected to be patient. We are doing our best, and it is a good best, for mental resignation is a custom and habit with all those who draw allowances. But, be there any amongst us gifted with imagination, let him come forward and indicate the nomenclature of his choice.

Here is my little lot. I am proud of them and feel sure that I am working on official lines.

Place aux dames! What shall be the designation of the chief W.R.A.F.? The one who ruled in my wing resembled a Roman Emperor (or Mr. HERMAN FINCK, if he were clean-shaven) and was an Honourable. We all stood in awe of her, and she was of opinion that, as we were all "temporary gentlemen," we must have come from Clapham. (Some of us did.) The majesty of her bearing and the aloofness of her mien (here was one who really had a mien) made a deep impression on me, and if only for association's sake I would propose that the head of the Woman's Royal Air Force be styled, in all documents, writs and tenancy agreements, IMPERATRIX OF THE ETHER.

There is a tenderness in most ex-R.A.F. hearts for the W.R.A.F. cooks. While all ranks deserve a sonorous appellation, I will content myself for the present in dealing with their case only. VESTALS OF VICTUALLING they shall be. So let it be promulgated.

There is sure to be a good deal of bickering over the Chaplains. My submission is "First, second and third class, AUGURS OF THE EMPYREAN;" but the Bishops will probably think of something loftier. The Quarter-master does not fly; let him be QUÆSTOR OF THE LEVEL. Doctors, we are told, must fly; let them be ICARIANS OF THE BLACK DRAUGHTS. The Paymaster, on the other hand, might be CHIEF SATRAP OF OVERDRAUGHTS, while our old friend the Administration Officer——

I was one—or, as my Colonel would have it, an adumbration of one. I, who in private life before the War did not know the average price of potatoes, was entrusted with the spending of tens of thousands of pounds on vegetables, loose-leaf note-books and linoleum. I also had a shop and sold puttees and lawn-tennis balls. I was the most actively energetic officer in my wing, spending twenty-three hours out of each working day on my feet. Because of this I was allowed but twenty pounds outfit allowance, instead of the usual fifty, my work being classed as sedentary. By way of revenge I stole two pairs of boots from the wing shop. (See Report of Select Committee on Air Force Waste, p. 932, Ch. 184, vol. 337.)

In addition to all this work (buying, selling and scrounging) I was an authority on clothing, particularly tunics and breeches. Indeed even in those days I called myself the TUNIC TETRARCH. And it is this appellation I would bestow officially on the latter-day A.O. But I am conscious that it falls short somewhere. It doesn't cover enough of the ground. Most certainly potatoes should come in, as the A.O. buys so many; and I should like, if possible, another alliteration. I have it! Is not the A.O. a comforter, and is not the food he buys a comfort? Very well, then. In all wedding licences, deed-polls, ration-books and promissory notes let the Administration Officer of the R.A.F. be known as TUNIC TETRARCH AND POTATO PARACLETE.

The ground is not all covered, but dread of the charge of presumption restrains me. If my preliminary proposals find favour, perhaps I may hope for employment at the Air Ministry (having been demobilised for seven months and demonetised for five). Does the Air Council need a Press agent? It does not appear so, but in the event of the office being unfilled I beg to offer my services. I make one stipulation—in regard to the manner of my styling;

CHIEF EMPURPLER OF THE AZURE

is my present idea.



ANOTHER FROG-AND-BULL STORY.

The Frog. "Acting on the advice of my friends I have decided to postpone further distention."



Daughter. "YOU DIDN'T OUGHT TO LET BABY WORRY THAT GENTLEMAN WITH 'IS CHOCOLATE."
Mother. "WELL, THE GENTLEMAN DIDN'T OUGHT TO EAT IT."

THE WINKLERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the appointment of an expensive sports officer, capable of calculating batting averages to three places of decimals and of organizing teams and quoting authorities at a moment's notice for any game, from snatch-cork to throwing the discus, the favourite amusements of our troops consist of directing concentrated or converging fire with stones at tins on the beach, or tracking down shellfish. Woe betide the derelict biscuit-tin that seeks temporary refuge on our *plage*. The artillery bombard it with boulders, machine-gunners riddle it with pebbles, and snipers camouflage themselves behind seaweed and scientifically snick off bits of solder. As for the mussels and winkles of the locality, it must be assumed that all other residential quarters are sadly overcrowded, or that they possess stouter hearts than what they are popularly credited with.

In the daily count of casualties winkles appear to figure more largely than other molluscs. No doubt this is due to the pleasure experienced by the expert winkler in dexterously harpooning the fish with a pin and giving it the right rotary twist that reveals it to the world.

At all events the M.O. has been extremely busy coping with an epidemic of Winklers' Wrist, which is akin to Tennis Elbow, but with a slightly different action.

Our most stout-hearted and resolute hunter is Elfred Fry, who combines with his more serious vocation the duties of batman to Percival. Elfred tracks winkles with a relentless zeal that has several times brought him into active collision with the good people of Quelquepart-sur-Mer, who consider that he oversteps the bounds of sportsmanship. They don't mind amateur collecting, but Elfred's professional methods arouse their wrath. Hence fluent expostulation on their part, which Elfred receives with silent contempt, thereby diplomatically concealing the fact that he is unequal to them in argument.

Elfred's propensity is also a source of trouble to Percival.

"It isn't so much that I mind him disappearing with the shaving water, and only reappearing with the bedroom candles," said he, "but he is making my quarters look like a salvage dump with empty shells. I've got a search party out for him now. Expect they'll find him, disguised as a boulder, trying to persuade limpets to cling to him."

When Elfred reported himself, having been discovered dabbling in a limpid sea-pool, the pockets of his tunic were suspiciously bulging.

"Where have you been?" asked Percival sternly.

"Looking at the sunset on the beach, Sir," replied Elfred unblushingly.

"Well, in future you'll jolly well let the sun set without your assistance. You seem to think the sun is more important than your duties. Wait there while I finish this letter."

Elfred adjusted his feet for waiting, and hoped that a neglected hole in his tunic pocket would not let him down. But it was a vain hope. Something clattered on the floor and rolled away into a corner.

"What's that?" exclaimed Percival irritably.

"Think a button 'as dropped off my tunic," said Elfred, breathing hard.

Percival plunged once more into the throes of composition, and for a few minutes all was quiet. Then the silence was again broken in two distinct places.

"How do you think I can write letters while you stand there shedding buttons like a laundry?" cried Percival, with heat. "Go outside and shake yourself."

Elfred turned obediently, but as he did so a cascade of winkles poured from his pocket and distributed themselves over the floor.

"That's done it!" said Percival grimly. "If ever you venture within a hundred yards of my quarters with a shell-fish in your possession I'll have you returned to duty *tout de suite*."

For a few days Elfred kept away from the beach, but the winkle lust led him on the trail again. Relations between him and the fisher-folk once more became strained on a question of jumped claim, and a complaint was made to the Maire, who referred it to Percival's C.O. Percival, who was refreshing his jaded intellect with a game of tennis, was sent for post haste. He rushed to his quarters to assume garments fitting for a military interview, and almost surprised Elfred, who had just returned from the chase and had deposited the spoils, tied in a khaki handkerchief, on a locker. Elfred had only time to drop the hanky and its contents into the pocket of one of Percival's tunics and organise a look of innocent virtue before his master entered.

"Give me some clothes, quick!" panted Percival, and he was dressed and gone before Elfred had time to realize that he had taken the tunic which contained the product of an afternoon's successful sport.

On the occasions when the C.O. was really cross his reproaches, as Percival well knew, could be as white-hot rods, and this time he appeared to be right on top of his form. Percival bowed his head and waited for the strokes to fall.

"I've sent for you," said the C.O., "on account of a complaint I've received about that confounded servant of yours. Apparently you have no control over him. Your capability of enforcing discipline, etc.——"

This was merely the breeze that heralded the storm. Soon thunderbolts of wrath began to drop with unerring accuracy on Percival's head, and vivid lightning danced across his eyes. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he groped in his pocket for a handkerchief to wipe them away. His fingers closed round something, which he dragged out, and the next moment both he and the C.O. were taking cover from a tempestuous shower of winkles. . . .

In next day's orders the following announcement appeared:—

"It is notified for the information of ALL RANKS that the collecting of shell-fish is forbidden, and must cease."



Bluejacket. "THAT MOUSTACHE O' YOURS WOULD BE WORTH ABOUT FIFTY QUID IF THINGS WAS DIFFERENT."

Fitter. "WOT THINGS DIFFERENT?"

Bluejacket. "IF BILLIARD-BALLS WAS MADE OF HAIR INSTEAD OF IVORY."

Another Impending Apology.

"One of the greatest of the troubles of aviators is the starting of the big engines now in vogue, and it is eminently satisfactory to know that this trouble seems to be overcome for ever by a simple little device known as the —— Self-starter. A matter of a fortnight since Major-General J. E. B. Seely, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Under-Secretary for Air, journeyed specially to Hendon to see it, and demonstrated its fool-proofness by himself causing it to operate successfully three times in succession."—*Aeroplane.*

"In Benburb Strtet a woman was driving a cart when it collided with a tank. The tank was uninjurtd, and continued its journey."

Thank heaven! *Irish Paper.*

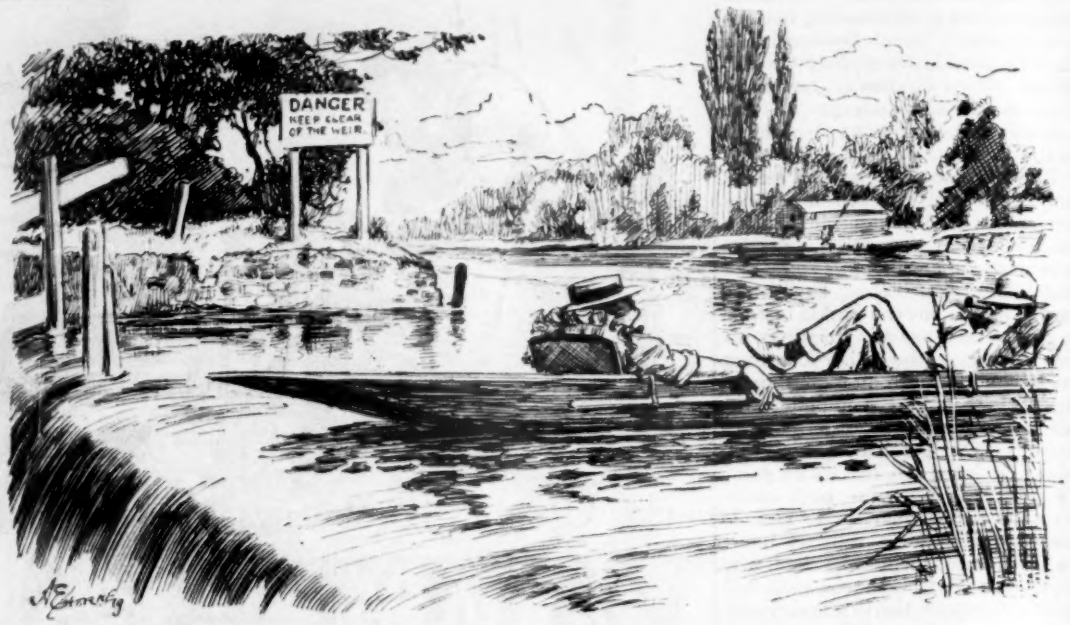
A Lethal Agency.

A laundry company's announcement on the advertisement screen of a provincial music-hall:—

"WHY KILL THE WIFE?
LET US DO YOUR DIRTY WORK."

"Paris, Tuesday.—A rumour that an American division is to embark for Constantinople in the course of the week was heard in usually well-informed circles at the Hotel Crillon last night. If it proves true it means that the United States has definitely undertaken the mandate for America."—*Provincial Paper.*

Who then is to have the mandate for Armenia? The Young Turks?



First ex-Officer. "JUST THINK, OLD CHAP, THAT THIS TIME LAST YEAR WE WERE GOING OVER THE TOP."
Second ex-Officer. "THANK HEAVEN WE SHALL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN."

SHIPS AND FOLKS.

"SHIPS are like folks," said Murphy, "the way there 's good an' bad
An' weak an' strong among 'em, an' steady ones an' mad;
The way they 're wild an' willin', an' kind an' cruel too,
The way there 's fair an' false ones an' homely ones an' true.

"Ships are like folks," said Murphy, "the way a man can't tell
What makes him take to one so an' hate the next like hell,
Why some that treat him handsome he counts no more 'n the rest,
An' some that use him meanest he maybe likes 'em best.

"Ships are like folks," said Murphy, "the way they come an' go,
An' some you 'll sail for years with an' never seem to know,
An' some you 'll sign just once with an' part, an' there 's an end,
An' some you first clap eyes on an' know you 've found a friend.

"Ships are like folks," said Murphy, "in every kind o' way—
The way us fellers leaves 'em that 's knowed 'em in their day,
The way we 'll chuck the best ones an' choose the worst instead,
An' curse 'em when they 're livin' an' miss 'em when they 're dead."

C. F. S.

The Strong Man of the Labour Party.

"Mr. Robert Smillie was last night presented with a testimonial by Mr. John Robertson, M.P., who handed to Mr. Smillie a cheque for £200 and a roll-top desk."—*Daily Herald.*

"GENUINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE
Mentioned in the Doomsday Book."—*Country Life.*

But not, of course, in the first edition.

BELINDA'S BAKING.

MORE than once I have complimented Belinda on her cooking. Her mint-sauce is admirable, and since I gave her a wrist-watch she has been able to boil an egg with anyone.

But when she announced the other morning that circumstances would compel her to make bread that day I was greatly moved. Still I went on with my breakfast as if nothing had happened, and, excepting that perhaps I ate a slice or two less than usual, I did not betray any agitation.

During the morning I looked into the kitchen for some matches. Belinda, all apron and anxiety, was leading a floury existence. I did not stay long; she was not in a mood for conversation, and the moist mess in the yellow basin on the table was not pleasant to look upon. Besides, Belinda is not at her best with flour on her nose. So I returned to my room, muttering curses on the bakers who had brought about this state of things.

We had lunch under a cloud. Belinda was like a young mother whose baby had been left in the garden while a thunderstorm was brewing. Five times she left the table to go and look into the kitchen oven, returning little, if any, less concerned than when she went. I had the gravest apprehensions as to what the outcome of the business might be.

Reader, do you remember the really large grey pieces of shingle to be found at some of our popular watering-places? Have you ever become intimately acquainted with the unresisting texture of the common paving-stone? I mention these things because it may perhaps be expected of me. Neither of them, however, bears any resemblance to the result of Belinda's baking.

For Belinda is a clever little thing; her bread was excellent.

"Gardening.—Lady gardener wants Jobbing Gardening, daily or permanent (no lass)."—*Provincial Paper.*

Surely this is unusual candour on a delicate subject.

THE ATTACHÉ.

THE Colonel's nib, the Major's pen
I cleaned to a lovely shine;
They came each day to work at ten,
I gladly came at nine;
Chuprassis watched me all agape
Tying their cases into shape,
That ne'er a memo. should escape,
With faultless bows of showy tape
The colour of port wine.

The walls were once a sorry show,
For no one in their annals
Had ever dreamt that "Q" could flow
In decorative channels;
But I made graphs and hung on hooks
Statistics from a hundred books
Of miles and minutes, carts and cooks,
Which now relieve the ugly looks
Of all the vacant panels.

Each day at noon the office shut
And others went to munch;
'Twas then I cracked work's hardest nut
And made a mental lunch;
And when his glass of port was quaffed
The Major came and read the draft
I'd polished with such careful craft,
And made some jokes (at which I laughed
And called them fit for *Punch*).

Days grew to weeks and weeks to years
And still I cleaned that pen,
And, when I soiled it with my tears,
I cleaned it up again;
The clerks below were full of wiles,
So I'd be sent a dozen miles
To fetch and carry heavy files,
Piles and piles and piles and piles—
I was a young man then.

Alas! my hair is silvered o'er;
My youth has lost its spice;
I've ceased to hanker any more
For tabs or crowns or pice;
Half-dreaming, half-awake, afar
I gaze across the troubled bar
And, taking brasso from the jar,
Clean up the solitary star
I'll wear in Paradise.

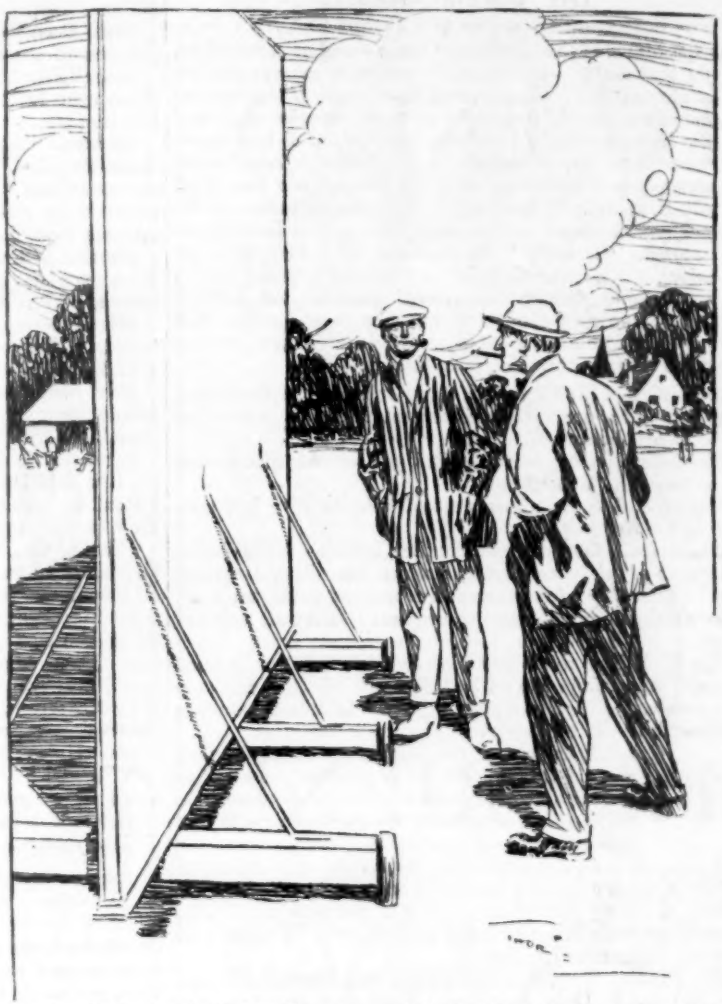
THE NEW PERIL.

A KINDLY Post-Office has embellished the latest edition of *The Telephone Directory* with a quaint series of informative maxims, printed neatly one at the top of each page. These, while they argue a certain lack of humour in the official mind, reveal a praiseworthy desire to assist the public (who are apparently regarded as more or less half-witted) to a clearer understanding of the mentality of the telephone operator. Various of these axioms will come as a severe shock to the most hardened subscriber, as, for example, the exhortation, "Replace the receiver when finished," which deals a death-blow to the present practice of hurling the instrument through the window; while the injunction to "pronounce the 'i' long in 'nine'" must inevitably cause distress to those sticklers for correct English who have hitherto pronounced it short.

The list of such instructions, though enormous, is by no means complete, and several more proverbs or mottoes could be reasonably added. "Allow three days for trunk calls to materialise" and "Why telephone at all? A letter saves time," are obvious omissions.

Despite the value of this new departure on the part of Authority there lies therein a hidden danger, which must nevertheless be plain to all thinking men. What if this craze for offering gratuitous advice should prove contagious, involving in time all the most cherished of our standard works? To be asked, say, by *Bradshaw*, to "Be sure, before selecting a train, that you really wish to travel," or to be advised to "Read always from left to right," might well pall in time upon the most enthusiastic holiday-maker, while one may readily imagine the distress that would be caused if *Who's Who*, succumbing to the fever, informed us that "The pages are arranged in numerical order," or if *The Post Office Directory* published the warning, "Be careful. Your friends may have moved."

And so on. The prospect is limitless, and one to strike fear into the stoutest heart; only the exertion of considerable will-power by the habitual readers of such publications can hope to overcome the menace of this national danger.



American Visitor (having had bowling-screen explained). "BUT, MY *BOY*, WHAT A CHANCE FOR AN *ADVERTISEMENT* STUNT!"

THE CINEMA HABIT.

SCENE.—*The Interior of a Picture Theatre.*

The spectators at this particular house—and at some others, for that matter—are not easily roused to express emotion or even interest. The eleventh-hour rescue of the innocent hero in a "crook" drama from the electrocution-chair and the happy ending of a pathetic love-tale fail alike to excite more than torpid acquiescence, while a life-and-death struggle on a tight-rope stretched between two New York sky-scrapers will cause about the same sensation as the progressive stages in the manufacture of a lawn-tennis racquet. "Comedy" films (except, of course, those in which the irresistible CHARLIE CHAPLIN *appears) do not appreciably disturb the general gravity—but perhaps there is no very obvious reason why they should. And yet these spectators must enjoy the entertainment, or they would hardly patronise it as they do.*

An Habituée (to her friend, as, after prolonged hesitation, they occupy the seats assigned to them). Would you *rather* be too near the screen, dear?

The Friend (on her defence). Well, you see, that girl showed us in here, and I thought——

The Hab. I know. I only asked because I've just seen two in the row behind.

The Friend. Oh, let's get them then, before—— *(Rising, to occupants of intervening seats)* Excuse me. May I trouble you? *(After they have squeezed their way out to the gangway)* *Where* did you say you saw them, dear? They all look full to *me*.

The Hab. Yes, we're just too late! We'd better go back again. *(They do.)* May I trouble you? Excuse me! *(as they resume their original places).* If we both keep our eyes open we're sure to get another chance before long.

[*And after one or two more* fausses sorties *they succeed in retreating to a position from which they can execute further strategic movements to the rear—an occupation which they seem to find infinitely more engrossing than the pictures.*

A Fiancée (as a car containing the heroine and principal villain plunges over a cliff and falls on rocks hundreds of feet below). I simply can't bear to think of the poor people who have to get their living by doing such things. It must be so horribly dangerous for them!

Her Fiancé. Why, you didn't think *they* went over in the car, did you? Only dummies. They stop the film and put them in just before, you know.

The Fiancée. There you go! Spoiling all the pleasure of it—*as* usual!

[*A character in a "Sparkling Comedy" film has just been announced on the screen as "Si. Spoopleplap: a boob, who is bulling on a fifty-fifty cinch, but falls to a jitney hunch with a pinch-hitting gink." (Or, if this is not the precise wording, it is something equally racy and lucid.)*

A Wife (to her husband). I don't know what any of those words mean, Charles. Are they supposed to be English?

Charles. Not yet, but they *will* be before we're much older. Wonderful what the cinema's doing to enrich our vocabulary!

[*A scientific "Nature" film introduces "The Cheesemite" with "This minute parasite belongs to the order of Acarina and, as its name implies, has a partiality for decayed cheese. Here we see a party of them enjoying a quick lunch."*

Charles's Wife (as the screen shows a group of cheesemites, each the size of a fine lobster and all displaying an ungainly sprightliness). Disgusting objects!

Charles. Oh, I wouldn't call 'em *that*. I mean they've all been "approved for public exhibition," you know.

First Demobbed. They're the bally limit! Enough to put you off cheese altogether.

Second ditto. That's the *idea*, old bean! Every one of those dear little fellers is doin' his bit to help the FOOD CONTROLLER.

Charles's Wife (during the presentation of a "Soul-gripping Social Problem," after the spectators have been informed on the screen that "As in days of yore, Time's relentless Loom rolls ever on, entangling innocent and guilty alike in its insatiable Weft"). Are they going to *show* it doing that?

Charles. Bless you, no. Break in the film, that's all. Whenever that happens, you see, the machine gets out of hand and slips in a touch of style on its own.

His Wife (later, as the screen announces, "And so once again rosy-fingered Dawn ushers in its predestined Apotheosis of Retribution and Reward"). *Another* break in the film!

First Schoolgirl (to second, after settling down). I *say*, how absolutely *topping!* Pansy Persimmon's in this. Look, *doesn't* she look sweet?

Second S. Lovely! I've always wanted to see *her*. And oh, it's Yale Harvard as the lover? I've a pash for *him*. I think he's quite *the* heavenliest thing that ever happened. How far do you suppose they've got?

First S. Oh, only just begun. On their honeymoon. *(Words on screen: "Nothing can sever us two now.")* That's all *they* know, but I bet something *does*. A detective will come in and arrest one of them for murder or something. Or else he or she will turn out to have married somebody else. Pansy's so frightfully pathetic in anything of that sort. (Pansy's *and* Yale's *faces, enlarged till they occupy the entire screen, meet in a prolonged and colossal kiss.*) Now she'll turn round and see her first husband come to life again. Unless he—— *(The heads slowly dissolve into "The End").* Oh! and nearly two hours before it comes round again! How sickening! Can you stick it as long as that?

Sec. S. I *might*. If we've chocs enough to last us out. *(Which fortunately they have.)* F. A.

BIRD LORE.

VI.—THE SKYLARK.

OF all the birds the fairies love the skylark much the best;
They come with little fairy gifts to seek his hidden nest;
They praise his tiny slender feet and silken suit of brown
And with their gentle hands they smooth his feathers softly down.

They cluster round with glowing cheeks and bright expectant eyes,
Waiting the moment that shall bring the freedom of the skies;
Waiting the double-sweet delight that only he can give
(Oh, kings might surely spurn their crowns to live as fairies live!).

To ride upon a skylark's back, between his happy wings,
To float upon the edge of heaven and listen while he sings—
The dreams of mortals scarce can touch so perfected a bliss
And even fairies could not know a greater joy than this.

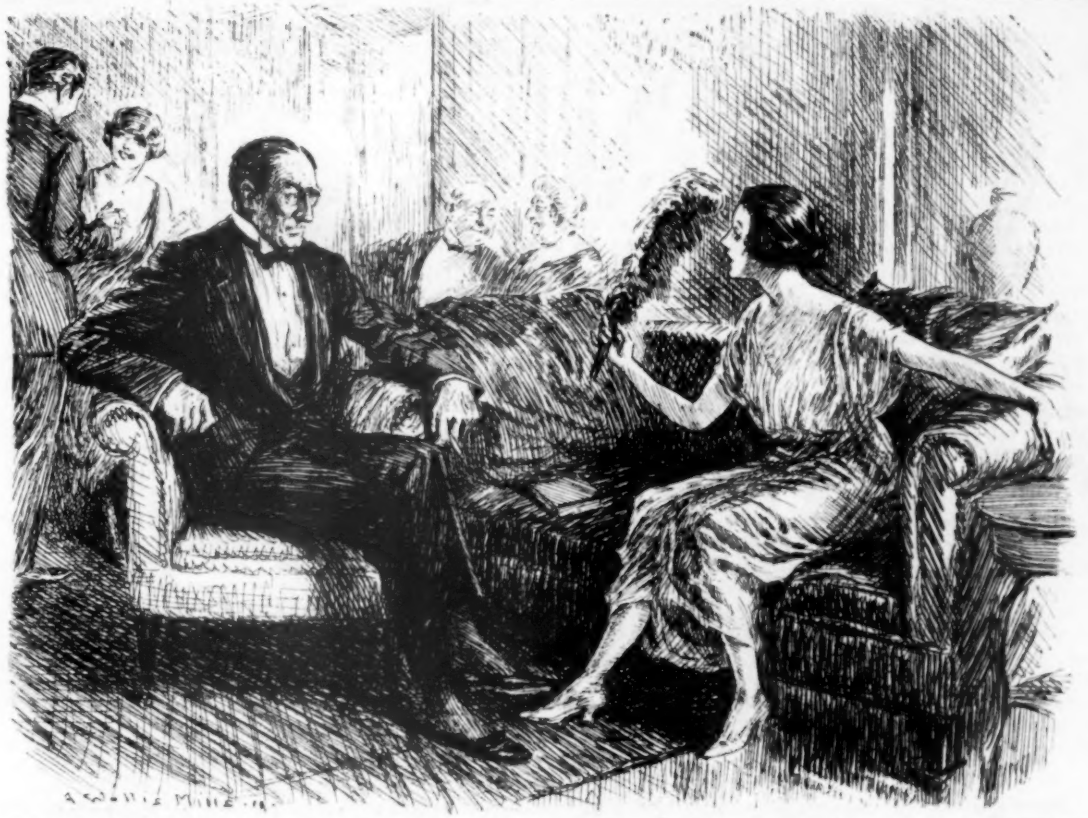
R. F.

Another Impending Apology.

"The defendant was very kind to animals—observed counsel—so it was difficult to understand why he treated the plaintiff in the way he did."—*Evening News.*

"Another friend of mine spent a fortnight in Yorkshire, taking pictures of famous scenes and striking things."—*Daily Mail.*

We understand that there was no lack of subjects of the latter type.



Young Girl (to distinguished writer). "I HAVE ENJOYED TALKING TO YOU. YOUR CONVERSATION IS SO UTTERLY DIFFERENT FROM YOUR WRITING."

A HORSE-MARINE CHAUFFEUR.

PROBABLY one of the happiest, as well as one of the most useful, men in North Russia is 2nd Lieut. Coltart, of the R.A.S.C. Motor Transport. Do not in your haste suppose that his happiness (any more than his usefulness) is derived from the consciousness of a primrose stock, or a hunting crop wherewith to urge on his motor lorries. Incredible as it may seem to those familiar only with the ways of the late war in France, we are fighting the Bolsh without the aid of motor lorries, and the weather would make the haughtiest sportsman doff his stock.

No, Coltart's happiness has surer foundations. Formerly a dashing cavalryman, he is now mothering Motor Transport on the Dvina Front. Into this dry concise statement of fact what a world of romance is compressed!

You cannot set eyes upon Coltart without being aware that his soul is still a-horseback; you cannot make a call upon his energies without realising that his spirit still answers to the call of trumpets. A nice taste in breeches, a watchful quizzical eye, dash, determination, *élan* in speech and action—all these prove that whatsoever badge he wears Coltart is still a cavalier.

The business of Motor Transport he regards from the cavalry point of view. His method of treatment would invest the dreariest routine with romance, and when you realise that Motor Transport here concerns itself with forest roads like torrent beds and with the immense, magnificent but deceptive and shoaly river you will understand how circumstance has played up to him.

His cars are like no others; they are never defeated. No forest track is too rough or long for them; no cross-country course too severe. He looks to them to attain the cavalry standard, and by some miracle neither he nor his passengers are disappointed, though the latter are often alarmed; for the cars he puts at your disposal are as good and game at torrent beds as over the sticks; they combine those qualities of the grasshopper, the tank and the avalanche which make a clever troop-horse the perfect companion he is.

So much for Coltart on land; knowing the country, I will not call it *terra firma*. Coltart, immersed in the maritime or riparian side of his work, appears outwardly in a totally different guise. The riding-breeches are exchanged for a pair of dungarees, the cavalry tilt of his cap is changed for a deep-sea list; his legs assume upon the fore-shore a straddle eloquent of heaving decks, and his dungarees receive from time to time a typical bo'sun's hitch. You will never catch Coltart confusing his *rôles* and applying the same adjustment to his riding-breeches; his conversation too is always in keeping with his part. To hear him carrying on a discussion with two other officers, one of whom wants to be transported somewhere by river and the other by road, is to be bewildered as by a triple personality. To the one he is a master-mariner, to the other an arch-chauffeur; yet to both (difficult as this may seem) always the *beau sabreur*.

The sun-baked and sandy fore-shore of this up-river village presents many strange, amusing, arresting and fascinating spectacles, but nothing so worthy of note as Coltart—a longshore cavalryman, a deep-sea chauffeur, an amphibious engineer, for ever inspired by the jingle of remembered spurs.



Mother (*to Pauline, who has been fetched to go to the nursery*). "THERE ARE LOTS OF POOR CHILDREN WHO HAVEN'T A NICE NURSERY LIKE YOURS."

Pauline (*suspiciously*). "WHAT ARE THEIR NAMES?"

DRESS NOTES FOR MEN.

BY "ROSABEL."

["Hints to Men on the Care of Their Clothes" is the latest audacity by a woman-writer.]

I saw quite the sweetest little thing in going-away lounge suits yesterday, expressed in dust-cart brown gaberdine. The coat had a graceful clinging *mouvement*, while the austere *ligne* of the trouser was relieved by the most rakish little *pli* at the foot, turned up enough to reveal a *soupçon* of a Vorticist sock. Particularly did I enthuse over the *gilet* which accompanied this creation; it was of the softest turtle-dove grey, caught sharply together with buttons of nacre, the waist being accentuated. Happy, indeed, is the bridegroom who can include such an up-to-date garment in his trousseau.

To men with restricted means, who cannot afford at present prices more than one suit a season, let me offer a suggestion for brightening the monotony of their attire. Quite an original note can be struck by the adoption of socks, tie and handkerchief of some vibrant tone. Tomato-red, sparrow-egg-blue, or whisky-yellow—all have their charm. The waistcoat should be left partly open, with just a hint of insouciance to display a glimpse of braces carried out in the chosen colour scheme. Only the merest glimpse, of course, is necessary to impart the *cachet* of smartness and originality.

Very charming are the cool-looking tennis suits which are all the rage just now, and even the man with the most slender purse ought certainly to indulge in one of these. Not necessarily in which to play tennis, of course, but because they afford such scope for originality in belts, which, by the way, should be worn wound negligently round the waist and caught up in a *cabochon* at the side, the shirt being draped lightly over it in graceful *bouffées*.

The economical male can effect a great saving by adopting pyjamas for river wear. No colour scheme can be too *outré*, for the gay stripes look all the more effective against the restful green background of river scenery. For the chilly days they can be slipped over the ordinary suit without losing any of their *chic*.

Sir HARRY LAUDER, I hear, always makes his own evening ties. Lesser lights might well follow his example and save on what is one of the most expensive items in evening dress. Any man who possesses ingenuity, a glue-pot and half-a-yard of organdi muslin (procurable at any draper's) can fashion six ties for the price of one.

Save your cigar bands. Pasted on a broad strip of ribbon they show to great advantage round a straw hat, the effect being original and, I might even say, arresting.

With the passing of the frock-coat the great problem is how to adapt it to the newer mode. Cut short at the waist and finished with the new blanket stitch it presents the novel effect of an Eton jacket, which imparts that "little boy" appearance so greatly desired by men bordering on middle age.



WANTED—A SHARP TONIC.

John Bull. "FUNNY THING HOW SLACK THIS VICTORY FEELING MAKES YOU. I'VE DONE NEXT TO NOTHING SINCE LAST NOVEMBER. WONDER IF A SPELL OF WORK WOULD CURE ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 11th.—The Lords met at the unusually early hour of three and put in six solid hours of continuous work. Lord SALISBURY began to feel a certain sympathy with the trade unionist standpoint, and late in the evening, to the amazement of Lord PEEL, supported a proposal to safeguard common land from allotments, on the ground that it might please Mr. SMILLIE.

Further amendments to the Transport Bill, intended to reduce the autocracy of the Minister-designate to a limited monarchy, were passed on the motion of Lord MONTAGU and other Peers. Lord LYTTON, but for whose persuasive advocacy Sir ERIC GEDDES' transports would have been even more emphatically moderated, objected to one proposal on the ground that "the Treasury was wholly unable to criticize technical matters, such as the design of a locomotive or the position of a station." If his lordship is correctly informed the Treasury must be losing its nerve. Before the War it was never afraid to criticize anything.

As the moment for opening the locked box approaches, the Free Traders are more than ever anxious to get a surreptitious peep at its contents. During Questions Captain WEDGWOOD BENN made so many endeavours to prise it open that the SPEAKER had to restrain him.

Ministers confessed that the financial outlook was anything but rosy. The production of coal is barely half what it ought to be, and the daily outgo of money is almost exactly double the daily income. Even Mr. BONAR LAW's announcement that expenditure would be radically cut down did little to remove the settled gloom of the Assembly. But then Mr. BALDWIN had a happy thought. Assuring the House that it should have full opportunities of revising the Estimates he observed, "I think we may assume that the LORD CHANCELLOR's bath is a unique event"—and the vapours were dispelled in a burst of happy laughter.

Rarely has a new measure received a more unanimous buffeting in debate than that which was accorded to the Profiteering Bill. Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES' defence of it was more ingenious than convincing. Members listened politely to his assertion that the mere introduction of the new word "marks an increase in social consciousness," but would have preferred an exact definition of what the new word really meant. They would have liked to know, too, why the introduction of this "carefully considered measure" has been deferred to the dog-days.

Mr. KENNEDY JONES declared that the small trader was to be made a scapegoat for the sins of bigger criminals. Mr. CLYNES remarked upon the absence of the FOOD-CONTROLLER's name from the back of the Bill. Mr. G. R. THORNE said that the Government departments were themselves the worst profiteers. The best that Sir R. HORNE could say in reply to this varied indictment was that he would undertake to pick worse holes in any rival Bill than had been picked in this one.

And yet when it came to the Division Members were so much afraid of being ticketed as pro-profiteers that only eight of them were found to vote against it, and Sir WATSON RUTHERFORD, who had seconded the motion for the rejection, was actually among the 251 in the Government Lobby.



The Flamingo (*General* SEELY). "WAS THAT YOUR VOICE I HEARD JUST NOW COMPLAINING ABOUT ME AND MY STUNTS?"

The John Bullfinch. "ME COMPLAINING? NEVER! I WAS MERELY WONDERING HOW ON EARTH YOU'LL MANAGE TO GO ON FLIPPING ABOUT WHEN YOUR WINGS ARE CLIPPED TO LESS THAN HALF."

[Mr. CHURCHILL announced that the Air Force Estimates were to be cut down from sixty-six to twenty-five millions.]

Tuesday, August 12th.—No one can wonder if on this day the Peers should be inclined to grouse. Lord CHAPLIN, with his heart in the Highlands, could not understand why the House should be asked to give favourable consideration to a Bill reducing the hours worked in coal mines from eight to seven, and pointed out that Mr. Justice SANKEY's hope that this could be done without raising the price of coal had already been falsified.

The House was relieved to hear that in future the Government intended so far as possible to leave industrial disputes to settle themselves.

Considering that the conduct of Mr. J. A. CLYDE, the Lord Advocate, in refusing to sanction the prosecution of certain Air Force contractors, was to be the principal subject of debate in the House of Commons, it was odd that among the Private Bills on the Order-Paper was the Clyde Navigation Order Confirmation Bill. The House gave a second reading to the Bill, and, after hearing the LORD ADVOCATE's defence—which was so convincing that it might with advantage have been made at an earlier date—confirmed the Clyde Navigation in that case also.

Meanwhile, General SEELY had carried on a vigorous controversy with Sir F. BANBURY across the benches over the alleged extravagance of the Air Ministry in regard to its motor-cars. Disclaiming any intention to be unkind to his right hon. friend, General SEELY accused him of having made a ridiculous mistake. "Any man with an ounce of sense in his head" would have seen that £2,700 for the upkeep of a motor-car was absurd. Sir F. BANBURY thereupon produced an enormous bundle of shorthand notes showing that General SEELY had admitted that he might have made the same mistake himself. Most people, I am afraid, will think that the really strange thing, having regard to the general tendency of war-time finance, is that it was a mistake at all.

Anyhow it was a comfort to learn from Mr. CHURCHILL that the Air Force Estimates for next year are to be cut down from sixty-six millions to twenty-five. The Chief of the Air Staff is charged with effecting this reduction, and will in future be known as General RE-TRENCHARD.

Equally satisfactory, and even more surprising, was the announcement that, by arrangement with our French allies, we are winding up our Watch on the Rhine so rapidly that by the end of

October only four or five thousand British soldiers will be required to maintain it.

Wednesday, August 13th. — Lord Somerleyton stated that the Report of the evidence given before the Coal Commission ran to 1,219 pages and would be published shortly in the form of a Blue-book. Peers with depleted cellars rejoiced at the prospect of a fresh supply of cheap fuel.

Every day for weeks past the Government have been asked for the name of the new Ambassador to the United States. Mr. Bonar Law not long ago explained the delay in making the appointment as due to the fact that they were looking for the "best man." He now announced, amid approving cheers, that the Government had discovered him in the person of the late Foreign Minister, who has consented for the time being to exchange Fallodon for "a little Grey home in the West."

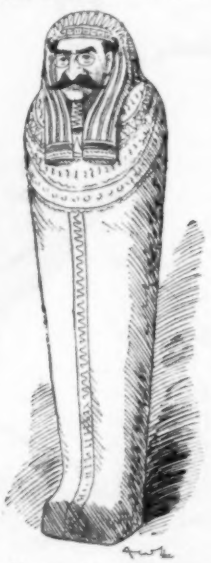
Although Mr. Harry Forster is one of the best-dressed men in the House he is also one of the most modest. Members were a little astonished, therefore, when he invited their particular attention to his nether garments. The War Office had been accused of extravagance in having provided itself with five million yards of "tartan for trousers." If all the Scottish regiments were compelled to exchange the kilt for the trews there could not, it was argued, be any justification for holding this huge amount. Mr. Forster explained that "tartan" was a term of art in the tailoring trade, referring to material and not to colour; and, glancing down at his own legs, immaculately draped as usual, he remarked that he himself was wearing "tartan" trousers at that moment, though he did not propose to hand them over to the Disposals Board.

After five years the famous story of the Russian soldiers in England has come true. At this moment a thousand Russian officers are receiving military training at Newmarket. The announcement greatly shocked Captain Wedgwood Benn, who thought it a dreadful thing that Russians should be trained to fight against their own Government. But Mr. Churchill's explanation, that the object was to enable them to relieve our own officers and men, satisfied the House as a whole. It might perhaps be well to warn Captain Benn not to jump to erroneous conclusions if in the course of their stay some of our visitors should be found in attendance on the Cesarewitch.

The eleven o'clock rule was suspended despite Sir Donald Maclean's apprehensions that when the "Who Goes Home?" was sounded Members would find no vehicles to take them there. The Government kindly averted that danger by keeping the House employed until half-past seven in the morning.

Such private Members as could keep their eyes open strove hard to put some "ginger" into the Profiteering Bill, but without much result. Even when they insisted, contrary to the Ministerial desire, on giving the Board of Trade power to fix maximum prices Mr. Bonar Law was careful to point out that it did not follow that the Government would avail themselves of the power.

Thursday, August 14th.—It was a jaded House of Commons that met this



Sir A. Mond, First Commissioner of Works, said that only three museums could now fairly be described as closed.

afternoon to finish off the Profiteering Bill, and when Mr. Bridgman excused himself from attempting to solve one of the fiscal conundrums propounded to him, on the ground that he had "not been to bed," the cheers that greeted him were really sympathetic.

The last stage of the Bill was very much like its first. Hardly anyone outside the Government had a good word to say for it, yet no one ventured to vote against it. Sir Auckland Geddes, in accepting an amendment from Mr. Tyson Wilson designed to strengthen the Government in dealing with trusts, said that he regarded it as a "manifesto;" and that description might be applied to the whole measure. To judge by most of the speeches an equal effect could have been produced with less trouble and expense if a notice-board had been erected in Whitehall Gardens announcing that "Profiteers will be Prosecuted."

ANOTHER YOUNG CRICKETER'S TUTOR.

There has been of late so much writing about cricket that perhaps one more authority may be admitted to the ranks. *The Times* not only has embarked upon a history of the game, but has thrown open its columns to one anonymous exponent in particular and to all cricketers with memories in general. The identity of the reminiscencer-in-chief has been the principal topic of conversation at Lord's for weeks; in fact rarely have amateurs of conjecture been offered such a plum; while the pastime of constructing ideal elevens has so caught on that the gentleman who calls himself "Alpha of the Plough" in *The Star* in his excitement transferred three living heroes all untimely to the Elysian Fields. No need then to apologise for intruding the claims of a latter-day Indian Nyren—Mohummud Abdullah Khan—to a place among the authorities.

Mohummud Abdullah Khan's Cricket Guide was published in Lucknow in 1891, the full title being *Cricket Guide intended for the use of Young Players, containing a Short but Comprehensive Account of the Game, embracing all the important Rules and Directions nicely arranged in due Succession*, and his reason for writing it was largely the wish to allay the fever which cricket seems then to have provoked in his compatriots. Those who remember the *sang-froid*, the composed mastery, of Prince Ranjitsinhji may be surprised to learn that, at any rate in 1891, cricket had a way of rushing to the head of young India. "Even those," wrote Mohummud Abdullah Khan, "who are very good and noble (say, next-door to angels) turn so rash and inconsiderate at certain moments that their brains lose the balance and begin to take fallacious fancies." More, they "boil over with rage, pick up quarrels with one another, and even look daggers at their own dearest friends and darlings," the cause being not only the game itself, but an ignorance of the laws that should govern it and them, and without obedience to which "a human body is nothing but a solid peace of rocky hill, that is to say 'cleverness.'" Very well, then. Feeling as he did about it, Mohummud Abdullah Khan had to write his book.

Practical as the instructions of this Oriental teacher can be, it is really deportment that lies nearest his heart. He is as severe on a want of seriousness as upon loss of temper. Thus, he says: "The fielders must take especial care not to exchange jokes with one another or try funny tricks that do secretly divide their attention and produce a horrible defect in their fielding." Again,



Shy Guest (to war profiteer host). "ER—ISN'T THAT MY BIRD?"
War Profiteer. "YOUR BIRD? IT'S MY BIRD—THEY'RE *ALL* MY BIRDS. IN FACT, IT'S MY MOOR!"

"Behave like gentlemen after the game is over; avoid clapping and laughing in faces of the persons you have defeated." But there is no harm in a match being momentarily interrupted by a touch of courtesy. Thus: "If you are the Captain of your team and the fielders of the opposite party clap your welcome, you are required simply to turn or raise your night cap a little, and this is sufficient to prove your easy turn of disposition as well as to furnish the return of their compliments."

For the most part the directions are sound, even if they may be a little obscure in statement; but now and then one is puzzled. The game in India must have been very animated if no error has crept into the following note on the bowler: "During one and the same over the bowler is allowed to change his ends as often as he may desire, but cannot possibly bowl two overs in succession." And this reads oddly: "The bowler is allowed to make the batsman stand in any direction he may choose from the wicket he is bowling from." But no fault can be found here: "The bowler must always try to pitch his ball in such a style and position that its spring may always rest on the wickets to be aimed at. He must know the proper rules of *no balls* and *wides* and"—here we are again!—"must never be wishing to pick up any quarrel with the umpire of the opposite party."

And so we reach the umpires, upon whom the author becomes very earnest. Under the frenetic conditions to which cricket could reduce his countrymen, to umpire was no joke. Indeed he goes so far as to advise his readers never to fill that position except when the match is between teams personally unknown to them. For to umpire among friends is to turn those friends to foes. "Take special care, my dear umpires, not to call *over* unless the ball has finally settled in the wicket-keeper's hand, as well as avoid ordering a batsman *out* unless you are appealed to by the opposite party . . . Each and every one of the umpires must avoid using insulting terms, or playing on bets with any one of the fielders or persons in general, in his capacity of being an umpire."

The requirements of a perfect wicket-keeper are well set forth. After describing his somewhat "stooping condition" the mentor says, "I would like this man to be of a grave demeanour and humble mind, say the Captain of the Club, whose duties are to guide the fielders, order the change of their places if necessary," and "guard himself well against the furious attacks of the sweeping balls." Here MOHUMMUD ABDULLUH KHAN is among some of the best critics, who have always held that for the captain to be wicket-keeper (as, for example, in the case of Mr. GREGOR MCGREGOR) is an ideal arrangement.

Point also needs some special qualities, and with the recital of these and the concluding friendly warning we may take leave of the book: "He must be a very smart and very clever man, of a quick sight and slender form." ("Slender form?" And yet one has seen "W.G." doing not so badly there!) "His place is in front of the popping-crease, about seven yards from the striker. He must take special care to protect his own person in case when fast bowling is raging through the field. Pay great attention to the game, my dear pointer, or suppose yourself already hurt."

A Dangerous Trade.

From "Situations Vacant":—

"FISHMONGER.—A good all-round man, wet, dried and fried."—*Daily Paper.*

RIVER-CRAFT.

"GOLF, I think," said James.

"Golf let it be," said I.

"Not golf surely," said Mary, who was helping us to make up our minds. "It's too much like trench routine. You want something more changeful and less strenuous. A gentle progress from day to day."

"That cuts out golf for William," murmured James unkindly.

"I have it," she exclaimed, with sparkling eyes. "You mustn't walk, you haven't a motor-car, you haven't horses——"

"I've got a pair of field boots," said James proudly, "but no spurs. I think I must have left them sticking in the sides of my last charger. Always your reckless cavalier was I."

"That cuts out golf for James," I put in, seeking revenge. "He would want spurs, you know, to scratch his drives out of bunkers."

"Don't quarrel, you two," said Mary, "but listen to me. What about a boat?"

"Well, what about it?" asked James.

"A nice boat or a canoe on a nice river, and you would slip down ever so softly to the sea. As changeful as a cinema, but not so restless. It's not original, of course, but it's jolly. Watching the cows and the rushes."

"Should we hire this—er—this aquatic vehicle, or should we buy it?" I asked.

"Whichever you like."

"How much do they cost?"

"Twenty-five shillings a foot," said James with a brisk business-like air.

"Feet be blowed," I objected. "You don't measure them by feet, my boy. You've forgotten your arithmetic tables. It's beams, I think. Two beams make one baft, four bafts one binnacle."

"Never mind the prices," said Mary, "we can think about that afterwards. The thing to do is to find a nice river."

We opened a map.

"What's that light-blue piece right in the middle of England?" asked James. "It's a lake surely. We might row up and down on that."

"It *says* Staffordshire," said Mary, examining it.

"Probably the mines are flooded," I explained. "Hallo, I've found a river. It jazzes a good deal, but it worries into the sea all right at Shelbury; and there's a place called Butterbridge on it, about half-way up."

"Not it," said James, peering over my shoulder. "Butterbridge's little dot is close beside the B."

"Song by James," I announced:—

> "Butterbridge's little dot
> Is close beside the B,
> And therefore Butterbridge is not
> The place for him and me."

"It must be on the river, though, James," said Mary pleadingly, "or it wouldn't be called Butterbridge. The place where Butter built his bridge, you know."

"He probably built it in the wrong place, and that's why they called him Butter," said James obstinately.

"Leave him to grouse," I advised her. "Do you know, Mary, I'm rather beginning to like your idea? James shall do most of the rowing, and wear his field-boots all the time, and when we go ashore he shall put on the rowlocks instead of spurs.

"By the way, what's the name of this old river? It doesn't seem to say on the map."

"They'll probably tell you that at Butterbridge," she suggested.

"If they've ever heard of it there," put in James. "How thick is your rivulet, anyway? I'm beginning to think old Butter——"

"I know how to measure the breadth of a stream," I interrupted hastily. "You take a point on the further side and then a point on the near side, then you put a stick in the ground and walk forty yards and put another stick in——"



THE REACTIONARIES.

"And take away the number you first thought of," said James. "Look here—there's another hitch. When we get the boat to Shelbury how do we get it back again?"

"The ancient Assyrians," I said, "used to take a donkey down the river Euphrates on their boats, and when they got to Babylon and unloaded they packed the boat up on the donkey and walked back."

"That was all right for the ancient Assyrians," assented James, "but you see we've got your shoulder to consider; otherwise——"

"I know!" cried Mary, when we had picked the chairs up again and sat down. "Go to Shelbury, hire a boat there and have it taken up to Butterbridge; go up to Butterbridge by train and then row down."

"Not at all a bad idea, Mary," I said.

"A very good idea, indeed," said James, who had found a railway time-table and was studying it carefully.

"There's an advertisement here of the Swan Hotel at Shelbury which says, 'Boats for hire on river or sea.'"

"Let's have a look," I said.

He was right. The advertisement also went on to say, "Excellent golf-links. Splendid cuisine."

We looked at each other guiltily.

"Of course, if they won't send a boat up-stream to Butterbridge——" I began.

"Or lose their way in the hinterland looking for the place."

"Anyway, we can always——"

"Quite," said James.

EVOE.

"GOVERNMENT LINEN."

BARGAIN-HUNTING, as a rule, does not interest Henry; but as I read the advertisement of Government Linen day after day in the papers I felt that some effort was required of me.

"Think of it, dear," I said; "every bit of the yarn 'Government tested.' Can't you imagine a tug-of-war in the House testing the yarn?" I added.

"I don't see," said Henry, "how that could be properly done without an Opposition. I should have my doubts about Coalition linen."

Nevertheless he was so impressed that he said I could get as much as I liked.

The conquest was so sudden and complete that I felt rather lonely. Imagine finding yourself suddenly con-



"DIRECT ACTION."

Youthful Chorus. "WE SHAN'T BRING IT BACK, AUNTIE, TILL YOU PROMISE US CREAM FOR TEA."

fronted with five million yards of linen and told to help yourself. I didn't like it a bit. So I said, "How about an eighty-five yard piece? It will come in useful some day."

"By all means," replied Henry; "it won't make much difference to me, for I shall probably be in heaven."

When he talks like that I have to be firm, so I said threateningly, "Now I won't buy any at all."

"Oh, yes, do," he said; "I understand they wear it there."

"Not unbleached," I said in a shocked voice.

I went to our big draper's and was absolutely thrilled. Scarcely had I breathed the word "linen" when the manager, the shop-walker and several assistants all rushed at me, beaming such a jubilant welcome that I was on the point of shaking hands with them. They all talked at once and showered patterns on me, and referred to books and to one another, and contradicted each other till my brain was whirling like an aeroplane propeller. The manager would say confidentially in my ear at short intervals, "I don't mind telling you, Madam," etc., etc.

And in the middle of this I suddenly saw over my shoulder Mrs. Carruthers waiting to be served, her face wearing an expression of wondering pity. She is one of those maddeningly capable women who never know an irresponsible moment. She is on a dozen committees and is a guardian, and whenever you go to see her she has to rush off, with her hands full of minutes, to a meeting of some sort.

"Oh," I said, "I didn't see you before; I—I am buying some of this Government linen."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Carruthers.

"I thought it such a bargain," I said; "it will do for almost anything. It would make nice curtains."

"You won't like it for curtains," she said. "They 'd crumple directly."

"It doesn't matter," I replied; "I don't want any curtains and shan't for years and years. But," I added, growing more and more confused, "the advertisement mentioned dozens of things it could be used for—blinds, chair-covers, billiard-rooms, loose-boxes, cricket, football, tennis and golf pavilions, cow-houses, poultry houses, coal and wood sheds."

"Aren't you thinking of army huts?" she interrupted.

"So I was," I exclaimed, my brain suddenly clearing; "but"—intelligently—"it would do for children's frocks. That wasn't in the army huts advertisement, was it?"

"You 'll find it most extravagant wear for children," she said. "I wouldn't advise you to use it for that unless you can give them a clean one every other day."

"I haven't any children," I said sweetly, "but I could use it for a tent. Eighty-five yards should be enough for a marquee, I think, and possibly a few tea-cosies, which I badly want. Good bye." And I left her staring blankly after me.

But I don't mind telling *you* that I haven't the remotest idea what I shall do with that linen or why I bought it, except that it has become a habit with me, since the days of Government tea and Government cheese, War Bonds and Loans, to support the Government. I would even buy an army hut for use as a Government coal and wood shed, as advertised—if I could buy Government coal to put in it.

RECONSTRUCTION IN CLUBLAND.

THE future of London Clubs is already seriously exercising the minds of our instructors in the daily Press, one of whom has uttered a weighty plea in favour of concentration and amalgamation as the only way to meet the economic and social difficulties of the situation. But, as so often happens, specific suggestions are lacking. A great opportunity is at hand for promoting social fellowship, if only it is resolutely and fearlessly grasped.

To be more precise, there are a number of "West End Clubs," seldom mentioned by name, which are constantly being raided. Excitement, as another of our public instructors has recently informed us, is an essential and healthy element in life. Why should these Clubs have a monopoly of these stimulating experiences? One of the first needs of Club reconstruction is the fraternisation of the dull and decorous clubmen of Pall Mall and Piccadilly with their more vivacious and enterprising brethren of Soho.

There is one very select Club, of which it was once said that it was like a duke's mansion with the duke lying dead upstairs. Such an atmosphere can only tend to perpetuate that unfortunate class feeling which Mr. SMILLIE and Mr. WILLIAMS are so heroically labouring to remove. The notion that a Club should be a sanctuary is little short of an insult to the intelligence of the majority and a survival of the old exclusiveness, which the new and enlightened distribution of honours has happily done so much to break down.

Arrangements for sound-proof dormitories are perfectly compatible with the general brightening of Club life. How clamant the demand is for this spiritual quiescence may be gathered from the fact that at none of the old Clubs are any meals accompanied by music. Unless we are greatly mistaken there is not a single gramophone in the Prytaneum, where an archbishop is credibly reported to have recently asked an eminent doctor whether syncopation was the same as syncope! The roof-garden at the Petroleum, begun in 1914 and interrupted by the outbreak of the War, still remains incomplete, a tragic monument of thwarted but noble enterprise. Incredible as it may seem, it is none the less true that the plans of the new International Ballet Club contain no provision for a swimming-bath.

On the negative side perhaps the most imperative need is that of dealing faithfully yet humanely with Club bores. Many schemes have been put forward, but perhaps the most satisfactory is the system of probationary selection for two or possibly three years, after which every member will have to come up for a confirmatory ballot, those who are rejected becoming *ipso facto* honorary members of the United Bronchitic Club, or the Pulmonarium, as it is proposed to name this great residual institution. But even before the probationary period has expired it is suggested that the Committee of any Club should take powers to deport any member who in the space of twenty-four hours uses the phrase, "What are we coming to?" more than twelve times.

THE WRAPPER.

HE was a perfectly good novelist; not quite good enough to be kept under glass in a uniform edition and not quite bad enough to be a "Best Seller."

His next book, which was to be his masterpiece, was practically finished when he met her.

She was the prettiest possible young artist. Red bobbed hair and just eighteen. So, when she mentioned her wish to paint a picture as a frontispiece or "wrapper" for his book, he was delighted.

"I've got something now," she said, "that might perhaps ——"

"Please let me see it."

It was perfect! Just right! Only—his heroine had bright red hair and lay a good deal on purple cushions. The girl in the picture was a brunette.

"Never mind," he said, consoling her, "I'll have it all the same. It will reproduce beautifully."

"But ——"

He explained to her—for she was, like very many young people, rather old-fashioned—that neither the title of a book nor its wrapper need have anything to do with the story; that a portrait should be like the artist, not the sitter, and other obvious facts.

He also told her that the picture would make the novel a success; but it was clear that she was still troubled by a prejudice in favour of the old kind of illustration, the kind that bore some relation to its subject, so, when she had gone, he determined to alter the colouring of his heroine to suit the picture.

He soon found out that hair-dyeing is not the simple business he thought it, and that the transformation of his blonde into a brunette compelled him also to change not only the colour of the cushions and other accessories, but the style of her character, and indeed re-write much of the dialogue and what there was of a plot. Even the hero had to be touched up, so as to be brought into harmony or else contrast.

The job took several weeks.

But he did it. He wanted to give her a pleasant surprise.

"I've been working frightfully hard too," she murmured, when he called at last.

"Good. Let's have another look at the picture."

She turned the canvas. The heroine had suffered a hair-change. Her chevelure was now bright red.

He hadn't the heart to ask her to undo her work, nor the energy to restore in the novel the original colouring of his heroine; so he let things be; and the book appeared with red hair on the outside and black within. After all, this often happens in real life.

The combination made a great hit, and they married on the proceeds.

"NEW WORLDS FOR OLD."

In my youth, when impressions were chronic,
I recall my deep joy as I heard
Of a State which was purely platonic,
Where no wickedness ever occurred;
Of its truth long I nursed the conviction,
Till, alas! when but half through my teens
I pronounced poor Atlantis a fiction
To tell the Marines.

Still inclined, in a way, to myopia
And the cult of fantastical lore,
I next read of a world termed Utopia,
And daily kept shouting for MORE;
But its roseate hues changed to yellow,
And I turned, like the Hun from the Marne,
To find it as false as its fellow
And simply a yarn.

Now 'tis said that our own little planet,
New-born from the wreck of the old
And the ruins of madmen who ran it,
Will produce a fresh Era of Gold;
Yet I mean to withhold my laudations;
I shall wait till it's not quite so new,
Lest it prove, like these storied creations,
A fairy-tale too.

"For the many thousands of girls of all ages, descriptions, and sizes who find, when their yearly holiday comes round, that they have no place to go, the Y.M.C.A. holiday camps are not only a blessing but a real Paradise on earth."—*Evening Paper.*

Possibly; but what does the Y.W.C.A. say about it?

"Month by month the time is to be passed away until the nation that plunged the world into a war which has—well the results are well known—shall come out of her enforced retirement on an equality with you who read these lines, and with we who write. We have written the last sentence advisedly."

Bangalore Daily Post.

We had hoped it was an accident.



THE SWUNG FLOOR.

Binks (at last torn from the refreshment-room, where he has spent the first five dances). "AM I, OR DOES IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A PECULIAR interest attaches itself now to the work of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, since the death of the writer has removed it definitely into that past to which, even at the time of its production, it seemed always so strangely to belong. It is odd also, in view of the inevitable comparison with CHARLES DICKENS, to find that both have left their unfinished mysteries. Fortunately, however, for the patience of those who dislike the unsolved problem, that of *The Old Madhouse* (HEINEMANN) is shrouded by no such obscurity as the fate of *Edwin Drood*. I am afraid I must add that, even had this been so, and the fate of *Dr. Carteret* never been disclosed, it is improbable that any specially poignant curiosity would have been excited. The fact is (to be done with carping) that here is a tale showing the DE MORGAN method at its best, or worst, according to the taste and fancy of the individual. *Dr. Carteret* disappears in Chapter Three, when surveying the old house of the title as a prospective residence for his nephew, about to be married; the nephew, his engagement broken off, falls gradually in love with the wife of his friend. Behold all! And for five hundred and fifty-odd pages a number of natural, credible and very talkative persons discuss these two subjects in that haphazard manner from which Mr. DE MORGAN'S countless admirers derive so much pleasure. As for the actual mystery, that, as I say, is no great matter; indeed, when explained by Mrs. DE MORGAN, in an interesting note upon her husband's literary manner, it may seem to have been much ado about rather little. One sees however possibilities for unwritten scenes that would have heightened its effect. Because those scenes can never now be written, *The Old Madhouse* is assured of a warm welcome as the last of a series that has made its definite mark upon English fiction.

The Graven Image (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is precisely one of those books whose virtues cannot be concentrated into a sparkling paragraph. Eminently a sound tale, dealing with a large number of characters, all well and truly drawn, who never do anything that real persons would not do in similar circumstances—what can one say of such a story except detail the plot, which would take too long, or record a curt mark of approval, perhaps hardly fair to the prospective reader? However, *medio tutissimus ibo*, and content myself with giving you some kind of epitome of Mr. DAVID LYALL'S scheme. I will reveal at once what took me some little intelligence to detect, that the Graven Image of the title = the Golden Calf = an over-strong appreciation of money. Hence an interest distinctly topical. The root of all evil is shown worshipped, or in some cases spurned, by the various members of the *Rawdon* family; by *Oliver*, the father, who spent his life contemplating it, and hardened in the process; by *Marjorie*, his second wife and stepmother of his children (a charmingly drawn character, who slips too soon into the back-ground), and by the second generation in their own commercial or matrimonial adventures. Of these younger folk I myself best liked *Judy* (an unusual girl, if only because she used the word *camouflage* with familiarity in the Spring of 1914—one clearly who might be called in advance of her time). *Judy*, after some inclination towards the Image, in the person of an elderly but affluent suitor stolen from

the more appropriate *Bertha*, repented, and chose love in a cottage with a mate of her own years. The author says it was his 'young beauty' that influenced her, a view that the wrapper-artist sternly discourages. Mr. LYALL'S hunch of life—it is rather too substantial to be considered a slice—if devoid of sensational plums, provides fare at least nourishing and digestible.

Admirers of Mrs. MAUD DIVER'S *Strange Roads* will please note that the end of the War and the Peace Conference find their friends of that book still, with some exceptions, intact, after having borne themselves during these last few years much as might have been expected of them. Their history, as related in this second instalment, is all mixed up with that of Europe, and is called *The Strong Hours* (CONSTABLE); but really and truly the authoress is not nearly so strenuous as, judging from the title, she seems to think, being much more apt at character-sketching than the thrills of battle. This is all to the good, because readers who have not met *Derek Blount* and the rest before may yet be sufficiently intrigued in them for their own sake, rather than for that of their earlier doings. They still retain the habit of not taking their excitement quite seriously; their experience, for instance, being mainly remarkable for opportune returns to that exactly right hospital where a hero may find the exactly right nurse waiting to help continue the story on lines which suggest armistices already signed. Certainly there is a creepy German—one of the sort with a hidden hand up his sleeve—whom the writer is sure should have been interned. It would appear she has not yet been able to prove anything worse against him than a desire to dominate War-hospital subscription lists; but I am inclined to agree all the same that his character, like his accent, is of the worst. No doubt he is again by now busily plotting this country's downfall in that next war to which the writer seems to look forward not too unhopefully. She can be trusted, one is confident, to provide men and women, like *Derek* and his sweetheart, well able to check his vague nefariousness by tireless, if again rather vague, vigilance, making love much more satisfactorily in the intervals.



ADVERTISEMENTS ILLUSTRATED.

"IMPORTANT POSITION IN THE CITY NOW OPEN. SMALL SALARY. FIRE, LIGHT AND BUNGALOW RESIDENCE FREE. REPLY 'JOY' 78602. THIS OFFICE."

[The above simple twenty-word ad., written by an undergraduate of the Heart-to-Heart Advertisement College, procured upwards of one million replies.]

Given a cruel, ruthless, mysterious land like India—and I feel convinced that India is (*a*) cruel, (*b*) ruthless and (*c*) mysterious because Miss ETHEL M. DELL tells me so at least in every twenty pages; given also the lean, sunburnt, masterful kind of man with burning eyes who "crushes" the heroine to him, and is able to make up like a mendicant fakir; given such a setting and such a man and many things are likely to happen. They do. *Everard Monck*—the lean man—discovers that *Richard Dacre*, married to the girl whom *Everard* also loves with a love that "burns and will never go out," has a wife in England. Attired in his native get-up he follows *Dacre* and persuades him with a revolver to disappear. Then he marries *Stella*. Then it is discovered that *Dacre's* former wife was dead before he married *Stella*. Then *Everard* is suspected of having murdered *Dacre*. Then—but why continue? If you are susceptible to Oriental thrills and do not mind being dazzled, you can hold your breath right through *The Lamp in the Desert* (HUTCHINSON) from start to finish. There are some murders, an Indian rising—and oh, a pet mongoose! I almost forgot the pet mongoose. He fights with a snake and is subsequently killed by a heavy bronze paper-weight which a lady hurls at him in a fit of temper. But true love burns true to the end. *Dacre* is disposed of; *Everard* and *Stella* are happy, and *Netta*, the owner of the pet mongoose, has a pet mongosling to play with. *The Lamp in the Desert* is a very exciting book.

Fields of Victory (HUTCHINSON) consists of letters written by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD for the purpose of riveting attention upon the decisive part played by the British Armies in the concluding stages of the War. It is an opportunity which she has grasped with both hands. From one cause or another the magnificent work performed by British troops during last autumn has not been duly realized, and it was time that this defect should be remedied and the truth brought home to people who from constitutional disinclination do not read despatches. The task was not an easy one, and Mrs. WARD apologises for her audacity in undertaking it. Happily, however, her apology is unnecessary, because she approached the work in a proper spirit and has carried it through with a finely balanced judgment. Her book is at once an incontestable proof of British valour and a great tribute to the bravery of our Allies. Illustrations, a coloured map and a statistical chart are included in this volume, and, much as I hate statistics, I feel bound to say that this chart simply bristles with interesting information. The various authorities (French, American and British) who placed themselves at Mrs. WARD'S disposal, and thus added enormously to the value of these letters, will please regard themselves as embraced in my vote of thanks.

I have never felt that the solemn *ex-cathedra* verdict, "We are not amused," ever proved anything more than that the sense of humour of the one pronouncing it might be defective. So I hesitate to make much of the fact that I found *A Sailor's Home* (HEINEMANN), a book of stories mainly humorous in intention, by "RICHARD DEHAN," rather a gloomy affair. Its vigorous author seems to be under the impression that she can make jokes by sheer force, and I am led to wonder whether she takes enough trouble to make her always bizarre situations reasonably plausible, or if she ever crosses out anything once set down. I also find her obscure, and, turning back, as a conscientious reviewer needs must, to elucidate this or that mystery, find that there's nothing much in it. "The Rector's Duty," in which a sporting ne'er-do-well takes the place of his parson brother for a hectic week or so, is the best of a disconcerting bunch. But even that is marred by senseless exaggeration, such as the description of a man getting back to bed in a strange room "after having firmly wedged the burner of the gas-bracket in the socket of his left eye." The kingdom of humour surely suffereth not such violence.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that an interesting law case may be heard in London early next month. It appears that a gentleman who started a trunk-call eight months ago has just died without including it in his will, with the result that several of his relations are claiming the right to use it as soon as it gets through.

***

In view of the telephone's delays people should, when calling the fire brigade, use a postcard, marking the top left-hand corner of the address side with the word "Urgent."

***

A prisoner who, several weeks ago, escaped from gaol, was re-arrested last week whilst masquerading as a captain in the Royal Air Force. The fact that he had only one variety of uniform in his possession appears to have aroused suspicion which led to his capture.

***

There is no sort of control over the kind of eggs a hen shall lay, says *The Morning Post*. It is rather pathetic to see our contemporary admitting defeat.

***

The PREMIER in his great speech made no reference to the policy outlined for him by Lord ROTHERMERE. It is expected therefore that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will have to get the country out of the present hole single-handed.

***

"During the recent Session," says a contemporary, "Sir DONALD MACLEAN spoke ninety times on sixty subjects." It appears that on the odd thirty occasions he just spoke.

***

The German Government has set up a Committee to ascertain what lost the War. And only the other day they were calling it the All-Highest!

***

Charged at Aldershot with theft a charwoman was stated to be the possessor of a banking account. Labour not being represented on this Bench, the second charge was not pressed.

***

There is no Publicity Bureau at Scotland Yard, the HOME SECRETARY states. Criminals must air their grievances through the Press in the usual way.

***

Sixty disabled soldiers training to be watchmakers visited Big Ben the other day. This disposes of the report that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had been seen slinking into a pawnbroker's with the timepiece under his coat.

***

Associated boot-manufacturing trades have decided to distribute boots with the price stamped on the soles. It is feared that this will add a new terror to the publicity of the Marriage Service.

***

Six cents was the amount of damages awarded by a jury to Mr. HENRY FORD, for libel. It is reported that the plaintiff has decided to construct for himself a new car with the money.

***

America proposes spending one million pounds in fighting the Spanish influenza germ. Anti-prohibitionists declare that since the introduction of a certain measure several of these germs have offered to go quietly.



"BEEN FLOODING THE DISTILLERIES TOO, HAVE THEY?"

***

A Parisian doctor declares that laziness is a germ disease. Fears are entertained that the misguided zeal of medical science may be tempted to probe for a cure.

***

"It is healthier to be cremated," says Mr. PASFIELD, of Woking. On the other hand some people still cling to the theory that you're never the same man afterwards.

***

Discussing the traffic problem a contemporary declares that it is the man whose feet are trampled on who will say the last word. We would rather not know what the last word would be.

***

The ex-Kaiser, according to *The Daily Express*, has been busy house-hunting. We understand however that the Allies have definitely decided that this cannot be accepted in mitigation of his sentence.

A lady advertises in a morning paper for an elephant. It appears that her last one, named Fido, was run over by a motor-cyclist.

***

At one time a prominent merchant, a North of England man, aged eighty years, has just been admitted to a workhouse. Influence again, we suppose.

***

A large antique crown covered with jewels, supposed to have been worn by QUEEN ELIZABETH, has been stolen from a safe in the South of England. Any reader who meets in the street a man with a criminal face wearing such a crown in a suspicious manner should at once give information to the nearest police-station.

***

"What can I do," asks "SMALLHOLDER," to keep the birds from destroying my plums, apples and pears?" The best way is to sell the orchard when they are asleep. The simple creatures will go on destroying someone else's plums, apples and pears without discovering the deception that has been practised upon them.

***

The strangely courteous behaviour of the shark which suddenly appeared among some women who were bathing at Barnstaple is now explained. It was a man-eating shark.

***

A flounder has been caught in the Thames opposite Kew. The angler is understood to claim that he hooked, but failed to land, a second one about three times as flat.

Grouse Shooting—Exclusive Information.

"Reports from North Yorkshire moors show that the grouse are more plentiful than was at first anticipated, and some of the moors have yielded good baskets."—*Times*.

"Grouse shooting parties in the coverts of Lord Kenyon and Lord Howard de Walden enjoyed some splendid sport."
Essex County Chronicle.

"Yesterday saw the opening of the grouse shooting season, and the silence of the Scottish moors, all over the country, was broken by the repeated cracking of the sportsman's rifle."
Daily Mail.

"Almost immediately ——'s company will start ahead with the rehearsing of a new revue, which ought to be on the boards in about three weeks' time. At present it has no name, and neither author nor decomposer will be named on the first-night's programme."
Sunday Paper.

We do not know whether this is a mere blunder or an anticipatory criticism.

THE CONQUEROR IN NORMANDY.

To MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

[The PRIME MINISTER is described as having left London last week for Deauville in a blue reefer suit and a grey felt hat, accompanied by Sir ERIC GEDDES, Sir GEORGE RIDDELL and others.]

PEACE be with you, weary Titan,
In your cottage by the *mer*,
Heartened by the horn of Triton,
Zephyrs playing through your hair;
Lustier, hour by hour, and liefer,
May your figure put on fat,
Under yon cerulean reefer
And the grey felt hat.

By those seas of emerald crystal
Where, when morning gilds your head,
No "egregious journalist" 'll
Mar your matin-song in bed;
Where the NORTHCLIFFES cease from troubling
And vendettas take a rest—
May the wine of joy go bubbling
Down your happy chest!

As you promenade with RIDDELL
Or Sir ERIC by the wave,
Not as NERO will you fiddle
O'er your country's open grave;
Gently will your fancies pivot
Round the doom to which she sinks,
As you readjust the divot
On the Deauville links.

When the bank rakes in your louis,
And you try to smile in French,
Soft will grow your eye and dewy
At our efforts to retrench;
In the raciest of your revels
You 'll recall with words how wise
You invited us poor devils
To economise.

When along that *côte Élysienne*,
Where her *maillot* pranks the *plage*,
You engage some fair *Parisienne*
In a bout of badinage,
While your wit is at its brightest
You will spare the passing thought:—
"Is my England, in this high test,
Doing what she ought?"

So, for fear we spoil your pleasure
In that Paradisal spot
By indulging dreams of leisure
When you told us we must not,
Skilled and unskilled, labourer, foreman,
Every white man here shall do
Nigger's work to make a Norman
Holiday for you.

O. S.

THE EFFORT.

"Do persuade Randolf to do something," said Nina, looking at me under puckered brows. "His utter callousness in this National crisis makes me ashamed of being even an in-law relation of his."

"Putting aside the 'even,'" I replied, "I can hardly be expected to dictate the behaviour of an elder brother. I know Randolf is lazy, pigheaded, unpatriotic and insensitive to duty, but brothers often are complete antitheses, and any scruples you may have about my family," I continued, straightening my tie and casting a deprecatory eye at Randolf's unkempt appearance, "are surely more than outbalanced . . ." I glanced in the mirror.

"Do what?" asked Randolf, reverting to the point.

"Oh, anything," she replied. "Buy Victory Loan, plant vegetables, save coal—anything to help the country in this economic crisis."

Randolf smiled—that horrid supercilious smile which he uses on great occasions.

"You think yourselves very patriotic, but tell me a single thing you do which is not utterly selfish and done expressly for your own satisfaction. Look you—" he laid down his pipe and pointed his finger at us as if he were a schoolmaster—"look you—you buy Loan because it pays you five per cent.; you plant vegetables in order to eat them yourself; you economise coal because you both hate a proper healthy cold tub in the morning; all your patriotism is utterly selfish. Now I—now I——"

"Now you," prompted Nina.

"Now I am engaged in a project destined to revolutionise modern society in every branch, and that although it will bring upon me disdain and ostracism."

"What on earth are you doing?" asked Nina, thoroughly alarmed.

"Ah! you may well ask," said Randolf, full of mystery.

"Tell us—please do tell us," she pleaded.

"I've been here a week," replied Randolf, "and borne your jeers. You say I'm lazy and unpatriotic, but I'm not."

"Well then, tell us what you are doing," Nina insisted.

"*I'm letting my hair grow*," exclaimed Randolf with tremendous emphasis. "To let one's hair grow is an unpardonable crime. No public school will tolerate it. The Army, the Navy would rag a disciple of my creed out of the service. But it is a true creed, and once it is recognised England will forge ahead with a giant's strides. SAMSON had long hair and he prevailed. They cut it and he was overpowered. And who has the finest hair in this generation?" he asked excitedly.

"Oh, I should say PADEREWSKI," replied Nina.

"Exactly." Randolf was triumphant. "And PADEREWSKI excelled as a pianist, as a politician, and as a pig-farmer. Perhaps you haven't noticed—you wouldn't—that LLOYD GEORGE never became Prime Minister till he let his hair grow. There was once a time, too, when they wore pigtails in the Navy, and those were the days of Trafalgar."

"Yes, Nina," I cut in, seizing the idea with my usual facility, "if only BEATTY had had a pigtail do you suppose the valuable German fleet would be lying useless to-day at the bottom of the sea at Scapa Flow?"

"They might be in a worse place," said Nina.

"Let us waive the point," said Randolf magnanimously. "Take my own case. Was I not a bright and witty child, and have I ever been the same since I lost my childish curls?"

"Not that I know of," said Nina.

"No," Randolf exclaimed, slightly ruffled. "But I shall be, now that I have let my hair grow. Nearly all the brilliant thinkers, practically all the greatest ideas, have been the result of freely-grown hair. And this is my idea, and this is what I am doing, despite criticism, in my country's need."

Randolf stalked triumphantly to the door.

Nina eyed him curiously. Then suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, Randolf, I never noticed it before, but now you mention it . . . and no doubt it explains the brilliancy of your idea."

"But what?" asked Randolf.

"You're almost quite bald behind," said Nina.



THE HAZARD.

Mr. Lloyd George (*using heavy niblick*). "I DON'T SAY IT'S A SHOWY WEAPON AND I DON'T SAY IT SUITS MY WELL-KNOWN FREE STYLE, BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE FOR THE SITUATION."



Commercial Traveller. "HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR OLD BOY? DON'T YOU REMEMBER OUR MEETING AT CAMBRAI?"
Business Man. "AH, YES—OF COURSE. LET ME SEE NOW, WHICH SIDE WERE YOU ON?"

A LETTER TO THE BACK-BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER,—Your esteemed communication of the umpteenth ultimo to hand and its contents noted.

White mealies are at seventeen-and-six a bag, are they? And monkey-nuts thirteen-and-fourpence? Dear me! Hard times in the monkey-world—what? So your latest gold-hole, "The El Dorado," has turned out a fraud and a delusion, but, on the other hand, the old Mongwato cow, "Gwendoline," has calved at last. I am a firm believer in the Law of Compensation, aren't you?

You say that now that the European disturbance has been taken out of my hands and transferred to Versailles you trust the next South-bound ferry will be haling me along with it, and that ere long we shall meet to quaff the bubbling beaker again. Not so, old son, not on *your* side of the Big Drift. For many years in many climes we have been attempting to overtake the elusive bawbee, thou and I, haven't we? And with what success? The answer is "Wash-out." But now at last I think I have him cornered, I do, here, right here in London.

Know, then, that the dance is the thing in England now. They dance in the afternoon, they dance in the evening, they dance all night (if they're let). Take a girl out to tea and she insists on consuming it at full speed, you in one hand, an *éclair* in the other—grazing at the gallop as 'twere. Take her out to dine and she'll get in three laps between the fish and the *entrée*, a chukka betwixt the coffee and the bill. It's going to make a hardy race of us, my lad.

But the tune has changed since our day. The "Blue Danube," "Destiny," "Amoureuse"—voluptuous morsels like that which used to send thrills into our hearts and feet when you and I were susceptible young things, are heard no more in the land. To-day all hands are up and at it to the dulcet din of drum, banjo, siren, rattle, drum again, bones, squeaker, whistle, motor-hooter, tearing calico, cat-calls and yet more drum. The result sounds like something between a train-wreck, lunch-hour at the Dogs' Home and a busy morning in a boiler factory. It's noise the public wants just now, and it doesn't seem to mind what sort of noise it gets as long as it's the kind that peeved the oyster, namely a noisy noise.

And who has this City of the World by the ears? Who puts down the crash-barrage? Why, Coons, my Ginger. Niggers, Ethiopians, Smokes, Sambos, Woollies, Kaffirs, Coloured Gents—no less, and at a rate of remuneration which would make the mouth of a cannon water. White din-merchants there are, 'tis true, but the black brother leads the field in a walk, having a natural gift that way.

Do you remember my old outfit back in the bush before the War, and my retainers, Whiskers, By'm'by, Klass and Capetown, and the Hallelujah Chorus they used to raise of a pay-night? There would be a prodigal issue of over-proof native beer all round as an *apéritif* and then the orchestra would get busy. Whiskers' *métier* was the fiddle. He constructed it himself from a derelict paraffin tin, the leg of a chair and a yard of buck gut. He could make the thing whine like a whipped puppy. By'm'by had a twelve-inch mouth and an eight-inch mouth-organ. He would rub one against the other until the sparks flew and the jackals and hyenas for miles around sat up on their tails and howled.

Klass did the heavy work on the tom-tom. He lived for his art. Oft-times of an overwhelming tropic night, with scorching winds blowing off the desert and the mercury singing merrily in the thermometer, have I seen him

wolloping that old drum as if his life depended in knocking it inside out, the veins standing up all over him, sweat pattering off him like rain.

Capetown was the song and dance specialist. You must remember him, a bull-necked young Matabele who used to drive my ox-spans? I have heard voices in my day. I have heard the heaviest calibre of *Feldwebel* instructing recruits, and Coney Island "Ballyhoos" vaunting their dime-shows. I have heard the Prophet DOWIE praying and England's heaviest actor-manager talking about himself. I have heard the mate of a Falmouth storm-tug giving the captain of a Rotterdam windjammer his (the mate's) idea of his (the captain's) pedigree in half a gale off Cape Cornwall, and the watchers on the Longships came out to listen. Just before zero of the third Battle of Ypres a horse brought down its iron-shod hoof on the corn-plastered toe of a Squadron Leader of ours. He lifted up his voice and for twenty minutes completely drowned the bombardment. I have heard a ranch *capataz* admonishing some young *gauchos* for letting a bunch of two-year-old beef slip round them for the second time in one day, and the language he used set the dry *pampas* afire half a mile away. All these were good efforts in their way, but mere idle zephyrs to the hurricane hullabaloo of my Capetown, believe me.

Did the waggon stick in a drift he would fill his capacious bellows, open his mouth so wide that his head seemed to have split in half, and explode. If the oxen did not drop down dead of heart failure there and then they would find themselves and the waggon blown high and dry up the opposite bank.

Get my meaning now? If it's niggers they need over here, and noisy niggers, I fancy I can supply the noisiest quartet in the history of the world.

So get a move on and round 'em up for me, old man. Whiskers, I understand, is in gaol. He's been there ever since I left. Says he "likes it." Next to myself Tony Shorecomb was the most credulous fool in the country, so you will probably find By'm'by battening on him. Klass lives under a mimosa-tree at the fork of the Bongola River. He has a little *pied-à-terre* down there, consisting of half an acre of melons, a goat and four wives.

Of Capetown's whereabouts I have no notion, but if you stand still for a moment and cock an ear you will hear him wherever he is.

Round the bold boys up; tell them their old *Baas* is over here waiting for them, surrounded by pots of beer. Promise them sixpence a day stipend. Should they prove at all sticky or display symptoms of Trade Unionism I empower you to raise it twopence—expense must be no object. Furnish them with a pair of trousers apiece for European travel and bring them along. If you could manage to secure a hyena and a jackal to accompany B'm'by's mouth-organ so much the better.

We will take London literally by storm. I have an entrancing picture in my mind's eye. I see the ball-room of a great London caravanserai, all gilt, glitter and glass knick-knacks. Up and down the shining floor cavorts a galaxy of youth and beauty, coronetted chorus ladies, diamond-studded munitioneers, German-Jew financiers and other members of the British aristocracy. On a raised platform, amid an oasis of imitation palms, sit the jackal and the hyena howling as though love had passed them by. There also, arrayed in their go-to-meeting regalia of leopard skins, ostrich plumes, brass-wire fallals and human remains, sit Messrs. Whiskers, By'm'by and Klass, raising unmitigated Cain after their several fashions. In the foreground Mons. Capetown obliges with a little Matabele blood-curdler in a voice like the cracking o' doom. While you and I, Ginger, my Ginger (and here comes the most entrancing portion of my vision), sit at the door and rake in gate-money by the sackful.

Ever thine,

PATLANDER.



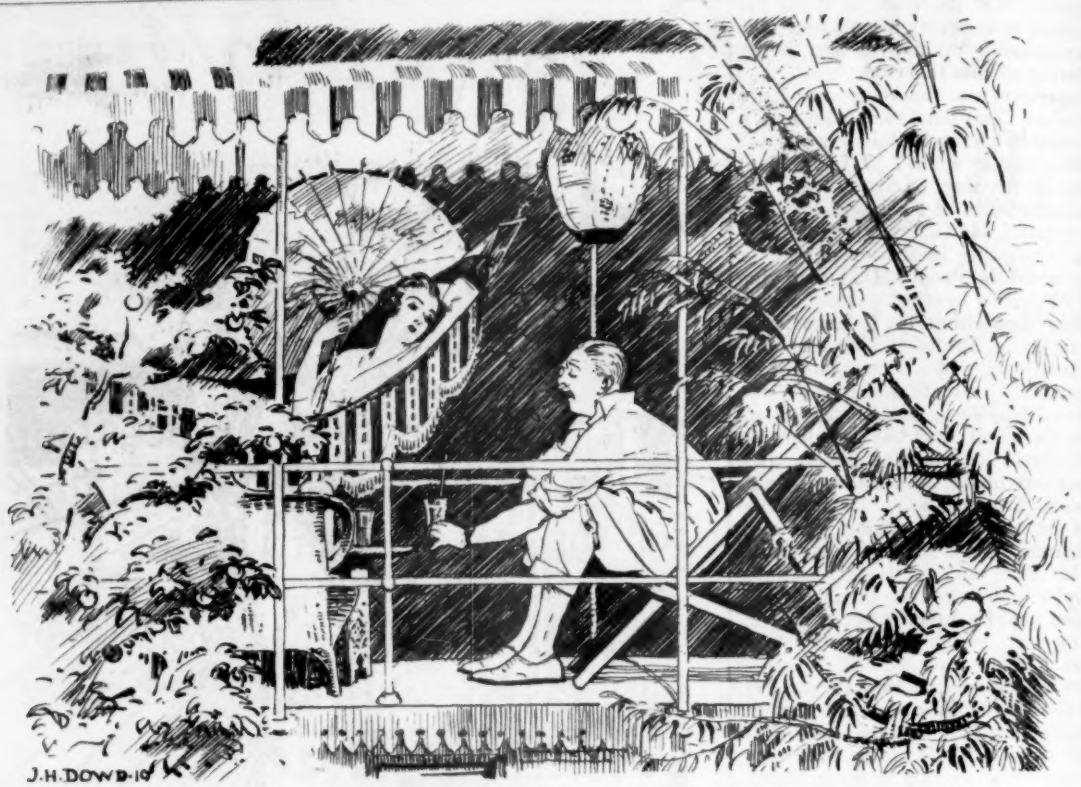
First A.B. "LOOK, JOE—A SEAPLANE!"

Second A.B. (*not in the best of tempers*). "S'ELP ME BOB! AIN'T THIS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY? IF YOU'D POINTED IT OUT TO SHAKSPEARE 'E *might* 'A' LOOKED."

From an account of the "Peterloo" celebrations in Manchester:—

"'Labour is the scourge of all wealth,' said one banner."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Not for the first time a misprint has come painfully near the truth.



Cautious Proposer (anticipating shortage of labour). "COULD YOU POSSIBLY—ER—DOMESTICATE—I MEANTERSAY—WASH A SHIRT, PRESS TROUSERS AND THINGS, AND BAKE A BIT O' BREAD—WHAT?"

INNER HISTORY.

IT was in Percy's rooms that we listened spell-bound to this story of the War.

Percy, who is in his way a bit of a pivot, is now in an advanced state of demobilisation. He retains the rank of Captain but declines to take the badges and buttons off his tunic and dye the remainder of his uniform; he prefers to owe fourteen guineas for a complete suit.

"No," said Percy, in answer to nothing in particular, "I am not yet publishing my Reminiscences of the War. If I did, I should feel it my duty to truth and posterity to cast aspersions of a deep and lasting nature on several senior officers. These officers are still serving and an iron discipline would forbid them to reply. That is not my idea of British fairplay. Nevertheless I have seen a little of Inner History during these last four years or so . . ." He blinked and looked important.

Jimmy snorted openly. "I suppose that is what you got your Croix-de-guerre for," he said bitterly. Jimmy is apt to be a little bitter on the subject of other people's decorations.

"That incident in itself," said Percy imperturbably, "might be said to belong to Inner History. Come, I will tell you the story."

Before we could stop him he had started.

"It was just after the Armistice——"

"I knew it," said Jimmy fiercely.

"Just—after—the Armistice," Percy continued, keeping his gaze fixed on his steel helmet suspended in the corner, "and we had moved up to the line of the Meuse. Here things became a bit monotonous, until the Corps Commander decided to select and fortify a main line of resistance, in case the enemy should change his mind. Quite a large number of the Staff happened to return from leave about this time and they took the matter up with great zeal. I changed my company frontage about once a day under expert advice of different branches of the Staff. At last a tremendously senior General decided to inspect the line. He arrived with the usual immense following—you know the sort of thing?"

"Yes," came the murmured answer of suffering reminiscence.

"I could hardly see the turnip field where I was supposed to resist the tide of barbarism; it was submerged in caps of brilliant hue. I received the General—I hope with some dignity. He, on his side, was stern yet affable, if you understand me. Then we meandered in column of route along my front. At one point the General suggested moving a trench further forward; my Colonel hastily agreed. With a withering glance at the Colonel, who had chosen the present site himself the day before, I also agreed. A murmur of enthusiastic agreement also passed down the long column of the Staff, who were following us; the A.P.M., who was smoking a Woodbine in the extreme rear, seemed particularly pleased about it.

"About half-way along the line we had to pass through a barbed-wire fence. Here young Smith, one of my subalterns, very officiously held up the top strand of wire while the General crawled through. The Colonel, who is a stoutish man, handed me his trench-coat and crawled through in light fighting order. Then, as has happened before, he walked on and left me to carry his coat.

"It was a brand-new coat and he was rather proud of it. I suppose that was



Village Dancing Master (late of His Majesty's Forces). "AT THE WORD 'ONE' EACH GENT SEIZES THE LEFT SHOULDER-BLADE OF 'IS LADY FIRMLY WITH THE PALM OF THE RIGHT 'AND, FINGERS EXTENDED, THUMB POINTING UPWARDS, THIS BEING FOR THE PURPOSE OF STEERING AND, WHERE NECESSARY, FOR 'OLDING OF 'ER UP."

why he had brought it out. It was a fine day, and the only others with coats were the General and an A.D.C., who had a wonderful yellow garment, all pockets and fur collar.

"Presently, in some very moist plough, we came to one of my Lewis gun posts.

"Here we halted and talked learnedly about the field of fire. Young Smith, without any orders, threw himself on the muddy ground and said the field of fire was splendid—a Quixotic performance, I thought; but the General seemed to find his youthful ardour catching. I saw his knees giving gently, and I knew instinctively that he was going to lie down too.

"One glance at his bright field-boots and his new riding-breeches decided me. With a respectful yet firm 'Allow me, Sir,' I placed the Colonel's new coat on the mud and waved an inviting hand. With a sigh of content the General sank on to it, and the Staff Officers all around sank in unison.

"Only the Colonel stood, and he was looking at me, and not in the direction of the enemy, as the book directs.

"After a few moments the General arose and said the position was excellent. The D.A.Q.M.G., who had been pretending to kneel in a puddle, said it was one of the best fields of fire he had ever seen. The A.P.M., who had not even pretended to kneel down, made a note about it, and the procession prepared to move on.

"With the help of young Smith, who had now reached the giggling stage, I managed to extract the Colonel's coat, which had become firmly embedded in the mud; it came out with a sort of hollow squelching noise. The G.S.O. smiled approvingly as I wrung it out and said something about Sir WALTER RALEIGH; the General also smiled as he shook hands and said that my line had been very well chosen.

"It was a most pleasant party of warriors, all smiling and chatting in the bleak Belgian field, their trials all over and victory in their grasp. The General asked how long I had been with Infantry in France, and smiled again when I said three years.

"At last the Colonel suggested—a trifle curtly, I thought—that they should move on to the next Company. So they passed on, and I stood aside as the long column, with glint of spur and bright many-coloured caps, passed slowly by. I sent young Smith to Headquarters with the Colonel's coat and instructions to start about the work of restoration.

"A few weeks later I met the General and he congratulated me on having been recommended for a Croix-de-guerre.

"There are other things I could tell," Percy concluded, "but the time is not yet. We are too close to these events to see them in their true perspective. We are apt to draw faulty conclusions."

We agreed and left it at that.

"August 4, at Christ Church, by the Dev. J. R. ——."—*Wedding column of Local Paper.*

It doesn't look as if *that* marriage was made in Heaven.

THALASSA.

IT was a bright warm day with a sportive wind. I went into a hat-monger's shop and asked the proprietor for a straw hat.

"A light one?" he asked.

"Well, I had thought of a dark quiet maroon with an indigo stripe," I began.

"I was referring to the weight, Sir," he explained.

"Oh, I see," I said; "a light one by all means."

"Light straw boater for this gentleman, George," he shouted into the inner recesses of his store.

I was conducted to a glittering pile of casques.

"Why is it called a 'boater'?" I inquired as I made my choice.

"'Boater,' Sir—trade term, Sir," he assured me as he gave me my change.

"Well, you may send my Smuts home for me," I said as I entrusted my grey collapsible to his care.

It was a poor joke, and I soon paid for it. The Mall, I suppose, is too severe a temptation to offer to any meddlesome light straw boater on a gusty day. Mine had gone some fifty yards at about the pace of an ordinary whizz-bang in the direction of Buckingham Palace before I realised what was happening. Fortunately a taxi hove in sight.

"Follow the gleam," I cried to the driver and leaped on board.

It was the Victoria Memorial that saved the situation. The taximan helped me to fish it out of the fountain, and I hoped the wetting it had got would sober the pranksome thing. It did for a time. I had walked back along the Mall and was in Whitehall before the spirit of Bolshevism took it violently again. An upward gust caught it by the battered brim, and I was just able to mark it whiffling through a second-floor window before it disappeared. I went and laid my troubles before a stout commissionaire. He took me into a large room, gave me pen, ink and blotting-paper and a pile of printed forms.

"John Arthur Binks," I wrote with great care, "to see the First Lord of the Admiralty. Business: Recovery of light straw boater."

After waiting about twenty minutes I was shown upstairs into a room where a very grave young man was sitting at a desk. A stack of minutes liberally sprinkled with blots was in front of him and he had a slight abrasion of the left temple. He rose as I entered and handed me my refractory morion.

"The First Lord is engaged," he said in an even voice, "but I am directed by him to return this to you, and to request that if you have any further specimens of—er—headgear to submit for their Lordships' approval you will forward the same through the customary channels."

I bowed profoundly and went out. Catching a motor-bus and climbing on to the top I had proceeded as far as Charing Cross station when the irrepressible took the bit between its teeth and bolted again. This time it chose the roof of a motor-bus travelling in the opposite direction; but I was much too cunning for it. I climbed down speedily, dived into the Tube, changed on to the Underground and beat it at Victoria by about half a minute.

"Caught one of my fares a nasty crack in the jaw, it did," said the conductor as he handed it back to me in the station yard.

I surveyed the dishevelled object for a few moments and reflected. It was spattered with mud and ink; one part of the jagged brim was bent downwards, and the other tiptilted like the petal of a flower.

Further, I concluded that its heart was clearly set on the sea. Twice it had made a dart for Victoria, and once to the head-quarters of the British Navy itself. Who was I to baulk it of its desire? It was evidently absurd to think of going to the office that morning. I could easily explain the incident.

I went to the booking-office. "Is this the Light Straw Boater Company line?" I asked the man in the hutch. "I mean the London, Brighton and South Coast?"

"It is," he replied.

I booked a return to the silver sea and made my way to the train.

The people who walk about on the front at Brighton are not accustomed to violent exercise as a rule, but they got it that afternoon. I discovered at least three new short slips for Sussex and a couple of Olympic sprinters previously unknown to fame. There were men who salved the L.S.B. from under the wheels of Government lorries and men who clawed it from the air with ebony canes. Most of them took the game in good part, but I must except the lady who dropped a priceless Pekingese and her golden reticule at one and the same moment as the truant caught her in the neck and made a crease in the powder; the two stout gentlemen who were tripped up on the esplanade when it cannoned against their calf-topped patent-leathers, and the obvious war-profiteer whose pince-nez it broke just opposite the Monopole Hotel. Slightly exhausted myself after an hour or so of this pastime, I went for a stroll on the pier, pressing my mangled straw-rick firmly to my head. The first time that I relinquished my pressure it gave a happy sigh and flapped off deliberately like a seagull towards the white-capped waves. I fancy I saw a motor-launch setting out after the derelict, but so far as I was concerned the light straw boater was no more. I waved it a last farewell and let it boat.

EVOE.

GOLF TRIOLETS.

I 'm clean off my drive;
Imagine my feelings!
I 'm going to play five;
I 'm clean off my drive;
What ball could survive
Such toeings and heelings?
I 'm clean off my drive;
Imagine my feelings!

I ask for a cleek
And he gives me a putter!
My caddie 's a freak;
I ask for a cleek;
Now wilder than Greek
Are the words that I utter;
I ask for a cleek
And he gives me a putter!

We 're like as we lie
On the green and it 's you to play;
I 'm nearly hole-high;
We 're like as we lie
(If he misses it, I
Shall be one up and two to play);
We 're like as we lie
On the green and it 's you to play.

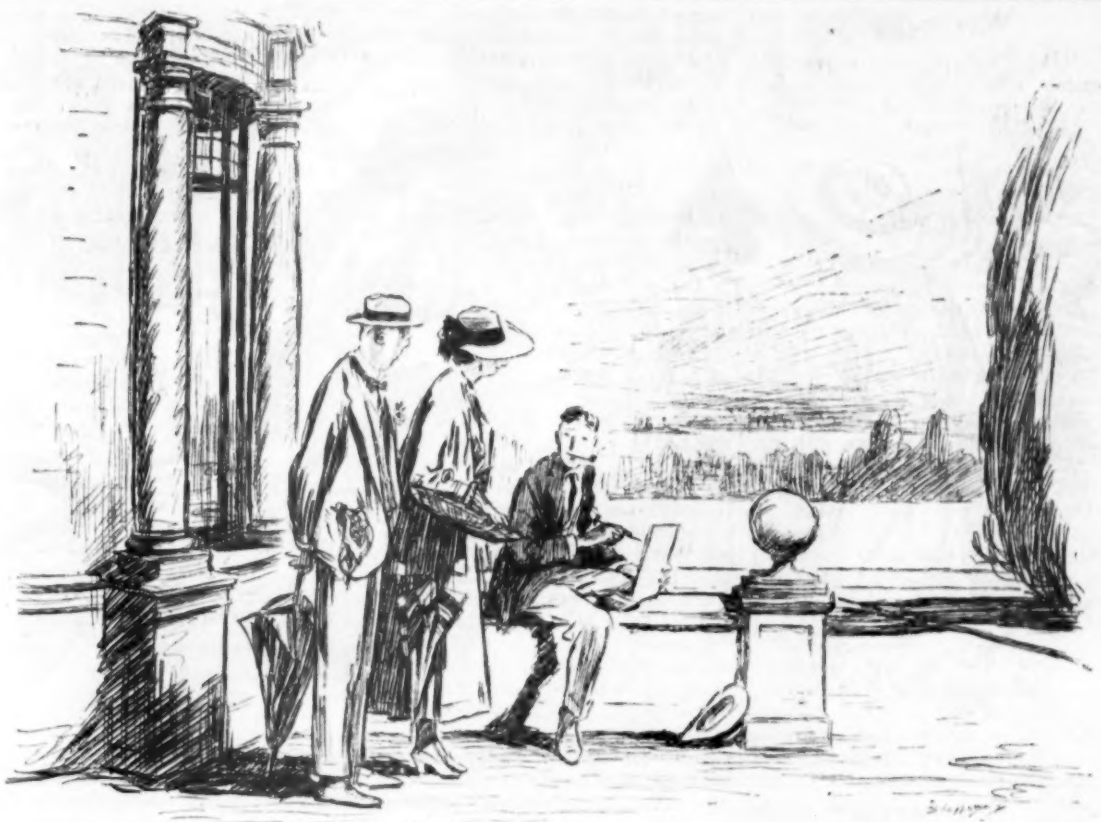
I 'm playing two more;
If he wins this he 's dormy;
He 'll do it in four;
I 'm playing two more,
In a gorse-bush; oh lor!
With a bunker before me
I 'm playing two more;
If he wins this he 's dormy.

He 'd that for the match
And I 'd laid him a stymie.
If a half he could snatch
He 'd that for the match;
The putt was no catch
But he just trickled by me.
He 'd that for the match
And I 'd laid him a stymie.

The piffle we played
ST. ANDREW may pardon,
Although I 'm afraid
The piffle we played
Would scandalize BRAID
And horrify VARDON.
The piffle we played
ST. ANDREW may pardon.

"To the credit of Kent it must be said that rain was falling heavily during the last ten minutes of the game."—*Daily Paper.*

Where 's your *Jupiter Pluvius* now?



Hostess. "OH, SO YOU SKETCH, DO YOU?" *Artist Guest.* "YES."
Hostess. "BUT HOW NICE! SO MUCH CHEAPER FOR YOU THAN PHOTOGRAPHY."

BRIGHTENING CHESS.

FOR a game which is generally admitted to be admirable, by those who play it as well as by those who do not, chess has not the popularity it deserves. We have yet to read of a bookmaker who has thought it worth his while to turn his attention to the game. It will be interesting indeed if there is truth in the rumour that chess is now under the consideration of Mr. CHARLES B. COCHRAN, who has done so much to popularise the drama.

One great fault of chess has been that the interests of the spectators (who, if there at all, have a good chance of being in the majority) have been sacrificed to those of the players. Chess wants brightening. As played to-day it appears to be more an anxiety than a recreation. Each player frowns at the board as if he had added up the squares again and again and could only find sixty-three. True, there is that slow expansion of the cranium familiar to all chess-watchers; but, when all is said and done, there is too little movement in the game.

Give the spectator a chance and there may be hope. For it is the spectator who has made football what it is, and given vitality to the so-called game of baseball; and we predict that chess will be a different game when rattles, house-bells and motor-horns are permitted among the onlookers.

A less abbreviated style of chess-reporting would help the game into the favour of the million. When Casabianca with eyes flashing and his Paraguayan blood ten degrees C. above boiling-point, shoots out a lithe hand and with republican ruthlessness grasps the white queen by the head and sets her down in the midst of her sable enemies, surely something more might be written about it than "Q—KB2." That sort of thing is all very well for costly communications in the "Personal" or "Servants Wanted" column, but in the news columns it is calculated almost to drive the reader to the leading article.

If the game is worth playing it is worth brightening. Let a seventy-nine square board be introduced if that will do it; let us abolish the three-day match; let certain of the pieces, unknown to the players, be fastened to the board with cobbler's wax; let there be a gramophone on every chess-table; let it be a rule that each player shall wear hob-nailed boots and do what he likes with his opponent's legs under the table—anything for brightness.

It is said (with what truth the present writer cannot tell) that during the recent chess tournament at Hastings more people attended the cinema each day than went to watch the chess-players! This at least is certain, that the game must be taken in hand quickly, and thoroughly reconstructed, if it is to become one of the popular spectacular sports of the coming winter.

Our Candid Advertisers.

"YOUNG MAN, with small capital and brains, seeks Investment or Partnership."
Daily Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

"His studies of animals alone must run into hundreds, for he brought a sheaf home each time he visited the Zoological Gardens, and in cafés and amongst his friends his pencil was constantly at work."—*Weekly Paper.*



Lady. "AND WHERE HAS THE WASP STUNG YOU?"
Little Villager (not forgetting her manners). "ANYWHERE YOU PLEASE, MY LADY."

HOLIDAY NOTES.

MR. ROBERT SMILLIE is devoting his hard-earned leisure to the composition of a brilliant satire called *The New Battle of Blenheim*. SOUTHEY'S deplorable poem, it will be remembered, ended with the stanza:—

"'And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'—
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.—
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

It is enough to say that Mr. SMILLIE'S poem ends on a very different note, and that a considerable fluttering of the ducal dovecotes is expected from its publication.

* * * * *

Fame has its penalties as well as its privileges. Madame CLARA BUTT, so we read in the "Tea Table Talk" of a contemporary, "has been driven to the erection of a special staircase from her rooms to the garden to avoid curious eyes," at Llandrindod Wells. The faithful chronicler omits to mention, however, that Sir EDWARD CARSON, who is staying at the same resort, descends, heavily disguised, in a parachute from his rooms on the fifth floor whenever he wishes to take the air, re-ascending in a small airship called "The Covenant;" and that Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, another visitor, has had a special light-railway laid down from his hotel to the links.

* * * * *

At Aix-les-Bains Sir ALFRED MOND, to avoid the embarrassing attentions of the enthusiastic populace, has been obliged to have a special tunnel constructed from his hotel, providing him with a secret exit at a distance of about a quarter-of-a-mile. Again, now that the normal holiday traffic has been resumed in the Isle of Man, Sir HALL CAINE has been compelled to fortify Greeba Castle against invaders, relic-hunters, etc., with a strong system of trenches, barbed-wire and pill-boxes.

ANOTHER TOUCH OF NATURE.

[Negro workers employed in the nut, fat and oil trade at Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa, recently came out on strike for higher pay.]

THUS one by one our old beliefs get shaken,
And lo! another ruin swells their wreck,
For Europe's fell disease, I find, has taken
The nigger in the neck.

No more we 'll know him for the docile creature
Who took things calmly underneath his tan,
Since he assumed that all too striking feature
Which marks the "working man."

Ah me, that Lagos too creates such crises
And lands her traders in these local ruts;
They 'll pay the nigger—yes, and raise the prices
Of fats and oils and nuts.

Yet there occurs one thought that 's passing pleasant,
Emerging from this state of darkest night:
East may be East, and West be West (at present),
But Black 's the same as White.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch ventures to plead once more for the many poor children of London who need a holiday in the country. He begs that those whose children are now enjoying their holiday, or looking forward to it, will not forget the needs of the less fortunate. Funds are urgently required by the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and gifts should be sent to the Secretary, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. 2.



THE NEW DEPARTURE.

Bolshevik Wolf (*to British Bull-dog*). "I SAY, ISN'T THIS A MISTAKE? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING HOME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 18th.—The approach of the holidays found Lord MILNER in an unusually skittish mood and determined to act on the schoolboy's maxim, "Last day but one; take it all in fun." *À propos* of the Profiteering Bill Lord MIDLETON suggested, not unreasonably, that the Government should do their part in keeping down prices, first by removing the restrictions on imports, secondly by selling the surplus commodities in their own possession, and thirdly by ceasing to inflate the currency. But his only reward was to be heavily chaffed by the temporary Leader of the House on his sudden reversion to the doctrines of COBDEN.

Similarly, when Lord EMMOTT tried at the eleventh hour to get from the Government an exact definition of "reasonable profit," Lord MILNER made no attempt to satisfy him, but airily quoted the old saying that "the simplest child can ask more questions in five minutes than the wisest man can answer in a lifetime." Lord EMMOTT, I fear, did not appreciate the humour of the comparison, for he declared that he had never heard an important point treated so cavalierly. But the House as a whole was not disposed to delay the adjournment for the sake of making technical improvements in a measure generally regarded as being more for show than for use.

The prospect of hearing the PRIME MINISTER declare the contents of the "locked box" drew a large number of visitors to the House of Commons; and there was a fair attendance of Members, although by past experience they have learned not to expect too much from these freely-advertised orations. The SPEAKER, however, was "unavoidably absent"—a further proof, in the opinion of the cynics, of his unfailing wisdom.

A few light turns beguiled the interval of waiting for the *pièce de résistance*. Mr. HARMSWORTH gallantly defended the accuracy of the French text of the Peace Treaty against the critical attacks of Colonel WALTER GUINNESS, and pointed out that, right or wrong, the "exotic syntax" of the Foreign Office had nothing to do with it.

To Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR's helpful suggestion that the Commercial Secretaries now being sent to South America should acquire a knowledge of the local tongues Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD replied in strident tones, "Nobody is accredited as a Commercial Secretary or Consul to any country unless he is a master of the language."

By way of whetting the appetite of Members for the vast banquet of national economy which, according to the Ministerial Press, was about to be offered them, Mr. BONAR LAW announced that Ministers had decided to



THE END OF TERM.
LORD MILNER.

relinquish at once the motor-cars hitherto allotted to them.

If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had taken his cue from the cheers that greeted this noble example of patriotic self-sacrifice, and at once announced the further steps which the Government proposed to take in order to establish financial equilibrium I think his speech would have been more successful. It would certainly have been considerably shorter. As it was, he devoted the first half of a three hours' oration to telling us a great many things of which we were painfully aware already—such as that we had spent an enormous amount of borrowed money, that our national existence depends upon our foreign trade, and that we cannot recover it without increased production.

Then followed some pretty straight talk to the Labour Party. The prevalent fallacy that the less men worked the more work there would be for others was vigorously denounced; and the notion that nationalisation was the way to industrial peace was critically examined in the light of the Yorkshire miners' strike against the State.

But except on this point there was little of light or leading in the speech. The "locked box" was opened for a moment, to let out the announcement that after September 1st there would be no more restrictions on imports, and was banged to again with the keys—or at least the "key-industries"—inside it. Vague hints of the Government's intention to cut down expenditure were given, but, as they were accompanied by a rebuke to those who had ferreted out instances of departmental extravagance, they did not much impress a House by this time a little bored and decidedly sceptical.

There was unusually little applause during the delivery of the speech, but plenty at its conclusion. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, as he hastily swallowed the contents of the "pomatum-pot" dutifully placed at his elbow by Captain GUEST, probably attributed the cheers to the excellence of his peroration. My own impression is that any old peroration would have been equally welcomed.



Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (returning from the Rhine). "WHAT! NO OFFICIAL MOTOR-CAR? WELL, THIS BRINGS THE PEACE HOME TO ONE."

Tuesday, August 19th.—The SPEAKER, having made a speedy recovery, was again in the Chair. The House learned without enthusiasm that more than six hundred general officers were still employed at home and overseas. Asked to say how they were employed, Mr. FORSTER begged for notice. It also appears that some two thousand five hundred officers and men are still engaged on anti-aircraft defence in this country. It is thought by some Members that they might usefully be lent to the Treasury to repel raids on the Exchequer.

On the very eve of the Recess Mr. HOGGE has discovered a gross scandal in the Pensions Department. There are no fewer than five Englishmen employed in the Edinburgh headquarters of the Ministry. Sir JAMES CRAIG men-



THE REPTILE HOUSE AT THE ZOO.

Aunt (explaining the habits of alligators). "NO, I DON'T THINK THEY COME OUT OF THEIR RIVERS MUCH. THEY WAIT FOR PEOPLE TO TUMBLE IN, AND THEN THEY GOBBLE THEM UP."

Sympathetic Little Girl. "BUT HOW DO THE POOR THINGS MANAGE HERE?"

tioned as extenuating circumstances that one hundred and twenty-five Scotsmen are employed in the Edinburgh office, and that a considerable number of Scotsmen are employed in the Ministry outside Scotland. On the other hand, when asked how the fortunate five had managed to get their appointments, he answered, "By superior ability." Mr. HOGGE was still mentally struggling with this amazing situation when "Black Rod" arrived to summon "this Honourable House" to the House of Peers to hear the Commission read. On its return the Commons adjourned to October 22nd, so Mr. HOGGE will have just nine weeks to decide whether Sir JAMES CRAIG'S reply was a statement of fact or an example of misplaced humour.

"VICTORY CHESS CONGRESS.
TWO WOMEN PLAY ON AFTER A MATE."
Times.

The Ruling Passion—strong even in chess.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Sir Creasy Bagster has arrived at the Brummell Hotel.

* * *

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has been compelled by patriotic claims to abandon his projected trip to Florida for the tarpon-shooting.

* * *

Sir Mucus and Lady Membrane and Miss Medulla Membrane have left London for a yachting excursion in the Mesenteric Ocean.

* * *

Mr. Otis P. Stunt is confined to bed with an attack of otitis, but hopes to be able to proceed shortly to his moor in Ross-shire, where he is entertaining a party, including Baron Oddenino, Sir Odo Ortolan and Lord Waterstock.

* * *

Sir Reuben Nasalheimer, who was recently struck on the nose while playing golf on the North Boreland Links, is now convalescent. No further bulletins will be issued, and the competition for the Thanksgiving Challenge Beaker presented by Sir Reuben will take place on September 7th and 8th.

* * *

Major Tufton-Hunter, whose name was unaccountably omitted from the list of those on whom the O.B.E. was recently conferred, wishes to express his gratitude for the numerous letters of sympathy received from all quarters, and his regret that it is impossible for him to reply to them individually owing to the severe nervous breakdown from which Mrs. Tufton-Hunter is still suffering.

"The Long and the Short of it."

Extract from Brigade Routine Orders of the —th Cavalry Brigade, E.E.F.:—

"The G.O.C. notices with displeasure that men are in the habit of cutting down their 'shorts' to make them shorter. If this practice continues the Brigade will not be allowed to wear shorts any longer."



"STEP ON BOTH SIDES, PLEASE!"

BATHING PICTORIALLY.

To Men.—Undress; put on bathing suit; enter sea; stay there a time; come out; dry; dress.

To Women.—The choice of costume is of first importance; the sea itself hardly counts. There was a time when no costume was required. With the outbreak of civilisation a garment of certain dimensions became desirable. In comparatively recent years the advent of the photographic newspaper has created new standards of decency, and for successful pictorial bathing these must be conformed to.

Suitably attired (whatever else is omitted, the bangle above the elbow must not be forgotten) the bather should descend slowly from her machine, for who knows that the Press Photographer may not be at hand even in this early stage of her progress? Expert operators agree, indeed, that for the photograph of a bather a modern bathing-machine is a most appropriate and romantic background.

All posing for photographs in bathing costume should be accompanied by merry laughter—laughter so unmistakable that it can almost be heard when the reader puts his ear to the newspaper. The mouth should be well opened, every front tooth (true or false) glistening white in the sunlight. There should be no suggestion of having just swallowed sea-water.

On the way to the water's edge it would not be amiss to recline gracefully on the sand, holding an unlighted cigarette in the hand that is attached to the arm with the bangle on ("The After-Dip Cigarette"). A chat *en route* to the sea with some venerable boatman, with hearty laughter at his remarks, would make a good picture ("Beauty and the Beast"). If portrayal as "The Fair Rescuer" is desired a pet dog (not necessarily your own) should be seized, dipped and held up dripping. The bather should take care that the dog does not hide her face, and she should laugh unrestrainedly into the camera.

It is a mistake to go far into the sea, as the operator is not allowed to charge for shrunk socks in his expenses. Shallow water, or preferably the dry land, is best for the successful bathing picture.

Observe these rules and you will be unlucky indeed if before your fortnight is up your portrait is not exciting comment in a million British homes.

THE BELFRIES.

If you should go to La Bassée
  Or Bethune, grey and bare,
You 'll hear the sweetest bells that play
  A faint and chiming air;
And belfries in each little town
Sing out the hour and mark it down.

If you should go to La Bassée
  Or walk the Bethune street
You 'll see the lorries pass that way
  And hear the tramp of feet;
And where the road with trees is lined
You 'll watch the long battalions wind.

But all the clocks that mark the time
  Are months and years too slow,
And all the bells that ring and chime
  Strike hours of long ago,
And all the belfries where you pass
Lie tumbled in the dust and grass.

Yet still the long battalions wind,
  Though all the men are gone,
Because one hour has stayed behind
  And wanders there alone—
Yes, one heroic shining hour
Chimes on from every fallen tower.

SURPRISE PACKETS: The C.M.B.'s in the Gulf of Finland.

PETER GROWN UP.

I HAD been reading *The Young Visiters"* (with preface by Sir JAMES BARRIE) to my young son and daughter. Both are novelists, Hilary's masterpiece being named *The Petrol Hawk*, while Maureen's first effort has the sibilantly soothing title of *Sylvia's Seven Sweethearts*. Their attitude during the reading was pointedly hostile, as they were quick to see that the joke was with the adult at the expense of the child. I had expected them to laugh occasionally, but the phrase or incident that was funniest to me had a familiarity for them that provoked contempt utterly unqualified by amusement. Surely, said their eyes, it is well known that people who bath overnight don't have to wash much in the morning.

That night in my dreams I met with a vengeful counterblast. The Managing Director of the Children's Storybook Association presented me with a volume entitled *The Mixture As Never Before*, the preface to which was signed with the names of my son and daughter. The book I was not destined to read. When I reached the last words of the preface I awoke with a cry of horror at what seemed veritable sacrilege.

"This book," began my impertinent children, as far as I may remember the text, "is published just as it was written by a grown-up. It was found in a kitchen in the Adelphi, and the paper used was torn off sheet by sheet from a 'Robert Burns' writing pad. The author's age is unknown, but he has a moustache. In the picture which forms the frontispiece it will be noticed that he has meditative dreamy eyes. We imagine that he always looked like this, at the end of the writing of each page, at Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER or Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, and over his shoulder at Mr. R. GOLDING BRIGHT. PRAXITELES used just such a model for his Hermes, though it has never been explained how the infant Dionysos managed to put up with his company for so long.

"The book throws a light on the perverse fortune that may await to-day's most heedful child, and will be read eagerly by those of us who are not afraid to anticipate destiny. As Captain McHookey says more than once in the course of the manuscript, 'Losh, losh, my bairn, ilka day is takin' ye nearer to bein' deid, as ye micht say.'

"The life of the adult is too little understood by children. We sometimes envy them their freedom and authority, but almost all their pleasures appear hollow and vain. There is no avoidance of this cognate attitude, but indubitably it is within our power to get a grip of the adult point of view. No child merits a moment of compassion who does not trouble to learn something of his rulers from their books, and in certain passages the material is so self-revelatory that it seems strange that the gap between child and adult should not have been bridged long ago.

"'Hoots,' remarked Peter, at the crisis of his life, 'I like ye fine, Wendy, as fac' as death.' Note the reply of the young maiden. 'Peter,' says she, 'are ye well-kent for a guid body?' 'I never did naething 'at wasna weel intended,' says Peter.

"We quote the passage not merely because it means nothing, but because it conveys everything. The adult's smiles of condescension, his attempts at teasing, his poses in relation to worldly knowledge—all these find their *apologia* in the specimen abstracted. In the language of this adult, 'They ken nae mair than oursels.'

"What is known of the author of this remarkable work? He appears to have been born in Scotland, where there are hardly any public schools. His early education cannot therefore be the explanation of his spelling. That he lives in London, that he does not publish all he writes, our readers know already. It appears however that he is also the author of plays in the English language, probably translated thereinto by ALEXANDER TEXEIRA DE MATTOS. Our evidence is flimsy, but on the back of one of the sheets of this script are some pencil notes that revive memories. Thus there is, written in capitals, the name 'PETER MCPAN,' and under it 'Or the bairn that was loth to grow auld." This may or may not have some connection with an entertainment to which one has to take one's parents every Christmas.

"It only remains to add that the MS. has been accurately reproduced, not a word added or cut out. In fact some of it has to be reproduced twice over because we can find nothing further to say in this preface and shall be compelled to satisfy the publisher's demands in regard to length with long excerpts from the text."

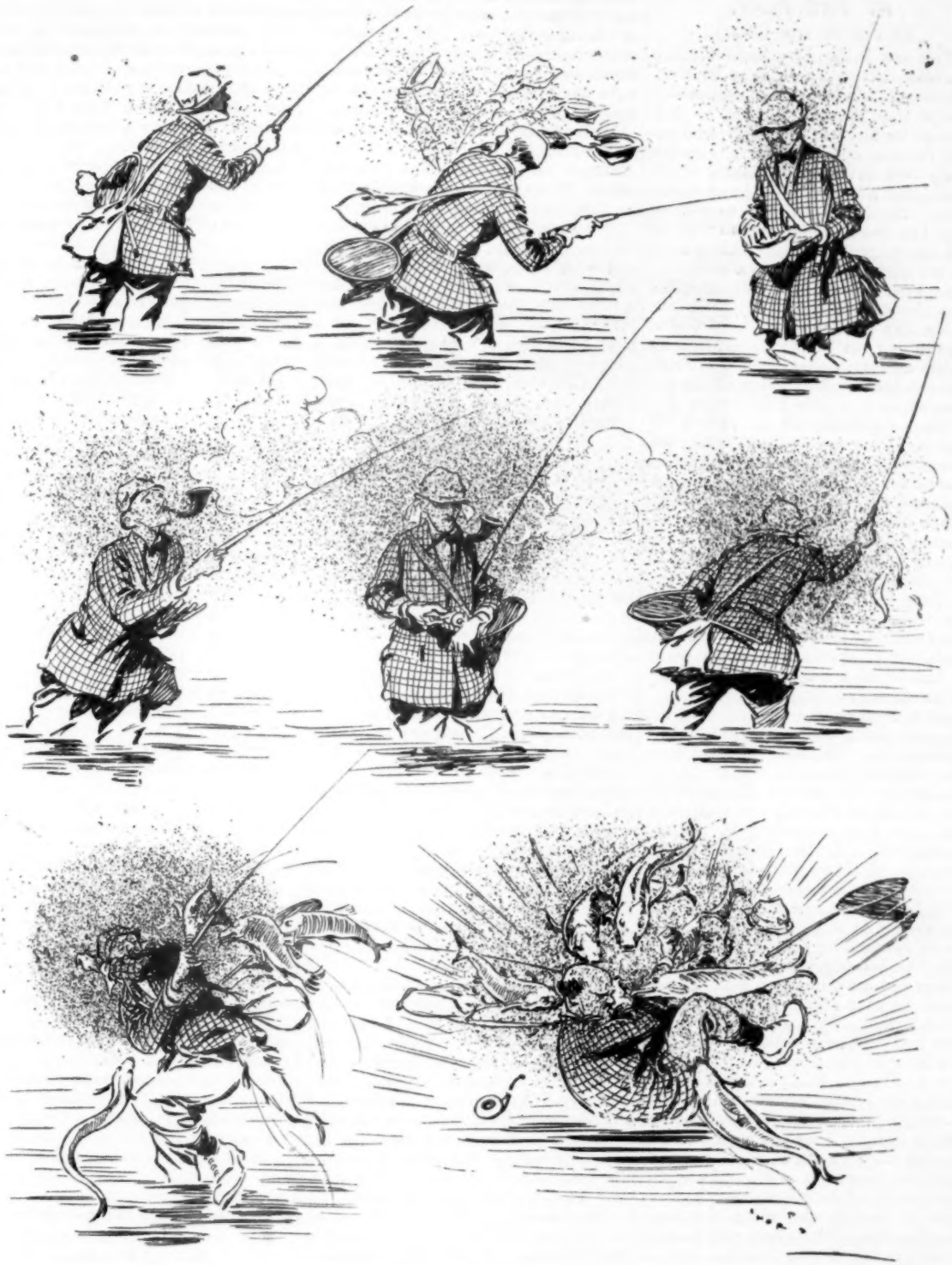
In my dream I dropped the book and shrieked.

"Why? Why? You impertinent little devils, why?" I sat up in bed, now wide-awake.

And from the far distance I seemed to hear the voice of Hilary replying: "So that the book will be fat enough to sell for three shillings and sixpence, Daddy . . . Because that seems to be the idear."



Fierce Brass-hat. "SEND ASSISTANCE AT ONCE. I'VE TURNED TURTLE."
Voice from other end. "MY GOOD SIR, THIS IS A GARAGE. WHAT YOU WANT IS AN AQUARIUM."



A DAY WITH THE FLY.

AT THE PLAY.

RETURN OF THE FOLLIES.

THE new Follies go nearer to filling the blank left by the death of Mr. PELISSIER and the break-up of his admirable troupe than I was prepared to find. Except for Mr. DAN EVERARD (who has lost nothing of his form) it is an entirely new team. The mantle of the dead jester fits Mr. BEN LAWES physically. He would do well to wear it after his own humour and not fall to the temptation of reconstructing a departed ghost. Loyalty to a charming memory on his part may cut across an equal loyalty on ours.

Mr. REX LONDON does a good deal to fill the gap left by Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY of the ape-like antics. He is perhaps more versatile. Mr. ARTHUR MARGOTSON, who was a little tame in the kind of thing the Follies do and always did less well, the pretty-pretty song and dance, was quite brilliant in his "Impressions" of music-hall comedians. Among the pierrettes there is perhaps a lack of distinctive personality as contrasted with their predecessors. Miss VIVIAN REES, *diseuse*, goes nearest to the old achievement. A certain nervousness, as of folk realising that they were playing against a prejudice in their audience in favour of the old firm, probably hampered the whole team. It was certainly a severe ordeal. They came out of it very creditably.

It is a wonderful testimony to the wearing qualities of the old Follies humour that the best numbers were from old programmes. The music-hall burlesque is still a gorgeous piece of fun. Mr. LAWES as *Miss May de Colté*, who had been basely deserted by a blue-blooded toff; Mr. DAN EVERARD as *Mr. Gransby Billious*, Dickens Impersonator (there was never surely a better "line" than that appeal addressed from the gallery to *Fagin*, over-anxious not to be hanged—"Be a sport!"); and Mr. REX LONDON, as a basso who swallowed his bottom notes, were all particularly good. The "Beverage Quartette" (Rum, Port and Zider) had a new and quite excellent flavour. The "Smoky Impression"—an outrage, by the way, in a theatre where the audience are smoked against not smoking—seemed a little less tuneful than of old, if memory does not betray me, as it well may. I would most seriously beg Mr. LAWES to restore the exquisite pathos of the old Follies' first version of the "Baked-Potato Man," and cut the cheap tom-foolery which afterwards completely spoiled it. Does he not realise the value of tragic relief?

Of the new matter, "Choo Chin Chow," millionth performance, was as good, perhaps it would be a little more truthful to say almost as good, as any of the old burlesques. The attenuated and compressed Mr. ASHE and the indefinitely expanded Miss LILY BRAYTON were alone worth the money—to say nothing of the perfectly superb camel.

I have mentioned Mr. MARGOTSON'S "Impressions." Let him add to these as many as he likes. The "Sunday School Treat," in which Mr. LONDON had the rare good sense not to overdo the curate, and the Russian Ballet, after HEATH ROBINSON, were both excellent and will be better. But the ballad about the lonerly lady who lost her way in Somerset and found her way inner-to somebody else's heart on a final high note far up in the flies is the sort of thing our Follies should be burlesquing, not offering for sale! Surely I am right? Altogether a most attractive show. T.

CONCERNING RARITIES.

I HAVE met her at last.

For years I have been searching for her in vain; and yet I knew that she must be somewhere.

She is in service in a hotel. I should like to give the name of the hotel, but such things are not done. There are journalistic conventions which such divulgence would fracture. But I can throw lights, as the acrostic people do. I can tell you that there is an engraving after LANDSEER on one of the walls. But perhaps that is not enough. Very well, then, I can say that the hotel is situated in a town in a county which gives a certain illustrious young traveller and orator the title of duke. It is situated in a town with a harbour at whose entrance are relics of saints, and among whose most constant yachtsmen is an artist who has more than once sent to the Royal Academy a painting of boys bathing and drying in the sun. Incidentally I may add that last Wednesday he did not win his race. This town is an incredible distance from London, in an easterly direction I don't think. An old song once said of it that it was a fine town, with ships in the bay; and it is, although at the present moment one of the ships in that bay is a wreck, heeling over on the rocks, a pitiful sight.

Perhaps I have thrown lights enough? As to the hotel itself, mum must be the word. Consider me eager to impart the information, but restrained by fear and worldly guile deftly blended.

My discovery of this marvellous creature, this *rara avis in terris*, as the LORD CHANCELLOR, that impenitent Latinist, would say, was only one of a series of remarkable events that have marked the opening of this holiday. For as I reached the London terminus (whose name must also be suppressed) something occurred so untoward as, in a more superstitious nature than my own, to implant every kind of misgiving and possibly cause me to abandon my enterprise. In the Middle Ages I am sure it would have been a portent of doom not to be disregarded.

The cab had drawn up at the footway by the booking-office, and various porters were moving towards me, when suddenly, as though at a preconcerted signal, every one of them let their barrows go and turned and ran in another direction. At first I thought that a new lightning strike had set in; but no, for once that was a mistake: all that had happened was that a rat had been so ill-advised as to make its appearance and must now be hunted to its end.

How, in the dusk of the evening, its figure could be so quickly detected and the glad news so instantaneously spread I cannot explain, except by reference to that extra sense which the pursuit of four-footed animals can evoke in the two-footed; but the fact remains that the chase was in a few seconds universal. Up and down the pavement fled the rat; up and down scuttled the men, with no weapons but boots with which to kick at the terrified creature, for a long time in vain, while their shouts and clamour filled the air.

At last the rat was cornered and despatched and the perplexed passengers and their luggage had a chance.

"Is this," I asked the flushed and triumphant sportsman who now consented to attend on me, "a common occurrence?"

"Never saw one here before," he said.

But if I were a director of that line I should see that his eyes were often thus gratified. The life of a porter is, I am sure, marked by but little fun, and no one need be surprised if discontent is theirs; but there would be less, if any, of it if those in authority took a leaf out of the Book of Chance and now and then provided by design such a diversion as caprice had just furnished.

You see that this holiday was destined to be marked by strange happenings!

But what is a rat hunt on a London terminus pavement compared with the phenomenon of which I started to tell? Routine, sheer routine.

For in the hotel where I am staying there is a chambermaid who, after she has brought the hot water in the morning, goes back to the door again, stoops, and brings in my shoes.

For All Weathers.

"COUNTRY QUARTERS TO LET.

—— Manse, September; 5 apartments (h. & c.)."—*Scotch Paper.*



First Gentleman of Leisure. "What's this 'ere 'Direct Action' mean?" *Second ditto.* "Dunno—*sounds* 'orrible."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

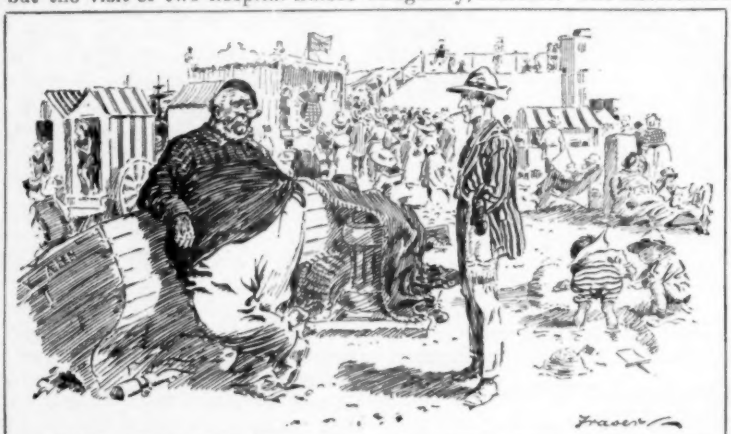
(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Because Mr. Joseph Conrad has placed his new work, *The Arrow of Gold* (Unwin), in the turbulent period of the Carlist rising, you must not allow yourself to anticipate a story of cut-throat adventure and blood-letting. Adventure there is indeed, but almost wholly subjective; an affair of the soul, or rather of the heart. Youth is the keynote of it, since it is through the dazzled eyes of the lad who was known as "*Mr. George*" that we watch this shifting group of strange and violent characters, camp-followers of conspiracy, who revolve about the figure (unseen) of the Pretender, or that of the woman whose wealth and beauty dominate both the movement and the story. That adolescent soldier of fortune, *Mr. George*, was selected by the plotters to conduct their gun-running, an exploit that he appears to have conducted with success, but incidentally and altogether off the stage. It is his passion for *Doña Rita* and the gradual drawing together of these two, the adoring boy and the girl to whom youth had been hitherto unknown, that make the matter of the tale. Its telling displays all that richness of effect of which Mr. Conrad has the secret; as usual, his persons move in an atmosphere that gives to the least of them a dignity almost heroic. There are two women especially, slightly but unforgettably portrayed, the pleasant sister of the heroine and an old Republican *grande dame*, living with exquisite insolence upon her aristocratic wits, that are as fine as any in the author's long gallery. About *Doña Rita* herself, brilliantly coloured though she is, I remain a thought less convinced. *Mr. George*, infatuate, saw her through a mist of worship, which rendered it natural never to know what she would be at next, or why. My trouble was a lurking doubt as to whether Mr. Conrad was always any better informed.

I fear that *Through a Tent Door* (Murray) may suffer somewhat in popularity through appearing at a time when active-service books are slightly in eclipse. It would be a pity if the many admirable qualities of Dr. R. W. Mackenna's work missed their reward. Perhaps you may know already the two previous volumes of his reflections, *The Adventure of Death* and *The Adventure of Life*. Here he has set down certain comments and sketches of what he might have called (but doesn't) the Adventure of War, drawn from his experiences as a hard-worked medical officer in the fore-front, in fact several fore-fronts, of the battle. They are most of them slight things, giving the effect of having been transferred to paper in "odd and broken moments;" all but one, the writer tells us, are true in substance. Perhaps he will forgive me for adding that the exception is by some way the least impressive and moving. Because Dr. Mackenna has looked out from his bell-tent upon a world made unspeakably hideous by War, but redeemed by patient endurance and heroism; because, in fact, he sees the fighting from the viewpoint of one who had to mend, if possible, its ghastly wounds, it is only to be expected that this record of his impressions should be sombre. He writes indeed with a passionate and angry sympathy that it would be easy, and false, to call sentiment. So his book is hardly a cheerful one—on the face of it; though, besides the gloom and horror,

it conveys, more clearly, I think, than any I have read, the spirit of ungrudging sacrifice, of heroism without the limelight, which his position enabled him to see and his sympathy to understand.

Mr. IAN HAY is a model of discretion, and in *The Last Million* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) he says much that is charming and much that is wise. His mission here is to conduct the American Army, or a select portion of it, over a perplexing but patriotic England, and dump them on the battle-zones of France. It would be impossible to find a cheerier cicerone or one capable of apologising with more humour and tact for the eccentricities of Great Britain, while constantly reminding the United States that we too had a share in the Great War. He is at his best, I think, in explaining the methods of fighting, both general and particular, which the contending armies employed in 1918. This he does with an intelligibility and accuracy that other writers—more technical or more romantic—might well envy. In the actual incidents which he describes he is not always so successful. There is a good account of a trench raid in the American sector, but the visit of two hospital nurses to the front line seems a little out of place and a concession rather to the film-fanciers than to the demands of the Anglo-Saxon *entente*. Nor do I care very much for such phrases as "stretcher-bearers with their patient cheery freight." But everything ends in a blaze of glory with the announcement at Paris of the signing of the Armistice and the ecstatic fraternising of Sammies, Tommies and *poilus*. If anyone yet lingers who is unwilling to give America due credit for her share in the final triumph, this is undoubtedly the stuff to give them.



Native. "TO BE SURE, SIR, THIS PLACE 'AS GROWN. WHY, IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY WHEN IT WAS ONLY ONE NIGGER, TWO WHELK STALLS AND A PHRENOLOGIST."

In a "Coda" to *The Bonfire* (HEINEMANN), of which the scene is set in a Jesuit school in England, Mr. ANTHONY BRENDON explains that he has tried to "present the recognition by the Jesuits of the spiritual values of life" and also to protest against the teaching of hell-fire to children. The book has an interest mainly for those who have been educated by the Jesuits and those outsiders who have a fairly serious interest in their spiritual system and educational method. For Kensitites the fathers in these pages are in the main too virtuous and harmless to be interesting. For the guileless reader I must enter a caveat. It would be difficult to maintain that any incidents or characters in this disjointed tale are impossible; but they are often extremely unlikely, and the whole emphasis seems to be wrong. An abnormally sensitive boy like *Luke Trevor* might have had his life darkened by the thought of hell-fire, but though, at the date roughly indicated, very horrible pictures of a material hell were painted by zealous preachers it wasn't by any means a hell-fire religion that was taught. These studies of priests haunted by the fear of death, or being confoundedly astute or talking of love to their pupils in the way old *Father Joe* does, are not plausible. Nor is the introduction (made in a quite casual manner, as if it were more or less a matter of ordinary routine) of the suicide of one of them who has loved "too much and too wildly." One can drift a good distance away from the paths of one's early teachers without caring to see good men travestied, and cheapened.

My only grievance about Miss MARJORIE BOWEN'S *Crimes of Old London* (ODHAMS)—London of the rapier and sedan-chair—is that the crimes, a subject I dearly love, fill hardly more than half the book, and then are short stories about crimes rather than the carefully documented relations I had, gratuitously perhaps, led myself to expect. I thought that Miss BOWEN, who is quite at home with musty old records and has a particular talent for detailed reconstruction, would have done this sort of thing so well. I rather think too—but here, haply, my ignorance betrays me—that they are, most of them, if not all, mere short stories out of her head, not embroideries of actual fact. They are not uninteresting—on the contrary; but they lack the authentic air. And I am bloodthirsty enough to demand real, not imaginary, murders. The dissertations on the Seven Deadly Sins, by an old French monk (of some deliberately vague period—say pre-Renaissance for a shot), are unevenly diverting and show our author in an entirely unexpected but, I should judge from these samples, readily exploitable vein.

To welcome *Crabtree House* (GRANT RICHARDS) is irretrievably to convict oneself of being old-fashioned. The "moderns" will not consider it a work of art, and for all I care they may be right; but the fact remains that to read it is to obtain refreshment and repose. Mr. HOWEL EVANS is as it were president of a society for protecting his pleasant people from being unduly preyed upon and maltreated, and I am glad to enrol myself as a member of that fraternity. It would have been a thousand shames if the *Harbotts* and their faithful servant, and "*Ma*" *Millner*, and *Reggie Kemp* and the rest of these attractive folk had met with more than temporary ill-luck. In the course of this leisurely novel we are introduced to music-hall artistes (I like especially the man who could lift a donkey with his teeth), tramps, rogues male and female, and all sorts of curious people. They seem to belong to a world which has almost been forgotten, and I suggest that those who cannot go on a holiday at present should at least get a change of atmosphere by reading *Crabtree House*.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"A special attraction, 'Adventures among the Cannibals,' in which one is introduced to a strange tribe which is rapidly dying out. Possibly the very monotonous diet upon which they feed—fish, cocoa-nuts and stagnant and salty water drawn from a hole in the ground—is the cause. Unless this simple race receives assistance from the outside world it will soon die out."—*Local Paper.*

It seems a case for missionary enterprise.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is no truth in the report that, in order to set a good example to the spending departments, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has decided to get along without a threepenny morning paper.

* * *

The Mexican Congress has passed a vote of confidence in President CARRANZA. President WILSON, it is anticipated, will retort by passing another vote of confidence in himself.

* * *

Sir ALFRED BUTT is about to produce a new comedy entitled *The Telephone Call*. Curiously enough, that is the very name that we had contemplated for our next tragedy.

* * *

"What is missing in Ireland?" asks a contemporary. Speaking generally, the accused.

* * *

"Professor Geddes, of St. Andrew's University," says a news item, "has been engaged by the International Zionist Commission to plan the new Jerusalem." We rather gathered that the other Geddeses had the thing well in hand.

* * *

Following on Mr. SMILLIE'S statement that he could have been a Cabinet Minister with five thousand pounds a year, Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON now declares that he could have been Ambassador to Russia, with a salary of eight thousand pounds. It is no secret in Yorkshire that if he had chosen to abandon his principles a certain strike-leader could have been Lord Chancellor and had a bath.

* * *

French, British and American *liaison* officers and interpreters have formed a society called the Association of the Sphinx. The president has explained that the part of the Sphinx emblematic of the United States is the lion's tail.

* * *

A new uniform of a darker shade of blue, it is announced, has been designed for the Royal Air Force. The present shade, it seems, does not adequately reflect the financial situation.

* * *

At West Ham Police Court a solicitor pointed out the dangers of boarding a moving train. Travellers in doubt as to whether a train is moving or not should consult the guard.

"It is not for us to formulate a scheme of military defence," says *The Morning Post*. We think that our contemporary is unduly—almost morbidly—lacking in self-confidence.

* * *

"Lunatics," says the National Union of Asylum Workers, "are demanding shorter working hours." Yes, we knew that.

* * *

A woman told the Tottenham magistrates that her husband had given her a black eye in May of each year since their marriage. It would be interesting to know what system of memory-training he had adopted, or whether he just relied on a note in his diary.

* * *

When told that Herr EBERT had taken the oath as German Imperial President, the EX-CROWN PRINCE is said to have inquired sympathetically if anything else had been missed.

* * *

Thirty Indian soldiers awaiting their return to their native shores were shown over the Houses of Parliament a few days ago and seemed very greatly impressed by what they saw. It is only fair to add that Parliament was not sitting at the time.

* * *

A serious quarrel was only just averted on a crowded Tube train the other evening, when a hand was accidentally jammed in the gate as it was closed. It appears that two passengers both claimed it as theirs and were only appeased when the gate was reopened and the hand released. It proved to belong to a third party.

* * *

Quite a commotion was caused last week at a station on a well-known South Coast railway. A train arrived so punctually that a porter in his confusion was heard calling out the name of the previous station.

* * *

The Australian private who was reported by a contemporary to have saluted a subaltern in the Strand last Tuesday now writes to explain that he mistook the officer's attempt to knock a fly off his ear for a salute and was merely acknowledging it.

* * *

"Even the nerves of insects have been affected by the War," states a naturalist. This explains why so many of the little pests who appear to be suffering from the jumps are now to be found recuperating at seaside lodgings.

* * *

Comment is being made upon the fact that in spite of Sir JOHN BRADBURY'S distinguished public services his autograph continues to fetch little or nothing.

* * *

A high Treasury official recently declared that he could get plenty of men with University qualifications for two hundred pounds a year. The Universities, we understand, have retorted by saying that they cannot get men with Treasury qualifications at any price as long as the demand for plumbers' assistants remains unsatisfied.

* * *

Milk is to be a shilling a quart. Whether this will have the effect of making the stuff attractive to the plutocracy of labour remains to be seen.

* * *

An ingenious fraud committed by means of a telephone message was described at Westminster police-court. How the defendant managed to get through still remains a mystery.



RECONSTRUCTION.

"NOW I PARTICULARLY TOLD THOSE PEOPLE IN THE NEW HOUSE NOT TO ALLOW ANYONE TO USE FORCE IF THE BELL STUCK."

THE PASSING OF THE WHITEHALL FLAPPER.

A FAREWELL FROM A DEPARTMENTAL HEAD.

[The PRIME MINISTER, in a letter to the various Government Offices, has pointed out to heads of departments that unless they remove superfluous employees they will have to be removed themselves.]

Now for the last time, on official duty,
The powdered joy-puff to your nose apply;
And through the mist of tears that veils its beauty
Give me, for this last time, the old glad eye;
Never again, fulfilled of tea and crumpet,
Here through your prattling lips shall laughter flow;
LLOYD GEORGE has spoken (almost like a trumpet),
And you have got to go.

Farewell! the happy, happy, times are over!
But please don't put this down to me, my dears;
I would have kept you on like pigs in clover,
Steadily on for years and years and years;
I had no option—just a moment's sick doubt,
Then conscience showed me where the right course lay;
"*Kick*," said the Voice from Deauville, "*or be kicked out!*"
And I arranged to stay. O. S.

A LOSING HAZARD.

Of course Frederick ought not to have been there at all. For one thing, regulations were dead against it, and for another his bank balance had been ordered complete rest for at least a month. The atmosphere of a Casino is notoriously unhealthy for a weak and ailing bank-balance.

However, he was there, watching the *croupier* pass his magic wand over the green cloth, and noting figures with a stub of pencil on an envelope back. Percival interrupted him in a calculation involving the misuse of five figures.

"Don't do it, Frederick, old légume," he said. "These strenuous mental exercises are too trying for a mere nursling like you."

"S-h-h!" said Frederick, ticking off units on his fingers and tens on his thumbs. "I'm working out a system."

"'Nother recruit for the army of Cox's disinherited," groaned Percival. "Don't you know the management fattens on people who invent chance-tight systems? Every time they see a new system coming along they buy a new safe to hold the proceeds. Save the money to buy something useful—such as Egyptian cigarettes or pink thirst-quenchers."

"If you don't speculate you don't accumulate," replied Frederick, borrowing the vocabulary of the Crown and Anchor expert. "Foller my system an' you comes in wheel-barrows an' goes away in motor-cars. I hoffers my clients—meaning you, Percival—a chawnce of money for nothink, and I only ask the loan of fifty francs to provide the necessary capital."

"If I refuse to lend it, my cheery old bank-smasher," said Percival, "you will ever hold it as a reproach over me that I stood between you and untold wealth. If, on the other hand, I lend it, I may retain your friendship but lose the money. Therefore I take a last farewell to this note and hand it to you. But don't ask me to wait and see it sacrificed to the system. I regard it as dead, but I don't feel called on to attend the funeral."

They met the following day at lunch, but Frederick bore no visible signs of opulence.

"Probably I am touching on a painful subject," said Percival, "but I am curious to know how long the fifty francs kept afloat before it finally sank."

"It didn't sink—at least not all of it. The system worked beautifully."

"I don't see notes fluttering from you like autumn leaves, and I observe you are drinking water. Did your arithmetic let you down? I know you aren't highbrow stuff at the ciphering."

"No, it all worked out like the staff plans for an Aldershot sham-fight or the *menu* at a Brigade dinner—not a single hitch. But I'll tell you from the beginning.

"If you remember, the tables were pretty crowded. I got my money changed, and the system was all tuned up ready to start off by itself. The only thing that gave me the chilly spine was the fear that the Old Man or some of the red tabs might come in and spot me. 'Course there would be no harm if I was just watching, but if the Old Man spotted me playing there would be the uncle and aunt of a wiggin' for little Freddy."

Percival nodded sapiently. "I've had some," said he.

"Now, if there is one thing we have learned in this War it is the art of digging in and fighting behind cover, so I reconnoitred the ground and selected a tactical position behind a fat Frenchwoman and her husband. Having dug myself in I used indirect fire over Madame's shoulder to get my stakes on the table. Naturally it would be necessary to come out into the open to collect my winnings, but the idea of my system is that you hang behind and keep dropping francs all along the course, and then you double up and come in with a big scoop at the finish. *Compree?*"

"Old fruit, the Prince of MONACO buys a new diamond every year for the crown jewels out of that system."

"He can't. It's my invention and I've got the patent rights. But to continue. I'd been pegging away dropping francs on *Numéro Huit* till thirty of our fifty had gone, and I'd laid the remaining twenty to bring off my big scoop. The ball rolled round and round, trembled on the edge of the eight and——"

"Rolled into the five."

"No, it didn't. It rested like a cuckoo on the eight, and the *croupier* pushed a hundred-and-forty francs to my side of the table. I was just emerging from cover to pick it up when I spotted the Old Man on the other side of the table glaring in my direction. I could tell he hadn't seen me, but he was looking to see who it was had pulled off the maximum. What was I to do?"

"I dunno. What were you?"

"Don't ask silly conundrums. I daren't pick up the money and give myself away. Better to lose the one-forty than imperil my gratuity. Then I had a sudden inspiration—you know how they come over me—and I whispered in my best French into the ear of the fat amiable Frenchwoman who was camouflaging me: 'Will you have the kindness, Madame, to continue gambling for me—for luck? I shall return in a few minutes.'

"'*Volontiers, M'sieur,*' she answered.

"I bent down and slipped out of the room, and in ten minutes I returned to see her emerging from the *salon* with her husband. She threw up her hands with a gesture worthy of BERNHARDT herself.

"'*Je suis désolée, M'sieur!*' she said. '*J'ai perdu tout!*'"

"Frederick, old mutt," said Percival with emotion, "if the charm of your society were not more precious than all the fifty francses in the world I'd jump on you with both feet. I heard the Old Man telling the Adjutant just now that the restrictions on gaming were not being enforced during Joy-time, and he'd had a flutter last night and won two thousand francs."

"Owing to the heat, Judge —— let off his wig at —— County Court yesterday."—*Provincial Paper.*

We understand that the wig was accused of interfering with the administration of justice.



THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

PRESIDENT WILSON (*to League of Nations*). "HOLD TIGHT, MA'AM; HE'LL QUIET DOWN DIRECTLY."



Mother. "YOU DON'T MIND FOR A FEW MINUTES, SIR? YER SEE, 'IS FATHER 'ASN'T GOT A BEARD."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

(In grateful remembrance of the daily New England life in American novels.)

Maisie Clapshaw awoke with a jump as the alarm clock beside her bed commenced to ring. It was four o'clock and she had almost over-slept. She began to dress quickly, for there were the chores to do, a turnover to be baked for breakfast and the buggy to be polished, for Mrs. Clapshaw still kept the old farm going, though her husband—"Hard-fisted Jim" he had been nicknamed in the old days—had died last Fall.

Maisie slipped on her plain gingham gown. It was quite colourless, and had been turned so many times that she had forgotten which side was which. It had belonged to each of her seven sisters in turn, all of whom had turned it. She thought of each of them as she went downstairs. There was Jinny, who had married a rich man and had never done the chores since. There was Susy, who had gone to teach in Boston—Maisie remembered she had worn a pair of light-brown shoes which squeaked; she remembered the squeak quite well. Then there were Minnie and Winnie, the twins: Winnie had died of bronchitis, and Jim Clapshaw—Hard-fisted Jim—had cried like a child. Then there were Bridget, Daisy and Mollie. As she reached the bottom of the stairs she realised she had remembered them all. When she entered the kitchen she began to think of her eight brothers. She remembered them all by name and thought of something characteristic of each.

Soon she had the fire going and was washing clothes, baking the turnover, sweeping, sorting the tea-leaves and doing the numerous things she had done since childhood.

At seven o'clock they breakfasted simply in the big kitchen. On the table, which was scrupulously clean, there were two tea-cups, two saucers, a basin of coarse brown sugar, a china tea-pot, four plates, two knives, two forks, a bowl of curds and whey, a large loaf of home-made bread, a dish of last year's pickled nasturtium seeds, a salt-cellar and the now crisply-browned turnover. When breakfast was over, Maisie cleared away the things while her mother made the beds, counted the chicks, hoed the onions, tossed the hay and plaited a straw hat for Maisie.

Then, when the buggy and horses had been groomed and the sedge gathered and put to dry, Maisie made some sweet wine of apple-juice and nicotine and designed a dress for herself out of an old curtain. As the morning wore on she began to make preparations for dinner. The location of the farm was remote and so she killed and plucked a home-grown fowl, carefully saving the feathers for a pillow for her mother as a surprise for Thanksgiving Day. While the bird was roasting she set about freezing a custard, oiling the vinegar and churning some butter. After dinner there was the sheep-shearing, the long wool to be separated from the short, eggs to be hatched, chestnuts to be canned and all the daily routine of the Old Homestead to be gone through before sundown.

For supper Maisie made a dumpling of the cold fowl and knocked up a pudding from the chestnut-rinds over from the canning. After supper she and her mother sat quietly hemming dusters and singing the songs that they had all sung since childhood.

When Maisie retired to bed she set her alarm clock carefully for four o'clock, eager to begin the work of another day.

PINS, SAFETY.

DID the safety pin play its humble part in winning the Great War? Ask the O.C. Anti-Gas who has collected and trained some millions of the little creatures. For myself I cast no aspersions on its temper and tenacity in the face of the enemy. What I do say is that the safety pin is losing the Peace. "In good company," you will say. I agree. But let me pursue my single crusade against expensive insignificance. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the others can wait.

The voucher arrived this morning neatly made out in triplicate—Army Form G.982, if you must know. Now the receipt of a voucher in the Army is not a matter to be dealt with lightly, like receiving the morning's milk or the Freedom of the City. There's always a chance that the other fellow has left something out, the "Period of account" or the "Mode of conveyance" or the "Number of sheets forming this voucher." If so you write him a letter beginning "It is not understood," and that makes you one up on him for the O.B.E. Of course if you *don't* spot the omission then by-and-by the Audit or the Treasury or the O. i/c Waste Products twitches one into you commencing "Please explain," and that leaves you one down.

I summoned the chief clerk, the foreman in charge of the pattern-room and the blue-eyed boy who coaxes the telephone, and we gave that voucher the once over. It was absolutely air-tight, the real Peruvian doughnuts, as they say in New York, and then some.

"PINS, SAFETY 2: SAMPLES."

He was a crafty man who thought of that "SAMPLES." Had it not been there I should certainly have taken his middle stump with an "It is not understood," inquiring whether they were "Pins, safety, Q.M.R.A.F., overseas detachments only," or "Pins, safety, non-corrosive, Submarine Miners' Trousers, for the suspension of." But he was no fool, the fellow who compiled that voucher. ("Accessories, Anti-Gas"), he had added. There was no getting away from that.

And all the rest was perfect. The fellow had thought of everything. Thus, "Description of Package" was given as "P.P." (Postal Package). He had even thought of some things twice over, for the voucher went on to say, "Mode of conveyance, Post."

Thoughtfully I addressed myself to the staff. "These pins," I observed, "which, mark you, are no ordinary or prickly pins, but pins made safe for democracy, have so to speak done their bit and are now to be sold in their teeming millions to the thankful taxpayers, all too long the palpitating victims of pin-profiteers. You will therefore exhibit these two sample pins, these Gemini of Pindom, to such of the public as may call to inquire about them, not omitting to point out that the minimum number of pins which can be sold to any one customer is thirteen tons. Note further that they are anti-gas pins, which no doubt enhances their value. If you can't sell the inquirers thirteen tons of pins sell them a copy of *Surplus*, price threepence. Our motto is, 'Take care of the pins and the public will look after the pounds.'

"In the meanwhile don't forget that some light-hearted hero, no longer ago than yesterday, mayhap, resolutely wrote these two pins off Ledger Charge, lightly erased them from the Weekly Stock-sheet, cheerfully—almost defiantly—struck them from the Tally. Do you therefore proceed at once, and choking back your emotions, to take them upon Ledger Charge. Prepare also and with all the customary formalities a nice fresh Tally. Further, omit not to record their presence upon the Weekly Stock sheet. Lastly, as there may be some possibility of their being mistaken for one another, attach to each a strong label bearing respectively an inscription as follows:—

Pin, Safety. Anti-Gas, sample 'A' (or if you prefer it 'James').

Pin, Safety. Anti-Gas, sample 'B' (or 'John')."



Boy. "CAN YOU GIVE US A JOB?"

Builder. "I THINK SO, MY LAD. COME ALONG WITH ME INTO THE YARD AND WE'LL SEE THE FOREMAN."

Boy. "AY, BUT WOT'S THE PAY?" *Builder.* "ONE POUND."

Boy. "AY, AND 'OW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YER PAY IT?"

THE GLOBE-TROTTER.

As I fingered the Sheldon-Browns' invitation for the week-end to their place at Shepperley a sort of feeling came over me as if my withers were being wrung. No doubt I think it must have been caused by jealousy, for Gunter, so Lucy Sheldon-Brown said in her letter of invitation, was to be of the party.

I had heard of Gunter but had never met him. I understood him to be a globe-trotter and rather *épris* with Lucy. No doubt he had told her travellers' tales. These things always captivate women.

On Friday my eye caught a somewhat similar advertisement to the one reproduced in the pages of *Punch* (issue of July 16th), which offered foreign hotel labels for swank-potting purposes.

"I too," I said, "will be a globe-trotter and biff the odious Gunter with his own petard."

So I wrote for a sample set of labels of out-of-the-way places (so as to avoid running into Gunter, as it were, if possible) and received what was described as "Series 14," which included the labels of hotels at Marseilles, Cairo (Shepheard's Hotel, the only one I knew by name out of the twelve labels sent), Colombo, Sarawak, and several other Oriental spots. "Sarawak," I said, "is my trump-card, I think."

Having arranged the whole series very artistically on the torso of my kit-bag I travelled down to Shepperley on Friday evening. The Sheldon-Browns (*père et fille*), Gunter and I formed the house-party.

The conversation at dinner that night was not particularly geographical. True, Scarborough was mentioned, and Widnes was lightly touched upon, but I was quite at home in these latitudes and held my own with Gunter.

But after dinner we retired to the billiard-room, and whilst I played a hundred up with old Sheldon-Brown, Gunter snookered Lucy in a corner and took her (in imagination) to the far corners of the earth.

The game was just over and old Sheldon-Brown had gone off on a search, probably fruitless, for whisky, when I heard Gunter say something about Borneo.

"Surely," I said to myself, "this globe-trotting bounder might have left one corner of the world unguntered, one little spot that I could call my own and lie freely about without fear of detection."

Slamming my cue into the rack, for my blood was up into the high numbers, I strolled over to the sofa and sat down heavily on the other side of Lucy. Gunter scowled.

Mastering my feelings, I smiled and said almost sweetly, "Borneo? Yes, lovely place, isn't it?"

Gunter started. "You have been there?" he said, in a tone that seemed to imply a sceptical attitude.

This sent my blood further up till it touched the top and rang the bell. I saw red and other colours in several shades, but I still managed to smile.

"Er—yes, some years ago," I said. "Top-hole place."

"Oh, do tell me about it," said Lucy.

What else could I do? Such girls as Lucy Sheldon-Brown do not grow on every family tree. Gunter should not oust me from Borneo without a struggle.

"Which way did you go?" said Gunter.

"Oh, the usual route," I said, "Marseilles, Cairo (Shepheard's Hotel there, of course), Colombo and—and the way you probably went."

"Very likely," said Gunter. "And whereabouts did you stay in Borneo?" he asked, his voice apparently trembling with emotion.

"It's—er—rather a long time ago," I said dreamily, "and you probably wouldn't know the little village that was my objective."

Gunter made a peculiar noise in his throat. "Sara-Sarawak?" he asked.

"I only stayed a night there," I said airily. "I trekked into—er—Southern Borneo. Quite the wildest part—what?"

"Quite, I should say," Gunter agreed; "though I have not been further than Sarawak."

"This is money for nothing," I said inwardly. "This is where I begin to get the bulge on Gunter." Aloud I said, "Never been further than Sarawak? My dear fellow, you don't begin to know Borneo till you've been up-country, into the—er—the hinterland."

Gunter winced a distinct wince at my evident familiarity with my subject.

"You simply must tell me all about it," Lucy urged, turning a nicely powdered back on the odious Gunter. I couldn't resist such an urge.

"So far as I remember," I said slowly, "when I left Sarawak I took the first turning to the left and followed the path leading to the mountains, which run along the centre of the island" (the map had shown me these). "After taking this path for about one hundred and thirty-five miles or so I turned to the right, where the roads divide, and, after walking over mountains and valleys for about another two hundred and fifty miles I came to a village. Here I distinctly recollect that I had to ask the way. The headman could speak a kind of Lingua Franca, and with that and a few signs and wonders I managed to reach——. There, I've forgotten the name of the wretched little village—some name like Songalong or Wangaloo, chiefly huts—and palm-trees, of course."

"Oh, of course," Gunter said in an endeavour not to be out of the scene.

"And of course Dyaks."

"Naturally," said Gunter.

"Some of their customs," I continued with confidence, "are very quaint; for instance——"

But my apparent familiarity with such outlandish regions and their inhabitants was evidently too much for Gunter, who rose at this point and went off to help old Sheldon-Brown to find the whisky, he said. So I spent a pleasant hour teaching Lucy the use of "the long rest" (entailing several hand-holds) and inventing manners and customs for the Dyaks for which



EX-PRIVATE PARKINS MECHANICALLY SALUTES HIS SARTORIAL SUPERIOR.



Householder. "I WAS LIGHTING THE GAS STOVE, CONSTABLE, AND WAS BLOWN OUT OF THE WINDOW—*BUT ONLY JUST IN TIME!*"

they would probably not thank me. She was thrilled, and as Gunter didn't return I concluded that either the whisky was found or that he had gone to bed in disgust.

By the time Gunter and I left by the 9.27 for Town on Monday morning (nothing but the infrequency of trains made us companions) I was several up on him; but I was heartily thankful that during the journey he avoided the subject of foreign travel. In fact, he buried himself in his newspaper. I read mine.

As we neared King's Cross I noticed him staring at my bag in the rack above my head. I retaliated instantly by staring at *his* bag in the rack above *his* head. He sighed; I sighed. His sigh sounded like one of relief. I don't know if mine sounded like a sigh of relief or a peace-night peas-bladder at the point of death, but it was certainly caused by relief. For Gunter's bag, like mine, was plastered with an undeniably genuine set of "Series 14" labels.

"DOMESTIC young man, 23, seeks place in service, any capacity; do entire work of house; any conditions; town, country, abroad; live in, food, 10s. wages; excellent servant, experienced; wear the skirts, anything."
Times.

A thoroughly womanly young fellow.

LOCAL COLOURISTS.

HARDLY enough attention has been paid to the announcement that Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY has taken a flat in Kensington Gore, facing the Albert Memorial, with the obvious purpose of steeping himself in an atmosphere attuned to the composition of his long threatened *Life of Queen Victoria*.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when hasty critics condemned the practice of writers who studied local colour as a preliminary to creation. No doubt these preparations were sometimes crudely and hurriedly undertaken, but the method has never failed to commend itself to the true artist and has never found more conscientious exponents than at the present day.

For example, Mr. ROGER FRY, who is engaged on an epoch-making monograph on Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, has decided to spend six months in Rome and six months in Wales, in order to saturate himself, first, in the *magnificentia Romæ*, which inspires our great artist's colossal cartoons and is adumbrated in his Pagan prænomen; and, second, in the Celtic fervour which is his family heritage and is exhaled from his mighty and monosyllabic surname.

Mr. CHARLES WHIBLEY, whose Parallel Lives of Lord CHATHAM and Lord NORTHCLIFFE are approaching completion, alternates visits to his dainty bungalow on Mount Carmel with residence in Pitt Street, Campden Hill.

Dr. BRIDGES' great work on the prosody of CHARLES LAMB is now in the press. It is interesting to know that during its preparation the LAUREATE lived partly in Shepherd Market, partly on Shepherd's Hill, Highgate, and latterly on Mint Pavement. Tablets to commemorate his sacrifices in the interests of biographical realism will no doubt be erected by the Royal Society of Arts.

To Keep the Home Fires Burning.

"The orders received have already absorbed the second large edition of *The Daily* —— Cookery Book. Place your order at once, for this is a book which will be a help to you when fuel is scarce and dear."—*Daily Paper.*

"He came from a part of Norway where there are huge factories for the production of nitrates from the air, which is a well-known Bolshevik centre."—*Nottingham Evening Post.*

What is our Marshal of the Air doing?

"*The Times* understands that the Shaw of Persia, who is coming on a visit to this country, left Teheran on August 12th."
Irish Paper.

It is understood that, on reading this, "G. B. S." at once instructed his solicitors to institute proceedings.

HOLIDAY TOSH.

By THEODOSIA,

Contributor of "Tea-Cup Twaddle" to "The Peeress," and of "Boudoir Babblings" to "The Flapper."

ALL the world 's away to the sea, the mountains and the moor, and we, the world's better half, are askin' ourselves now as ever the biggest question in life, "How can I look young and lovely?"

For girls who 've been girls some time and who 've got a worried look 'long of readin' all the frightful things in the papers 'bout what 's happened, what 's happenin', and what 's goin' to happen, I don't advise the seaside. The glare, salt winds, "What are the wild waves saying?" 'n' all that sort of thing are a bit tryin' and unbecomin'. But if you must go take one of Fallalerie's "Seaside Beauty Baskets," which contain simply *everything* for keeping the hair safe from the winds, the 'plexion safe from the glare, and in short for keeping the seaside quite at arm's length! Sounds 'surdly contradictory, doesn't it? To go to the sea and take all these precautions against it! But we women *are* contradictory—it 's part of our charm.

Lady Flutterwell, who did such 'straordinarily good work during the War in runnin' a dance-hall for Allied troops at Escapadeville, is having a lovely rest time at her place in the Isle of Wight. She 's a big party there, and I hear of rippin' beach-dances by moonlight, or starlight, or whatever old thing is on duty in the sky, when bathin'-kit is worn and all the jewels. That fascinatin' uncanny creature, Twirlinsky, of the Russian Ballet, is of the party and is generally Lady Flutterwell's beach-partner.

Seems to me the heat-wave 's been used, like charity, to "cover a multitude of what-d'-you-call-'ems." People have been 'scusin' themselves on account of it for lots of little lapses! Poor old heat-wave! It 's been worked for all it was worth. No wonder it struck at last. It had more reason than those miner creatures who won't mine. Best heat-wave story I 've heard comes from Tatterly Towers, where a famous Family Ghost does stunts in the Haunted Corridor of the disused wing. There was a houseful of guests of the effervescin' brand, and rumours got about of ghostly figures being seen in the park at unholy hours. "What 's this I hear about something bein' seen in the park in the middle of the night?" asked Lord Tatterly, who 's dull and heavy and believes in the Family Ghost. Answered Lady T., who 's the *opposite* of heavy and doesn't believe in anything, "Easy to guess what it is. The heat-wave again. Can't expect the poor Family Ghost to stay in the Haunted Corridor in *this* weather. 'Course the poor thing comes out into the park."

Glad to hear their impressions of our dear naughty old Babylon from provincial friends who 're invadin' London. Yes, "Rustica," St. Paul's *is* a large building and, as you say, it 's got a dome. It 's ever so far more important, "Country Cousin," than seeing all those funny old Towers and Abbeys and Museums and things that you should get yourself a frock at Fragolet's (Sloane Street) and an Anne Dixon hat (Hanover Square).

Blew up to town the other day on biz and positively saw some People, with a big P, in the deserted village. Mrs. "Croppy" Chaloner was in Bond Street, just back from a tour of the battlefields, lookin' fitter than ever and still wearin' her "Battlefield Tour" kit. It 's Désiré's last word in tailor-mades, and if you get one don't forget that a rather serious look 's worn with it. 'Fraid it sounds heartless, but what *we* 've got to be is *modern*, isn't it?

Happened on Lady "Dickie" Delmont havin' solitary tea at Kickshaw's. Like little me she was "passin' through" and gettin' pretty-pretties. Tells me frocks at Douceville are worn short enough to show the *honi soits*, and *those* are in evidence even when stockings aren't; diamond-black velvet *honis* for choice. No grumblers can accuse us women of bein' without visible means of support *nowadays*, can they? Notice that Mrs. Grundy's grandsons and daughters are howlin' in the "Should-wives-kiss-their-brothers-in-law?" part of the dailies over the decay of morals—the frocks and want of frocks, the dancin' that isn't dancin', the manny girls and girly men and all the rest of it. Silly old dears! Can't they see it 's just that we 're all the children of the moment? If they *must* scold, let 'em scold the *moment*.

MORE HOWLERS.

From an Examination for Army Educational Certificates.

Jugular.—A wild animal found in India, like a tiger in looks and build, but not so fierce.

Jugular.—A person on the stage who does great feats with instruments which other people cannot do.

Slough.—An animal without a shell, but rough hard skin on its back. It is like a snail.

Cogent.—Cogent means partner. One gentleman who works in business with another gentleman.

Brace.—This word is used in connection with partridges. If we say a brace of partridges we mean three birds.

Split infinitive.—A secret told by somebody to keep quiet, but he go and split on his pals by telling a policeman or somebody else the secret.

Example of a split infinitive.—There is no use arguing the question as you came into the business with one-tenth of what I put, so let it be a split infinitive, as I am entitled to more than you.

Board of Guardians.—This body of men are mostly attached to what is known as the workhouses of the different towns.

Civil justice.—A Court where a question of argument arises between two parties. In a civil justice court if a defendant is charged with doing a thing and he can get enough witnesses to prove that the same thing is not his doing, then he is treated with a little civility and dismissed.

SIDE-LINES.

DR. BEATTIE CROZIER has astonished friends and admirers by revealing, in a series of articles in a London evening paper, that in his earlier days he was a patron of the prize-ring, numbering many famous boxers among his intimates.

A rival newspaper, we understand, has made a generous offer to Sir WILLIAM ORPEN for half-a-dozen short snappy articles on "My Romantic Adventures as a Press Photographer;" but the editor of the *Church Family Newspaper* had been unable to persuade Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY to contribute to the pages of that journal a few papers on "My Investigations in the Realm of Comparative Theology;" and there is still some doubt whether Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD will entertain the suggestion that she should contribute a short series of "Practical Hints on Race-horse Training" to *The Winning Post*.

A Fair Warning.

"To be Let, Furnished Service House; 2 reception and 5 bed rooms, bath; electric light; 'phone; no servant worries, we provide them."
Daily Paper.

"Londoners may be contorted by the assurance that their city is not always the hottest place in a heat wave."—*Evening Paper.*

Quite true. We went into a perfect kink of laughter when we read it.

"Miss —— was the most successful competitor at the ——swimming gala on Thursday. She won the 50 yards ladies' open race in 54 seconds, and came in an easy first in the 100 yards race for ladies. Her time in this event result of sitting on a railway spike."
Local Paper.

A little accident of that kind often conduces to rapidity of movement.

THE PROFESSIONAL HUMOURIST PAYS A VISIT.



"OH, MR. JONES, *would* YOU WRITE SOME FUNNY LITTLE THING IN MY ALBUM?—

—AND IN MINE?—

—AND IN MINE?—

—AND IN MINE?—

—AND IN MINE?—



—AND IN MINE?—

—AND IN OURS?—

—HERE'S SOME INK—AND A PEN—



—AND A CHAIR—

—AND A TABLE—

—AND NOW WE'LL ALL GATHER ROUND, CHICKS, AND BE READY FOR A REAL GOOD LAUGH!"



"WELL, JOAN, STILL IN THE SAME PLACE?" "YES, UNCLE. SAME PLACE, BUT—DIFFERENT BUN."

THE PICNIC.

DID we not swear, at many a meagre dinner
In many a shell-hole at the seat of war,
Whereby, it seemed, one kept on getting thinner,
Because one always fed upon the floor,
On foods half-cooked, or not at all, or "canned,"
And full of flies or earwigs or sand—
Did we not swear, when England came out winner,
We simply would not picnic any more?

When one has chairs and table-cloths and glasses
And all the things which make it good to eat,
Why should one climb high cliffs and mountain-passes
With paper packets of perspiring meat,
To drink too thinly from the children's mugs
And get chewed up by beetles and by bugs?
It is a myth that sitting in wet grasses
Makes water whisky or cold mutton sweet.

What is the point of perching on a thistle,
A rock, an anthill, or some spikes of gorse,
While people tell you, with a cheery whistle,
"We didn't put a corkscrew in, of course?"
The pepper and the salt are both left out
(Though what is that with so much dust about?),
And all one's sandwiches are filled with gristle
Presumably intended for the horse?

What is the point when, looking o'er the ocean,
There is a large and well-equipped hotel
With knives and forks and every kind of potion,
And people paid for answering the bell?
What is the point, when every person there
Is dressed at last in good civilian wear,
Of waking up the sad extinct emotion
Of being in the Army? Who can tell?

Yet every morn, with hideous recollections
Of iron rations and the cannon's roar,
One cuts the mutton into greasy sections
And, labouring forth, consumes it on the shore;
And, after all, the more a fellow feels
The awful horrors of *al-fresco* meals
The more it stimulates his stout objections
To taking part in any future war. A. P. H.

"Fifty years ago our ancestors used the stage-coach and drank wine. Now they travel by train and drink one of the innumerable and delicious beverages of which as yet England is not allowed to know anything."—*Mr. P. W. WILSON, writing from New York to "The Daily News" in praise of Prohibition.*

We are very grateful for this graphic picture of social life in the Elysian Fields.

"Has the difficulty of finding houses had anything to do with the interesting fact that you now see in the Temple various 'Mr. and Mrs.' prefixes to the names of occupants of chambers?

"One thinks of these precincts of the law as an Adamless Eden, but nowadays they are more humanised by the addition of the other sex."
Daily Chronicle.

The writer had better think again.



PARADISE LOST.



Local Fishmonger (as exasperating batsman is at last disposed of). "'E 's FILLETED!"

CENTRAL THEATRE IDEALS.

AT the close of the Drama League Conference at Stratford-on-Avon a meeting was held by the newly-formed Central Theatrical Party to discuss the aims and policy of the movement.

Sir Stollery Skrine, who occupied the Chair, said he wanted to see throughout the country a virile theatre, racy of the soil, yet animated by the highest uplift, combining the *abandon* of the Restoration stage with the austere dignity of the Æschylean drama, the "spoof" of the film with the intensity of IBSEN.

Mr. Ernest Grhys stated that the aim of the Central Theatrical Party was to effect a synthesis of the Great and the Little Theatres. Standing outside a bookshop in the Brompton Road he had just put down a copy of SHAKSPEARE'S works, when a young man picked it up and made the casual remark, "SHAKSPEARE has too much jaw for me." That young man touched the spot. But even the old dramatists had no monopoly of prolixity. If he might say so without offence, even Mr. SHAW had too much jaw. Concentration, condensation, compression was the clamant need of the hour, and a new lease of life was being conferred on SHAKSPEARE by the enterprise of the film-producer. Already *The Merchant of Venice* had been reduced to its true perspective in the cartoon burlesque of Mr. ASTON DYER, and the process of jaw-extirpation had been taken in hand by Mr. KENELM FOSS, who proposed every year to direct two "super-productions" based on the works not only of SHAKSPEARE, but of DICKENS, THACKERAY, SHERIDAN and STEVENSON. The appeal to the eye was superseding the appeal to the ear. The tyranny of elocution was at an end, and the theatre was now thrown open to the deaf and dumb. It was indeed a hopeful sign of the times that people no longer spoke of going "on the stage," but "on the screen."

Mr. Java Ongtong, a student from the Solomon Islands, welcomed the tolerant spirit of the preceding speakers. To run a doctrinaire theatre insisting on one form of art would be a great mistake. The ideal theatre should appeal to all types—dolicocephalic, brachycephalic and mesocephalic. He himself belonged to the central or mesocephalic type. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to read in the issue of *The Times* for August 26th the noble utterance of its musical critic that "the devil as bogy is now quite an anachronism" and that he is "a maligned and essentially misunderstood personality."

Mr. Brigham Younger, home from the Mormonsk Front, noted with satisfaction, as a further evidence of this enlightened tolerance, that in the same issue of *The Times* a writer had expressed his approval of a play in which "the unsuccessful lover played his part so well that one can only regret that the lady could not accept them both." The horizons of the drama were constantly expanding. Art was long, but, like a play of ARISTOPHANES, it ought to be as broad as it was long. The Central Theatrical Party should always be in touch with the circumference.

During the discussion which followed views were expressed from Tahiti, Tierra del Fuego, Tibet, Oklahoma and Kilimanjaro.

"Outfitters maintain that legitimate peculation is worthy of reward."—*Daily Paper.*

We had already gathered that from their "Accounts rendered."



Lady (after the Punch and Judy show). "WELL, I MUST SAY, FOR YOUR AGE THE PERFORMANCE WAS SPLENDID."
Showman. "THANK YOU, LIDY. AND, IF I MAY SAY IT, I'M SUPPOSED TO 'AVE THE FINEST SQUEAK IN THE PROFESSION."

A BOON FOR BATHERS.

LIKE so many of the ideas of the amateur inventor mine has come a little late; but it is too late only for this year. Wise carpenters will devote the coming months to making the article against the summer of 1920, and next summer it will be wanted even more than this, because after the chilly winter which Mr. SMILLIE and his friends have been ensuring for us there will be such a rush to the seaside as never before. However far we may as a Power have progressed along the road to ruin, I prophesy that the bathing enthusiasm of next year will exceed that of this.

My invention is for those shores where there cannot be either bathing machines or tents, and in particular the myriad coves of the South-West coast, where everyone has to find a rock, and there are not enough rocks to go round, while if you go round them you are embarrassed by what you plump upon. I have one such cove in mind which every morning is a scene of nervous discomfort. Behind every rock is a bather—often there are several—all in the narrowest space and, fearful of strange eyes, endeavouring to perform hurriedly a task which requires more than most others leisure, serenity and space; I mean the drying of the human form after immersion in salt water, and in particular the elimination of sand. Salt water leaves a stickiness which is peculiarly inimical to any rapid assumption of under garments, and this stickiness only exposure to sun and air can remove. But neither sun nor air can reach us, because we are all, from the eminent judge downwards, performing contortions under mackintoshes or other protective shrouds. The result is that we become hot and often cross, and for too long afterwards are conscious of rucks and a general want of ease in all our clothes, and grit in our socks.

Of course, the sensible solution would be to flaunt our own nudity and disregard that of others; but the time is not yet. Some progress towards that Utopian state may have been made, not unhelped by the picture papers, but much is yet to be accomplished. Meanwhile, then, we must be practical and Edisonian.

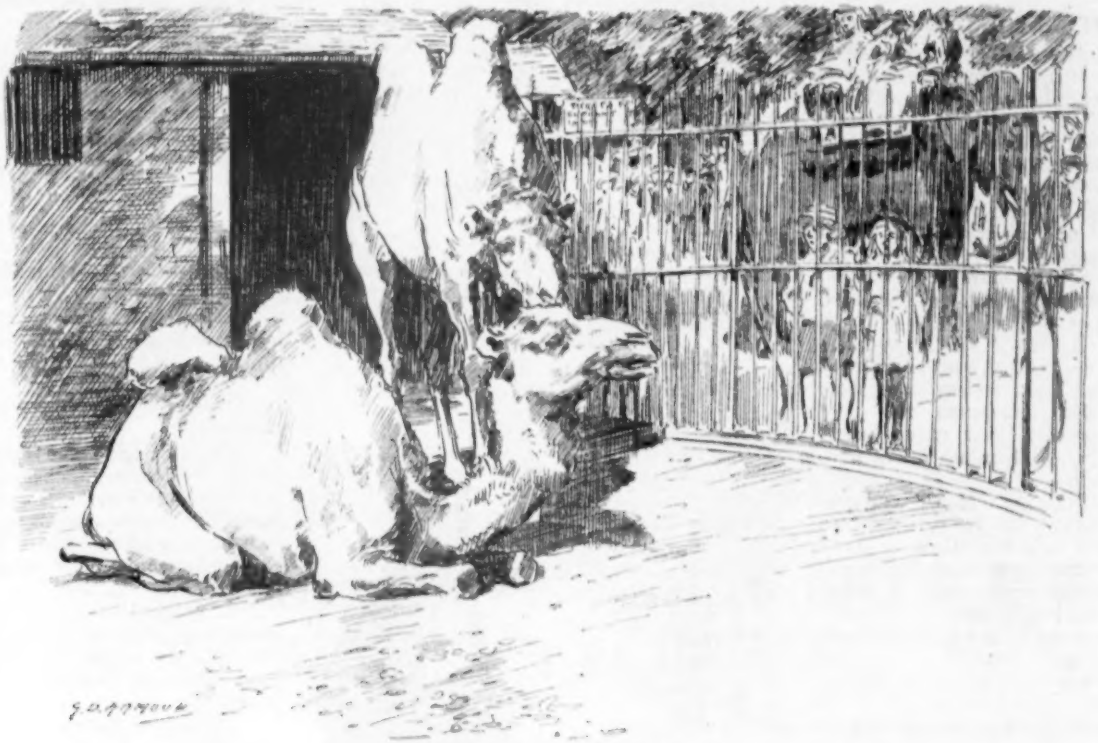
An enterprising contemporary, which certainly owes something to bathers, considering what bathers have done for it—for during the summer months the whole energies of the photographic staff seem to be devoted to the exploitation of "The Seaside Girl," in order that its circulation may increase—this paper has gone so far as to devise for tentless shores a circular towel with a hole in the middle for the head, beneath whose protecting but horribly clinging folds the bathing costume may be doffed and the other clothes donned; but that is not a solution of the problem, only a compromise. The problem, which remains stubborn, is how to be for a while honestly naked and yet unobserved; and my invention, at any rate where there is a backing of rocks, solves it.

My invention is this. A two-sided open screen of the lightest possible wood or wicker, similar in shape to a towel-horse—which anyone can carry, and which placed against the rocks and hung with a mackintosh or rug will make a boudoir. Bathers will undress and dress in the angle—"you in your small corner, I in mine;" and they will undress freely, without trammels. The burden of carrying the screen will be no more than a deck-chair. If the day is very windy stones hung over the screen will keep it steady, while when bathing is over and repose sets in it will make a shade.

I see ("in the mind's eye, BOTTOMLEY") the Cornish coast next summer thick with "Mr. Punch's Portable Dressing Rooms," or whatever their makers choose to call them, and a blessing invoked upon my ingenuity every time a bather emerges from his beloved element. For it is on emerging that the trouble begins. Anyone can undress; but dressing is, at present, the devil.

"Middlesex bowled and fielded beautifully, and there was never a captain who could keep his men on his toes like 'Plum' Warner."
Morning Post.

Though he has not quite so much accommodation for them as "W.G." had.



UNREST AT THE ZOO.

First Camel. "GET A MOVE ON! AREN'T YOU GOING OUT TO-DAY?"
Second Camel. "NOT ME! NOT FOR A PENNY A RIDE WITH THE PRESENT PRICE OF FOOD."

THE PERIPHRASISTS.

Philipson is in the Air Ministry. I often wondered what his job was. Last Saturday I found out. We were to spend the afternoon together, so I strolled round to his office about midday to take him off with me.

He looked anxious when I entered, but obviously pleased to see me.

The next moment a telephone bell rang.

"Confound my luck!" said Philipson as the message came through. "I'm awfully sorry, old man, but it's all off."

"What's the trouble?" I asked, for you must remember we had long ago settled down to the ways of peace and resented any interference with our Saturday afternoons.

"The worst has happened," he answered, looking unspeakably dismal.

"My dear fellow," I interrupted, "you have all my sympathy. If there is anything I can do—— But may I know the cause of your distress?"

"You won't understand," he answered; "but Jones and Robinson have flown from Timbuctoo to Karachi."

"Do you mean there has been an accident?" I asked sympathetically.

"Oh, dear, no," he said with a sigh; and seeing my genuine concern he leant over and whispered confidentially, "I have to send the telegrams."

"Do you?" I said, rather interested.

"For the whole bunch," he added hoarsely.

"Really," said I, a little impatient, for I wanted to hear his trouble.

"It's awful!" he exclaimed with such intensity that I blurted out, "What?"

"Sending the telegrams," he hissed.

He was obviously upset—overworked perhaps. I would humour him. I asked him how many he represented.

He took down a typed list, starting, I think, with the Secretary of State—a mere half-dozen.

I laughed and offered to do the lot off the reel.

A curious smile curled on his lip (like CARSON'S smile when a mere Englishman tries to provide for Ireland), but he let me try.

I started, "Congratulations on a fine performance." His arms fell limply to his sides and he looked as a Futurist might look at a pre-Raphaelite, or a woman at another solemnly suggesting a return to crinolines.

"'Fine!'" he said with terrible scorn, "'fine'! My dear fellow, things were 'fine' at the end of May—'fine,' mark you, when the heroes didn't arrive. At the beginning of June they were 'magnificent;' at the end, 'unprecedented.' In July they were 'unique'—and I a purist. The fate of Jones and Robinson has hung over me for days, and now they've succeeded and I—I have failed. I'm bankrupt." He bowed his head on his arms.

"Don't say that," I said. "You are overworked. Let me try again. Why not 'unconscionable?' No one knows what it means."

He thought for a second. It wouldn't do. He was far too conscientious.

Then I had a brain wave. This is what I dictated, and as I dictated a smile broadened on Philipson's face: "Felicitations on your journey from the hypothetical federal republic of Niger to the dyarchical democracy of India."

We walked out arm-in-arm.

"A note of true thankfulness was struck in the celebrations throughout the country, which now has to take of its coal, and to apply itself to the work of real national resettlement."
Parish Magazine.

Exactly; the only difficulty is to get the coal.

THE MESSAGE OF MESSALINA.

"AND now, Cyril," said Mary, when we had quite finished, "comes the question of what we are to do with it all."

We had been holding a belated strafe of our household possessions at No. 34, Nestling Court, and it was the higgledy-piggledy heap of articles for which we had no further use that had inspired her remark.

"Sell it," I replied at once. "Properly advertised in the local paper——"

"I know," she interrupted. "For Sale. Freak Furniture. One Chair (legless), one ditto Table. Handsome two-piece Toast-rack, only wants seccotining. Genuine offer. No dealers."

"My dear Mary," I said, "haven't you realised that we don't advertise thus to-day? We run to a column dialogue about someone with a classical name, like CLEOPATRA, arousing the envy of her friends by securing the goods."

"Very well," said Mary irreverently, "you write it. Here's a pencil; but don't lick it, because it's copying stuff, and I could not love thee, dear, so much hadst thou a purple tongue."

And so our advertisement was begun, though it was not until a week later that I was able to read to Mary

THE MESSAGE OF MESSALINA.

I found Messalina armed to the dentifrice and endeavouring to pin on her brother's tin hat when I called upon her recently.

"Croquet this afternoon?" I asked, knowing her fondness for Lord's as a background for her charms. Indeed at one time the centre court there was not considered central in her absence.

"No," she replied, "for a change I'm going to try a sale."

"How brave of you!" I cooed. "Aren't you a teeny bit afraid of floating mines?"—for it was impossible to connect the dainty Messalina with the commercial variety of sale. She seemed too fragile for the task.

"Go on," was my natural comment when she explained how she really intended passing the afternoon.

"Yes," she said, "I want some furniture," and she picked up the settee and stood idly swinging it in her fairy fingers as she smiled at my incredulity.

I glanced at the dainty room that seemed to have bully-beef box written all over it, from the goat-leg table to the oak curb, as I answered, "But surely you of all people don't furnish at sales?"

For answer Messalina tossed the settee towards me, and when I had caught it (second bounce) went on: "Sit down and I'll tell you my system. I don't go to sales haphazard. I only go where I know I am likely to find what I want. To-day I am going to 34, Nestling Court."

"What," I exclaimed—"where Cyril and Mary live! I was at school with him. It only seems yesterday that I tied a clove-hitch in the tail of his white mouse. He's honest, Cyril is. What is it he's selling?"

"I especially want his two-piece toast-rack. No breakfast-table can look dainty without it. You must come and breakfast with me when I get it."

"Delighted!" I murmured. "Shall I come before lunch, or after?"

"And," she resumed, "he has just the arm-chair I want. One arm is missing and two legs broken, but——"

"One can do a lot with seccotine," I said, slipping off the settee on to one of those dinky stools with which Messalina loves to litter her rooms.

"Including sit on it, as you are doing now," she said. "But you really must go, old thing, or the goods will be sold before I get there."

The stool and I broke away together.

"Don't forget now," said Messalina, as she shook hands; "34, Nestling Court is the address. The rubbish there is priceless, and so reasonable too."

* * * * *

"Well?" I asked Mary as I finished.

"Quite all right," she replied; "but the dustman took all that rubbish away yesterday. I only gave him sixpence, and it would have cost a lot more than that to get your advertisement printed."

"It ought to be possible to economise without losing all sense of the respect due to art and enterprise," I retorted with simple dignity.



New Curate (to village gossip). "DON'T YOU THINK IT 'S ABOUT TIME YOUR SON LEARNT SOME TRADE?"

Village Gossip. "BLESS YER 'EART, NO; 'E 'S ALL RIGHT. 'IS FATHER 'S DONE VERY WELL THIS MANY A YEAR AS OLDEST INHABITANT, AND 'E 'LL JUST STEP INTO THE BUSINESS WHEN THE TIME COMES."

THE LATEST DISEASE.

(By our Medical Expert.)

THE news that a strange and unfamiliar malady has manifested itself in Normandy must be received with a certain amount of reserve, in view of the facts that so far the symptoms have only developed themselves fully in one patient, and that experts differ as to whether they indicate a mental or a physical cause. The former view is strongly supported by Professor Oppenheim, who describes the disease as "developing exclusively or principally on the basis of the neuropathic diathesis." Amongst exciting causes emotional disturbances—fear, etc.—take first place, and it has been found necessary to prohibit the unrestricted perusal of newspapers of a pessimistic or inflammatory type. *Per contrâ* Sir Lionel Hotchkiss attributes the temporary loss of vision by which the disease is attended to a deficient percentage of red blood corpuscles in the pedal extremities and a consequent refrigeration of the tootsicums. He has accordingly registered the new disorder at Stationers' Hall as "Retrench fever." He further points out the curious fact that the symptoms are never so acute as in a patient who has previously suffered from a prolonged wasting fever.



Angler (returning home after a heavy day with rod and flask). "YOU 'AVE—DAMLIAR, SIR! THERE NEVER WAS—FISH—THA'SIZE."

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

From the English Dogs in India to their Brothers at Home.

THEY told us we would ride on elephants
And sleep on Persian dyes,
That Indian kings would bring us regal meats,
That people would salute us in the streets—
And many other lies;
So we came out, thinking, poor ignorants,
We sailed for Paradise.

We ride upon no elephants; we run
Deep in the stinging dust;
No man salutes us—nay, they are afraid,
They draw aside from us; their minds are made
Of terror and mistrust;
We walk on chains with servants in the sun,
Because, it seems, we must.

No rajahs bring us offerings of food;
We live on rice and bone,
And in this country meat is always lean
And dry, and decent milk is never seen,
And we must eat alone;
By Persian rugs, it seems, was understood
A cheerless floor of stone.

This is a country where things cannot play—
They bite and sting and kill;
If pi-dogs touch you, masters get annoyed
And say that you will have to be destroyed,
And so, alas! you will;
Then pi-dogs give you cheek and run away;
We like it very ill.

From time to time they send us to the Hills;
This would be well enough,
But Master, it appears, must stay below
And cannot see us. Brothers, as you know,
Dogs find that *very* rough;
If we stay down they give us draughts and pills—
"Benbow" and similar stuff.

Why don't we chuck it? Well, we don't suppose
Masters can find it fun;
Some reason that we cannot understand
Keeps them shut up in this infernal land
They otherwise would shun;
As for deserting, everybody knows
It simply isn't done.

Ah, brothers, when they come to you and vow,
Be you more circumspect;
Their words are but imposing on your youth
And that is why we tell you here the truth,
Faithful and unbedecked;
Follow you must—*noblesse oblige*—but *now*
You know what to expect.

How to know Admiral Beatty when you see him.

"He instantly recognised the Fleet Commander by his published photographs—the Grecian chisel trace of strong impersonality."
Teesdale Mercury.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET."

WHEN a man is sharing a luxurious suite in an Oriental hotel with somebody else's wife it is always rather a bore to have a minaret immediately commanding that suite, with a muezzin on it calling the faithful to prayer at fixed intervals of the day and night. (The minaret in Mr. HICHENS' play seemed to be lower than most minarets and almost leaned up against the balcony of the sinful pair.) But if he happens at the moment to be making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land as a preparation for taking Holy Orders the proximity of the minaret may be worse than a bore; it may tend to remind him painfully of his lapse from virtue.

That was the trouble with *Andrew Fabian*, and that was also the trouble with his partner, *Lady Caryll* (who by a curious irony was herself on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, a diversion in which she had indulged while on her way home from India to make arrangements for divorcing her husband). Not that the muezzin worried her own conscience, but that she was annoyed by the effect he produced on *Fabian's*. For she had a proprietary nature, and having got possession of the man's body and half his soul she could not be happy without the rest of him.

All this, however, only happens in the Prologue, five years before the opening of the play proper, and therefore I should not insist on the Damascus minaret if it hadn't gone out of its way to supply the title of a drama that takes place in England and not the East at all. Rather a deceptive title perhaps, as it naturally suggests that the scenes of the play are laid in the Orient that Mr. HICHENS has made familiar to his many readers. But that is really the only false note in it.

The lady, finding that her man still entertains ideals in which she has no part, leaves him for his good and returns, a little chastened, to her husband. *Fabian* is now free to proceed to the Holy Land and into Holy Orders, and becomes a popular and much-respected preacher. Five years later, when the episode of Damascus is a faint exotic memory which he proposes to stifle by marrying a suitable wife for a clergyman, *Lady Caryll* (returned to England at the close of her husband's career through illness) intrudes at night upon *Fabian's* seaside vicarage, to find out what hold she still retains upon his affection. The old wound is satisfactorily reopened, but any hope she may have entertained of a renewal of their liaison is spoilt by the sudden and tactless appearance of her husband, who arrives from Paris in what is described as the Channel night boat, though, for the ulterior purposes of the plot, it gets in at 11 P.M. It is Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, with something more poisonous than an Anglo-Indian liver, and things begin to move briskly. The scene where the three are brought together is perhaps the best of many good scenes in the play. But at the end of it, when the lady has gone out, leaving the two men alone, and we are holding our breaths for a great struggle (possibly physical), the author runs away from his climax and lets the husband walk abruptly out of the room. Contrary to custom, three has been good company (for us) and two is none.

The drama finishes on a high plane. It is true drama, for it shows us action going on in character. After a year, in which none of the three has met. *Sir Leslie Caryll*, who has learnt that he has only a few months to live, proposes to lighten his doom by bringing a divorce action against his wife. But his revenge is defeated when he finds that *Fabian* will welcome the exposure of the truth and that both he and *Lady Caryll*, in payment of their past offence, have renounced all intention of ultimate union, whether set free by divorce or by *Caryll's* coming death. In particular the deliverance of the woman's soul, no longer selfishly disputing all other influences—God's or man's—in the life of her lover, but devoted to self-renunciation for his sake and the sake of his ministry, is finely drawn.

The author has had the courage to deny us a happy ending in the common theatrical sense; and the high resolve of these two to forgo their desire saves the final scene, where the husband is faced with imminent death, from all suspicion of melodrama.

I have my doubts about certain details. I question whether enough reason is shown for *Lady Caryll's* return to her husband in India, when she had more cause than ever to want to divorce him. I question too whether so astute a man would have overlooked the fact that in the course of a divorce action against his wife his own infidelity would be liable to exposure. And I further question whether he had any legal evidence against her. But these are trifles in a play that keeps an exceptionally high level.

Its note throughout was a perfect sincerity. Little regard was paid to the stage tradition which makes you get up from your seat and change over after every third sentence. People sat still when they talked as they do in ordinary life and only got up when they really wanted to.

It was a remarkable cast. I have never seen Miss MARIE LÖHR so quietly forcible as in her scenes with *Sir Leslie Caryll*. Here she imposed her personality more strongly than in the Prologue, where, with all her charm, I could not quite mistake her for a body-snatching Siren.

Nor, in this introduction, did Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER exactly look the part of a prospective priest, or even of a *Lancelot* torn in the struggle between duty and passion; he was too well-groomed for that. But later he both looked and played his part very perfectly. Mr. MCKINNEL as *Sir Leslie* had one of those unpleasant *rôles* which he handles with such deadly strength and dexterity. The interventions of Mr. HENRY VIBART as *Father Elsworthy* (spiritual counsellor and comforter) gave me instant assurance that all would be well. Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY (as the suitable woman for a clergyman's wife) offered with her simple directness an excellent foil to the other woman's *finesse*. And, finally, Miss VANE FEATHERSTON made an admirably fatuous and doting mother for *Fabian*.

My very best compliments and thanks to all.

O. S.

TEMPER.

"BLOW out the light," they said, they said
(She 'd got to the very last page);
"Blow out the light," they said, they said,
"It 's dreadfully wicked to read in bed;"
Her eyes grew black and her face grew red
And she blew in a terrible rage.

She put out the moon, she did, she did,
So frightfully hard she blew,
She put out the moon, she did, she did;
Over the sky the darkness slid,
The stars all scuttled away and hid
(A very wise thing to do).

But please don't whisper the tale about,
She 'd get into trouble, she would;
Please don't whisper the tale about,
If anyone else should ever find out
She 'd get into trouble without a doubt,
And now she 's *ever* so good.

"'The dusty king of Malabar,' he begins:
'The dusky king of Malabar
Is chief of Eastern potentates.'"
Westminster Gazette.

Deciding on second thoughts that the fellow was not so dusty, after all.

"A secret session of the 'Sinn Fein Parliament' began at Dublin yesterday.
At the police court yesterday they were . . . ordered to receive six strokes with the birch."
Provincial Paper.

That 's the stuff to give 'em!



Friend. "DO YOU KNOW, BARBARA, YOUR FATHER'S GOT AN O.B.E.?" *Barbara.* "IS IT ANYTHING HE CAN DIE OF?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

You will admit that a hero who meets both NELSON and NAPOLEON in his first chapter reveals at least an unusual flair for fine company. So remarkable indeed was the fortune in this respect of *Barry Leroy* (METHUEN) that I confess to having felt some fear, at this early stage of his adventures, lest Mr. H. C. BAILEY should overload them with great folk, especially since for me real personages in historical fiction are always, like the real cab-horse in melodrama, a little liable to upset the scenery. But I need not have worried. Though presently celebrities are "thick as sprats," EMMA HAMILTON, FOUCHÉ, TALLEYRAND, PITT, SHERIDAN—all the court-cards in the pack—there is never any danger that the author and the hero will be unequal to them. As a fact I found Mr. BAILEY'S portraits admirably suggested, while at no moment does the character of his hero fail to dominate the scene. The tale is indeed even more one of personality than of adventure, though there is plenty of that too. I shall give you no more hint of it than to say that it shows how *Barry*, who started as agent of the FIRST CONSUL and plotter of our naval mutiny, encountered first the NELSON touch, then that noble and unfortunate gentleman, the DUC D'ENGHIEN, with strange results in the awakening of his own spirit. Perhaps you may find the conversion not wholly inevitable, but your enjoyment of the book need not be affected. The fact is that seldom have I met a story of this kind better told. From one affair to another *Barry's* career moves to a melody (I think this is the word I want) both gallant and engaging and very delicately touched. The result is one upon which I make its author my sincere congratulations.

In these quarrelsome days I envy Mr. H. COLLINSON OWEN the genial and benevolent mood in which he composed *The Adventures of Antoine* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Moreover, I marvel at his profound belief in the invariable and immediate triumph of good over evil, which enabled him to give a suggestion of reality even to the astonishing career of his hero and to the series of lucky coincidences without which he would have achieved nothing. Possibly Mr. OWEN is out to be amusing rather than effective, and, if this be so, I have little criticism to offer; indeed, I felicitate him on having maintained his good humour almost to the end of his seven episodes, in such sort that the goodness never quite got the better of the humour. *M. Antoine Poiret* founded his fortunes, and those of his Paris newspaper, *La Lumière*, on a lucky plunge at the tables, the lack of evil intention removing the vice even from this, his one possible sin. He developed matters by a ridiculous and delicious *coup* in connection with the theft of a masterpiece from the Louvre, and consolidated his position by a frontal attack on the strongly entrenched leader of class warfare in the merry capital. Established as an old firm, but still requiring advertisement to keep

things alive, he had resort to the old practical joke of blocking a public thoroughfare for the execution of unauthorised and mythical repairs, but justified his plagiarism by adding some new incidents to the performance. The duel which took place between his political leader-writer and one of his victims needed no justification at all, in my opinion; by itself it constituted a little gem of drollery, but with its sensational sequel it became a meaningless and rather tiresome tale of complications. "The Greatest Adventure," and the last, I could have dispensed with; too many real heroes have gone forth to the war in too real a way to leave any interest and emotion over for the entirely theatrical gallantry of a very fictitious patriot. The rest of the book I would not willingly have missed; the author and his people have a very happy way with them.

Your true costermonger, so Mr. NEIL LYONS informs us in *A London Lot* (LANE), is not to be imagined when in his Sunday best as wearing pearl-buttoned trouserings or a red neck-cloth or a bowler hat. Such figures are "only to be met with in the romantic pages of *Punch*." I bow to Mr. LYONS, for I feel that he ought to know. *A London Lot* (*née London Pride* in its maiden dramatic form) contains, you may be sure, plenty of those illustrations of East End life and language—especially language—which the author knows so well how to convey. For myself, after reading them, I always go about hoping that someone will make one of these caustic remarks to me and that I shall remember in time the truly devastating reply. The hero of the book is *Mr. Cuthbert Tunks*, and he is quite successfully drafted from Silverside and Greenwich Park to the plains of Flanders, not quite so successfully, I think, evacuated, after a casualty sustained on his unorthodox "leaf," to a Hampshire hospital. It may have happened in the wild history of the War that a deserter has come back to report at his depôt only to find himself on the point of being awarded a posthumous V.C., but I am tempted to say that the incident is less in keeping with the annals of the British Army than with the romantic pages of Mr. NEIL LYONS. It looks as if the dramatic version of the story had taken the bit between its teeth and run off, so to speak, with the vegetable-barrow. But the earlier part of *A London Lot* should produce a lot of London laughter.



Boy (after dispute as to short measure). "YAH! I'M SURPRISED AT YER—WIV ALL THEM ANGELS ON YER BARRER."

Mrs. KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, continuing her reminiscences of Life (mostly Irish) and Literature (various), has now added a third volume, *The Years of the Shadow* (CONSTABLE) to her series. The shadow is, of course, that from which we are all now emerging, with, for the writer, the added gloom of rebellion. Naturally enough the events of that unhappy Dublin Easter play a large, to Saxon eyes perhaps a disproportionate, part in Mrs. HINKSON'S War memories. For the rest the book is made up of the same easy and gossipy small-talk (very small indeed some of it) about persons and places that gained such popularity for its predecessors. "People seem to like them very much indeed," admits the writer, with an engaging satisfaction (already casting an eye upon yet another record on the horizon); and it is easy enough to see the reason. As a companion for a solitary hour, with the printed word to take the place of a pleasantly discursive voice, Mrs. HINKSON'S year-books could hardly be bettered. And often she has some illuminating thing to say about the men and women who called out what has clearly been a genius for friendship. As for good stories, you will not be disappointed in the reasonable expectation of a score of them. I have space only for one quotation from a chapter devoted to such gems. "Surely the train wasn't up to time!" said someone to an Irish porter, who replied morosely, "She was, thin. She's the punctuallest train in Ireland, and a great inconvanience to the travellin' public." Altogether a friendly and button-holing volume.

Out of the Silences (MELROSE) seems to me an extraordinary feat for a woman. The first half at least of this yarn of the orphan *Bob Colamore* and his friend the old border Canadian *Plunkett*, saddlemaker, and their intercourse with the Indians of a North Dakota reservation is so obviously a man's story told in the way a man would most naturally tell it. I don't know much about American Indians, but MARY E. WALLER has made me think that now I know quite a lot. I was less interested in the more civilized and conventional types which appeared on the scene later; and in the romance, charming enough, but not quite on the high level of the early chapters. Of that earlier part I can only say that I read it with the keenness of a schoolboy; and I don't think that a middle-aged man could pay an author a handsomer compliment.

Mr. KEBLE HOWARD is a popular humourist, and, apart from one rather glaring error of judgment, I recommend *The Peculiar Major* (HUTCHINSON) as a book full of high spirits and good fun. By means of a magic ring *Major Cloudsdale* could make himself invisible to anyone who was not in love with him. His C.O. in France was not in love with him, and, when the *Major* began to explain what powers this ring gave to him, the C.O. bundled him home as a man who required careful watching. Then the fun began and waxed mightily. The *Major*, however, was not out to play a series of practical jokes, but to rid the world of its arch-tyrant, the KAISER. He gets over to Holland and there meets WILLIAM in full flight. At the moment a hitch had taken place in the fulness of the flight, and we are given the opportunity to hear the KAISER talking of the Garden of Gethsemane. All I can say of this episode is to confess that it did not suit my sense of fitness; but apart from this flaw I can assert that the *Major* and his ring provide a good measure of entertainment.

CHARIVARIA.

"The spirit of the gift is one we should like to see emulated," says a contemporary in referring to the late Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S bequest to the PRIME MINISTER. Meanwhile Lord ROTHERMERE remains firm in his determination to cut Mr. BONAR LAW off with a shilling.

* * *

It seems a great pity that two such really good boxers as BECKETT and MCGOORTY should have kept on professing their ability to beat the other until at last they came to blows about it.

* * *

A Government department has been discovered which is still winding up the affairs of the Great Exhibition of 1851. One of the junior officials admits that he may have heard the Great War whizz by.

* * *

A quarryman charged with attempting suicide was stated to have become depressed because he thought he was not earning his wages at the quarry. What makes our blood boil is the thought that the callous brute who refused to discharge him will get off scot-free.

* * *

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has discovered a clairvoyant bargee. This is the first recorded case, though many of them have been known to have the gift of second speech.

* * *

"One hundred and seventy-five pounds," says a news item, "has been paid at Tenterden for a bed in which GEORGE II. is said to have slept." On the other hand, a contributor informs us that he recently paid one pound in London for a bed in which GEORGE II. couldn't possibly have slept.

* * *

The Edinburgh Sheriff's Court has decided that whisky is a food. We can only say that there isn't the nourishment in it that there used to be.

* * *

An exciting episode is reported from Brighton. It appears that several visitors were amusing themselves by seeing who could lean furthest over the pier, when suddenly one of them won.

* * *

A correspondent, writing to *Lloyd's Weekly News*, asks if there is a "singing oyster" in this country. We fancy not, but we once heard of a cheese which used to be second tenor in a choir.

* * *

Despite the appeal of the PREMIER, people seem to be taking things just as easily as ever. No fewer than one hundred and twenty-eight burglaries were committed in London last week.

* * *

An insurance official points out that the modern burglar gains access to the house by pretending to examine the gas-meter. We had noticed a falling off in the old-time custom of knocking at the door and saying, "Will you be wanting any burglars to-day, ma'am?"

* * *

"The shower-bath was never really popular in Germany," says a technical journal. Our contemporary has evidently overlooked the soup course in the Berlin restaurants.

* * *

"Water," says a medical writer in *The Evening News*, "according to some authorities, is a deadly poison." This may explain why some dairymen still stick to the old custom of mixing a little corrective milk with it.

* * *

A new comet has been discovered by the Rev. JOEL METCALFE, of Massachusetts. If this is an attempt to deflect public opinion from *The Sunday Pictorial's* articles on the Government, we feel it will not succeed.

* * *

"Traveller" writes to suggest that platelayers working on railway lines should carry a red light after dusk. It would be advisable too if they were required to ring a bell or blow a whistle when overtaking a train.

"It is rumoured," says *The Daily Express*, "that Mr. CHURCHILL may add the Admiralty to the War Office and the Air Ministry and rule over the three." Mr. CHURCHILL is understood to have said that if this is a hint he is much obliged, but if it is merely sarcasm our contemporary can mind its own business.

* * *

The newspapers report the case of a woman in a state of trance who has not spoken a word for twenty-one days. City men incline to the theory that the lady is a telephone operator.

* * *

The nine million pounds National Factory at Gretna is being shut down. The rumour that the Disposal Board has agreed to sell the place to the American Anti-Saloon League for a sarsaparilla factory is not yet confirmed.

* * *

After the PREMIER'S appeal for economy, it seems just possible that next week's uniform for the R.A.F. will be made of Government linen.

* * *

Just as we go to press, news reaches us that the first batch of Scottish refugees from the United States has arrived at Liverpool in an exhausted state.

* * *

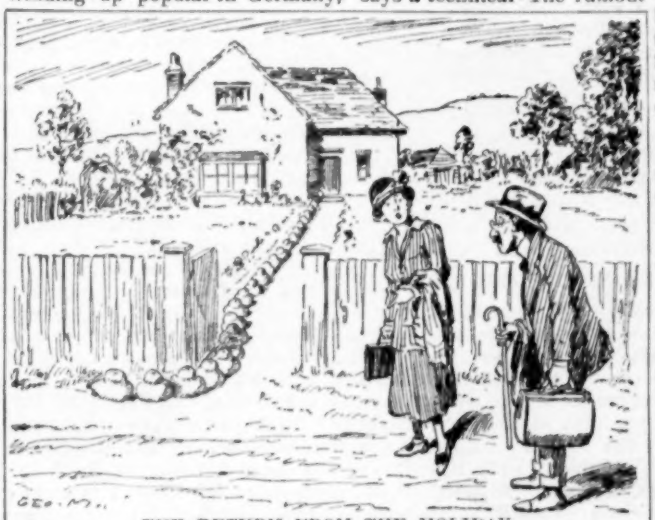
Since the announcement in a weekly journal that the squeaking of boots is supposed to be a sign that they have not been paid for, many subalterns have been busily engaged in oiling their new dress uniforms.

* * *

Speaking at Newcastle recently Mr. GEORGE RENWICK, M.P., stated that he had noticed a better feeling among the miners. Many of them, it appears, are thoroughly rested.

* * *

Ex-Governor FOLK, of Missouri, who told the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee that one million Egyptian soldiers fought under the British flag, is only about a million out. We gather that a million isn't much of anything in Missouri.



THE RETURN FROM THE HOLIDAY.

"OH, HAROLD, WE FORGOT TO TELL THE BAKER WE WERE GOING AWAY, AND THAT BOY OF HIS IS *SO* UNIMAGINATIVE."

"Liverpool, August 4.

Last night was one of the wildest nights ever known in the history of this city.

The asses of people turned out in sympathy with the striking police officers."

Havana Paper.

They seem to have sized up the affair pretty accurately in Cuba.

THE SMILLIE ARGUMENT

(WITH UNAUTHORISED ANNOTATIONS).

Nor on the miner, honest soul,
Be laid the charge of slackness (shame!)
If commerce starves for lack of coal;
The rotten system is to blame
(The system which, ere work was on the wane,
Used to extract just half as much again).

Nor sniff at Yorkshire's little fads
If pumps were downed and pits were queered;
What put them out, those loyal lads,
Was Government that interfered
(The same old Government that still declines
To interfere in all the other mines).

Economy's the only cure;
The work of Britain's best should be
Nationalised upon a sure
Foundation by the Ministry
(The same old Ministry to whom is traced
Our country's ruin, caused by wanton waste).

Coal is the common source of wealth,
Affecting fortunes not our own,
Since from our industry the health
Of every toiler takes its tone
(If we get what we want, then all is well;
If not, we'll let the nation go to h—l). O. S.

THE LIGHTER LIAISON OFFICER.

As a perfectly good field-gunner, familiar with every theory conceived at Shoebury and ripened by years of practical experiment in the most popular theatres of war, William came to North Russia. The prospect of shooting over a new type of country under novel meteorological conditions, and at a fresh variety of target, filled him with professional enthusiasm. Throughout the voyage North he babbled perpetually concerning M.V. (which to the R.A. does not mean "Meat and Vegetables," as it would to the mere soldier, but Muzzle Velocity); ballistic co-efficients, trajectories, angles of draught with husky- or reindeer-drawn vehicles, and so forth. I daresay in his dreams he imagined himself contributing an appendix to F.A.T., or Field Artillery Training, a code name for a stout little volume containing the secular wisdom of all time.

Arrived at Archangel he made a perfect nuisance of himself in the offices of the great, mutinously declining to be an R.T.O. for anybody. Finally, having dumped most of his kit, stuffed his valise with a library of range-tables and festooned himself with a duplicate set of protractors, compasses, field-glasses and similar gadgets, he bade us all good-bye and disappeared up the Dvina. He departed so heavily accoutred, so eager and with such *élan* that one almost listened for the opening roar of a great bombardment as soon as his boat had vanished into the blue round the first bend.

I saw him next a hundred miles or so up-river, sitting in shirt-sleeves on a large hot stranded iron barge, sharing a problem in contorted arithmetic with a black bo'sun of the Naval Transport. Piles, stacks and pyramids of ammunition-boxes towered about the pair, in process of laborious demolition and re-erection by a moistly-warm Slavonic working-party. Never a gun was near and no sound of battle marred the industrious murmur of the long sun-scorched beach, with its fringe of barges.

"What are you now, William?" I asked. "What great *rôle* are you playing in this relief expedition?"

With puckered brow he looked up from the problem pencilled across the pages of his Army Book 153. "Hullo!" he said, "I am Lighter Liaison Officer to the Allied Forces, please."

"Explain yourself," I urged him. "Is there a lighter and a heavier liaison officer for employment respectively as the situation varies between comedy and melodrama?"

"You misunderstand me," said William, "and, I think, wilfully. Moreover, while I listen to your idle badinage the river is falling and 'Q' will not take steps to prevent it. Bo'sun, make it clear to our allies that of the two hundred boxes they have just brought on board two hundred and fifty must come off, otherwise the barge won't float. Now let me explain that the word 'lighter' is not in this case an adjective but a noun. To be brief, I liaise between the Royal Regiment of Artillery and the lighters of the river transport. (This type of craft is known on the Dvina as a lighter, because it ought to be, being always too heavy, no matter how little it carries.) Mine is a difficult and responsible task, requiring, in addition to the natural sagacity and wide culture common to gunners, familiarity with the science of the stevedore and the mariner and a high degree of efficiency in longshoremanship.

"Theoretically and for purposes of rank and pay I am non-existent, having even had to invent a title for the part thrust upon me. No scale of pay is laid down for an Acting Lighter Liaison Officer; and therefore the vulgar make free to call me Bill the Bargee."

"And what do you do besides sums in the sun, William—you a gunner?"

"To put it modestly, I enable the guns to function. Not an ammunition barge is towed up river but takes amongst its freight ten years of my young life; not a shell bursts in Bolo-land but is charged with the exasperation its transport caused me. What else do I do? I compete with the forces of nature. I defy the drought, I outwit the Dvina, juggling with freights and figures. To-day 'Intelligence' have complicated the situation by warning all concerned that if it rains the river may rise, whereas if it doesn't it may continue to fall. Here then is a contingency for which I must be prepared. I am prepared. The bo'sun and I have so manipulated the cargo and the calculations that the barge is at the present moment drawing one foot forrard, two feet aft and six inches amidships, dead reckoning. We have just completed arrangements for a further redistribution and lightening of cargo, which—unless there is some error in our figures—will defeat any sly trick the river may play. I am having so much stuff taken off her that her dead weight will be a minus quantity, that is to say, instead of drawing a certain depth of water, she ought to poise above the surface and be a kind of dirigible aircraft. I confess this seems queer, but figures can't lie. Come and see me and my barge to-morrow."

I left him watching the water ebb down the sides of his barge as the working-party, warmer than ever, steadily took off what they had so laboriously put on. He was waiting for the moment when a clearance should begin to show between the keel and the surface of the river . . .

That evening it rained and rained, and I noticed that his working-party were carrying the boxes on board again. So William's experiment in levitation is still to be made.

A Retort to "Pussy-foot."

"Mr. John Drinkwater, the playwright and poet, is sailing for America next Wednesday."—*Daily Express.*

"An almost incredible fightfflif it can be called a fightfflitook place in the very harbour of Kronstadt itself."—*Scotch Paper.*
We don't think it can strictly be called a "fightffl."



THE BETTER CLAIM.

FOOTBALLER. "HERE, I SAY, I WANT TO PLAY ON THIS GROUND."

ALLOTMENT-HOLDER. "OH, DO YOU? WELL, I WANT TO WORK ON IT."



A RETURNED MEMBER OF THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS TELLING HIS FRIENDS HOW, WITH THE AID OF A TANK, HE CHASED HINDENBURG OUT OF BOULOGNE.

THE L.S.S.

AFTER Mess, over the port, the time comes to talk of many things—War Office imbecility, brighter cricket, Bolshevism, theatres and sometimes the recent War.

"What was wrong with the War," said the Adjutant, "was its incessant din. Either a Hun heavy or a brass-chested drill-sergeant on the ramp; either a mine or a bugler misusing the breath of life."

"What do you propose to do about it, anyway?" asked a junior.

"Ah! m'lad," said the Adjutant, "you think the gentleman hasn't anything up his sleeve but his arm. Well, he has. The spouters have rigged up their League of Nations—good luck to it! But I feel a wee bit doubtful about eternal peace, so I 'm preparing to make the next war worth fighting in by founding the L.S.S."

"Legion of Sanitary Squadsmen?" asked the junior.

"Don't be funny," said the Adjutant. "No, the League of Silent Soldiers."

Even the junior held his peace while the Adjutant paused to light his cigar, for the Adjutant's after-dinner schemes are famous.

"When the L.S.S. gets a grip," said the Adjutant, "war will be a rest-cure; doctors will prescribe it for neurotics. Start at the beginning. Wash-out words of command. Do everything by gesture. Only the dumb employed as instructors. For 'form fours' just the Sergeant's four fingers, carefully manicured, upstretched. Pretty to watch—*and* intelligible."

"Squad drill is bound to breed noise," said the Adjutant's assistant.

"Domes of silence on every boot," said the Adjutant, "and any man who makes his eyeballs click would have 'em taken out and lined with cotton-wool."

"How about brass bands?" asked someone.

"Adored by the public," replied the Adjutant, "so we'll retain them, but only for funerals, sports and National Anthems. Delete bugles altogether. Turn 'em into ploughshares. Rid God's earth of a pest."

"You 've got to get the men to show a leg of a morning," said the junior, "and stop their noisy snoring."

"They 're not all hogs like you," said the Adjutant. "Anyway, that 's easy. Instead of bugles we 'll have trained soldier-choristers. For Reveille, 'Christians, awake,' *con spirito*. For Tattoo, 'Good-night, good-night, beloved,' *diminuendo* and *rallentando*. For Lights Out a sort of Sevenfold Amen. Most elevating for the troops."

"Tell us about war," said the Major; "so far it 's all peace-time."

"The impatience of Field Officers! I said 'start at the beginning,'" replied the Adjutant. "However—the gory field of battle will be revolutionised. Why gory? Let 's make the thing a test of silent self-control. As a child, many years ago (to the junior) you must have played at 'Staring out' with your little sister. You may even play it still—with someone else's sister. My idea is to set our own and enemy companies face to face for a staring match. The man who outstares his *vis-à-vis* will take him off as a souvenir. Convincing proof of superior *moral*."

"Too slow," said the Bombing Officer. "All right for sitting out at a dance, but men like action and movement."

"I don't expect a rowdy grenadier to approve of the L.S.S.," said the Adjutant. "Still, I grant your point. To meet it we might allow handball matches with air-balloons, either side disturbing the peace by popping a balloon to be fined a platoon. Action and movement by all means. I don't

care if we have sack races across No-man's-land."

"Guns?" asked someone.

"Another slave to convention," observed the Adjutant; "but we must allow for a strong prejudice in favour of guns. We 'll permit them, but only for purposes of ornament—say as a centre-piece of a fountain outside G.H.Q. Either side making 'shoot—bang—fire' noises to be fined a division, and suspended from the war for a fortnight."

"What about my branch?" asked the Musketry Officer.

"You are rather a problem," said the Adjutant; "somehow, war without rifles would be farcical. Tell you what; if you can adapt your rifles and machine-guns to, say, throwing cool and refreshing spray over our troops in hot weather, you may keep 'em, otherwise you had better get in touch with the Ex-Officers' Employment Bureau forthwith."

"Aerial warfare?" asked someone.

"Glad you mentioned that," said the Adjutant, "because I 'm rather in love with my scheme. The L.S.S. would not discourage aviation — of course with engines silenced. No more nasty showers of hell-raising bombs, though, to catch you without your umbrella. Airmen would drop bouquets of artificial roses and be paid in the shape of prisoners for skill in craftsmanship, to be judged by a committee of horticulturists from neutral States."

"Tanks?" was the next query.

"The very look of 'em is loud," said the Adjutant. "Instead of tanks we 'll have carnival cars *à la* November 9th. Prizes of *Kamerads* according to artistic merit. Ex-Lord Mayors and their ladies to adjudicate."

"Would the Navy come in?" asked someone.

"The 'Silent Navy'? Obviously," said the Adjutant. "Naval supremacy would be settled by yacht-racing. It might be incorporated with Cowes. Think how WILHELM would have loved it—unless he were beaten."

"What would your League say to conscription?" asked the Major.

"That question simply wouldn't arise," said the Adjutant. "You don't compel men to take a summer holiday. All L.S.S. wars would be summer shows. We should wait for the glass to reach 'set fair.' Imagine it. A picnic tea in a beautiful French *bois*, with a happy enemy just over the way doing ditto; aircraft skimming silently through the blue and showering down perfumed bouquets! Hold me down or I shall become lyrical. War would be a gentleman's pastime. War under present conditions, is a—— After you, Sir, with that match."



THE HIGHER DICTION AND A FALL.

Handyman (beginning on a high plane, but dropping into rhyming slang). "HAS THE STEPS IS IN USE, MADAM, I TRUST THAT HUNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES YOU 'AVE NO OBJECTION TO MY STANDIN' ON THIS 'ERE LITTLE CAIN AN' ABEL."

"What do President WILSON and Lord NORTHCLIFFE say about it?" asked the Major.

"The only incomplete point in my scheme," said the Adjutant; "I haven't asked them yet."

"Measures were outlined as part of the Government's policy to induce a better will to work. A Bill is circulated ordaining a maximum 48 hours day."—*Provincial Paper.*

We are glad it is only a maximum.

"Travellers explored the dark continent north, south, east and west, but they never saw the okapi, though Sir Harry Johnson believes that the leg-end of the unicorn may have sprung from native descriptions of the animal."—*The Children's Newspaper.*

We always thought it was the "head-end" of this legendary animal that needed explanation.

Agonies.

"DICK.—Come Monday, same hour and place without fail.—L. F. T.

L. F. T.—Tuesday, same time and place.—Dick."—*Standard (Buenos Ayres).*

The old story—"Never the time and the place and the loved one all together."

"Lenin's house is one of the most beautiful villas in Russia, the awful owner, Prince Gargarine, having escaped with his life when the Bolshevists took Moscow."—*Local Paper.*

We regret to observe a tendency in our journalists to adopt the Bolshevist standpoint.

"The Royal Highlanders and the Black Watch advance party left Aldershot yesterday morning for Southampton, where they will embark on a foreign tour."—*Daily Mirror.*

The mutual affection of these famous regiments is so strong that the authorities never dare to separate them.



DON'T BE DEPRESSED IN THAT PRE-WAR SUIT,



TAKE A LEAF FROM THE LADIES' BOOK.

GOLDEN PROMISES.

I AM the owner of some shares in a mine called the "Golden Promise" Mine. I don't know exactly where it is, but it's a long way off—in Mexico, I think; anyhow, too far away for me to go and have a look at it.

I bought the shares some years ago. The day before I bought them the paper said they were "a feature on reports of a rich vein having been struck." They seemed absurdly cheap, and as I had some spare cash which was annoying me at the time I thought I'd better have five hundred or so of these "Golden Promises" quickly, before they went up. I had visions of following the prices and seeing them soaring higher and higher, while I remained cool and collected, holding on to them for a still higher figure. I would not sell for a paltry profit of a few shillings—not I.

I felt that I had seized the golden opportunity which we are all supposed to have some time or another. The paper said these shares had "great speculative possibilities."

All this, as I have said, was several years ago. I am still holding on to those shares; but matters did not work out as I had anticipated. The very next day after I bought them they seemed to hesitate, as if nervous about something. They appeared to have got wind of the news that I had bought some. The paper said they were "a little weaker on profit-taking." Evidently the man who sold me mine was content with a small profit, and I felt a sort of pitying contempt for a man who had so little confidence. But perhaps, poor fellow, he wanted the money. Many people are compelled to sell promising securities because they are hard up.

During the next day or two they fell considerably lower, and the paper said they had "receded on the denial by the directors of the rumour as to a rich vein having been struck." "Aha!" said I, "very crafty of the directors; they want to keep the price down so that they can buy as many as possible for themselves before the big rise;" and I felt quite reassured. For the next few days they wobbled considerably, but mostly down, and I began to find myself quite gratified if they recovered 6*d.* or so after dropping 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* Unconsciously I kept lowering the standard of what I hoped from them.

In due course I received a certificate for my shares, and this bucked me up a bit. It was a fine impressive sort of document, with a very nice embossed stamp on it, and it described me as a "gentleman," which I felt to be perfectly true; but all the same I thought it a tactful thing to say, and some of my confidence returned.

I don't often see the shares quoted now, and when they are they are apparently sold in bundles of eight or so at about 1*s.* 6*d.* the lot. I get regular reports as to the progress of the mine, and at first these used to interest me immensely. They contained all sorts of information as to "cross-cuts" and "winzes" (whatever they may be), and occasionally they would give details of the sinking of a shaft in some new place to strike into some other burrow they had been making somewhere else, and they seemed to have had a lot of amusement that way. I expect it was rather exciting boring through to the other fellows in the other tunnel. They also used to give minute particulars of the ore "won." They call it "winning." It seemed to be a kind of game; but they apparently had bad luck, as they lost all they ever won.

The trouble, we were told, began with the natives of that part, who evidently didn't take to the mine—spoilt their view perhaps. At any rate they developed the habit (as I gathered from the printed reports I received from time to time) of spending their half-holidays and week-ends loafing round about the mine, rolling boulders down it, taking parts of the machinery away as souvenirs, flooding it and suchlike pleasantries. They seem full of fun out there.

There was a shareholders' meeting the other day which I attended. I had been to previous ones. They are always much the same. Everybody goes full of disgust and indignation, and determined to make trouble for the directors; but when they get there all their pluck



THE SEED OF SCANDAL.

"NOW, 'OO'D THINK THESE TWO WAITED IN A FRIED-FISH SHOP IN MILE END?"
"DO THEY *REELY?* WHY, THEY LOOK——"
"I DON'T SAY THEY *DOES*, BUT 'OO'S TO SAY THEY *DOESN'T?*"

quickly evaporates and they end up by warmly supporting votes of thanks to the various gentlemen who have been instrumental in robbing them of their money.

On this occasion, however, one shareholder was very peevish about things, and he told us, before the proceedings commenced, that he was going to "put the directors through it," and we all promised him our moral support and looked upon him as a hero. And after the Chairman had told us the usual story and had assured us that as soon as they had pumped the water out of the mine and installed new machinery, etc., all would be well the peevish shareholder got up and was very rude to the directors and told them exactly what he thought about them.

But somehow he got no support from us. The Chairman replied to him with a few scathing remarks and appealed to us as really sensible, reasonable business men, who would as a matter of course treat such childish behaviour with the contempt it deserved; and we all frowned on the peevish one and would have none of him. And when one of the directors proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his unselfish devotion to our interests we were all vociferous in our support.

But as soon as I had left the meeting I felt that the peevish shareholder had been quite right, and the next time I shall go to the meeting armed with several stones, and I shall induce the other shareholders to do likewise; and when the directors begin to pay one another compliments and propose votes of thanks to one another for robbing us of our money we will silently and without warning rise in a body and stone them to death; and we will feel that, at any rate, we have had something for our money.

If by chance at any time I should have any more money to invest (which at present appears highly improbable), I shall put it into a rubber company—one about to start. Rubber companies give you figures which cannot be denied. For straightforward dealing commend me to rubber companies. They tell you plainly and candidly how many acres they have and how many trees they intend to plant to an acre. They know to a nicety how much rubber they can get from each tree and, working this out with the price of rubber at a "conservative" figure (they always take a "conservative" figure), they can tell you exactly how much they will make. And while they are waiting for the rubber trees to grow up they get bananas and cocoanuts and other side lines off them, which alone will yield enough to pay 20 per cent. or so, quite apart from the rubber. And when they get knobs on (which they do about the second year—the trees, I mean), it is simply money for nothing.

Yes, I shall try rubber next time.

How to simplify the Domestic Problem.

"Full-grown wolf for sale, very fond of children."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

THE AFFAIR OF POPPETS AND JANOTHA.

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

THE question of providing for Poppets and Janotha during our absence from home during the greater part of last month gave us much thought.

We didn't care to send Poppets to any friends in the near neighbourhood. We thought it was better to send him to some place which he would not be able to find again after our return. A cat that lives chiefly with other people cuts no mice.

Janotha, whose family came from the Harz Mountains, has been interned since 1916 (when she left the egg), but is allowed out in the dining-room once a day for an hour or so, during which time she perches on anybody or anything she fancies as a roost.

If, we thought, the pair could be housed under one roof during our holiday they might feel more at home than if separated. Poppets would hear the familiar songs of Janotha's répertoire, while she from her cage would be able to watch Poppets down below. Janotha at home would usually spend a lot of time watching Poppets openly; he on his part would watch her and pretend he wasn't doing anything of the kind.

After much confabulation with the members of my family who owned, or claimed ownership of, this worthy pair, it was decided that I should write and ask one Henry Lea, of Chalford Magna, Esquire, and thoroughly good-natured ass, if he would house them for the three weeks that we should be away. Accordingly I wrote:—

DEAR OLD SPORT,—We're all going to Wales for three weeks and are obliged to leave our cat and canary behind, on board wages, so to say.

For reasons into which I need not enter we don't want to place these pets with neighbours, and I wonder if you will be a stepfather to them.

If so I will send them along with plenty of seed for the bird, and will pay any expense you may be put to over the cat. Milk is expensive, and there is unfortunately no "just as good" to this kind of a pussy-foot.

Neither pet will give you any trouble, I am sure, and, though actual friendship between the pair is strictly barred, as you might say, I feel they would be happier under the same roof.

Say you will take them and relieve my mind. Yours, ARTHUR.

Henry replied thus:—

DEAR OLD TOP,—I should simply love to oblige you, but don't fancy the responsibility. I have had no household pets since my moth-eaten spaniel Togo faded away in the spring, so I am not afraid of strife; but, supposing the climate didn't suit your pair or they didn't like my quiet bachelor ménage or the furniture or decorations, what then?

However, if you will indemnify me against all risks, I'll chance it and take them for you. Perhaps the canary knows some of the latest songs. We get very behind the times in this outpost of civilization.

Yours ever, HENRY.

To this I replied that both Poppets and Janotha were colour-blind and climate-proof, that the canary could sing something near enough to K-Katie for all practical purposes, that Poppets could give a fair imitation of the opening Jazz steps if there was a saucer of cream about, and that we should hold him, Henry, free of all risks, whether by earthquake, flood, fire and tempest, strikes, eye-strain, pip, wireworm, moth or rust, and all and every danger that might betide; and, further, that I had already despatched the pair, carriage paid, properly packed and fed, and should be glad to hear of their safe arrival in due course.

We not only heard from Henry that they had reached him safely, but again after a few days, to say they were in top-hole trim, and were giving him no end of amusement. Janotha, as per instructions, was having an outing every day in the dining-room, and Poppets had made several conquests among the feline and rodent residents in the neighbourhood.

We heard nothing more from Henry during the holiday, but didn't worry. We were so busy sea-siding that we had almost forgotten the existence of our pets.

But on arriving home we found a hamper, and in it a letter from Henry, which read:—

[2 ENCLS.]

DEAR ARTHUR,—I return to you with a thousand regrets your two pets. All went well until last Wednesday, and as (in spite of the fact that you took all risks) I shrank from spoiling the end of your holiday I didn't write to you in Wales about the ill happenings.

The cat, I am afraid, is not as alive as it might be, for on Wednesday morning it left the house suddenly by the window of the dining-room in which the canary had been taking its daily outing, and, on reaching the road, it had the temerity to dispute the right of way with a passing motor-car.

With repeated regrets, I am,

Yours sorrowfully, HENRY.

P.S.—Though you may have difficulty in tracing it, the canary is really enclosed.

CONTROL;

OR, THE PREMIER EXPLAINS.

In faint forgotten days of old
There was a Premier, I am told,
Who did not read the papers;
He whacked a ball about the bents
Oblivious of the world's events,
The howls of journalistic gents
And even the advertisements
Of London's largest drapers.

Poor man, I wonder how he knew
Which course was safest to pursue
And which one had a "crab" in it;
Perhaps he used to tire his head
With swatting when he went to bed,
Or kept a little list instead
With all the names, from A to Z,
Of members of his Cabinet.

Far otherwise I hold the helm:
When storms are like to overwhelm
I get *The Evening Gorgon*,
Which tells me in a newsy par
How many Ministers there are,
And why and when they go too far,
And which ones in particular
Annoy that earnest organ.

And when my morning paper comes
And I am told what awful sums
My colleagues waste in muddles,
And hear of things I did not know—
That Whitehall flappers ought to go
And streams of petrol cease to flow,
And where the goodliest limpets grow
In Departmental puddles.

It fills me with surprise and pain
(Oh brood of vipers that has lain
Within my bosom safe hid);
I feel I ought to thank the Press
For pointing out this fearful mess,
For now I know the guilty; yes,
The children of unrighteousness
Have been revealed to DAVID.

I tell my typist: "Take this note
And send it to *The Morning Stoat*:
The PREMIER acknowledges
Your article of even date
And humbly begs to intimate
That he has sacked the Heads of State;
Accept, if it is not too late,
His most sincere apologies."

EVOE.

"On Tuesday, a tramcar, an omnibus, and a single-horse covered van, driven by Sam ——, of Tooley-street, S.E., were in collision in the High-road."—*Local Paper*.

It looks as if SAM had been attempting too much.

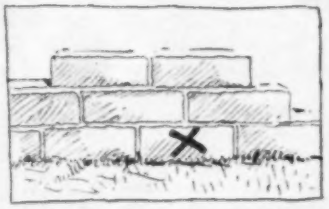
"Morton's horse won so easily and was so full of running that he dashed into the paddock rails, and throwing Donoghue heavily he was pretty badly hurt, so determined to proceed at once to London to ascertain the full extent of his injuries."—*Daily Paper*.

A decidedly intelligent animal; but what became of poor DONOGHUE?

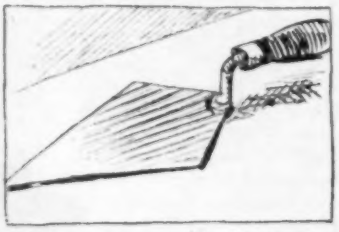
A FORECAST OF THE PICTORIAL PRESS ON THE THREATENED RESUMPTION OF HOUSE-BUILDING.



MR. WILLIAM HIGGINS, WHO LAID THE FIRST BRICK.



THE FIRST BRICK MARKED WITH A CROSS.



TROWEL USED BY MR. HIGGINS.



JOHN GILES AND JOSEPH JIGGS, MORTAR MIXER AND HODMAN.



THE MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS WHO WERE PRESENT.



MR. SNOOKER-SCOTT, A.R.I.B.A., THE ARCHITECT WHO HAS DESIGNED THE BUILDING.



MR. HIGGINS' AUTOGRAPH.



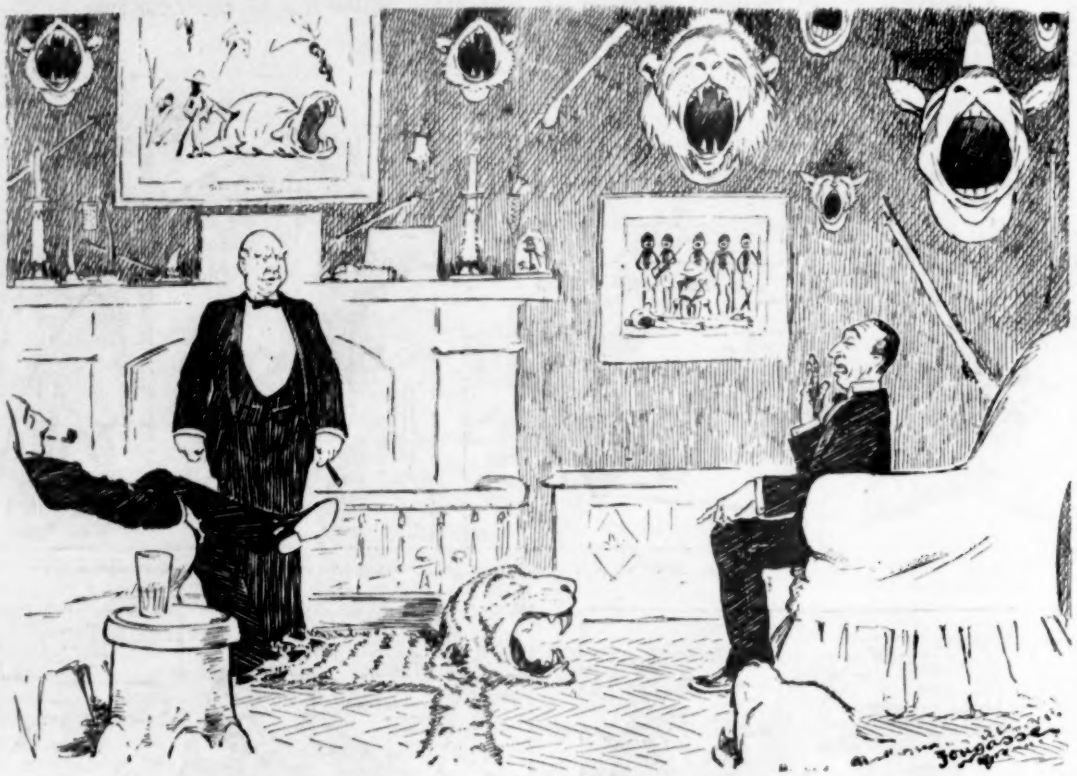
POLICE CONTROLLING CURIOUS CROWD COLLECTED TO WATCH BUILDING OPERATIONS.



LITTLE MARY HIGGINS WITH HER FATHER'S DINNER.
A PRETTY PICTURE.



MR. SAMUEL WIPPLES (WITH FAMILY), WHO OUT OF 9,000 APPLICANTS SECURED THE HOUSE IN ADVANCE.



Host (a Mighty Hunter, breaking off in the middle of his longest story). "BUT I SEEM TO BE BORING YOU?"
Guest. "OH, NO. FACT IS—ALL THESE ANIMALS YAWNING—SO BEASTLY INFECTIOUS."

NEWS FROM THE OIL WORLD.

(By our own Oleaginous Expert.)

THE find of liquid oil proceeds apace in East Anglia, and within the limits of space at our disposal we can only indicate some of the most important discoveries.

Foremost amongst these is the remarkable outflow at Caistor, near Norwich. The oil of Caistor has long enjoyed a local celebrity, but was only available in small quantities. Within the last few weeks, however, a well has begun spouting at the rate of two hundred barrels a day. The oil is peculiar, and Dr. Pruffle, F.R.S., has seen nothing quite like it in all his previous experience. Nor, it may be added, has the writer. That is all that can be said at the moment, beyond the fact that the oil, while distinctly sebaceous, is in the main better suited for medicinal than other purposes, and cannot be recommended for use in the preparation of salad-dressing. It is enough to say that if, as seems likely, the outflow is maintained we are face to face with an asset of very great commercial value.

At Great Yarmouth an immense sensation has been caused by the uprush of oil in the cellar of a house inhabited by a barber. To judge from the specimens which have reached us it can be used either as fuel or for internal consumption. Strange to say, the liquid drawn off at midnight reveals a much larger proportion of spirit, and Sir CONAN DOYLE, who was hastily summoned on this fact being known, is giving the matter his most careful attention. We cannot assume the responsibility for the statement, already made in the local Press, that the product of this well may entirely supersede cod-liver and Macassar oil and revolutionize our fishing and hair-dressing industries. Let it suffice if we say that the operations now in progress are of surpassing interest to all directly or indirectly associated with the oil world.

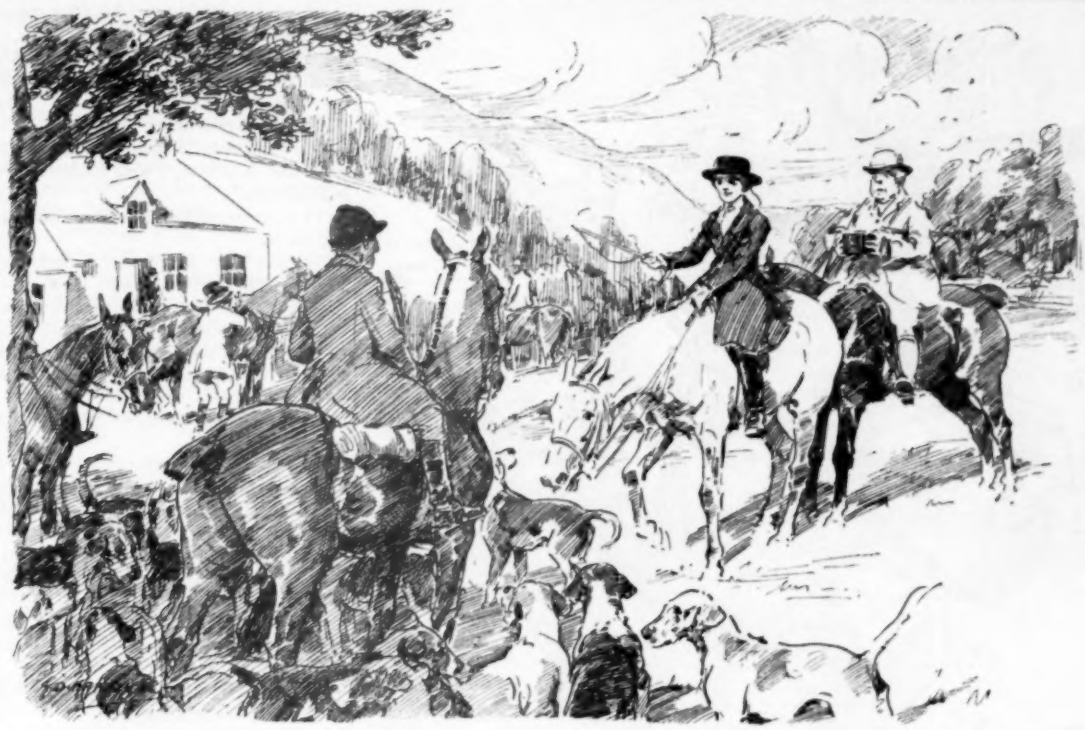
There remains the epoch-making exudation at the North Boreland Golf Links. During the progress of the Peace Challenge Cup competition last Friday all play was suddenly stopped by the simultaneous gush of a rich and succulent fluid from all the eighteen holes! The characteristics of this oil —for oil it undoubtedly is—cannot be made public yet awhile. Mr. Isidore de Truefitt and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR have been summoned to report; Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE is still busy interviewing the noble President of the North Boreland Golf Club on the ethical possibilities of the discovery; Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE is preparing a manifesto. The professional club-maker, a remarkably intelligent man, is freely discussing the prospect of converting all his stock of irons into drilling tools. But there has been no shouting from the housetops, and all concerned appear to be going about a pretty big business in a calm and sensible way. For ourselves we are content with the bald statement that, if the North Boreland oil possesses all the qualities that are claimed for it, it is the most extraordinary oil that we have ever come across.

The Saturday Review, writing about the chances of an army of amateur pitmen, says:—"Some of the older coal-hewers might, no doubt, be bribed to brain the new miners." That would teach them.



THE NEW GERMAN OFFENSIVE.

GERMAN BAGMAN (*about to invade England*). "AFTER ALL, WE WERE NEVER REALLY A MILITARY NATION; *THIS* IS THE TRUE GERMAN WEAPON."



Profiteer's Daughter. "WOULD YOU AND YOUR MAN PLEASE MOVE OUT OF THE WAY? FATHER WISHES TO TAKE ME WITH THE HOUNDS."

SOUTH SEA SYMPHONIES.

THE announcement that "some thirty Hawaiian Orchestras" are on their way to London comes as no surprise to those who have studied the development of symphonic music in exotic climes. But the Hawaiians are not to have it all their own way. Mr. Bamborough (*né* Bamberger), who recently returned from a protracted sojourn in New Guinea, in an exclusive interview with our representative gave a glowing account of the Polynesian Polyphonic Orchestra, which is shortly to appear under his direction at the Queen's Hall.

"Papuan music," he remarked, "will be all the rage in the autumn and winter season, and for the best of reasons. It combines the epileptic vivacity of the negroid Muse with a melancholy charm which is all its own. The outlines are grandiose and crepuscular, suggesting herds of dinosaurs prowling amid the ruins of prehistoric palaces, or shoals of Kraken pirouetting in the mid-vortex of the maelstrom. But it imposes no undue strain on the tympanum. The sonority of the New Guinea Orchestra is sumptuous but not nerve-shattering, and can be endured with impunity by the naked ear. I would particularly call attention to the wonderful *timbre* of the jamboroon, an octagonal ten-stringed instrument played with the feet, and the plaintive ululation of the gogo-horn, a gigantic conch which takes the place of the bass-tuba in European bands.

"As for the design of Papuan compositions," Mr. Bamborough continued, "they conform to the binomial or rotary system; extreme Darwinians cannot fail to be impressed by the development of the *Coda*. The subjects are in the main prognathous, with a certain amount of bulbiform nodulation in the bascular ducts, but are otherwise free from an excess of thrombosis. The rhythms are tropical and fluctuant, and the orchestration lavish and corybantic. I often wonder," added Mr. Bamborough, "what PALESTRINA would have thought of it. But for myself I have no doubt that in this luxuriant outlandish music we must welcome a bountiful if bizarre contribution to the evolution of our beloved Art. The lubrication," he went on dreamily, "is of a new and simple design. Only one feed-pipe is employed, and cooling is effected on the thermo-siphon principle. Ah! forgive me, I was thinking of my new Starbeam car; but there is a great affinity between the two." Cordially endorsing the great maestro's verdict, our representative withdrew from his radiant presence with a renewed and reinvigorated hope for the future of native Art.

ENGLAND'S ENVOY.

TO VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON.

HIGH-POOPED with figure-heads of demi-gold,
Square-sailed and low-swung in the imminent sea,
The little ancient ships of destiny
Went forth and bent their westward course of old;
High-hearted men were they who dared to hold
Those venturing helms, the Genoan and he,
Tuscan AMERIGO, who on the lee
Saw the grey woods of the new world unfold.

Now on a swift keel plumed with foam and steam
A fate-led venturer goes forth anew,
An envoy of our England. Sir, we deem
Her happy in your going. Seamen two
Found once an unimagined world where you
May help to make the world of which men dream.

D. M. S.

The Letter and the Spirit.

"These forms, we are told, are so simple in outline that even if they are completed wrongly by the claimant the department is still able to deal justly with the claims made."
Birmingham Mail.



THE DORMITORY SYSTEM ON THE COAST.

Boots (to would-be bather). "THESE ARE THE 'SEAVIEW' BATHIN'-'UTS, SIR. LOOKS AS THOUGH THE THREE BEDS-AND-BREAKFASTS 'AD OVERSLEP' THEIRSELVES."

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

THE birds were discussing man and his indebtedness to them.

"I sing to him," said the nightingale.

"So do I," said the thrush and the blackbird and the canary.

"Yes, but I sing best," said the nightingale.

"But only for a very few weeks," said the canary, "and then he has to go out at night to hear you. I sing to him in his home all the year round."

"You do," said the sparrow grimly; "and haven't I seen him throw a handkerchief over your cage to stop the din?"

"Very seldom," said the canary. "Meanwhile perhaps you'll tell us what your own services to man are, besides destroying his crops."

"Mine?" said the sparrow. "Oh, I cheer him up. He'd miss me horribly if I left his roofs and roadways. Have you ever heard me chattering, ten thousand strong, in Staple Inn? He doesn't value me much now, may be, but if I went he'd be miserable."

"I drop my feathers to make pipe-cleaners for him," said the rook.

"I lay expensive eggs for him to feed pretty women with," said the plover.

"So do I," said the rook, "but he doesn't know it."

"I provide feathers for his pretty women's hats," said the kingfisher.

"I prevent him from over-eating himself on green peas," said the jay.

"He gets his notion of wisdom from me," said the owl.

"I saved the Capitol," said the goose.

"Yes," said the sparrow, "but what a long time ago! Tell us what you've done lately."

"Hush!" said the kindly dove; "it's only a fortnight to Michaelmas."

"I set him rhyming," said the lark: "odes and things. Also I make him look up, which is good for him."

"I beautify his ornamental waters," said the swan.

"And I his terraces," said the peacock.

"I am the making of his Christmas," said the turkey.

"Don't forget the postman," said the sparrow.

"Very well, then," said the turkey, "I and the postman."

"I reinforce deans and chapters," said the jackdaw, "and look after his cathedrals."

"I am the cartoonists' support," said the eagle.

"I am the gunsmiths' stand-by," said the partridge, "and the sportsman's hope. I provide him first with fun and exercise and, after, with food."

"Yes," said the sparrow, "and haven't I seen him break a tooth on one of your pellets?"

"I am glad to hear it," said the partridge.

"Me too," said the pheasant.

"And me," said the grouse.

"I keep him company while he digs or chops wood," said the robin.

"I befriend the penny-a-liner," said the wren, "by building my nest in places that make paragraphs."

"I solve his problem, What to do with the cold mutton fat," said the tomtit.

"And what of our long-legged friend here?" said the sparrow.

"Oh, me?" said the heron. "I make him talk to strangers."

"How so?" said the sparrow.

"Why, on railway journeys, when he sees me from the window, he says to the man opposite, whom he hasn't spoken to before, 'There's a heron.' I'm the only bird that can do that. He wouldn't bother to say, 'There's a pigeon,' or 'There's a gull,' or 'There's a sparrow'—you're all too common—but he can't help saying, 'There's a heron.' Otherwise I am not aware of being of use to him."

"Nor want to be?" said the sparrow.

"No, nor want," said the heron.

"——— of Coldstream lays himself out for Floor-coverings."—*Local Paper.*

The RALEIGH touch.

"A feature of the departure of the British troops from the Rhine is the number of German generals who come to the railway stations to see them off. Now and then the parting is very touching."—*Provincial Paper.*

Suggested emendation: For generals read "generals."

"The Prince [LICHNOWSKY] speaks diplomatic English and says with great vehemence that, while he doesn't want to kick, he objects most decidedly to being sold on the hoof to the Czecho-Slovaks."

Vancouver Daily World.

It will be noticed that the Prince's diplomatic English is spoken with a slight Transatlantic accent.

THE STANDARD.

CLYFFE LODGE, seaside boarding-house, was just reopened after the War. There was a new notice at the gate, in which the word "select" took pride of place and of print; there was an enlarged window-space, in which guests at their meals were to be displayed with prominence but also with taste; the porch was strewn with wicker chairs and the steps with cushions, both having the same uses of advertisement in view; and there was a pervasive smell of new furniture and new paint that was distinctly intimidating in its suggestion that Clyffe Lodge had turned over a new leaf and was waiting to see whether we knew what was proper to be written on it.

We didn't. Dinner on that first evening was a good but a melancholy meal. Clyffe Lodge, equipped at every point to receive us, was not yet able to assimilate us. Our only link was an overpowering consciousness that we must be as select as the notice at our gate said we were.

A bitter business. Fathers of families were cowed by the spectacle of the greatness thrust upon them; mothers breathed but a single prayer—to conduct themselves in a manner that should not bring social disgrace on their offspring; young women raked one another's costumes with an eye to detail that would have done them credit if they had been members of a crack regiment; young men hid under a bushel the jest that was the fountain-light of all their day lest it should perish with obloquy in this rarefied atmosphere of their choice and of their undoing. For who could say what might be the impossible standard set up by Clyffe Lodge in jests as in gentility? Periodically our hostess thawed her official smile in order to press with official heartiness second helpings on us; but she was not really proof against the arctic chill of our assembly; in a minute or so she always found the smile frozen stiffly again on her lips.

It was over at last, and I sought a quiet if desolate retreat beside a window in the drawing-room that had no view of the sea. Gentility *en masse*, pathetically hopeful of better things to come, had poured out on to the porch and steps of Clyffe Lodge. I could hear it there, giving occasional tentative feminine titters in response to occasional tentative masculine platitudes. It was pitiful. I caught myself wishing that an angel could be induced to trouble those glassy waters of propriety into some semblance of rude life.

"A bit quiet-like so far," remarked a



Loafer (after begging persistently to be allowed to carry bag). "SHOULD I PLEAD WITH YOU LIKE THIS IF I 'AD ANY MONEY?"
Barn-stormer. "D' YOU SUPPOSE I SHOULD CARRY THE —— THING IF *I* HAD?"

comfortable voice in my rear, and I turned to see a stout middle-aged woman knitting on a couch. She nodded to indicate that it was myself she had been addressing and continued easily, "But, bless us, *that* won't last long. You young people will be warming up presently. *I* know!"

She gave a jovial roll to her friendly eye, and I loved her. She was vulgar; she was intrusive; but at Clyffe Lodge she was a miracle. For she was as nature and circumstances had made her; gentility had left her unscathed.

"'Twon't last longer 'n to-morrow, anyway," she prophesied, chuckling. "I'm expecting Miss Trendon come to-morrow, and *then* you 'll see."

There was so much rich suggestiveness in the information that I felt bound to pursue the subject. "This Miss Trendon you speak of is——?" I prompted.

"Well, I should say so," she agreed heartily, quite as if I had supplied a string of adjectives and a family tree. "There 'll be no more moping or 'umming and 'arring when Miss Trendon comes. Fond of a joke, if ever anybody was, I can tell you. Full of life and fun and always up to tricks. That lively—well, you 'd never believe. Fond of young men too—you 'll see," she continued with a determined kindliness towards myself that I felt was perhaps in this case hardly fair to Miss Trendon; it unmasked that young lady's guns too soon, so to speak. I resolved chival-

rously to take no advantage of my inadvertent scoop in the matter.

But, oblivious of any such delicacies and subtleties, my informant continued her happy anticipations. "Why, even fond of *Ma*, Miss Trendon is," she gurgled joyously. "That fond—well, you'd never believe," she concluded in her favourite formula.

Against this cynical assumption on the part of Miss Trendon's maternal parent—for such I now deduced her to be—I protested with suitable murmurs. Indeed I was only too anxious to believe that a girl so richly dowered with a capacity for fondness was to prove the angel who should break up our social ice.

I awaited her coming with curiosity and took every opportunity of engaging her mother in eulogy as a corrective to my depression. I found it impossible to listen to a recital of Miss Trendon's many excellences without longing to win or lose them all; the thought of their hourly approach screwed my courage to the sticking-point of enduring a few more spiritually frozen meals.

On the morrow after tea I hung about specially, in order not to miss her on her arrival from the station, whither Mrs. Trendon had gone to meet her. A good many of the boarders were in the porch doing the same; and it was touching to see how young men and maiden-aunts, old boys and flappers alike hung upon the chance of Miss Trendon being able to achieve the melting process to which her parent had pledged her. For the fame of Miss Trendon had gone abroad, and it was not I alone who had been favoured with her champion's confidences.

But it appeared to be I alone who was surprised by Miss Trendon's sex. When the cab drew up Mrs. Trendon's only companion proved to be a short rosy-cheeked man, middle-aged and superlatively cheerful.

"Mist'r 'Endon," she announced proudly and collectively to the group of us, and I awakened, gaping, to the fact that the Miss Trendon of my imagination and hopes did not exist; there existed only Mist'r 'Endon and his wife; and Clyffe Lodge was doomed. I should have to leave it to perish in its own ice-safe.

"Evening, all," observed Mist'r 'Endon, with the friendliest of unembarrassed nods, and followed up the greeting by a sudden surprising caper in which he carried his wife with him to the tune of a high-spirited refrain:—

"I joined the boarding-'ouse to-day,
So now—we are—all right!"

There was a ripple and stir in the congealed ranks of the boarders; it was like the electric thrill with which on some morning in March all nature responds to the first touch of spring.

"Really, Pa," remonstrated Mrs. Hendon with happy breathlessness, "you didn't ought! Whatever will all these young ladies and gents think? Two old folks like us!"

"You—old? Now, Ma," warned Mr. Hendon facetiously, "you know very well what *I* think of you." He shook a fat, fond, admonitory finger in her face. "And if you don't—well, what did the conductor say when the pretty young lady asked 'im for a ticket to the Baker's Arms? Tell me that, then!"

"Oh, get along with you, do, Mist'r 'Endon!" she said, being evidently no stranger to this question. But its possible answer and applicability eluded the rest of us.

"What—what *did* he say?" I ventured to inquire, and perceived by the grateful glances of my fellow-boarders that I had voiced the sense of the meeting.

Mr. Hendon's arm encircled his wife's waist and he implanted a resounding kiss on her cheek. "*Lucky* baker!" he replied with gusto.

The ice of Clyffe Lodge had met its master; it shivered and cracked, it splintered and tinkled into laughter. Young men upon whom concealment of their own jokes had acted like a worm i' the bud took heart of grace; hitherto mummified young women looked with a rapid access of animation and favour upon the revived young men; their elders of both sexes awakened with relief to the knowledge that, if this it was to be select, then selectness was easily within their own grasp. Embarrassment, shyness, gentility fell like garments from Clyffe Lodge; for a standard had at last been set, and, behold, it was no new-fangled, exalted criterion, but simply the old, comfortable, pre-war affair, and there was no boarder but might hope to do it credit.

That evening the dressing-bell rang three times before it was heard above the roar of badinage and repartee in the porch.

From the report of a hound show:—

The second prize went to Trimbrush, by Belvoir Rifleman — Treasure, waltzed by Miss ——."—*Sporting Paper.*

As it seems the fashion nowadays to dance the young entries instead of "walking" them we should have thought the "Fox-Trot" would have been more suitable.

"CONSERVATIVE, 15 feet by 7, for Sale."
Orkney Herald.

Lord ROTHERMERE, who seems to have a taste for political curiosities, should buy him for his collection.

A BALLADE OF BATTLES.

WE read of old heroic deeds
Clanging through HOMER'S wonder-lay,
Of how bronze-harnessed warrior breeds
Drave black ships through Ægean spray
And warred until their beards were grey,
Because, forsooth, a princeling's glance
Was bright and led a queen astray.
Then was the flood-tide of Romance.

Oh for the rain-swept Creçy meads,
When EDWARD'S goose-quills bit their way
Among the French king's knights and steeds,
Humbling their arrogant array.
That was the game for men to play,
To take a prize or snap a lance,
To sack a town or bite the clay,
Then was the flood-tide of Romance.

The rapt imagination feeds
On RUPERT spurring, plumed and gay,
'Gainst iron horsemen chanting creeds
While deep drums roll and trumpets bray.
The thund'ring squadrons crash and sway;
Sword rings on sword, a radiance
Of white steel whirls above the fray.
Then was the flood-tide of Romance.

ENVOI.

Prince of some peace-lapped latter day,
Reading of our locked lines in France,
Mayhap you too shall sigh and say,
"THEN was the flood-tide of Romance."

PATLANDER.

"Puzzled" writes:—"In a Sunday paper I recently saw a photograph of girl-bathers 'taken at Cowes, Isle of Wight,' and in another Sunday paper of the same date I saw the same photograph with the title 'East Coast Nymphs.' As photographs notoriously cannot lie, and the veracity of Sunday newspapers is equally above suspicion, I can only assume that in consequence of the hot weather the Isle of Wight has been towed round to the North Sea. Can you tell me when this remarkable effort in Reconstruction took place?"

"The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* says the angels must take off their hats to Sir Rabindranath Tagore. It doubtless means that they feel impelled to remove their nimbuses—or 'nimbli' if you prefer it."—*Madras Mail.*

No; we prefer "nimbuses."

"LOST, on 14th inst., probably in South Street, Lady's Gold Finger Ring, with pearls and garments."—*Local Paper.*

Even in these days a certain curiosity as to the garments which would go into a finger-ring is perhaps permissible.



"I SAY, POLICEMAN, HERE'S A CHILD FOLLOWIN' ME. LOST ITS RIDICULOUS PARENTS; DOESN'T KNOW WHERE IT'S PUT THE WRETCHED THINGS. HAVE YOU ANY IDE-AH?"

"YOUR."

IT was while reading the exuberant criticisms of *The Morning Post's* cricket correspondent that I was first struck by the astonishing use to which we put the possessive pronoun. "You wanted your Richardsons and your Lohmanns to get Middlesex out," shouted this correspondent. *My* RICHARDSONS, be it observed, and *my* LOHMANNS. And the statement was true in so far as I really *did* want those particular bowlers, first, because I never saw either of them, and, secondly, because my bowling average is at present in the fifties and would be the better for some sound professional instruction. I left home glowing with the joy of possession.

Nor were these two great bowlers to be my only acquisitions that day. The chatty financial idiot in the train told me that, if my trades union authorities couldn't keep their heads, national bankruptcy was bound to follow. Then at lunch-time a complete stranger said to me, "Your City magnates are getting the wind up badly." I was very glad to have some City magnates, so in gratitude I handed him my trades unionists. "If your trades union authorities, etc., etc.," I retorted, and that choked him off.

In the course of the afternoon I was made responsible for a brace of field-marshals, a chess champion, Westminster Abbey (the gift of an American) and some peerages of the realm. This last attracted me more than any previous gift, and I felt moved again to offer something in return—something really useful this time. "Sir," I said to the previous owner, a man who insisted on talking politics, although we were at the Oval, "you have made me such a very generous present that I feel impelled to give you something in exchange. Permit me to offer you a brace of City magnates, complete with wind up. And if your City magnates——" I was continuing firmly; but he had gone.

My burden was still too heavy for me to bear, and I determined to get rid of as much of it as possible. Adopting a French accent, I handed over Westminster Abbey to an embarrassed policeman; and in the train going home I disposed of most of my other encumbrances; but I could not induce anyone to talk chess. So I have the pleasure of announcing that I am willing to consider any reasonable offer for my chess champion or any part of him. What bids? Or would exchange for "your" Victory Loan.

Why Rabbits' Tails are White.

Their tails are white cos they come the last
And it 's always on their mind
That the rest of the rabbit is going so fast
They 're sure to get left behind.

Where the Knuts come from.

"Lady seeks smart School for boy, 12, giving strict training dress and figure."—*Times.*

Our Super-Liner.

"On Saturday, 1,800 steamers landed at North Wall from this port, and on Sunday the 'Greenore' landed 600 others."
Holyhead Chronicle.

Wake up, America!

"The Marchioness wore a dress of elephant's breath grey charmeuse, with hat to match."
Pall Mall Gazette.

To those who are ignorant of the colour of an elephant's breath we may say that it closely resembles that of a trunk call, but is not quite so loud.

"WANTED.—An Irish Gentleman, with a sporting instinct, will exchange —— Touring Car, 1918, 5-seater, self-starter, for a good, fast, well-trained Donkey."—*Irish Paper.*

We have suppressed the name of the car, as we do not wish to give it a free advertisement.

AT THE PLAY.

"HOME AND BEAUTY."

BE solemn about Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S naughty little farce and you are lost. But the camouflage is so dexterously contrived that I conceive a bishop might sit and laugh through it without noticing its entirely deplorable moral tone.

Victoria, a Dear Little Thing (Miss GLADYS COOPER), having lost her first D.S.O., *Bill*, marries his best man, *Freddy*, also a D.S.O. This (with bazaars) by way of doing her bit. *Bill* adored her, but so does *Freddy;* and for herself she can't quite make up her mind which she loves best. And then *Bill* (Mr. HAWTREY), who had lost his memory, but not, as officially reported, his life, at Ypres II., turns up from captivity in a suit of reach-me-downs bought in Hamburg (and the thrill communicated by it is alone worth your money, believe me). He finds a sufficiently embarrassed *Freddy* (Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY), and a *Victoria* outraged by this new instance of the proverbial tactlessness of *Enoch Ardens*.

But *Victoria* need not have worried. Each in a paroxysm of generosity is preparing to steal away and leave the Dear Little Thing to the other. A way out of the *impasse* is discovered by *Victoria*, who has fallen in love with the Rolls-Royce of a Wangler (sugar, jobs, exemptions, passports and that kind of thing). He has been winning the War on the home front, and accordingly has a coronet in prospect. So a divorce is to be arranged. The services (purely technical and formal) of an irreproachable and unapproachable spinster are engaged, so that the decencies of the law may be observed.

We are all tired of saying how perfectly charming Miss GLADYS COOPER looked. It happens to be true. It was part of the point that she didn't need to do much else. Mr. HAWTREY and Mr. CHERRY, in their self-sacrificing duel, are very pleasant to watch. Mr. MAUGHAM gives them the most admirably pointed and polished dialogue. Miss JEAN CADELL, as the professional intervener, chaste ministress of the law's least savoury ceremonies, gave a deservedly applauded performance. That exquisite droll, Miss LOTTIE VENNE, drew tears from my eyes. If Mr. LYSTON LYLE spoke more like a toastmaster than a solicitor and had his mind more clearly made up than any solicitor I have ever met, the malicious satire on our divorce laws got well over the foot-lights. Mr. HARBEN, the Wangler, wooed appropriately. The little part of a manicurist was excellently played by Miss LAURA LYDIA.



THE RIVAL SONS-IN-LAW (SAME WIFE).

Mrs. Shuttleworth (*Miss* LOTTIE VENNE) *to William* (*Mr. Charles* HAWTREY) *and Frederick* (*Mr.* MALCOLM CHERRY). "VERY THOUGHTLESS OF YOU BOTH. OF COURSE IT'S NOT QUITE SO INCONVENIENT FOR ME AS FOR MY DAUGHTER; BUT STILL I FIND IT MOST UNCOMFORTABLE."

A delightful entertainment, and with this sound lesson in it—Beware of marrying Dear Little Things.

"DADDIES."

If Mr. MAUGHAM has wrapped up his naughtiness in a cloud of gossamer, Mr. JOHN L. HOBBLE offers a thoroughly homely and wholesome theme which gets wholesomer and heavier as Act pitilessly succeeds Act. Mr. HOBBLE is on the side of the angels and their wings must be still sticky with it.

I am conscious of betraying myself as a man of depraved taste and shocking insensibility. For here were five noisy Pittsburg bachelors (full of strange "Rahs" and strong cocktails) so worked upon by the wistful beauty of little abstract children and the manœuvres of a perfect dear of a mother that the hard Pittsburg steel was turned to sugar in their vitals — a process to which I find stout noisy men of the producing classes in America (on the stage) are peculiarly liable.

There are touches of originality in the treatment. The heroine comes on suffering from sea-sickness, a moving figure; the hero, that is to say the most fatuous of the five, catches it in the modified form of love-sickness, and we—but let not a feeling for symmetry warp our critical judgment. The fact is, however, I *loathe* stage children, even when they are as clever and precocious as Miss MADELINE ROBSON; and though I know it 's not their fault.

Miss MARY JERROLD has only to look at you with eyes and a smile like that to persuade you that she is really a dear old lady, not the merest saccharine convention. Miss STELLA JESSE, ditto: enough to break up any bachelors' club. The heroine, *Ruth*, I frankly found impossible. Miss EMILY BROOKE did her best with her, and it was a competent best. In fact she played a little passage about the orphaned children of France with a real tenderness which in any reasonable context would have been very effective. But Mr. HOBBLE has a cocktail mind: any old ingredients, well shaken up, will do for him. It is high time America went dry.

Of the five men, honours must go to Mr. GEORGE TULLY for a really first-rate piece of characterisation. Mr. MULCASTER, Mr. SAM LIVESEY, Mr. WEGUELIN were capable in support. Mr. MATTHEWS seemed unhappy; and I don't wonder. A packed audience "simply loved it."

But please don't suppose that I am simple enough to think that America is any more like *Daddies* than England is like a dozen plays we could all name. Otherwise, between us, we must have lost the War. T.



"THE SICK HEART OF RUTH" (KEATS).

Ruth Atkins (*Miss Emily Brooke*) *to Robert Audrey* (*Mr. A. E. Matthews*). "I WAS SEA-SICK TO START WITH AND NOW I'M LOVE-SICK; I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND MY LETTING THE SAME FACIAL EXPRESSION DO FOR BOTH MALADIES."



Profiteer's Wife. "HAVE ALL FLOWERS GOT LATIN NAMES?"
Profiteer's Wife. "EVEN THE COMMON ONES?"
Profiteer's Wife. "ISN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!"

Florist. "YES, MADAM."
Florist. "YES, MADAM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS CECILIA HILL, whose *Wings Triumphant* I remember to have much enjoyed, has now followed it with *Stone Walls* (HUTCHINSON). Since the action passes entirely in (I mean on) a marsh, you must understand the stone walls in a sense strictly symbolic—the kind, in short, that do a prison make. In the present instance they enclosed *Petra Penrose*, the heroine, until such time as the tale had gone on long enough for her to find freedom in the loving arms of the hero. Perhaps you see already a certain scepticism in my attitude? The melancholy truth is that, while I found Miss HILL's marsh-land sketches admirably real, her people appeared, almost all of them, to suffer incurably from the complaint of being characters in a book. Perhaps *Petra* herself, apart from her name, was the mildest case; her lonely childhood and her devotion, in jealous silence, to the memory of her father were human enough. *Petra's* father, one gathers vaguely, had been a victim to the artistic temperament, so much so indeed that her mother had divorced him and married again, this time a gentleman whose public name was *Thraxted*, but who in private enjoyed the courtesy-title of *Papa*. You observe a nice distinction. I have to confess to some sneaking sympathy with *Papa*. He was not indigenous to the marsh, may indeed have been of rheumatic tendency, and it is very possible that this soured him just as much as his obvious efforts to live up to his position as the brutal stepfather of fiction. The not unexpected result was that he behaved like an incredible ass and was very properly discomfited; while *Petra*, triumphant, embraced her artist and (true to the marsh habit) was rewarded with the prospect of a fifth-floor flat in Westminster. So much for her; as for Miss HILL, she has done work that is more convincing, and will, I am confident, do it again.

I can hardly suppose Mr. ANTHONY HOPE innocent of a sly intent to score off his readers in the matter of *Beaumaroy Home from the Wars* (METHUEN). As early as page 38 does the identity of the elderly recluse, whom *Beaumaroy* kept secluded in Tower Cottage, begin (apparently) to reveal itself to the astute. Bit by bit, and as it were casually, you hear of his passion for speech-making, his harsh voice, violent temper and disabled arm. Aha! And then, as I say, it all turns out no such matter, but just Mr. HOPE's little joke in thus presenting a harmless megalomaniac as the arch-criminal that he imagined himself. All this is good entertainment enough; the trouble is that, once the revelation is made, the gas is out of the balloon, beyond the power of any subsequent effort to reinflate it. In other words, Mr. HOPE seems, strangely for so practised a craftsman, to have started his tale without material enough to keep it going. For my own part at least the moral problem of whether *Beaumaroy* will collar the money left by old *Saffron*, or be redeemed by his love for a lay-

figure heroine named *Mary*, entirely failed to excite any interest. Eventually, of course, Romance has it; the *Saffron* (or yellow) gold goes to its rightful heirs, and we leave *Beaumaroy* with a bank-balance well lost for love. I fear I must call him but a degenerate successor of those heroes, gallant, humorous or cynical, from the same pen who have given me so much enjoyment in the past.

Except for the amiable confidant, the sleuth-hounds of fiction as a rule range splendidly alone. Whether panting over the housetops in pursuit of their prey or battling with brain waves in the depths of an armchair, they scorn the intelligent accomplice. If anyone is allowed for a moment to overshadow their masterly cunning it is the dark sinister figure in the centre of that web of villainies which for so long have baffled the secret service of two continents or more. Mr. HULBERT FOOTNER has, I think, created a new model for detective fiction in the business-like practitioner with an office, who receives intelligence reports from half-a-dozen subordinates, and is in fact entirely dependent upon one of them for the final triumph of right. If I have any fault to find with *Thieves' Wit* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) as an American yarn of the discomfiture of crooks in the jewel line, it is that there is too much organisation and too little rough-and-tumble. I had almost begun to fear that nobody, after all, would scramble over the roof lightly attired, with a couple of revolvers or so in his teeth. But the thrills came thick about us at last; the pursuit in a motor-car was not forgotten; lovers were reunited and the body of *Mr. Alfred Mount*, arch-criminal, "stiffened out in a brief spasm and he fell over sideways on the seat—dead!"

Mr. HAMILTON DRUMMOND has in *The Betrayers* (STANLEY PAUL) a stirring tale to tell of the thirteenth-century struggle between the POPE and FREDERICK II., Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. I have more than a suspicion that, after the economical habit which is growing upon our novelists, he has warmed up the hero of a former book in that secretary to the *Count of Soissons*, *Mark Bisson*, who, half-priest and widower, tells with due modesty how he saved the EMPEROR'S life and won himself a second bride. There are desperate gallops to warn or rescue, rivers in flood to swim on horseback, a hand-to-hand fight with a hunch-back as strong and wicked as only hunch-backs in fiction know how to be, and a readable report of the Council of Lyons, of 1245, with the *Earl of Norfolk* setting the fashion for COOK'S tourists by proclaiming the superiority of English customs at every opportunity. *The Betrayers* is, of course, not what furniture shops call "real antique," but it is at least so good a copy that once or twice, when, for instance, *Mark*, in a well-flavoured passage about lampreys, full of atmosphere, remarked "the palate cannot *sense* its blessings," I was as much surprised as if I had found a Cubist fourth leg on a chair purporting to be a Jacobean "reproduction" (with worm-holes).



He. "GREAT HEAVENS! THE RUDDER'S BROKEN OFF!"
She. "NEVER MIND, DARLING, IT DOESN'T SHOW."

The Red One (MILLS AND BOON) is, I should judge, that sort of hasty posthumous collection of a dead author's unpublished odds and ends which is apt not to enhance his reputation. Mr. JACK LONDON had consistently done better work than these four shortish stories. The first, which gives its title to the volume, is a story of taboos and human sacrifices and a wonderful dome of metal (dropped from another world?) of which the wonderful reverberations were taken for the voice of the god. It just fails to get home. "The Hussy" tells competently but not quite effectively the story of a gigantic nugget finder with a jealous wife. "Argus of the Ancient Times" deals with the adventures of an old man on the road to Klondike and wealth. Parts of it are quite excellent. I conceive that it would have been retouched by a clever and conscientious hand. "The Princess" is a quite unconvincing and desperately squalid interlude in the life of three "alki-stiffs" who had degenerated into "stew-bums"—*anglicé* the lowest type of drunken tramp. Perhaps the disgust which nauseates one was just the effect that this far-and-deep-travelled master of violent-coloured language designed to create. But I must read *White Fangs* again to take the bad taste away.

The scenes of *The Enchanted Pen* (METHUEN) are laid at the Court of the *King of the Hundred Towns*, whither various suitors came to win the hand of the *Princess Celandine*. At the best of times it could have been no easy matter to court such a sprightly lady as the *Princess*, but these times were exceptionally out of joint for such purposes because the fairies had taken things in hand. Directly a suitor (or a non-suitor for that matter) got possession of *the* pen he became a most violent socialist, and gave the poor old King more shocks than were good for a man of his age. The whole story is a curious jumble, but Miss EDITHA BLAIKLEY disarms this criticism by proclaiming, on the second page of her book, that "accurate-minded persons who become restive when stories betray a careless disregard for anachronisms had better pause . . ." For myself—though I will yield to nobody in accuracy of mind—I went straight on without stopping and fared none the worse for that.

"One of the most effective devices to catch the motor thief was exhibited in Long Acre yesterday.

The device, which will fit any make of car, provides for the sounding of a loud gong immediately the car is moved, which continues all the while the car is in motion. The box containing the gang is fitted with a lock."—*Daily Paper.*

But why not keep the box locked (in the manner of our PRIME MINISTER), with the gang of bandits inside, and save all further trouble?

CHARIVARIA.

"Britain," says a report, "has asked the United States to send an army of two hundred thousand men to Armenia to protect the Christian inhabitants." While unable to comply with the request President WILSON, we learn, has intimated that any Armenians who succeed in escaping will receive a sympathetic hearing from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

***

The Board of Trade returns for August show that we exported to prohibition America six hundred and seventy-three proof gallons of spirits, to be used for medicinal purposes. Somebody must have fainted.

***

A German general has been offered two thousand five hundred pounds a month to take supreme command of the Bolshevik armies. We should like to know by what piece of official incompetence our own War Office lost this valuable order.

***

Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON, says a daily contemporary, is now in London, having been away from civilisation for some time. We cannot help thinking that he hasn't missed much civilisation.

***

A nephew of HUERTA hopes to visit General CARRANZA and lay before him plans for a Mexican settlement. But not if CARRANZA can get hold of the revolver first.

***

The Robber's Grave, a well-known object of interest to visitors near Aberystwith, is to be sold. It looks like a unique chance for one of our profiteers.

***

A seventy-year-old bootblack has received a legacy of fifteen hundred pounds. When asked how he proposed to spend it, he is understood to have said that he is waiting to see what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE does with his.

***

According to a lecturer at the British Association, margarine can be made from castor oil. Something being added, of course, to give the distinctive flavour.

***

Grocers, we hear, are suffering from a shortage of scoop scales. Many are having recourse to their scale of prices to obtain the necessary scoop.

Mr. Pussyfoot JOHNSON says that he got the name "Pussyfoot" while chasing outlaws in the United States. The in-laws, we gather, were behind him to a woman.

***

The difference between fresh eggs and new-laid eggs is again under discussion. The simple test is to ask your grocer for new-laid eggs. If he is just sold out they were new-laid. If he has just a few left they are merely fresh.

***

A man who was arrested as he was leaving a South Coast train was found to have eleven stolen cabbages with him. It appears that he had plucked them from the allotments near the line as the train was hurrying along.



"I SEE YOU SAY IN YOUR ADVERTISEMENTS THAT THESE CARPETS DO NOT FADE."
"THAT'S SO, SIR—AND, *WHAT'S MORE*, THEY DON'T."

Members of the Metropolitan police are proceeding to Warsaw to organise the police force there. Whether they will ever master such difficult Polish phrases as "Youshutupyerjaw" or "Nunuvyerlipaiseenyer" is another question.

***

"Little attention," says Dr. SHADWELL, "seems to be paid to history nowadays." It is only due to an oversight, we gather, that the Trade Union Congress did not decide to abolish history altogether.

***

"A man never ought to be allowed to leave so much money," says a Labour writer, discussing the will of an American. It ought to be pointed out that the millionaire in question did not really want to leave it.

***

"I have as high an opinion of Mr. CHURCHILL," said Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE, "as I have of any other mere politician." If Mr. SMILLIE will withdraw the word "mere" Mr. CHURCHILL has promised to rally a bit.

***

It is said that the picture of the year is a post-Impressionist pastel of two miners going to work. Turned upside down it also represents two miners going home from work.

***

At last something is being done for the upper classes. A Stoke Newington dealer is offering silk hats at threepence each.

***

The Daily Mail expresses gratification at the fact that six thousand three hundred and ninety babies were born in one week of August. Our contemporary however should not be too sanguine. They may not all be anti-Coalitionists.

***

We are pleased to see that the Government appeal for economy is bearing fruit. A gentleman was seen in the West End last week wearing only one spat.

***

The price of skinned rabbits, we read, is likely to be increased this year. Meanwhile nothing is being done for the skinned consumer.

***

"Things will be even worse next year," says Mr. J. H. THOMAS, M.P. This intimation has caused much relief among those who feared that next year wasn't going to be allowed to come at all.

***

The reduction of staffs in Government offices has greatly annoyed many typists who were thinking of marrying and settling down there.

***

"The secret of a happy life," says Lord FISHER in *The Times*, "is never to contradict, never explain, and never apologise." But surely we cannot all be Cabinet Ministers.

***

The Board of Control report a marked decrease of lunacy in England and Wales. No blame, we understand, attaches to the telephone service.

More Commercial Candour.

"2-DOME AMERICAN SILK GLOVES.
Usually 4/9 Pr.
Sale Price, 3/9 Pr.
They Won't Last Long."
Advt. in "Sydney Morning Herald."

THE LAST STRAW.

IT was one of those summer evenings with the chill on, so after dinner we lit the smoking-room fire and wondered what to do. There were eight of us; just the right number for two bridge tables, or four piquet pairs, or eight patience singles.

"Oh, no, not cards," said Celia quickly. "They're so dull."

"Not when you get a grand slam," said our host, thinking of an accident which had happened to him the night before.

"Even then I don't suppose anybody laughed."

Peter and I, who were partners on that occasion, admitted that we hadn't laughed.

"Well, there you are," said Celia triumphantly. "Let's play proverbs."

"I don't think I know it," said Herbert. (He wouldn't.)

"Oh, it's quite easy. First you think of a proverb."

"Like 'A burnt camel spoils the moss,'" I explained.

"You mean 'A burnt child dreads the fire,'" corrected Herbert.

Celia caught my eye and went on hurriedly, "Well, then somebody goes outside, and then he asks questions——"

"From outside?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

"From inside," I assured her. "Generally from very near the fire, because he has got so cold waiting in the hall."

"Oh, yes, I see."

"And then he asks questions, and we each have to get one of the words of the proverb into our answer, without letting him know what the proverb is. It's rather fun."

Peter and his wife, who knew the game, agreed. Mrs. Herbert seemed resigned to the worst, but Herbert, though faint, was still pursuing.

"But doesn't he *guess* what the proverb is?" he asked.

"Sometimes," I admitted. "But sometimes, if we are very, very clever, he doesn't. That, in fact, is the game."

Our host got up and went to the door.

"I think I see," he said; "and I want my pipe anyhow. So I'll go out first."

"Now then," said Celia, when the door was safely closed, "what shall we have?"

Of course you know this game, and you know the difficulty of thinking of a proverb which has no moss or stable-doors or glass-houses in it; all of them words which it is impossible to include naturally in an answer to an ordinary question. The proverbs which Mrs. Herbert suggested were full of moss.

"What about 'It's never too late to mend?'" said Mrs. Peter. "The only difficult word is 'mend.'"

"We mustn't have less than seven words, one for each of us."

"Can't we get something from SOLOMON for a change?" said Peter. "'A roaring lion is a calamity to his father, but the cautious man cometh not again.' That sort of thing."

"We might try it," said Celia doubtfully, not feeling quite sure if it were a real proverb; "but 'cometh' would be difficult."

"I don't see why," said Herbert. "One could always work it in somehow."

"Well, of course, if he asked you, 'By what train cometh thou up in the mornings?' you could answer, 'I cometh up by the ten-fifteen.' Only you don't get that sort of question as a rule."

"Oh, I see," said Herbert. "I didn't quite understand."

"I expect we shall have to fall back on a camel after all," said Celia. "'It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back.' Who'll do 'camel's'? You'd better," she added kindly to me.

Everybody but myself seemed to think that this was a good idea.

"I'll do 'straw,'" said Peter generously, whereupon Celia volunteered for "breaks." There were seven of us for nine words. We gave Mrs. Herbert the second "the," fearing to trust her with anything more alarming, and in order to keep it in the family we gave the other "the" to Herbert, who was also responsible for "back." Our hostess had "last" and Mrs. Peter had "that." All this being settled, our host was admitted into his smoking-room again.

"You begin with me," I said, and I was promptly asked, "How many blue beans make five?" When I had made a suitable answer into which "it's" came without much difficulty, our host turned to Herbert. Herbert's face had already assumed a look of strained expectancy.

"Well, Herbert, what do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?"

"Yes," said Herbert. "Yes—er—yes." He wiped the perspiration from his brow. "He—er—that is to say I—er—LLOYD GEORGE, yes."

"Is that the answer?" said our host, rather surprised.

Herbert explained hastily that he hadn't really begun yet, and with the aid of an anecdote about a cousin of his who had met WINSTON CHURCHILL at Dieppe once, he managed to get "the" in several times before blowing his nose vigorously and announcing that he had finished.

"I believe he's playing a different game," murmured Celia to Mrs. Peter.

The next three words were disposed of easily enough, a lucky question to Peter about the weather giving him an opportunity to refer to his straw hat. It was now Celia's turn for "breaks."

"Nervous?" I asked her.

"All of a twitter," she said.

"Well, Celia," said our host, "how long are you going to stay with us?"

"Oh, a long time yet," said Celia confidently.

"Till Wednesday, anyhow," I interrupted, thinking it a good opportunity to clinch the matter.

"We generally stay," explained Celia, "until our host breaks it to us that he can't stick us any longer."

"Not that that often happens," I added.

"Look here, which of you is answering the question?"

"I am," said Celia firmly.

"Well, have you answered it yet?"

"To tell the truth I've quite forgotten the word that—— Oh, I remember now. Yes," she went on very distinctly and slowly, "I hope to remain under your roof until next Wednesday morn. Whew!" and she fanned herself with her handkerchief.

Mrs. Herbert repeated her husband's triumph with "the," and then it was my turn again for these horrible camels. My only hope was that our host would ask me if I had been to the Zoo lately, but I didn't see why he should. He didn't.

"Would it surprise you to hear," he asked, "that the President of Czecho-Slovakia has a very long beard?"

"If it had only been 'goats,'" I murmured to myself. Aloud I said, "What?" in the hope of gaining a little more time.

He repeated his question.

"No," I said slowly, "no, it wouldn't," and I telegraphed an appeal to Celia for help. She nodded back at me.

"Have you finished?" asked our host.

"Good lord, no, I shall be half-an-hour yet. The fact is you've asked the wrong question. You see, I've got to get in 'moss.'"

"I thought it was 'camels,'" said Celia carelessly.

"No, 'moss.' Now if you'd only asked me a question about gardening —— You see, the proverb we wanted to have first of all was 'People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones,' only 'throw' was so difficult. Almost as difficult as——" I turned to Celia. "What was it you said just now?"

"Camels," said Celia.

"'Camels,' yes, or 'stable doors,' or 'horses.' However, there it is," and I enlarged a little more on the difficulty of getting in these very difficult words.



HIGHWAY POLITICS.

MR. SMILLIE. "NATIONALIZATION OR YOUR LIFE?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "CERTAINLY NOT MY LIFE. I CAN TELL YOU THAT AT ONCE. I DON'T NEED TO CONSULT THE PRESS ABOUT *THAT*."



The Artist. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, WOULD YOU MIND STANDIN' ON THE CHEESE INSTEAD OF THE 'DEATH O' NELSON'?"

"Thank you very much," said our host faintly when I had finished.

It was the last straw which broke the camel's back, and it was Herbert who stepped forward blithely with the last straw. Our host, as he admitted afterwards, was still quite in the dark, and with his last question he presented Herbert with an absolute gift.

"When do you go back to Devonshire?" he asked.

"We—er—return next month," answered Herbert. "I should say," he added hastily, "we go *back* next month."

My own private opinion was that the sooner he returned to Devonshire the better. A. A. M.

"BY THE SPREE.

BERLIN AS A 'SUMMER RESORT.'"
Daily Paper.

We take our hats off to the headliner who resisted the temptation to say "On" instead of "By."

"To help along the coming of that dreadful day Mr. Johnson's 'spellbinders' have arrived from America . . . Ladies are amongst them, and they have been specially chosen for their eloquence. They know just how bad it is for you to drink the amber uidfl."
Evening Standard.

It looks as if the knowledge were spreading.

THE PINK ENVELOPE.

SOME philosopher once observed that the good man is never nervous when the post arrives. I may claim to be a very good man. I await the post calmly confident that no one who owes me money will have sent it me, and that everyone I owe money to will be asking for it. But I have no hideous secret to conceal. No blackmailer preys on me. I am willing to make an agreement that anyone can read all my letters on condition that he takes on himself the burden of answering them.

When Jane brought in the post the other morning I could feel that her eyes rested on the topmost letter of the pile she handed to me. It was a note in a pink, oblong, slightly scented envelope, addressed to me in a lady's writing. Never before did I receive a billet-doux, yet I recognised this as one at the first glance. I saw my wife's eyes stray from her letters towards the pink envelope. My conscience was clear, but my hue became that of the envelope. I wondered that Jane, who evidently recognised the nature of the missive, had so little tact as to place it on the top of my letters. No one had any reason for writing love-letters to me, but if some too susceptible lady had discovered charm in me I felt that she would have shown more discretion if she had written to my club. I temporised, opening my other letters first.

"Plumber's bill, my dear. He's charged £3 13*s.* 2*d.*, and he only had two men here for one afternoon."

For once my wife failed to denounce the miscreant profiteers.

"Here's a note that the library subscription is due. Could you look in and pay it when you are in town to-day?"

My wife agreed mechanically.

"Harold is writing again. Nothing particular in it. Full of anecdotes of the wonderful things his children say and do."

My wife omitted for once to comment with acerbity on the extraordinary infatuation my brother had for his own children, and his amazing neglect of far cleverer and prettier nephews and nieces.

At last I came to IT. There was a silence that could be felt. I wondered if Jane were listening outside the breakfast-room door.

"H'm, what's this?" I said in tones which I strove to render casual. I felt that my remark rang painfully false and that it was enough to justify deep suspicion. I tore the pink envelope open. What should I say about this poor infatuated woman?

I glanced at the letter and passed it across to my wife.

"Extraordinary methods money-lenders have nowadays," I remarked. "Think of a circular like that being sent out in a pink envelope addressed in a woman's hand."

"What did you say that plumber charged?" asked my wife. The tragic episode was over.

I foresee much trouble from these new business methods. I picture husbands furtively sliding these pink letters away into their pockets, to be opened in secret. I picture wives steaming the envelopes to see what the wicked woman has been writing to him. It is true they will find nothing compromising, only that the New Imperial Finance Company is prepared to lend any sum up to fifty thousand pounds on note of hand at five per cent., omitting to state whether it is five per cent. per day, week or month. But the seed of suspicion will have been sown.

Still the pink envelope has brought me one clear gain. Jane can't have been listening at the door when I opened the letter. Since that morning she has regarded me with increased respect. I am no ordinary employer, but a person with a past—not to say a present. I fear that the old saying is true, that every woman at heart (except, perhaps, his wife) loves a rake.

MORE CRICKET CURIOSITIES.

THE following letters seem to have been dropped into our post-box by mistake. But then MR. ILLINGWORTH is notoriously so careless. Since we have them, let them be printed. After all, *The Times* has had so many that it can't grudge them.

DEAR SIR,—I am writing a book on old English customs and should greatly appreciate information as to when Cricket was first played on the hearth. I should also like a few particulars of what must have been a somewhat restricted game, similar in scope, I take it, to Parlour Croquet.

Yours, etc., INQUIRER.

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in your letter about the possibility of the middle stump being left standing whilst both the off and on stumps were levelled. I now wonder if any of your readers could inform me of an authentic case of all three stumps, or even the middle stump only, being removed but the bails not falling; and in such a case would the batsman be out?

Yours, etc., "F. R. S."

DEAR SIR,—*A propos* of your correspondent's interesting letter on the connection between the letter H and good cricket, I might repeat a remark which I overheard at the Oval not very long ago. The prevalence of aitches in the Surrey team was again under discussion, and the speaker, who was a man of few or no aspirations, began to enumerate them. "There 's 'OBBS," he said, "and 'ARRISON and 'ITCH and 'OWELL. I think that 's all." "No," said the other, "the two HABELS."

I am, Yours, etc., OVALITE.

DEAR SIR,—I remember a Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lords some twenty or thirty years ago, when the Gentlemen were led into the field by a very big man who differed from the others not only by his commanding stature but by wearing a large black beard. Cricketers being as a rule clean-shaven, or at most wearing a moustache, it was at once clear to me that this player was, for purposes of his own, masquerading, and had been to CLARKSON'S. Try as I might, I could not however discover his identity, as he was referred to by the crowd (another suspicious sign) merely by initials. It would be a great load off my mind if one of your readers who chances to remember this match can enlighten me.

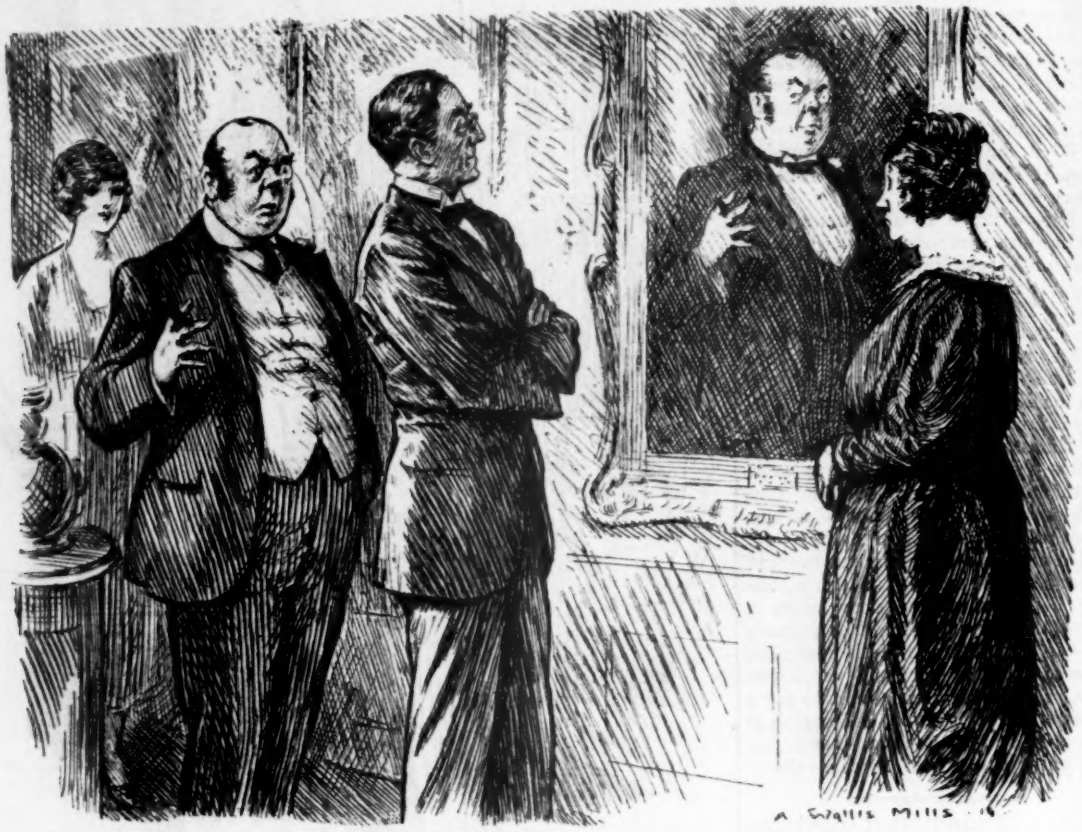
Yours, etc., INQUISITIVE.

DEAR SIR,—No historian of cricket who proposed to include a chapter on inexpert players of the game should omit the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, to whom is credited the famous remark that he went on to bowl only once, and then bowled only one ball, which, he was informed, would have been a wide—*had it gone far enough.*

I am, Yours, etc., J. W. F.



Boss. "HOW DO YOU SPELL 'INCOME'? YOU 'VE GOT HERE 'I-N-C-U-M.'?"
Flapper. "GOOD HEAVENS! HOW DID I COME TO LEAVE OUT THE 'D'?"



Profiteer's Wife. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Visitor. "EXCELLENT. IT'S AN ABSURD LIKENESS."

THE CURE;

FOR A NATION OF SHOP-TALKERS.

THE fourteenth man said fiercely, "At the third
I muffed my mashie—thing I never do;
I won the fourth, approaching like a bird,
And at the fifth my iron came in two;
The sixth I did in just about fifteen,
But won the seventh with a lovely three;
At number eight my drive was on the green;
At number nine my drive was in the sea;
And then I put my second in the hay,
But at the——" Here I must have swooned away.

For far, far off there murmured in my head
The talk of madmen—"Seven on the green;
The King was guarded, but I laid it dead!
And all the time I knew he had the Queen;
At the eleventh we were twelve above;
Then Simpson missed a sitter at the net;
I took my baffie (it was forty—love);
We never had a trump the second sett;
But at the turn——" I don't know what occurred,
For I woke up and said a humble word.

I said, "I took a ticket out to Kew
And got into an Inner Circle train;
At High Street I was told it wouldn't do,
So I went back to Gloucester Road again.
At Baron's Court they trampled on my feet,
At Hammersmith I fell against a door;
At Stamford Brook I sank into a seat;
At Turnham Green I sank upon the floor;
But I arrived; I was not playing well,
But I arrived——" A perfect silence fell. A. P. H.

THE PRESENCE.

AN infinitesimal flaxen-haired atom sat in a puddle before the Highland Arms Hotel, splashing itself and its clothes and shouting for glee. Beside it stood a dignified turbaned figure, pleading earnestly in Hindustani.

"Huzoor," it said, "listen to the word of thy servant and rise; her honour thy mother will upbraid if she see thee there. And behold, even to-morrow thy servant must leave the Presence and set forth again upon the black water; shall he go with a downcast face because the Presence has taken cold?" All this it said and much more, and the Presence continued to wallow with callous joy.

Then on the doorstep of the hotel appeared the bit red-headed nursemaid from Morayshire, who has recently joined the party. "Eh, Sahndy," she cried, "get oop oot o' thaht this mennit, ye bahd boy." And Sandy rose.

"It is estimated that a pair of rats, producing four litters of six in a year, and each rat living three years, will in time be responsible for a progeny of over 650,000 rats."—*Provincial Paper.*

Surely ADAM and EVE have done better than this!



HISTORICAL BY-WAYS.

The Foster Mother. "I'VE DONE ALL I COULD, BUT THAT YOUNG ROMULUS *WILL* PERSIST IN WALKING ON HIS HIND-LEGS."

PRODUCTION AND ECONOMY.

"THE only things to save this country from irreparable ruin," said Whortlebury over the little hedge that parts our gardens, "are increased productivity and ruthless economy. Have a cigar."

I accepted his offer. "True, true," I said gravely.

Although Whortlebury is a journalist I am not always in unqualified agreement with his dicta, but in this case I felt he had authority behind him. I am sure I have seen the same thing said before, somewhere.

"'More work and less play' must be our watchword. Every additional hour you put in means so much more employment for your fellow-workmen. Shorter hours and excessive wages spell starvation for your next-door neighbour."

"Admirably put," I exclaimed; "would that everyone thought as you do, Whortlebury. What a merry land this England of ours would be."

Whortlebury waved his hand in modest deprecation. "Plain common sense," he observed, "only they won't realize it. They'll discover their mistake when the nation goes bankrupt."

"True," I groaned.

"By the way," went on Whortlebury more brightly, "did I tell you my latest idea for the garden? I'm having the marrow bed and the potato patch there levelled over and laid with turf this autumn, so that we can get some tennis next summer. I've been wanting to do it for years, but I couldn't afford it."

"Won't it be rather an expensive job just now?" I asked.

"Afraid it will," said Whortlebury lightly, "but it will be well worth it next year."

"But," I hazarded timidly, "what about the need for increased production and ruthless economy? Wouldn't this be rather a bad example to set the nation?"

Whortlebury was in no way abashed. "Pooh," he said, "there is no connection at all. I was referring to the country at large. I've had enough of work and worry and self-denial these last five years; I mean to enjoy life a bit now. What's the use of making yourself miserable? Besides, between ourselves, you know, a lot of these warnings and pessimistic speeches are nothing but bluff, to scare us out of our pleasures and make up for Government extravagance. Why doesn't the Government do more to cut down its own expenditure if the facts are as serious as they tell us?"

Whortlebury's is a dominating personality, and I didn't like to say anything more at the time. As I was reading my paper later in the evening, however, an exceedingly telling article caught my eye. It was headed "Economy or Ruin," and in trenchant phrases it set forth the alternatives of individual retrenchment or public disaster. "*You*," it concluded, "must cut down *your* expenses." I felt it was my duty to bring this to Whortlebury's notice.

I handed it to him next morning in the train. "Very sound article that," I said.

Whortlebury glanced his eye down the column. "Yes, I think it does rather touch the spot," he observed, beaming complacently; "as a matter of fact I wrote it myself. I got the idea after the luncheon we gave yesterday to our Chief in honour of his K.B.E. Champagne always gives me ideas."

DIRECT ACTION AND CROOKED SPEECH.

[Being a condensed version in Dog-Latin and doggerel verse of Mr. STUART BUNNING'S Presidential Address at the Trade Union Congress.]

Actio directa nocet—
Sic experientia docet;
Sed oratio obliqua
Civitati est inimica.

The action of workers described as "direct"
Is a danger that needs to be countered and checked;
But no less is the evil that's done to the State
When Ministers will not or cannot speak straight.

The Sporting Midlands.

"SHOOTING, FISHING, ETC.
Shoot Wanted, for 300 loads good earth."
Birmingham Post.

PETER GOES GOLFING.

Peter belongs to the "old school," so he says. But whether he says it because he went to Winchester in the days of his not far-distant youth, or whether it is because he says "gadzooks!" instead of—anything else, when he foozles his drive, I do not know.

James is somewhat of a contrast, and yet they have a certain amount in common; at any rate they find common topics to quarrel about. For instance, if Peter says that the KAISER ought to be hanged James will not counter with an assertion that white Leghorns are better than buff Orpingtons; he will simply reply that the KAISER is a human being.

Then they will fight for half-an-hour or so, and after that go out for a friendly game of golf.

Golf, by the way, is a game at which neither excels, but at which both are ambitious. James goes out chiefly for exercise and plays with a care-free devilry. Peter is the sort of man who would set up a theodolite and take bearings all over the green before he condescends to push his ball (more or less) towards the hole. But he would do it, not in order to facilitate his putt—probably he would not know how to use a theodolite—but to impress others with his precision.

Take last Tuesday, for example. James and Peter went to watch the finals of some very important foursomes. I too went, and noticed with surprise—nay, alarm—that Peter was carrying clubs and was dressed in a large and sloppy cap, a sport's-coat of the same quality, breeches to match and pale grey stockings. In fact he looked the over-compleat golfer. I questioned him on all this and was given to understand that he wished to be taken—this James corrected to "mis-taken"—for one of the players.

And let it here be said to Peter's credit that he is in no wise ashamed of being an abominable swank; in fact he rather glories in it. As I say, it is all to his credit.

"You see," he pointed out ingenuously, "there are so many players in a foursome—four to be precise—hence the name."

I am not really a duffer at this sort of thing, but Peter likes to think he knows more than I do.

"Pray continue," I said coldly.

"And, since this is so, no one finds out till the eighteenth hole is neared—the eighteenth, you know, is the last—exactly who the players are. Thus for approximately seventeen holes I shall have the unparalleled though passing glory of being taken for—who knows?—the champion, perhaps."

As I pointed out, Peter is ambitious. I made a suitable remark and we passed on. James was silent.

Arrived at the first tee, we found that some fifty persons had turned out, and before these Peter paraded himself, by numbers and omnipotently.

A full account of the game would be superfluous here; suffice to say that at the seventeenth hole the parties concerned were all square. The excitement was intense; even Peter began to take more interest in the game than in himself. In this wise the last hole was reached, and on the green one pair had two strokes to win. A caddy, in attire somewhat similar to Peter's, stood at the flag and contemplated the distance. He whose turn it was to play walked backwards, crouching down, as is the wont of golfers on the green. Then, having satisfied himself that the hole was still there, he took aim and hit. The ball rolled towards the hole—no, it would not go down this time; but it would leave an easy shot for his partner. The game was as good as won, when lo! the unexpected happened. Cannoning off a piece of dust which the reckless player had neglected to blow away, the ball hit the caddy's foot!

O reader, if thou playest not golf, know well that if your ball hits your own caddy the hole is lost, and if the hole be the last one and you are all square then you lose the match.

The crowd dispersed, when down upon them, as a wolf on the fold, came *The Daily Snap* Man, as all Press photographers are known. Bouncing down, he aimed his implement straight at Peter! Peter swelled. He posed. He lit a cigarette. He threw it away and lit a cigar. It was the end of a perfect day.

* * * * *

This is the beginning of the next one. The scene is laid in the lodgings we share together—James, Peter and myself. The time is that of breakfast.

Enter Peter. He leaps on *The Daily Snap* and opens it. Turning feverishly over the pages he at length descries his likeness.

"Here is fame!" he said, and started to read the paragraph beneath.

He read, "We append a photo of the caddy whose foot proved to be of such influence in the——"

Peter said he didn't feel like eggs and bacon.

"QUARANTINE APPLES FOR SALE."
Advt. in Local Paper.

These imported varieties are all very well, but give us home-grown Quarrendens.

AN OPTIMIST OF THE BALKANS.

I HAD spread my English newspaper on the table of the café, in the shade of a great tree in the square of the little Macedonian town, and my friend, Captain Aristides Epiglottis, was dipping into it.

"This paper 'ere," he observed, poring over an editorial, "'e 'as it all very plain. I read the English papers with much pleasure. I am great reader, me."

I agreed politely.

"'E say 'ere," continued Aristides, "that this war 'as been wasted and unproductive effort from many points of view. That is very right. In the Turk war I kill eight men. In the Bulgar war I kill five officers what was drinking in a *brasserie*. And 'ow many 'ave I kill in this war? No one at all." This seemed extraordinary hard luck.

"Since you Allies 'ave land at Salonique we 'ave 'ad no Comitadjis, no raid by the Bulgar, no villages burned—nothing. You 'ave gendarmes everywhere, and you not allow our people to 'ave guns. It is *ennuyant*—so very quiet. My papa 'e was Comitadji—what you call bandit—and 'e burn twenty villages before 'e was kill. I 'ave not burn any village at all."

I nodded sympathetically. It must be awful not to have burned even one village.

"As your paper say, 'though the pre-war status has gone for ever'—hélas, the jolly times—'our prospects are not hopeless.' That is right. We 'ave now more material of guns than ever before. Nowhere could we 'ave obtain so much. It would not have been given, the so much credit. But since all the world 'ave also more material, to what advantage are we?"

Overcome by the pathos of this he got up and kicked a beggar.

"'E say again 'ere," he continued, resuming his seat, "'we can accomplish nothing without giving full confidence to our leaders.' We also in the Balkans, we give our confidence to our leaders, and we soldiers are sure that all will be well."

His eyes brightened at his happy thoughts.

"Yes, *certainement*. When the Allies are gone from the Balkans and all the trouble finish, and we are left in peace, then we shall make up for the time lost. We shall 'ave, by ourselves and with none to interfere, another war, a so beautiful *private* war."

And he drained his *mastik* as one who drinks to a Day.

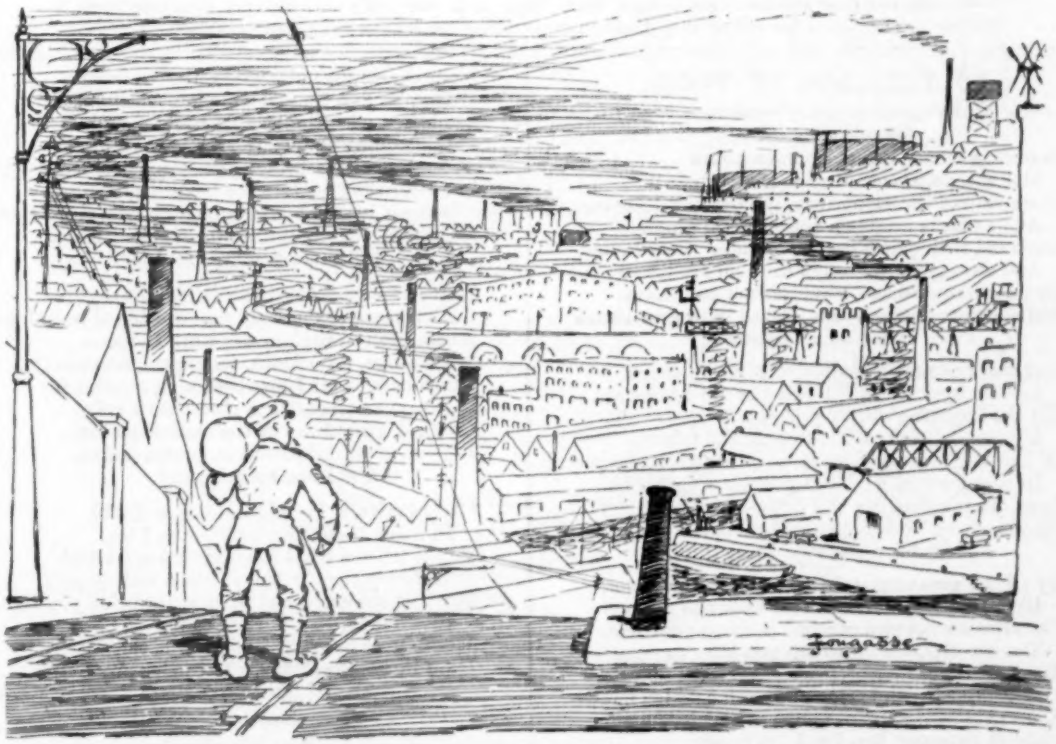
Ichabod!

From a sale catalogue:—

"A large Union Jack and 7 dust sheets."



1914.—MR. WILLIAM SMITH ANSWERS THE CALL TO PRESERVE HIS NATIVE SOIL INVIOLATE.



1919.—MR. WILLIAM SMITH COMES BACK AGAIN, TO SEE HOW WELL HE HAS DONE IT.



HOLIDAY JOYS.

"WOULD YOU CARE TO MAKE UP A RUBBER, SIR? THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T MIND PLAYING WITH STRANGERS."
"NOT AT ALL. AS A MATTER OF FACT I VERY RARELY GET A GAME WITH ANY OF MY FRIENDS."

TO THE LORD OF FOOD.

(N.B.—No accuracy, official or otherwise, is vouched for in the following lines.)

PRIEST in whose offices Pomona pours
Her scheduled cornucopiæ, and thrums
The sound of threshing from the basement floors,
And apricots are filed, and figs and plums
Gush out their juices on the minutes' stray leaves,
And messages from room to room are borne
By no pink-powdered Phyllises nor pale Eves,
But stalwart Hamadryads decked with grey leaves
From ration-books out-torn;

And stout commissionaires with merry songs
Imbibe from beechen bowls the nut-brown ale,
Till the inquiring visitor prolongs
His anxious interviews to hear the tale
Of Pan and woodland sprites. Meanwhile the porters
In rustic maze, whilst Hop unanswered rings,
Lead out telephonists and letter-sorters
(Readers who 've ever passed by Food Headquarters
Must have observed these things);

By all the groaning wains that block the street,
By all those counterfoils for milk and wine,
The crimson poppies crushed beneath your feet,
The correspondence which you have to sign,
There where each acolyte's squash hat or bowler
Is trimmed with barley and with oats his hair,
And red-cheeked apples tempt the typist's molar,
Child of Demeter, Mr. Food-Controller
ROBERTS, attend my prayer.

Your charming publication, just to hand
Now in this time of "mellow fruitfulness,"
Is choked with things I do not understand
Concerning coupons; Master, I confess,
Though ofttimes I have seen some book-collector
Finger the tiny tome or heard her say,
"Famine, begone! Avaunt, thou wolf-faced spectre!
Simpkins has kindly stamped another sector
And there is marge to-day,"

This is the first I've dealt with. Fancy free
I 've browsed on army fare or cadged from friends.
I want you to explain the work to me—
Its scope, its outlook, its appeal, its ends;
What happens if I lose the thing or stick it
Into the embers for a pipe-light's sake,
Or yield a mouthful at the station-wicket
Instead of my Southend excursion-ticket,
Or eat one by mistake?

Oh, promise, if from ignorance or doubt
In using these Sibylline leaves I err,
You 'll tell me what the numbers are about
And why they 're tinted like a wall-paper;
Say that some counsel from your shrine you 'll utter;
Invite me now and then to have a chat
Where your congested foison fills the gutter,
Hard by St. Stephen's. If you 've any butter
I should like lots of that. EVOE.

Post-War Sport.

"Three stags were gassed."—*Provincial Paper.*



THE RETURN FROM THE CRUSADE.

FIELD-MARSHAL ALLENBY. "'SINGING FROM PALESTINE HITHER I COME;
LADY-LOVE, LADY-LOVE, WELCOME ME HOME.'"

BRITANNIA. "I DO INDEED—WITH ALL MY HEART!"



PRETTY PLAY AT PUTNEY.

OUR PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER SEIZES A DECORATIVE MOMENT.

BRITAIN'S SEA DOGS.

["The huge men-o'-war lay peacefully at anchor. An almost deathly stillness reigned. Suddenly out of the silence a bo'sun's pipe shrilled across the tranquil waters of the Solent. As if by magic the scene was transformed from one of peace to that of orderly and disciplined confusion; the air was alive with the hoarse cries of the officers mingling with the cheery 'Ay, Ay's' of the men."—*Extract from any Daily Paper during any Naval Review.*]

"YEO-HO, my hearties, avast, belay. Sink me the ship, Master Gunner, and let the crew cast loose the bow-chaser!" raucously bawls the Captain from the poop, a commanding figure as he stands with his blind eye to his telescope focussed on the one-piece bathing costumes on Ryde beach.

"Mr. Bo'sun, pipe the fo'cslemen into the port ratlines and bowse to the main brace. Let the idlers eat the davit, and smart about it."

Acidly the First Lieutenant interprets his senior's orders as he flings his megaphone at the side-boy, who is recklessly chewing a plug of tobacco.

"Ay, ay, Sir," replies the side-boy cheerily as he receives the butt-end of the missile in his starboard eye.

Meanwhile the decks present a picture of orderly activity. The watch are heaving lustily on the capstan, hitching up their trousers after their rough sailor fashion. As the anchor tumbles home snatches of old-time chanties float up to windward on a lee breeze—"Rolling down to Rio," "Every nice girl loves a sailor," and a score of others. Now and then the bo'sun's mate may be heard giving a cheery "Ay, ay," on his shrill pipe.

"Cooks to the galley; way aloft the Captain of the Hold; lay aft the Marines on the fore chains!" roars the gunner as he lowers a lantern into the magazine to make sure the powder is dry.

As the ship gathers way the leadsmen swing their leads in a manner born of long practice.

"By the mark nine," the starboard chains report.

"A quarter less three," comes from the port leadsman.

"Very good," the keen-eyed officer of the watch replies, and the leads swing on, guiding the ship into the deeper channels.

The Quartermaster, a grizzled old seaman of forty summers, cautiously moves the helm first one way and then the other, feeling his path through the difficult shoals. His eyes fixed on the distant horizon, he croons "The Death of Nelson" softly to himself, his deep bass voice mingling with the tenor of the Navigator, who is leaning against the meridian humming "The sailor's wife the soldier's star shall be," and idly turning the pages of the patent log.

The Middies all this time have not been idle, although their treble cries, half hoarse, half cheery, of "Yeo-ho-ho for a bottle of rum" have been drowned in the orderly confusion of getting under way. It is their duty to walk smartly up and down the decks amidships (hence the name Midshipmen), with one eye cocked on the weather. At the slightest sign of the weather changing they at once report to the Captain, who testily replies, "It 's not." That is why these bright-eyed lads are sometimes called "Snotties."

All are now busy with the navigation of the ship.

"From Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues," shouts the Captain still more hoarsely, for the strain of the voyage is beginning to tell on his nerves. A



Newsboy. "PIPER, LIDY?" *Female.* "YER KNOWS I AIN'T A LIDY, WHEN IT WAS ME WOT BIFFED YER FATHER."

frown passes over the Navigator's face, for he is primarily responsible for the safety of the ship.

"Ay, ay, Sir." The Quartermaster's acknowledgment is none too cordial, for he is a West-countryman, with a wife and children, whereas the ship appears to be heading towards Chatham.

Suddenly there is a grinding and crushing sound and the ship comes up all standing.

"Land right ahead!" shouts the look-out in the crow's-nest. He does not turn a hair, though he knows full well that his devotion to duty may cost him his life.

"Shiver my timbers!" bowls the Captain in a voice so hoarse it is little more than a whisper. The cunning old sea-dog is never at a loss.

The scene is now one of well-drilled disorganisation.

"All hands on deck!"

The Captain, too hoarse to speak, rushes blindly forward into the eyes of the ship to interview the now infuriated Commodore of the Southsea bathing-machines. As he carelessly treads on each pair of bronzed and knotted hands the men cry cheerily, after the kindly manner of the sailorman, "Ay, ay, Sir."

THE LONG TRAIL.

THIS is a warning. I issue it because I have just read an article on "How to become a writer." It is on the woman's page of a popular newspaper, and is sure to be widely read. It states with colloquial ease and a split infinitive that "to really write well is most frightfully easy."

Now, before any harm is done, I want to warn people (who hitherto may have led blameless lives) against starting on a career as a writer. I am going to tell you exactly what will happen to you if you won't take my advice.

You will begin by writing a tragic novel, of course. It will be most dreadfully sad and extremely long. That is the preliminary step. As you are not likely to possess a typewriter of your own, you must now pay to have your novel typed. This (including paper) will cost you 1*s.* 6*d.* per thousand words (carbon copies extra). Next, you look up the names of the publishers. There are three hundred and seven in Great Britain, so you have a good selection.

Of course, you will deliver your book in person. Experienced writers prefer the medium of the post, just as one would choose to give a bear a bun on the end of an umbrella instead of handing it. But you budding writers are all the same. You want to impress the man with your personality; also to discuss a few important points in your novel, and so arouse his interest that he will be devoured by curiosity to read it on the instant. With your script under your arm, therefore, you will arrive at the office of a publisher. No matter whom you have chosen he will belong to one of the following groups:—

(1) The publisher in a hurry.

(2) The publisher with insuperable difficulties.

(3) The publisher suffering from dead loss.

At the office of (1) you are shown into a small waiting-room, in which is a table but no other visible means of support. You stand, therefore, for a long time until the publisher—or his secretary—dashes in. He pushes his hair back from his forehead in a wild way and says, "Ah, good-morning-is-it-a-book-you-wish-me-to-look-at?" as if you were showing a side line in something else.

You are, of course, at a disadvantage. You wanted to tell him of the psychology of your characters and the tremendous situation you have created on page 574. But what can you do standing facing a man whose breath is coming in sharp, hurried gasps, who is holding his watch in his hand and keeping the door open with his foot? Somehow, it doesn't tend to conversational assurance. You mutter an apology and shuffle away, even forgetting, sometimes, to leave your novel behind.

In the case of (2) you are received, but only to hear how bitter the life of a publisher can be. You may have pictured him sitting at ease, a demi god ordering the destinies of others and having, on the whole, rather a good time. But when you leave you are so overcome by the poor fellow's daily sufferings, his oppression by reviewers, the difficulties of distribution and his almost hopeless battle with the binders, that you cannot bring yourself to leave your book with him and thus add another drop to his cup of misery.

Then there is (3). You are greeted with much politeness and asked to sit down—which will astonish you, having by this time begun to notice that the dearth of chairs in publishers' offices is nothing short of amazing.

Emboldened, you tell of your hopes and fears, and particularly that stirring incident in your novel on page 574. The publisher listens courteously and declares that it sounds "very good stuff." You thrill. You soar to the stars, coming down in time to hear him speaking of the loss entailed by taking up new authors. In fact, the entire business of publishing is a dead loss, he will tell you. This may strike you as strange, because his office is more opulent than any you have yet visited.

Knocking the ash from the end of his half-crown cigar, he will tell you, brave fellow, of his struggle for existence and utter inability at the moment to take on the grave risk of launching a new writer. At the same time he seems convinced of your undoubted genius. Perhaps, as this is your first book, you would not mind paying the entire cost of publication yourself?

I think some of you must do this—otherwise why is the world so full of rich publishers and poor novels?

A Holiday Problem.

Letter received from a Welsh lodging-house keeper:—

"I should like to know, please, whether you want 2 bedrooms with double beds in, or 2 double bedded rooms, as I have only 1 double bedded room. All the beds are double beds except 1 in the double bedded room, which is a single bed."



"TWELVE YEARS OLD, MY BOY—THAT BAT! I'VE HAD THREE NEW BLADES AND TWO NEW HANDLES ON IT!"

AT DAWN.

THOUGH the fairies meet by night
  In the moonlit spaces,
Often in the morning light
  You will see their traces;
If you rise at early dawn
  When the birds are waking,
You may find upon the lawn
  Tents of fairy making.

In the meadows here and there,
  Where the soft wind passes,
Elfin lines of gossamer
  Stretch between the grasses;
And you need but look about
  Swiftly to discover
Fairy washing hanging out
  All among the clover.

In the quiet woods you might,
  If your ways be wary,
Even hope to get a sight
  Of a little fairy
On a lily-leaf, perchance,
  Broad and smooth and level,
Practising her tiny dance
  For the evening revel. R. F.

"—— AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S VICTORY SHOW.
Continuous Luncheon on the ground by Mr. R. ——."—*Provincial Paper.*

The FOOD CONTROLLER ought to speak to him about it.

"'How could I tell the girl that her eyes are like moons?' asks Arthur, 'that her ears are like shells, and her lips like chunks of coal? She'd ring up the asylum. It simply isn't done!'"—"*Daily Sketch*" *Serial.*

We don't know why it shouldn't be done. Coal is much more precious than coral.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CHOICE."

"I'M sick of these strong silent men," says *Lady Jemima Ballardaile*, sister of the eleventh *Lord Sandhills*; and, though she was only a great lady of the old school and could never remember the names of people outside the pale, she sometimes contrived to articulate the vulgar view. Not that the epithet "silent" was really applicable to the *Rt. Hon. John Cordways* (indeed I have never seen an actor-manager in a really silent part); but she was right about his strength. He was frightfully strong. In the opinion of his elder brother, *Timothy*, who worshipped him, he was one of the five men who had won the War on the home front—an arbitrary estimate, perhaps; I should certainly have put the figure nearer five thousand. But he had one weakness: he knew nothing of women. He was under the impression that he could take on just any woman for his wife with the same masterful ease with which he could appoint a new director to the board of Cordways, Limited. Incidentally he was, according to his own statement, a visionary; and no doubt it had occurred to him that, if he did a little better than *Arthur* of the "Idylls," and got hold of the right *Guinevere*,

> "A woman in her womanhood as great
> As he was in his manhood, then . . .
> The twain together well might
> change the world."

Unfortunately his choice fell, very suddenly and with appalling inappropriateness, upon *Lady Clarissa Caerleon*, the idol of a hundred "boys," a young lady whose response to the call of her country had taken the form of jazzing, assisting at fancy bazaars and charity matinées, and generally serving as the mainstay of the Society Picture-press in its efforts to win the War.

As for her—and I suppose it must be true because we got it out of a brief autobiography which she sketched for us later on—she was at first attracted by his blunt rudeness, a new experience for her; then hypnotised by his terrific strength, and finally flattered by being selected by such a superman. I did not gather, whatever he may have alleged, that love on either side had much to do with a contract concluded at the third time of meeting; certainly nobody, except *Cordways* himself (and this made me suspect that his intelligence was not commensurate with his strength), was astonished when the very next day his irresistible force came up against the lady's immovable sentiment. She had pledged her word to secure the restoration of a brave soldier who had been dismissed by *Cordways* from his employ on the ground of repeated drunkenness; but the master remained adamant and the marriage was off.

Cordways, you see, held the very sound view that you cannot win a peace, any more than you can win a war, without discipline. He must therefore make an example of this insubordinate fellow, *Aynclife* (I don't know how to spell his name, as he wasn't in the cast). In defiance therefore of pressure brought to bear by his brother, by *Lady Clarissa*,



A STRONG MAN'S LOVE.
John Cordways . . . MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Lady Clarissa Caerleon. MISS VIOLA TREE.

and even by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (who, like *Aynclife*, was regrettably absent from the programme); in spite of a hostile Press, and in face of a threatened strike of his employees (somebody had already drawn blood from his finger with a missile—to the general surprise, for we had supposed him invulnerable), he held to his principle. Finally, we were informed that at great personal risk he had attended a mass meeting of his indignant employees, moved an amendment approving the dismissal of *Aynclife* and carried everybody away by his eloquence, including *Aynclife* himself. And what was the result for the insubordinate? you ask. Exactly; that 's what we were all asking. Was he reinstated? And the only answer we got was that *Aynclife* was "all right." From which evasion we could only surmise that the strong man had cried "Kamerad!" and might just as well have done so three Acts earlier; only in that case there would have been no play, which would have been a disappointment for Mr. SUTRO and all of us.

Aynclife, then, whether reinstated or not, was "all right," and so was *Lady Clarissa*, though she was never restored to the arms of *Cordways* (I say "arms," but in point of fact the strong man took a strong line of his own when giving vent to his affections; substituting for the usual embrace a friendly spank on the lady's arm or even her head). Instead, she recurred to *Robert Dalman*, one of her old "boys," a good fellow who had worked under *Cordways*. The latter was very generous about it, though I could not accept his pretence to a broken heart when I recalled the primitive brevity of his wooing and his marked freedom from emotional transports. Still he was very nice about it, and promoted his supplanter. One was a little reminded, though the circumstances in Mr. SUTRO's play are much less painful, of the attitude of the man in *La Femme de Claude* towards the apprentice who had stolen his wife's affections. You will remember how the curtain falls on his invitation to the successful rival to get on with his work—"*Et tu, viens travailler.*"

If Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER enjoyed playing *Cordways*, he contrived, very artistically, to conceal it. I think it creditable to Mr. SUTRO that he should have induced him to take a part which was bound to leave the sympathies of the audience a little doubtful. It is perhaps a compliment to Miss VIOLA TREE to say that in the opening Act neither her voice nor her gestures recalled the deadly type upon which *Lady Clarissa* was modelled. You could see that she had studied it conscientiously (more so perhaps than the author, who gave her some rather improbable things to say), but the result lacked colour and spontaneity. Later, when *Lady Clarissa* discovered traces of a heart, Miss TREE's natural sincerity and personal charm were given their opportunity. But the most attractive performance was that of Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE as *Dalman*, a very difficult part played with a fine sensitiveness.

The humours of *Lord Sandhills* (Mr. GILBERT HARE) and *Lady Jemima* (Miss COMPTON) were as water in a thirsty land. Miss COMPTON indeed is a gift to any author. It is not what you make her say that matters; it's her irresistible way of saying it. Mr. C. V. FRANCE as *Timothy* showed himself once more to be of the company



Ancient Cornish Boatman. "I'M NOT DENYIN', SIR, THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN TO LUNNON AN' SEEN YOUR LORD MAYORS, BUT I DARE SAY THERE DU BE FOLK UP THERE THAT'S NEVER SET EYES ON OUR 'ARBOUR-MASTER."

of those true craftsmen who are more concerned for the success of the play than for their own prominence in it. In the minor part of *Mrs. Cordways*, Miss KATE ROUKE was a very gracious figure.

The "choice," which gives its title to the piece, lay, I understand, for *Cordways*, between principle and the desire to retain what he took to be the affections of *Lady Clarissa*. I have protested already at too great length against the obscurity in which Mr. SUTRO leaves the hero's ultimate choice between surrendering his ideal and seeing his schemes ruined. For the rest, I think it beyond question that Mr. SUTRO has done good work here. Particularly he has deserved well of us for his courage in saying hard truths, that wanted saying, about the rottenness of a certain set whose levity in the face of war was overlooked at the time for the sake of all those other women who recognised their obligations. And there were things said by *Cordways* on the subject of discipline that were worth hearing and remembering. My advice to anybody who has read as far as this is to go and do both. O. S.

WHEN VACUUM MEETS VACUUM.

[From a "Household Hints" column: "It is time people got rid of the idea that housework requires no brains. A small hand vacuum for daily use is a great boon."]

I WANTED to print a Household Hint,
But I thought and thought in vain;
So I took a small Hand Vacuum
And applied it to my brain.

And on the spot I conceived a lot
Of labour-saving tips,
Such as keeping the dust in its proper place
By the means of paper-clips;

Or shutting out moth from fur and cloth
With a coat of enamel; or
Wearing carpet-sweepers on either foot
And waltzing all over the floor;

Or cleaning your flues with your walking-shoes,
And shining them on the pup;
Or smashing the after-dinner plates
To avoid the washing-up.

If you want any more I have hints by the score,
For I find that they come and come
When you've thoroughly cleaned your jaded brain
With a small Hand Vacuum.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"ASHFORD RECEIVES HER TANK.

An intrepid band of ladies and gentlemen mounted the monster's scaly sides and delivered speeches from the top. We offer our sincere congratulations to Mrs. ——, Miss —— and Miss ——, who so successfully scaled Avernus."—*Local Paper.*

It is more usual, of course, to do the descent of Avernus (which is the easy part) first.

More Road to Ruin.

"Though the Censor's Department has been abolished, Mr. R. G. Saunders, the chief of the Department, will remain where he is."
"Weekly Times" of Ceylon.

"NOTICE.—A lovely bachelor who can get a car at his disposal would like to take somebody out (Lady preferred). Strictly confidential."—*Indian Paper.*

We promise not to repeat this very crude statement.

"I propose that this be referred back to the Painters' Society and let them have another meeting to consider it, at which Mr. —— will be present. It is not right to hang a man behind his back."—*Irish Paper.*

We agree. Round the neck is the proper place.

THE DIARY OF A MONTESSORIAN.

I.

September 10.—To-night, after reading the interview with Signora MONTESSORI in *The Daily Graphic*, decided with Edwin's approval to carry out her suggestions for remodelling our home life in the interests of our children. Eva is eight and Jack nearly six; they are returning to-morrow from their aunt's at Cromer, and something must be done *at once* to free them from the atmosphere of neglect and unreality in which they have moved hitherto. Resolved to begin with the furniture, which, as the Signora points out, is made for adults, whereas it should all be adapted to the needs of children, not only in size but in weight.

September 11.—No carpenter being procurable, Edwin spent a busy day in sawing off the lower parts of the legs of tables and chairs in the dining-room and nursery to reduce them to the Montessorian level. Edwin is full of enthusiasm, but not being a handy man he wounded himself badly in the calf of his left leg.

Eva and Jack arrived from Cromer in time for tea and were delighted with the furniture. Instructed Nurse that none of the children must be watched. Nurse very sulky and seems quite unable to understand the value of the ethical safeguard in allowing children perfect liberty of self-expression. "If I don't keep an eye on them," she said, "we may all be burned in our beds." I pointed out that there were no fires except in the kitchen, but she remained unconvinced. After dinner Jane, the new parlourmaid, gave notice, on the ground that it made her back ache having to stoop to the level of a table only a foot and a half from the floor. Induced her to stay by raising her wages one pound a week.

September 12.—Edwin's leg being still painful, I undertook to expound the doctrine of self-determination to Jack and Eva after breakfast. Explained to them that the hooks in my wardrobe had been placed within their reach, and gave them the keys of the china cupboard, the cellar and the pantry. Having repeated my injunctions to Nurse not to watch the children, I went off to Caxton Hall to attend the monthly meeting of the Parents' Neo-Pædological Association. A most interesting discussion on the best means of establishing a healthy metabolism by the cultivation of the sensory energies through rapid prehensile movements, with due regard to an external norm.

Summoned home by an urgent message from Edwin at 12.30 and found a crowd outside the door. It appears that, all the servants having gone out, Eva had locked herself into the china cupboard and Jack into the cellar. Edwin, though disabled by his wound, had dressed and fetched a locksmith. Pointed out to him that to break open the doors would be a fatal error. Force was no remedy and it would deprive the children of fully profiting by this opportunity of learning the results of self-indulgence and so acquiring a sense of dignity and order. Edwin rather brutally replied, "What about my old brandy?" and ordered the locksmith to burst open the cellar door.

4 P.M. The doctor has been and pronounces Jack out of danger. It was not old brandy, but port. Eva, on being extricated from the ruins of the china cupboard, said that she had been playing "buil in the china shop," thus enjoying, as one of the speakers said at our discussion, "the full æsthetic delight of a spontaneous game," which is an invaluable means of realising the will as a genetic factor in the growth of personality. Edwin selfishly said it was not worth the price; that his Leeds set could not be replaced for fifty pounds. Expostulated with Nurse for leaving the house in my absence. She retorted that if she was not to watch the children she might just as well go out. Jane, Gladys and Cook have not returned. Ordered dinner in from Garrods. Edwin still fretful, but was partially reassured by my pointing out that training by enforced assent degenerates into discipline by order.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN WIT;

OR, FIRST AID TO DINERS-OUT.

IT has been noticed by social observers that, whereas only a comparatively few men strive to be virtuous, all would like to be funny, or at any rate capable at any desired moment of removing gravity. It is to meet this very natural ambition that Mr. Punch offers a few hints for diners-out during the next few days, keeping to such topics as are likely not to be obsolete.

We turn to the paper to make our selections. Here, for example, is Lord FISHER. To be funny about Lord FISHER is not difficult. It would be sufficient to memorise a few of his sentences, or one might adopt his method with regard to the day's experiences. Thus one's partner at dinner often says genially, "And what have you been doing all day?" How simple to reply in pure Fisherese! "Wishing to get to the City, and noting that all other men were either in a bus, taxi or train, I brought my wonderful brain to work and took a scooter, and I tell you that in five years' time there won't be a train, bus or taxi left. We shall be on scooters; and when the d——d fools ask you who prophesied this, say, 'Jacky did. England's saviour, Jacky.'"

As a second example let us take the case of the Oily Rectory. Here is excellent material for the humourist, especially at dinner, where, food being now and then on the rich side, openings will be frequent. If you wish to be thought merely facetious you can wonder how soon we shall hear of a Vinegary Vicarage, and then by a natural transition, keeping to alliteration (which is always an ally of easy humour), pass on to the Fatted Farmhouse, the Superfatted Shanty, the Oleaginous Oasthouse, the Messy Manor and the Greasy Grange.

If you desire a reputation for causticity or cynicism you can express the belief that the Rector's sermons never attracted so much attention as his walls and ceilings have done. You can even suggest that a certain unctuousness has before now led to preferment, and speculate on the Rector's chances of some day occupying a Bishop's Perspiring Palace and pouring oil on the troubled see.

Or you might combine the two subjects. Now that the servant-girl has withdrawn her alleged confession the mystery of the Oily Rectory is still open. Lord FISHER is, we know from his own testimony, *capable de tout*, and only in last Friday's *Times* he calls himself an "oil maniac." Can there be a clue here?

With the foregoing assistance no diner-out need be utterly without honours at whatever table he graces, provided that no other guest has also seen this number of *Punch*. But, as that is an incredible hypothesis, perhaps all our toil has been in vain.

The New Geometry.

"The two sides of the *Pilgrim's Progress*: the obviously moral and theological side which was in the author's conscious intention, and the story of strange adventure which he unconsciously achieved, will not be found to be divergent, but rather parallel; and, like all parallel straight lines, they will meet at last."

Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN, in "John o' London's Weekly."

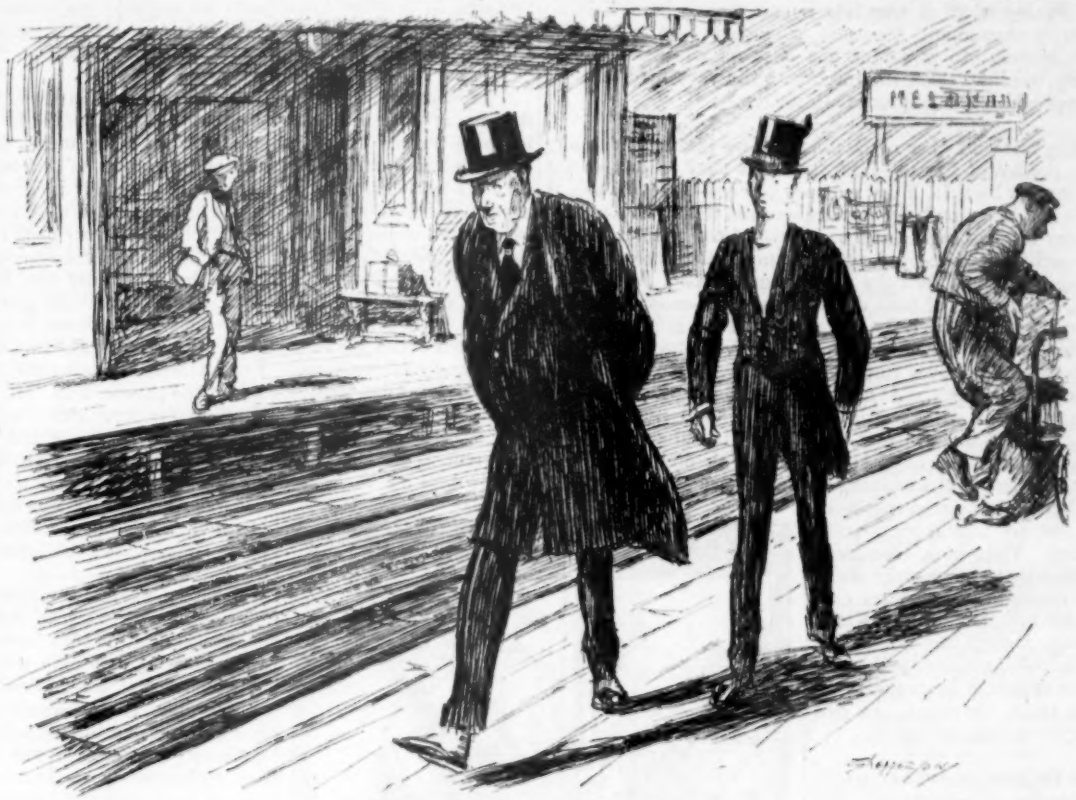
"Now that Mesopotamia and Palestine have been released from Turkish misgovernment, the exploration of ancient sites can be greatly extended, and, remembering the precious yield of the dust-heaps of Ornithorhynchus, we may hope for many new and amazing revelations of buried history, art, and literature."

Morning Paper.

For our part we are confidently expecting a heavy crop of duck-billed papyrus.

"The Local Fool Control Committee in the Potteries agreed . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Why can't we have these committees everywhere?



THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH.

Lord Blazingstoke's Servant. "HIS LORDSHIP HAS SENT ME AFTER YOU, SIR ANDREW, TO KNOW IF HE MAY EAT GRAPES."

Sir Andrew (specialist from Harley Street, about to catch his train—after much deep thought and perambulation of the platform). "YES—BLACK—TELL LORD BLAZINGSTOKE, BLACK—*WHITE ON NO ACCOUNT.*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I WONDER how many holiday-makers, confronted in this present season with a brown-sailed barge or a group of pipe-smoking longshoremen, have been moved to exclaim delightedly, "Just like JACOBS." The number of them would be a measure of the welcome that will certainly attend a new volume of Mr. W. W. JACOBS' short stories, collected under the alluring title of *Deep Waters* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Most of them have for protagonist that deservedly popular character, *The Night Watchman*, whom indeed you may observe in person on the wrapper: jersey, generous trousers, conical hat and the whole familiar outfit. I fancy there are few readers to whom the appeal of this figure is likely to be made in vain. Perhaps, however, it is only fair to warn you that you may find the yarn within slighter in texture than of old, lacking that rich complexity, score weaving with counter-score that you recall from—how long ago? But if the intrigue is thinner the colour is as fresh as ever. Still in this waterside Utopia blows that sea-wind of laughter before which the minor morals cease from troubling and half-pints become the sufficient crown of successful intrigue. Still do skippers pretend to be their own ghosts, and harassed bachelors assume the protection of fictitious families. And still, at closing time, do the good and bad characters go off arm-in-arm, none the worse for their orgies of preposterous make-believe. Still, in short, are they "just like JACOBS." Higher praise you will scarcely want.

Miss MARY JOHNSTON's latest novel, *The Laird of Glenfernie* (CONSTABLE), might almost be said to have no heroine. There does indeed exist a lady who at one time seems likely to qualify for the post, but in a comparatively early chapter she comes by her end, and is thenceforward only a memory separating the two heroes. It is the relations of these, their love, hatred and love again, that form the interest of the tale. Its scene is the Highlands at the time of the march to Derby, or, rather, this is the central incident of a story that stretches before and after it; for the friendship of *Ian Rulloch* and *Alexander*, afterwards *Laird of Glenfernie*, began when they were lads, and lasted (with an interruption) the length of their lives. The interruption, of course, was *Elspeth*, whom both, after their respective fashions, courted. It was her death, as the victim of *Ian*, and (in a less degree) the fact that the latter took Stuart service, while *Glenfernie* remained staunchly Whig, which turned love to hate. Thenceforward, almost to the end, the story treats of the vengeful pursuit of *Ian* by his former friend. Into so many and various scenes does this chase conduct the pair that I fear it reminded me of nothing so much as the curate's version of *Valentine* and *Orson*, fitted to lantern slides of a Voyage Round the World! Still, Miss JOHNSTON has given us a story both original and graceful. Her gift of phrase has seldom shown to happier advantage. "So beautiful rang

the Spring that it was like a bell in the heart" is an example at random. The gift is however one to exercise with caution; to write, as she does on another page, of "deep windows *tying* the interior to the yet rosy West," is to approach perilously near affectation.

Why the publisher of *Deadham Hard* (METHUEN) omits from the list of LUCAS MALET'S novels that particular one—*Damaris* its title, if my memory serves—of which this is a sequel, is beyond my comprehension, if not beyond my powers of guessing. *Damaris Verity*, then a child of six, now eighteen, Juno-eyed, steadfast mistress of her soul, the "dear witch" of her lithe middle-aged *Colonel Sahib Carteret*, the darling of that distinguished pro-consul and historian, *Sir Charles Verity*, her adored father, is the heroine-goddess of this charming romance. *Henrietta*, the much-married, again moves restless, and motivelessly intriguing, through its pages. A noble-hearted bastard brother of *Damaris*, knit with her in a bond of tenderly romantic affection, is a new and entirely satisfactory creation. LUCAS MALET'S hand has not lost much of its cunning, though it be not the cunning of the modernist. Nor do her folk belong to this tempestuous era, but are restful paulo-post-Mutiny Victorians, confident Sahibs with no misgivings about their status or their future. . . . Let me tell you, *Damaris* is a darling, though no doubt our emancipated maidens will laugh at her appalling innocence. In some ways, my dears, she can give you points, believe me.

In *Belgium under the German Occupation* (HEINEMANN), Mr. BRAND WHITLOCK, the American Ambassador in Brussels, describes the actual running of that Prussian military machine which so many critics have—formerly—professed to admire. Mr. WHITLOCK does not admire it at all, but reserves all his appreciation for the unconquerable people who furnished the raw material for that machine's industries. His book details a persecution utterly beyond credence if the thing had not actually happened. That the Germans should daily shoot, with or without a travesty of trial, numbers of peasants accused of "counting trains" or similar feats of espial, may now seem natural enough, but it is still hard to believe that they could, for example, in perfect seriousness imprison all the scholars at a girls' school for refusing to learn music from a Teuton professor, or a Brussels pastor for reading from the Book of Psalms passages in which KING DAVID had said pointed things about his enemies. Other instances of the workings of "German mentality," from which one dare not quote here, are so terrible in themselves and so poignantly set forth that if you want to believe that all the past can be forgiven and forgotten you had better not take up Mr. WHITLOCK'S work at all. The only relief from the gloom of these pages, except indeed the altogether admirable English in which they are written, is the account of the feeding by America of those of our brave allies who would otherwise have been left to starve. These two bulky volumes take us only as far as the period of the deportations—quite bluntly called slavery. By that time America, as the writer had long foreseen, had been drawn into the War, and so the rest of the tragedy is not written here. But though his work remains in a sense incomplete its capable craftsmanship and intensity of restrained feeling give it a place amongst the most notable books in the library of the War.



ENJOYING THE AROMA OF THE CHAUFFEUR'S CIGAR.

I suppose Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA, when, in an epistle dedicatory to *Sonia Married* (HUTCHINSON), he calls it a footnote rather than a sequel, felt that he hadn't quite succeeded in touching the level of *Sonia* and so essayed to take the critic bull by the horns. I am rather inclined to agree with him, but that doesn't mean that I didn't read every word of his footnote with interest. *O'Rane* back from the wars, blinded, teaching at his old school, keeping open-house for the blind and halt and the down-and-out, is as lovable, as unexpected, as ever. It is *Sonia* who goes to pieces. I can see our author now at work on *Sonia Returns* (and I wish him the best of luck), to rehabilitate that dear girl in our good opinions. I don't believe she would have betrayed her man, though I admit the provocation. *O'Rane* wasn't easy to live with. Saints and heroes seldom are, I am told by the wise. *Sonia Married* is *Sonia* marred, perversely, painfully. I am sure Mr. MCKENNA has been let down by his three-decker plan. He must make speedy amends with *Sonia* repentant. Meanwhile I commend the sequel masquerading as a footnote.

A fairly extensive study of contemporary American fiction has convinced me that fashionable America contains a type of woman that we do not frequently meet in English society. She is ambitious and yet *au fond* perilously sentimental; she is as dry (and expensive) as Pommery and at the same time sweet as saccharine; she is cold and calculating and yet impulsive and romantic. *Mrs. Farron*, the principal study in Mrs. ALICE DUER MILLER'S novel, *The Happiest Time of their Lives* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), considerably fortifies me in this conviction. Place her in an English atmosphere and she would have been as nearly impossible as does not matter; but in her New York environment she seems just right. She divorced her first husband to marry a man whom she could really consider a tower of strength, and I am left with the belief that a man who is married on such grounds has a difficult *rôle* to play. The characters are clearly drawn, in particular that of *Mrs. Farron's* daughter, who had a little love affair of her own; and the dialogue is clever without being unnaturally brilliant. But I think that the book will be more widely appreciated in "God's own Country" than in mine.

Reproduced *literatim* from a review:—

"Even regarding the cruel treatment of the Roman Catholics before 1778 and the odious penal laws, he exclaims: 'Mon Dieu! l'Irelande n'avait pas le monople de ces griefs et de ces persecutions. Il faut juger les faits et les gens d'après l'age et le milieu ou on les trouve, et au siecle de la guerre de Trente Ans, des Dragonnades de l'Edit de Nantes, il ne faut damner Anglais tout seul pour avoir riposté durement à tant de provocations.' But let us translate in order that no reader may miss the point: 'My God! l'Irelande n'avait pas the monople of ces griefs and of ces persecutions. Il faut juger the faits and the gens d'apres l'age and the milieu ou on the trouvex, and au siecle do the guerre of Trente Ans, des Dragonnades of l'Edit of Nantes il no faut damned English tout seul pour avoir riposte durement a tant of provocations.' It is sometimes difficult to preserve nuances of expression in a translation."—*Canadian Paper.*

So we observe.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE old world must end," says the PREMIER. It is understood that of late Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has become thoroughly dissatisfied with the Fleet Street part of it.

***

"The Government is determined," says a contemporary, "that Ireland shall not have a Parliament like England has." No further evidence is needed to prove that we are still kindly disposed towards the Green Isle.

***

With reference to the bargee upon whom a load of coal was accidentally dumped the other day, it is said that a London publishing firm has offered him a huge sum for the exclusive right to publish in fortnightly parts the main theme of his remarks. Lord FISHER must look to his laurels.

***

Interviewed by an American journalist the EX-CROWN PRINCE said that Germany will have no more kings. If nobody has dropped him a hint this is certainly a good guess.

***

Another marvellous surgical operation has come to our knowledge. Without the aid of an anæsthetic, as the patient was quietly sleeping, the whole of a Government arm-chair was successfully removed from a Limpet.

***

Just as we go to press a very heartless robbery is reported from the North Midlands. It appears that one of the most valuable collections of strike notices in existence has been stolen by an absconding valet whilst his master was at work in a coal-mine.

***

"Londoners were awakened by thunder last night," says a recent issue of *The Times*, "the first they have heard since Armistice Day." Can this be mistaken modesty?

***

Mr. BULLITT is described in a New York message as "the United States Peace expert." Information is still lacking as to how this Bullitt found its billet.

***

"Could any of your readers explain why a nursery frightens a cook?" asks a correspondent in the Press. We cannot, but we are grateful for the tip just the same.

***

Lord ROTHERMERE suggests that we should liquidate some of our debt to the United States by letting them have the Bahamas and the Bermudas. Others propose that we should also seize the occasion to get rid of some of our Boohoomers.

***

According to information the eighty thousand Chinese coolies in France have a newspaper of their own, printed in Chinese. The fact that no articles dealing with the state of Ireland have appeared in it for several issues is causing some annoyance in Dublin.

***

The "Victory" walk from London to Brighton was won by T. PAYNE in eight hours thirty-eight minutes. E. C. HORTON was second; H. V. L. ROSS, third, and the telephone message to say they had started just managed to secure fourth place.

***

During this walk one of the competitors was disqualified for breaking into a run. It is supposed that he has lately been employed in a Government office and did so unconsciously.

***

"What makes women laugh?" asks a contemporary. Speaking generally, men.

***

A message from New York to the Central News says the "Shimmy" dance is officially doomed. The news has been received quietly.

***

A London newspaper describes the PRIME MINISTER as having a far-away look in his eyes. Probably as far as Widnes.

The man who was charged with loitering in an old Oxford Street raid-shelter pleaded that he had not heard the "All Clear."

***

Are burglars becoming less assertive? We ask because in a recent burglary case at Hampstead the thief entered and left the premises by the tradesmen's entrance.

***

The exact number of strike-promoters who are now in receipt of unemployment pay on account of the Yorkshire miners resuming work has not yet been disclosed for publication.

***

Speaking at Dunfermline, Admiral Earl BEATTY admitted regretfully that he was not a Scotsman. As a result of this statement it seems that the idea of presenting him with a haggis as a ship's mascot was abandoned.

***

Giving evidence last week a woman stated that her husband sometimes wrote poetry. Other husbands, of course, have done the same, but they are not always found out.

***

In consequence of pilfering at railway station buffets it is said that in future all pork pies will have the name of the company stamped on the bottom for identification purposes.

***

A business man, travelling in a City-bound train the other day, was overheard to say that one of his neighbours had much better and larger marrows in his allotment than he himself could grow. As no other suspicious symptoms have developed, the close watch kept on him has been relaxed.

***

A Prohibition worker from America, after visiting one of our Revues which included a drinking scene, publicly stated that during the performance he nearly died of shame. We now hear that several publicans have since sent him free tickets for the same show, just on the off-chance.

***

Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON hopes to carry the Prohibition banner into Ireland. But not if the Irish see him coming first.

HOW TO CONTROL THE DANCING MANIA: Isolate the HEDJAZ.



"I LOVE DUMB ANIMALS." "SO DO I. THE DUMBER THE BETTER."

FIRST STEPS TO THE PERFECT LIFE.

["My friend, your friend, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE—a brotherhood man, the helper of the bottom dog."—*DR. CLIFFORD, introducing the PRIME MINISTER to the audience at the City Temple.*]

OVER that blessed age to come
When war is dead and strife is dumb
And rivers flow with milk and rum,
The fancy fondly lingers—
A brotherhood of beasts and men,
Where lambs and lions kiss again,
And down the cockatrice's den
A babe may shove his fingers.

Ah, if to that ideal state
Some *Prospero*, brought up to date,
Might with his magic wand translate
Packed galleries and a full pit!
Or could a LLOYD GEORGE get us there,
Lifting us lightly by the hair,
Wafted on streams of red-hot air
Blown from a City pulpit!

Not so the steeps of heaven are won
(He says himself it can't be done);
Many delights we first must shun
And buy the others cheaper;
The bottom dog must have fair play,
And no one be allowed to say,
As CAIN did in his casual way,
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Thus only, brethren, may we sing
Millennium's reign with Love as King,
And toast the Day when we shall ring
The brotherhood of men in;
And, for a start, to show how true
Our pledge to pull the weakest through,
We 'll leave our Russian comrades to
The bloody wolves of LENIN. O. S.

A RURAL TRANSFORMATION.

THE river, having apparently nothing else to do, flowed smoothly and calmly in its accustomed direction, oblivious to the patient attention bestowed on it by the two fishermen. At length fisherman Number One laid his rod on a twig fork, wiped his brow and strolled along the bank to the other man's pitch.

"What luck, George?" he asked.

"Same as yours, Bill, judging by your looks," replied George. "I 've tried 'em wi' maggots, wi' paste an' wi' worms, an' they wain't do more 'n play swingboats wi' 'em. Ye might jest as well try fishin' for battleships in Scapa Flow wi' a boathook."

"Ay, there wain't be nowt doing till we gets some rain an' a foot rise in th' watter," said Bill. "What d' ye say to a snack o' summat to eat?"

"That 'll do me," replied George, laying down his rod. "Let 's go up to the 'Cheval Blong' for an omelette an' a *verre de bière*."

"There 's some fowks," said Bill sententiously, "as allus wants someone standing by to tell 'em what 's 'appened to them. Th' War 's over, lad, an' we ain't in France now. If you like we 'll go to the 'White Horse' an' hev some bread-an'-cheese an' pickles."

"Jest as you like," replied George, smiling tolerantly. "Carry on, corp'ril."

They took the old path, "'crost Cosnop's medder, down past Thorpe's spinney, an' round be th' Pickerill" to the spot where the 'White Horse' used to stand. The old steed was still there, but groomed and caparisoned out of knowledge. Little chairs and tables were placed outside the doors, a coffee-pot was steaming on a stove, fragile glasses had replaced the pewter mugs, and, instead of the buxom country wench who used to serve the foaming nut-brown, a gaily coiffured damsel in high-heeled shoes and filmy stockings came tripping out to take the order.

"*Bong jour*, Suzanne," said George, seating himself. "*Deux bières* an' some *œufs* an' *pommes-de-terre frect*, an' *allay vite* about it, 'cos we 're *très faim*."

"*Bien, M'sieur*," said Suzanne, disappearing into the interior.

Bill dropped ponderously into a chair and gasped. "'Old my 'and an' fan me a minute, George," he said. "I don't seem to 'ave got it rightly. 'Ave I bin called up agen?"

"There 's some fowks," retorted George, "as don't know what 's 'appened them till they 're told. This is the 'White Horse' what was."

"But where 's Joe Ruggles, as used to be landlord 'ere?"

"I reckon 'e 's to market to-day," said George. "This is one of 'is ideas. Joe, as you know, ain't so young as 'e might be, but 'e jined up like the rest on us and did 'is packet wi' the B.E.F. Course, when 'e got back 'e expected to find the boys coming up for a day's fishing an' dropping in like they used to. An' so they did; but somehows they was allus grumbling. It was 'Joe, th' beer ain't what it used to be; ye can't get no forrarder on it,' or 'Joe, 'ave you bin robbing the mousetrap for the cheese?' So at last 'e got rale vexed, and 'e says, 'Ye are all a lot o' pampered grousers an' ye don't deserve to be quit o' the gentle chidings of a ser-major. Th' beer 's ten times as powerful as any you 've scoffed this fower years past, an' your quarter-bloke niver giv' you cheese a patch on my Cheddar. But I 'll fix ye,' 'e says. So 'e put up a stove wi' a coffee-pot on it an' served eggs an' chips *à la Flanders*, instead o' cheese an' pickles, an' watered down the beer to half strength, an' now all the boys jest flock in an' lap it up like milk, same as they used to when they was out at rest."

"I 'll bet that hussy Suzanne, as ye calls her, 'as something to do wi' the boys' sudden liking for Pussyfoot beer. I dunno wheer Joe found 'er, but I wonder 'is missus stands 'aving 'er about the place."

"You niver 'ad an eye for beauty, Bill," replied George. "Now, I like the French style—lots of *joy-de-vee* an' sparkle an' chatter. Not that Suzanne iver has much to say."

"I mind the time," said Bill reflectively, "afore ye 'd iver seen a furrin' lass, 'cepting a Circassian beauty as came round wakes week, when you said there warn't no lasses in th' wide wide world as 'ud compare wi' our rosy-cheeked English 'uns."

"Travel 's enlarged my mind, lad, as it would 'ave enlarged yours if it 'ad anything to work on at all. Jest look at that girl now, tripping along like a black-eyed gazelle. Th' wench as Joe 'ad afore th' War used to waddle in like a tank."

Suzanne had brought in a tray with plates and glasses. She must have heard and understood the remark, for a faint flush glowed on her cheek.

"Stuff to give 'em!" continued George, smacking his lips. "*Vous êtes* some peach, Suzanne."

"Cut it out," said the girl shortly.

George's jaw dropped in amazement. Bill peered up into the girl's face and then leaned back and roared with laughter.

"Dang me!" he said, choking with mirth, "I 've been 'ere this 'alf-hour an' niver rumbled it. You 're Susie Marson, as used to be waitress here five years ago!"

"Course I am!" said Susie. "I remember you both when you used to come in with hay in your hair and make noises like turnips."

"It was the French lingo misled me, Susie," chuckled Bill. "Where did ye larn it?"

"Picked it up at Rouen when I was out there with the W.A.A.C.'s," said Susie. "You aren't the only people who went to France. And when I came back and found that Mr. Ruggles had turned the 'White Horse' into an *estaminet* we thought it would be in keeping if I pretended to be French too. But when an overfed base-wallah says English girls waddle like tanks I have to speak out!"

George, with his head down in his plate, finished his eggs and chips with a tremendous gulp.

"Reckon I 'll be going to see 'ow the fish is biting," he said, and departed hurriedly.

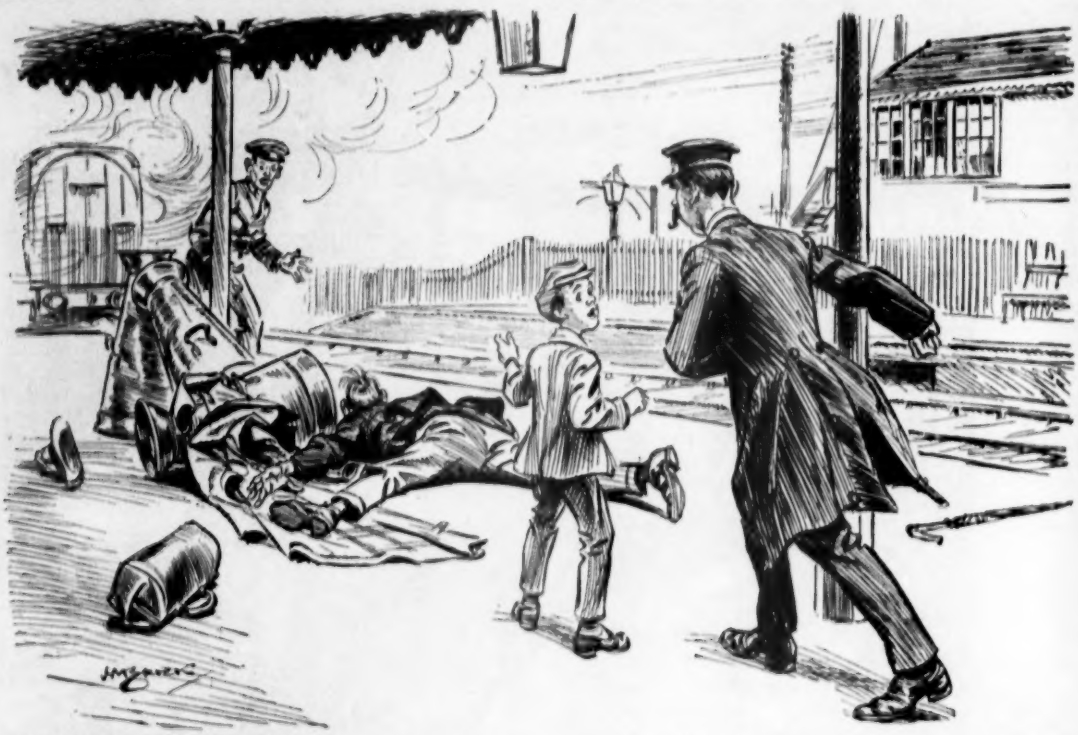
"One gold cow, full of beer."—*Auction Advt. in "The Keighley News."*

Where 's PUSSYFOOT?



THE CHILD WHO WANTED TO PLAY BY HIMSELF.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "NOW COME ALONG AND ENJOY YOURSELF WITH THE OTHER NICE CHILDREN. I PROMISED THAT YOU'D BE THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE PARTY."



Station-master. "WAS HE TRYING TO CATCH THE TRAIN?" *Boy.* "HE *DID* CATCH IT, BUT IT GOT AWAY AGAIN."

THE RATE OF EXCHANGE.

THE world is a small place after all, and I am not straining the limits of truth when I say that the prosperity of France has a direct and almost immediate bearing on my own private affairs. It is, of course, a matter of finance, and finance implies a Scotsman. Lieutenant McMustard is featured as the villain of the piece, and the *dénouement* is timed to occur six months after the signing of peace.

I was once P.M.C. of the Battalion Mess. I speak of the times of the Great War, which you may remember took place between 1914 and 1918 A.D. Among the many hardships of its trying campaigns were the circumstances attending the arrival one day at our dugout in Dickebusch of a case of whisky from England. There was little need, as far as we were affected, for the label, "Glass with care." On opening the crate eleven-twelfths was found to come strictly under this heading; only one bottle had survived its journey. As this is a financial narrative I will pass over the literary efforts this catastrophe produced in the Mess. My chief concern was to debit each member with eight shillings, his share of the loss. McMustard now appears as the chief *dramatis persona*.

His reasons for not paying the eight shillings were tabulated under four heads: (*a*) The loss was not due to any act or negligence of his; (*b*) no effort had apparently been made to trace the person or persons responsible for the damage; (*c*) no court of inquiry had been held, *vide* K.R.; (*d*) he had not consumed any of the liquor for which he had been asked to pay. The consensus of opinion being against his attitude, the sum of eight shillings was officially demanded from him. Six months later, on the Arras front, he sent me eight francs by orderly, with a request for receipt.

I returned the eight francs and pointed out in a polite note that, as the franc was only worth eightpence-halfpenny, I should be pleased to receive 11.30 francs in settlement of the debt of eight shillings. This provoked a statement from McMustard to the effect that at the time the alleged debt (note the caution of the Scot) was incurred the franc was worth ninepence three-farthings, therefore, on hearing from me, he would forward 9.85 francs in settlement. Argument as to who should bear the loss due to fluctuation in the rate of exchange was cut short by McMustard's going to England for a course of instruction.

Having rejoined us at Dixmude he seemed willing, when approached on the matter, to wipe off the debt, his idea being apparently that 9.85 francs (Belgian) was worth at that time only about five shillings and tenpence. However he did not function in the matter, for the War was just then brightening up and attracting quite a lot of attention.

We met again at Cologne, in the Army of Occupation, and with true British doggedness I again prepared to attack. McMustard received my demand for thirteen marks seventy pfennigs for one bottle of whisky, value eight shillings, the mark being calculated at sevenpence according to G.R.O. displayed in the sanctum of the Field Cashier. The War having fizzled out, I followed up my request by going to see McMustard. He produced a *Whitaker* three years old to prove that at the time the debt was incurred the mark was worth nearly tenpence. He therefore offered ten marks in payment of the sum demanded, produced a twenty-mark note and waited for the change.

As I searched my pockets I remembered that the rate of exchange was by amended G.R.O. now quoted at ten marks (the change that he wanted) for two shillings and tenpence. The only money I could produce was a five-franc

note I had treasured since leaving Poperinghe a couple of years ago. Five francs at sevenpence each (present worth) being the equivalent of ten marks at threepence-half-penny each, I explained that the five-franc note would be adequate change from his twenty-mark note. Half-an-hour's demonstration on the backs of various envelopes seemed to convince McMustard that he was not being cheated. Thus after many weary years the debt was liquidated to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and McMustard and I went off to live happy ever after.

I do not suppose that he was any quicker than I in discovering a little postscript in obscure French on the back of the five-franc note, to the effect that it was only "payable at the Bank of Roubaix six months after the conclusion of hostilities." Therefore during the last days of December I shall watch the French money market with a sneaking hope that, as a temporary development only, the financial credit of our gallant Ally will fall still further, to the confusion of a certain calculating Scot.

THE MAN TRAP.

I WAS mowing my lawn when Dobson appeared at the garden gate. Dobson is my ex-special-police partner—a most active officer. It was always his ambition to catch a burly armed burglar at work. Now it was my ambition that the terror of our reputation should keep all dangerous criminals from our beat. I really think that Dobson hoped the burglar would shoot me and that he would be complimented at the inquest on the magnificent way in which he avenged his trusty comrade. Happily Dobson never had the chance to get an Albert Medal at my expense.

"Hello," I said. "Bring your bike in. There 's been quite a number stolen lately."

"I 'm leaving it outside," returned Dobson. "That bike is a trap. Anyone trying to ride that will be thrown violently from it directly the machine gets any speed on. I have fitted an ingenious attachment. I am going to leave it here and wait. Pity the regular police don't think out more artful ways of dealing with criminals."

He strolled into my garden. "Dear me, cutting your grass. You haven't what I call a straight eye. Let me show you how to mow a lawn properly."

I am a philosophic gardener. If any one wants to show me how to garden he is welcome. I don't know how many times my brother-in-law, who is one of those fussy instructive people, has clipped my hedges for me.

So I let Dobson grip the mower and run it up and down whilst I sank into a deck-chair and said, "Beautiful!" "What a straight eye you have!" and other encouraging remarks.

I was prepared to sit complimenting all the evening whilst Dobson kept on mowing. All at once I heard a shout in the road and looked round just in time to see a large policeman jump on Dobson's bike and ride off.

"Stop at once!" I shouted.

"After cycle thief!" shouted the policeman as he pedalled away.

The next moment there came a tremendous thud as fourteen stone of policeman hit the macadam.

We rushed out and raised the prostrate officer.

When he regained his breath he gasped, "Saw a man jump on a lady's bike that was standing at the gate of Sunnyside and ride off. He couldn't go fast on it. I should have caught him in a minute if this blessed bike hadn't jammed. He 'll be half a mile off now, I suppose. Well, I 'd best be going back to tell them at Sunnyside."

"This gentleman lives at Sunnyside," I said. "It will be his daughter's bicycle."



Lift Attendant (to rural party who has been up and down again). "WHAT DEPARTMENT DO YOU WANT?"

Rural Party. "I DON'T WANT NO DEPARTMENT. I JUST BE TER'BLE FOND OF LIFTS."

"LIVE STOCK AND PETS.

WANTED, experienced General; good wages."
Liverpool Echo.

"Live stock" perhaps, but not a "pet," we fear.



Policeman. "YOU MUST TAKE YOUR PLACE AT THE END OF THE QUEUE, MADAM, AND WAIT YOUR TURN."
Traveller. "BUT, GOOD *GRACIOUS*, MAN! I'VE GOT TO CATCH A TRAIN."

ANOTHER RECTORY MYSTERY.

Much Rotham, Essex.

DEAR SIR,—I am encouraged to hope that a brief account, taken from my diary, of the amazing phenomena that have lately focussed upon my quiet rectory the regard of the civilized world, may not be without interest. I should premise that my household consists of myself, a bachelor of sixty-five, and two domestics, cook and parlourmaid, of whom the precise ages have proved unascertainable, though both are palpably advanced in years. I had also at the time a young nephew, Tom (fourteen), spending a part of his summer holidays as my guest. The entries will now, I trust, explain themselves.

August 31st.—Tom arrived safely, looking cheerful. Trust he will not find our quiet routine too dull. *Later.* An amazing incident has occurred which I must put down while still fresh in my memory. Sent Tom to bed at 9.30 P.M. Servants retired at 10. I myself went upstairs precisely at 10.14. Finding bedroom door slightly ajar, gave it a brisk push, when, without warning, received on my head bath sponge saturated with cold water, causing me to overbalance myself. How it can have been discharged remains inexplicable, as the room was entirely empty. The only intimation of any supernatural agency was that afterwards I seemed to remember sounds as of suppressed laughter, coinciding with my fall. I may add that, when sufficiently recovered to summon assistance, I found that neither of the maids (both slightly deaf) had heard anything unusual; while my young visitor had fallen into so profound a slumber that he was only with much difficulty awakened. Whole affair a disquieting mystery.

September 1st-3rd.—Nothing unusual observed, despite the incessant watchfulness of Tom, whose untiring activity is beyond praise. He suggests removal of study floor with a view to possible skeletons. Proposal declined. Wrote letter to *The Great Slocombe Gazette*, giving full details of the manifestation.

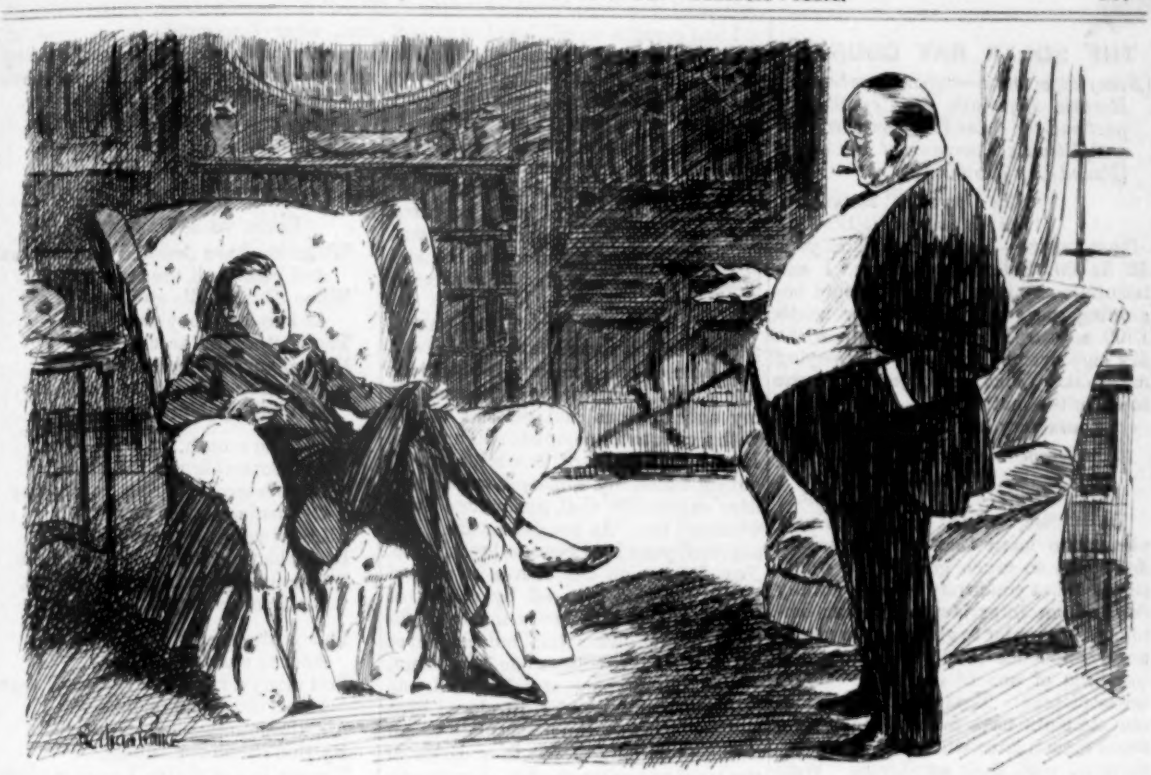
September 4th. — Cook, washing lettuces for supper, terrified by demoniac howls proceeding from outside garden. Found her in violent hysterics. Tom, returning from bicycle-ride in state of considerable emotion, reports encounter with unearthly presence in Rectory Lane. Parlourmaid faints twice. Addressed supplementary letter to *Slocombe Gazette*.

September 6th.—All quiet. Letters published. Effect, despite misprints, pleasing.

September 7th. — Unexpected but gratifying visit from representative of *The Daily Smudge*, who very courteously asked permission to photograph house and inmates. Accorded willingly.

September 8th. — Place obviously haunted. When about to seat myself at study desk, chair suddenly and violently jerked towards adjacent French window, which was partially open. Sustained further contusions and renewed shock. Becoming seriously alarmed. *What is it?*

September 9th.—Somewhat consoled



Mr. Bullion-Biggs (trying to impress upon his son the dignity of labour). "MY BOY, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE I HAD TO WASH BOTTLES AT A BREWERY."

His Son. "FINE, DAD—I'M REAL PROUD OF YOU. WHY, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE I MIGHT HAVE HAD TO DO THE SAME MYSELF."

by appearance of photos, covering entire front page of *Daily Smudge*. An unlooked-for distinction, though results hardly flattering to personal vanity. Accompanying article suggests the theory that the house is built in direct course of earth-electricity—whatever that is. Interesting. Tom inclined to discredit theory in favour of corpse under cellar. Both maids give notice.

September 10th.—Visit from Professor Langham-Place, the celebrated illusionist, who most kindly offers to subject rectory and grounds to expert examination. Accepted with thanks. Also called upon by polite gentleman representing Essex Natural Earth-Electricity Supply Company, now in course of flotation. Promised to take shares. Gentleman convinced of electric outlet on property.

September 11th. — More wailings. Bath taps turned on during night and drawing-room ceiling practically ruined. Professor L.-P. declares himself baffled and advises immediate evacuation of house as unsafe. Received circulars from five press-cutting agencies, enclosing articles from *Times*, *News*, *Post*, *Chronicle* and *Star*. Sent subscription to first.

September 12th.—Removal begun in heavy rain. Tom most helpful in conveying furniture on to lawn to await vans. Special excursion from town brought large crowd, who survey proceedings over garden hedge, with interested comments. Penalty of publicity. Further cuttings: also congratulatory wire from Sir Watson Sherlock. In afternoon depressed. Furniture greatly damaged. Hear question asked at Labour Congress, denouncing me for inadequate compensation to Cook. Started album of press-extracts.

September 13th.—Slept (?) at village inn. Severe cold. Tom, who heroically elected to spend night in deserted rectory, reports further alarming experiences, culminating in apparition of spectre with chains and shroud. Nerves seriously shaken. Two more special trains and quantity of motors, most of whose occupants put up for lunch at inn. Landlord exceedingly kind and sympathetic. *Later.* Unexpected arrival of my brother George, who, on being informed of position, declares his intention of visiting rectory with Tom and making thorough investigation. Declines further weapon than stout ash cane. Tom, for first time, displays reluctance, but is persuaded. In their absence continued album. Articles in *Outlook*, *Spectator*, *Athenæum* (humorous) and *Bee-keeper*.

September 14th.—Brother George and Tom both left by train last evening, latter somewhat flushed and taciturn. George assures me that ghost has been "well laid." Sincerely trust so; but explanation as far off as ever. Secured temporary charwoman and shall move back to-morrow. A marvellous, if trying, experience (query, privilege?). Determine to send this account to my favourite journal. Truly, as SHAKSPEARE so finely says, "there are more things in Heaven and Earth than dreams are made of." In which belief, I remain, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,
ROBERT SPALDING, M.A.

From a Calendar:—

"SEPTEMBER
16
TUESDAY
A. BONAR LAW BORN, 1858.
'What 's done cannot be undone.'
Macbeth, v. 1."

We commend this to Lord ROTHERMERE.

THE SOLAR RAY COURSE.

[*Being important correspondence between Horatio Hyacinth Mitt of the one part and the Solar Ray Concentration and Electric Company of the other. (Found in a dustbin.)*]

"The Dovecote," Balham,
17th August, 1919.

GENTLEMEN,—Having completed your £3 3*s.* 0*d.* Solar Ray course, I can faithfully say that, whereas before beginning the same, I was only worth £300 a year I am now worth £700. My employer is, however, only paying me £150. What would you advise me to do in the matter?

Yours very truly, H. H. MITT.

George Washington House,
Room 11,
19th August, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—We are exceedingly pleased to learn that our course has done you so much good. We would suggest that you firmly but respectfully demand an interview with your employer. In order to give you the necessary confidence may we suggest the purchase of one of our vibro-electric breastplates? Tens of thousands of our students have found benefit from these breastplates when undergoing interviews with their employers. With one of them concealed beneath your vest fear will flee from you and courage take its place. That marvellous fluid electricity, which is the basis of all life, will flow from the breastplate into all parts of the body, giving hope, strength and determination. Experience has shown that only five per cent. of employers are able to resist its subtle force. The breastplate, battery and electrodes, securely packed and delivered post free, £4 10*s.* 0*d.*

We are, Yours obediently, etc.

"The Dovecote," Balham,
25th August, 1919.

GENTLEMEN,—I have interviewed my employer; and with what result? That delicate sympathy heretofore existing between us, fragile thing that it was, is broken for ever; in other words I am sacked. I knocked at the door of his room yesterday immediately after he had returned from lunch. The time chosen shows, I think, that I am versed in human nature. Nevertheless his reception of me lacked cordiality. For assistance during this momentous crisis I relied chiefly upon Rules 78–92 of the advanced course, viz., those which lay it down that by an effort of will and imagination a person may fancy that he is the sun—"the great orb of day" (SHAKSPEARE)—and that, like the sun, he is shooting out beams of light and heat and force in all directions.

I had brought myself into the correct imaginative state before entering the room, and I immediately shot twenty or thirty beams at my employer's head, neck and shoulders. I am not aware that I concentrated unduly on a large mole which adorns the side of his nose, though I noticed that this corrugated excrescence became alternatively red and blue with great rapidity. It was impolite in him therefore to demand brusquely what the Hades I was staring at.

I may as well confess that this unexpected remark somewhat unsettled me, and I closed one eye for a few seconds (see Rule 138) in order to reassemble my subconscious and esoteric forces, with a view to his complete subjugation. It was at the end of this brief period, during which my employer wore a sinister expression, that misfortune overwhelmed me. As you are aware I had assumed your B 11 electric breastplate. Now I have, in the course of several rehearsals, endeavoured by means of this breastplate to bathe my being in the great life-giving fluid, but had never felt the smallest sensation therefrom. Yet at this moment, standing as I was before my employer, with closed eyes and surging soul, the breastplate began suddenly to subject me to a series of the most alarming shocks. Spasmodic pains of an intensive character shot downwards through my legs and upwards into my head, causing my hair to stiffen and the ends of my moustache (which is of a sandy colour) to move backwards and forwards and even gyrate convulsively.

My employer, with a startled look, sprang from his seat, seized a heavy coal-shovel from the fireplace and pressed an electric-bell. Before I could open my mouth the commissionaire entered the room and at a word I was hustled back into the general office.

This morning I have received a letter dispensing with my services and suggesting that I should become a Pussyfoot (whatever they may be).

I have set out the facts fully, Gentlemen, in order that you may be in a position to advise me. Yours, etc.

George Washington House,
1st September, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—We have read your letter with great interest. It is clear to us that your employer was incensed about something, and we have come to the conclusion that it was the convulsive movements of your moustachios. (N.B. A sandy moustache moving in the way you describe might easily irritate the nerves.) May we suggest that you should purchase a bottle of our elixir for the removal of superfluous hair, and, after treatment, again seek an interview with your employer? Being an old customer, we could let you have a large-size bottle for 17*s.* 11*d.*

Awaiting the favour of your order,
We are, etc.

THE HEIRLOOM.

LINES TO A DAUGHTER.

WHEN we have finished all the buns
And nearly all the tea,
When silence falls and everyone's
As bored as they can be,
The visitors in sheer despair
Regard you with a knowing air
And then in unison declare
How like you are to me!

"It is the mouth," the liars say,
"Or something in the pose,"
"The eyebrows, or that funny way
Of turning in her toes;"
All over your unhappy frame
Resemblances themselves proclaim,
But none suggest, for very shame,
That you have got my nose.

This is the nose that, age by age,
Adorns our ancient line;
Full many a Prelate, Prince and Sage
In carven stone recline—
All, all distinguished more or less
By this peculiar nosiness,
Though few of theirs, I must confess,
Were quite as large as mine.

Men gaze at it when one goes by
As at a monstrous freak,
Which—one can see it in their eye—
They simply long to tweak;
Nor is it nothing that one has
At many a rude unmannered Jazz
Been mentioned generally as
"The fellow with the beak."

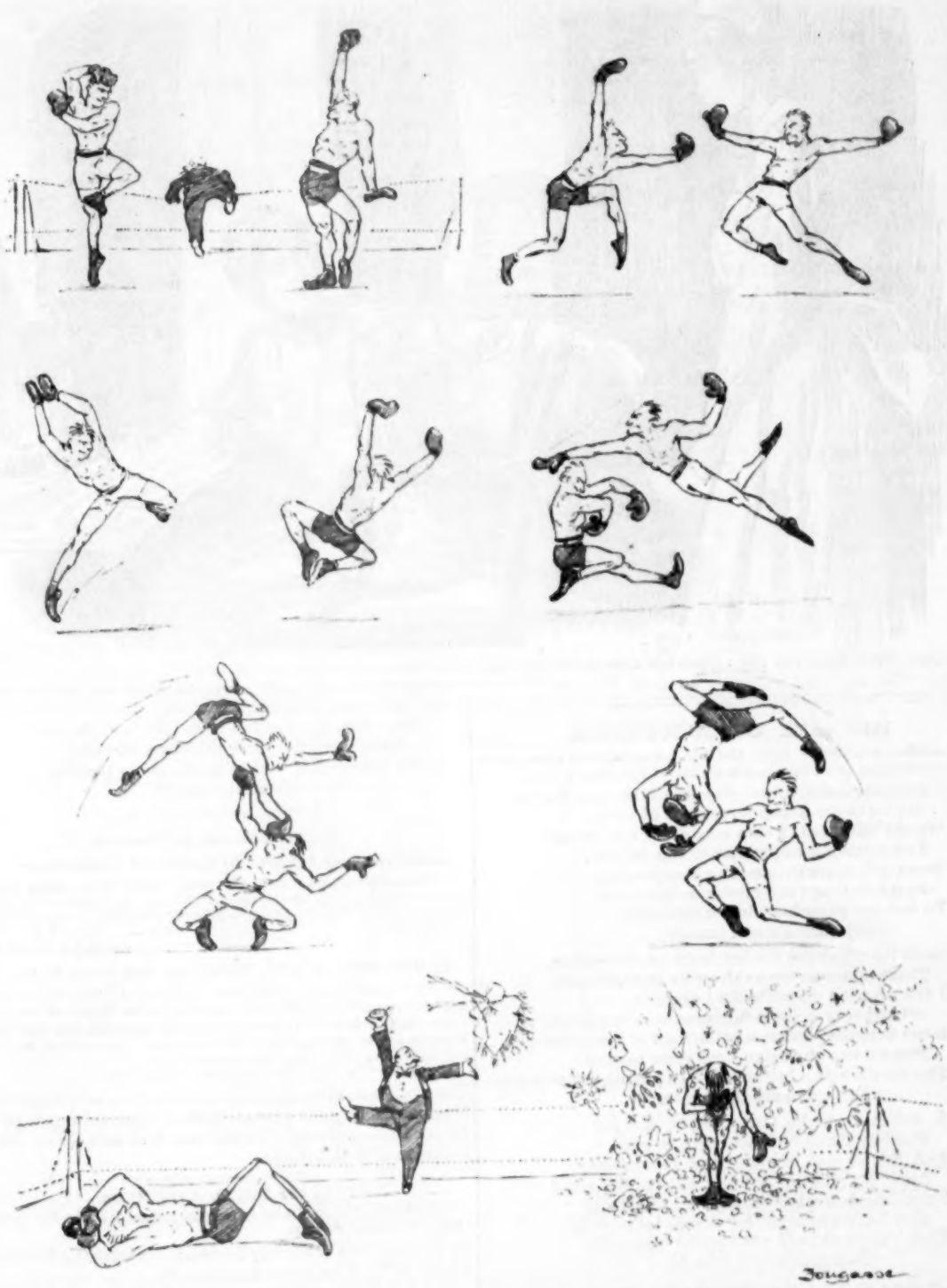
But, though with filial pride I wear
This relic of the past,
Your nose, I trust, is *not* the heir
Of the ancestral cast;
For men are foolishly inclined
To noses of a different kind,
Less angular, if less refined,
And just a shade less vast.

Your mother's, now, is straight and small,
The sort young men prefer,
Though she is not what I should call
A perfect character;
So, if you hope to be a bride,
I offer you this simple guide—
Just be a bit like me (inside),
But look a lot like her. A. P. H.

From "Motor Notes":—

"Maintaining a high speed on a narrow road when passing over vehicles may establish one's efficiency, nerve, and self-esteem, but it is disconcerting to the others."—*Scotch Paper.*

We respect the writer's reserve of strength.



THE BOUT OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

["The training of a modern boxer includes a course of lessons from a professional dancer."—*Daily Press.*]



Mistress. "BUT HAVE YOU ANY PARTICULAR REASON FOR WANTING TO GO HOME TO-MORROW NIGHT, LILY?"
Maid. "THE THING IS, MY BROTHER'S COMING, MUM, AND 'E 'S BRINGING 'IS YOUNG LADY, AND I 'M WANTED TO BE THE MISSING LINK."

THE LINE OF SUCCESSION.

[According to a weekly paper, the first known medical prescription is for an antidote to baldness, made up for an Egyptian queen.]

I MAKE no moan, although beneath the bay leaves
My locks are not so flowing as of yore;
Wholly unmoved, I note how every day leaves
The parting broader than it was before;
Tears, idle tears by me are not expended,
Still can I face my mirror undismayed
To find my daily hair-drill is attended
By such a small parade.

Each time I shake the bottle (large dimension,
Three times as big as those at one-and-one),
I tell myself I do with like intention
What haply many a famous name has done,
Since first that luckless better-half of PTOLEMY
Begged her physician for a dope to stop
The rot that won her spouse's comment, "Golly, my
Dear, you are thin on top."

So suffered, maybe, CÆSAR, *et tu*, *BRUTE*,
Possibly NERO had not much to cut,
And, Senlac won, some page did extra duty
Applying massage to the CONQUEROR'S nut;
Some frugal-minded BORGIA, too, diurnally
May have employed for simple toilet ends
Such poison as he 'd not applied internally
To inconvenient friends.

On such as these my frequent fancy lingers,
Snatching a solace from the thought that they
Kneaded their naked scalps with anxious fingers
Or ever I 'd begun my little day;
Yes, when my skull in turn tells how *fugaces*
Labuntur anni (how the years *do* bolt),
'Tis nice to feel that what is taking place is
An immemorial moult.

Quartermasters as Mascots.

Order recently received by a corps in Flanders:—

"With reference to your No. —— dated ——, 1919, will you please note that no Quartermaster should be demobilized without the sanction of these Headquarters being obtained, in accordance with G.R.O. 6475. (sd.) ——, Capt. S.C., for Major, D.A.M.S."

G.R.O. 6475, on being looked up, was found to be:—

"*Regimental Mascots and Pets.*—Licences to land these animals may be granted if application is made to the Board of Agriculture three weeks before it is desired to ship the animals, and provided the Mascots are to remain under military care. There is no bar to the importation of animals of the monkey tribe.
(Authority: W.O.L. No. 9/9/2200, dated 5-3-19.)"

The Quartermaster thereupon claimed on official authority that he was popular enough to be a regimental pet, but the Junior Sub. explained that his case was covered by the last sentence of G.R.O. 6475.

At the British Association.

"Sir Charles Parsons' advice may be summed up in the one word 'Bore.'"—*Daily Express.*

In the interests of Society hostesses we trust the President's advice will not be taken too literally.

Our Centenarians.

"Mr. G. Hayter, hon. secretary of the Royal Toxophilite Society, which will resume competitions, dates back to the days of King George III."—*Daily Mirror.*



THE RETURN OF LLOYDGEORGIUS TARQUINIUS.

CHORUS OF DEPARTMENTAL POPPIES. "HERE COMES SUPERBUS. SOME OF US ARE GOING TO GET IT IN THE NECK!"





Soldier (having received S.O.S. from the married quarters). "MIGHT—MIGHT I FALL OUT, SIR? I'VE JUST 'EARD ME BEES IS SWARMIN'."

THE DIARY OF A MONTESSORIAN.

II.

September 12.—A somewhat troubled night, Nurse having refused to accept any responsibility for Jack, on the ground that I had told her the children must not be watched. Slept in the nursery in an armchair. Jack very feverish. Edwin recommended milk and soda-water, but, as Jack did not ask for it, I could not force it upon him. As I reminded Edwin, NIETZSCHE has rightly said that life is an experience, not a duty. ARISTOTLE tells us that children live by instinct, and Dr. ALEXANDER MORGAN, the distinguished Scottish educationist, writes that "children must be allowed to examine and experiment for themselves. Only thus will they grow up to be active and self-reliant citizens."

At 8 A.M., hearing a loud knocking, I went down and let in Cook, Gladys and Jane. They explained their absence on the ground of terror at the behaviour of the children. Pointed out to them that, while State morality must be based on free choice, the free individual must disdain intimidation as well as coercion. Cook and Gladys immediately demanded the same rise in wages which I had promised to Jane.

Breakfast rather sketchy, and Edwin peevish about the limpness of the sausages. Said he was going to write an article on the limits of self-expression in cooks. I replied, in the words of HAROLD BEGBIE, that "to gain the affections of democracy for a crusade having a Moral State as its end, we must prove to it that this Moral State would be worth living in. We must prove that a Moral State would provide men with the opportunity of living richly and deeply, not niggardly and fearfully." Edwin retorted that our experiment was a double failure, since *he* was not living richly and the servants were in a blue funk. I replied again, in the noble words of Mr. BEGBIE, that "morality should never stand in the shadow of the policeman," on which Edwin, I regret to say, promptly observed, with a sad lack of taste and uplift: "Quite true; but what would Cook say to that?"

Jack being still rather *piano*, further experiments with him seem out of the question to-day. Edwin insisted that no more keys should be entrusted to the children; that experiment must be regarded as complete. By way of compromise I obtained his consent to allowing Eva the right of free election of amusements until the return of her governess, Miss Grindle. I made a further concession by agreeing that Eva should be under supervision, not vexatious but helpful. The true teacher, as Dr. ALEXANDER MORGAN puts it, "will watch the children in order to study their capacities and needs," but not to interfere with their legitimate self-activity.

As Edwin's leg still prevented his going to the Ministry of Supererogation I arranged that he should remain at home and invigilate on non-interventional lines, as I was obliged to attend my bi-weekly lesson in Eurhythmics at Madame Swetchine's studio at Brondesbury before lunching at the Smiles Self-Help Restaurant with the Neo-Hellenic Hygienic Coterie. Madame Swetchine very illuminative, especially in her insistence on non-injunctional instruction as a means of developing the artistic consciousness. A charming lunch—curried peaches and *maté*—and a most stimulating discussion on growth as a mathematical function of feeding. Home to tea. Jack much better but inclined to sleep. Edwin still tiresome. He had taken Eva in a taxi to Kensington Gardens, where she had elected to paddle in the Round Pond and, getting out of her depth, had been roughly pulled out by the park-keeper, whom



COMMERCIAL AVIATION.

Traveller (just arrived by seaplane). "I HOPE MY PILOT HASN'T MADE A MISTAKE, BUT THIS DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL HOPEFUL FOR HAIR-RESTORER!"

she had bitten in the hand. Edwin had offered the man ten shillings, but he refused and had taken Edwin's name and address. Persuaded Eva, who had not changed her clothes and showed signs of catching cold, to go to bed with a supply of chocolates, while I wrote to *The Times* to protest against the brutality of State Mamelukes.

ANOTHER IMPENDING STRIKE.

THE feeling of unrest so prevalent in the commercial world has at length spread to literary circles, and threatens to result in a strike of poets, as a protest against the refusal of the Editors' Defence Association to concede the demands formulated by the Minor Poets' Mutual Protection Society. The gravity of the situation cannot be exaggerated, and, unless immediate steps are taken by the Government to settle the dispute, the nation may at any moment be compelled to suffer the incalculable loss and inconvenience entailed by the complete stoppage of its poetical supplies.

The origin of the dispute is well-known. An industrious but undistinguished member of the Minor Poets' Mutual Protection Society submitted to the editor of *The Bookmaker* a poem entitled "Loves of the Lepidoptera." So impressed was the editor in question by the merit of this *tour de force* that by return of post an offer of three shillings and ninepence was received by the author and, on the advice of a rapacious landlady, accepted.

The editor of *The Bookmaker* then sold the colonial, dramatic, serial, musical, cinematograph, and all other rights for a sum of eighteen shillings and sixpence—thus realising a profit of nearly four hundred per cent.—and published the poem anonymously. The incensed author reported this shameless piece of profiteering to the Minor Poets' Mutual Protection Society. The Committee of the Society immediately seized the opportunity to demand substantial increases in the rate of payment for poets; a peace bonus to compensate for the inflated rents of attics; double rates of pay for night-work, the necessary midnight oil to be provided; prompt payment on acceptance—retention of MSS. longer than six hours to be equivalent to acceptance; withdrawal of the demand for stamped and addressed envelopes; and special terms for Odes, Epics, Patriotic Poems and Obituary Notices.

In presenting these terms to the Editors' Defence Association the Society intimated that, unless they were accepted within forty-eight hours, strike notices would be posted and minor poets throughout the country would "down" pens.

This uncompromising attitude was endorsed by a mass meeting held on Monday evening at the Poets' Corner, and attended by thousands of poets past, present and futurist. The seriousness of the situation is accentuated by the fact that all living poets of British nationality are, or should be, members of the Minor Poets' Mutual Protection Society.

A few characteristic comments on the crisis are recorded below:—

Dr. ROBERT BRIDGES, Poet-Laureate, expressed intense distaste for any kind of public utterance, but was overheard to murmur *sotto voce*:—

> "Whether I'm paid in cash or sack
> Or plum-and-apple jam,
> The outlook is extremely black,
> But I don't care a button."

Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, a copy of whose works is in all completely furnished British homes, expressed international sympathy and asserted her willingness to die in the last distich for the cause. She concluded as follows:—

> "Though ever since I did begin
> To write I've raked the dollars in,
> I shall not chafe at changes made
> So long as I am better paid."

A Volcanic Vorticist, pointing out



Interested Spectator. "WHAUR DID YE CATCH HIM?"
Dishevelled Fisherman. "HE'S BROCHT ME A' THE WAY FRAE PEEBLES AND HE DOESNA LOOK LIKE STOPPIN' THIS SIDE O' BERWICK."

that as he never accepted payment for his work, but paid for its publication, the matter in dispute did not concern him, said:—

"I have no sympathy with this
Misguided person;
He is addicted to rhymes,
A particularly cloying and noxious
Form of dope.
Rhymes! I never use them;
I write prose. Then I cut it into
Uneven lengths.
Comme ça!
And the critics, the people who really
Know that they know,
Say:
'How extraordinarily clever! How
Ecstatically spasmodic!
What a deep, even abysmal thinker
Is here!!' . . . Pouf!"

The Ungallant North.

"'Karsavina' is recognised as one of the greatest exponents of the art of the day. Her many appearances at Covent Garden with Nijinsky, Bolm, and other famous dancers . . . are ancient history."
Harrogate Kursaal Programme.

"QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE.
MENTIONED IN DOOMSDAY BOOK."
From an Auctioneer's Advt. in "Times."

Of course we knew that QUEEN ANNE was dead, but we had no idea she had lived as long as that.

THE SMILLIENNIUM.

(Suggested by a phrase overheard in St. James's Park.)

THE Upper Ten will have to go—
It 's painful, but it must be so—
And earn their living down below;
And Dukes, unless they dig or hoe
Or clean the streets of mud and snow,
Be jolted off to Jericho,
"When good old SMILLIE runs the show."

Free beer will in profusion flow
From parish pumps in sweet Soho
To John O'Groats and Swinning Voe,
And never will the State bestow
Less than a daily *quid pro quo*
On Jack and Fritz and Ikey Mo—
"When good old SMILLIE runs the show."

Only the self-respecting "pro"
Will bat and bowl and run and row;
Only the proletarian toe
In football will be *comme il faut*;
Only the coster to and fro
Will canter over Rotten Row,
"When good old SMILLIE runs the show."

DRAKE will be banned at Plymouth Hoe,
And Nelson's Column undergo
A catastrophic overthrow;
All palaces will be laid low,
And only gallant "Captain Coe"
Be free to wear the D.S.O.,
"When good old SMILLIE runs the show."

Will England be downhearted? No!
BON's generous heart is all aglow
With admiration for the foe
Who proffered peace at Prinkipo,
LENIN and BELA KUN and Co.;
And all will blossom, bloom and grow
"When good old SMILLIE runs the show."

"Sir William went very exhaustedly into the rates of pay now given to the men."
Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

We are not surprised.

"REQUIRED, Bedroom and sitting-room, or use of sitting room; permanent; married couple."—*Llandudno Advertiser.*

This goes beyond Mr. KIPLING's couplet:—

"You may shout it from the house tops, you may print it on his card,
That a young man married is a young man marred."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT DAY."

DRURY LANE Autumn melodramas should be very entertaining to write, or rather to construct; and the Big Three of what might be called PARKER's Piece Conference—I refer respectfully to Mr. LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER, Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS and Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS—must have enjoyed their work on this new one, *The Great Day*, almost as much as the audience enjoys the results. For so many stimulating things have to be done: virtue has to be rewarded, and in the process of bringing this about the moralist cannot but glow; villainy has to be frustrated and punished (renewed glow); recent history, social and political, has to be searched and selected from (surely a piquant task); jokes have to be made; crises of emotional excitement have to be arranged; and sensational settings decided upon for which every likely and unlikely resource of scene-painting, carpentry and lighting is at their disposal. All this must be very stimulating employment—to say nothing of monetary reward to follow.

But of the three I personally most envy Mr. COLLINS, for, whatever the anxieties incidental to such labours, it must be enormous fun to set out to achieve the impossible, as he has done, and to win; to bring, for example, the river Seine in full flood to the boards of Drury Lane. This is by far the most remarkable stage spectacle I have ever seen, and its impressiveness is increased rather than impaired by the forewarning of the authors, who in their stern logic provide, in the previous scene, the real thunderstorm (so real as to splash Mr. GLOVER and his merry fiddlers) which causes the river to burst its banks. Nor do we think less of this cataclysm because the sole purpose of unloosing it was to drown Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE. Nobody else. That so vast an inundation should be brought about to satisfy poetical justice in the matter of one malefactor is surely magnificent; particularly as there is (to all appearances—such is Mr. COLLINS's skill) a sufficient torrent to purge London of half its detrimental population.

What fun, again, to bring a slice of Sheffield to Drury Lane, so that Mr. STANLEY LOGAN, whom playgoers have been thinking of for a long while purely as a debonair Lothario with a leaning towards manicure, may evolve into an inventor in overalls with so perilous a secret that only his own hands can wield the hammer that releases a molten stream of the specially toughened metal which alone can win the war!

But scenery is not all, and it would be unfair to Mr. PARKER and Mr. SIMS to lay too much stress upon it, for their story has its own momentum and is told with admirable spirit, and now and then with finer shades of characterisation than these vast productions



FRACTIOUS ALIENS AT THE FOUNDRY.

Wenceslas Kolar . Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE.
Lilian Leeson . . Miss RHODA SYMONS.

demand, but for the presence of which they are the better.

And the play has been cast with conspicuous discretion. Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE's Shakspearean training (*Humpty-Dumpty* would call it her "Shaksperience") is discernible in a voice of beautiful mellowness and clarity, and in the unhurried grace of her movements, which, with her unaffected sincerity, endear her to the house; and the authors, recognising this classic quality, have provided a little Shakspearean echo, in her analysis of the perfect husband in Act I., which for a moment agreeably emphasises it.



CONJUGAL "COMRADES."

Frank Beresford . Mr. STANLEY LOGAN.
Clara Borstwick . Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE.

Mr. STANLEY LOGAN, drawn from light comedy to play a Bayard in adversity whom a Samaritanese impulse has involved in bigamy, acts so well that he compels sympathy. The part is both long and difficult, but he carries it through with distinction, not unassisted by an excellent ally in the person of a good and versatile tailor. Mr. FREDERICK ROSS as the steel-manufacturer is finely vigorous and resonant, and, though some days have passed, his defiant tones still ring in my head. Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE as a Ruthenian violinist (and, we all suspected, certainly a cousin, if not a nearer relation, of *Svengali*), discourses sweet music and insidious subtle wickedness with equal skill and earns his meed of hate (with groans and hisses). The part is the most theatrical of all, but also the most picturesque, and Mr. LAWRENCE serves the authors well. Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD does all that is possible as a lovesick boy in shackles of devotion to a *Kitty* (Miss DOROTHY TETLEY) who is winsome enough to make every man wish his place; but he has not been too generously supplied with opportunities. Lastly, among the principals, we come to Mr. HUGH C. BUCKLER, whose impersonation of a soldier broken by a German prison is painfully convincing.

As an illustration of the richness of the cast, I may say that, although that unctuous comedian, Miss MARY BROUGH, is among its forty and odd names, she certainly has not more than six sentences to speak. Another minor part that stands forth is that of the manager of the works, whom Mr. CLIFFORD SPURR makes a very real figure.

There are also a score or so of anonymous performers—they are grouped under "etc."—that I fancy I have seen before on the same historic boards. Everything else is lavishly new; but the rats that scamper across the stage in the Paris scene—did I or did I not recognise them as survivors from *Dick Whittington's* cat? It was too dark for certainty. V.

"THE CAMBERLEY TRIANGLE."

Perhaps the *Bacchanale*, executed with almost ferocious energy by a couple of half-naked Russian acrobats (oh, memories of PAVLOVA and MORDKIN), was not the best preparation for the

quiet humour of Mr. A. A. MILNE's little sketch. But the adaptability of a Coliseum audience is very catholic, and the typically unassertive qualities of *The Camberley Triangle* (which, it is right to warn you, had nothing to do with the Staff College) were not wasted upon them. It offered a new and very fresh variation on the return of a husband (hasty war-wedding, followed by four years on an Eastern front without leave) to find his wife in train to elope with Another. Dispensing with all the more vulgar developments he proposes a competition with his rival, each to have five minutes by himself with the lady for the exercise of his conversational charms. The *tertium quid*, being allowed first turn, urges her, with a peevish violence that has no persuasion in it, to get on her hat and cloak and be off with him before his time is up. He is clearly no gentleman and thoroughly deserves to lose. The husband (an obvious conqueror from the moment of his appearance) refuses to press his claims, dismisses the vision that he has cherished in solitude all these years, and starts on a virgin quest to win his wife's affections all over again. He attains with a minute or so in hand.

Mr. GODFREY TEARLE played the winning part with a most comfortable assurance, but was not very well supported (if that is the right word) by his rival, who made it rather hard for us to visualise the fascination which he seems to have exerted over the wife before the curtain went up. This in turn threw a painful doubt upon her sense of values and made us wonder whether the victor's prize was quite as good a thing as he thought it.

A very attractive sketch, if not quite Mr. MILNE at his best. But then *The Boy Comes Home* is a difficult best to equal. O. S.

SIDE-SHOWS.

(By our own Secret Historian.)

Now that Mr. LOVAT FRASER has been allowed to reveal in a contemporary that the British Expedition to Russia is merely a continuation of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S vendetta against PETERS and his Sydney Street colleagues, I may be permitted to throw some interesting side-lights on a few of the many side-shows in which the Allies participated.

* * *

It has been my good fortune to see an advance proof of the papers dealing with the operations in Palestine and Arabia, from which it is clear that Lord ALLENBY accepted that command solely for the purpose of playing the lead in a popular film, hoping thereby to triumph over his rival, Mr. CHAPLIN, of whom the gallant Field-Marshal has for some time been secretly jealous.

* * *

An "Arabian Night Entertainment" is directly responsible for yet another theatre of the War, inasmuch as the Bagdad Expedition was arranged and equipped by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE mainly to supply a topical interest for his elaborate plagiarism, *Chu Chin Chow*.

I may add that the Stage also played an important part in the despatch of troops to the Garden of Eden, this being in reality the outcome of a recruiting campaign designed to enlist the services of young men who were flocking nightly to revues, to the success of which the "back to the Creation" fashions contributed in no small measure.

* * *

Lack of space would not prevent my discussing the true genesis of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force and the exodus from the Dardanelles, but my tongue is tied (in my cheek) for the moment, the copyright of those deservedly incredible stories having been already secured by a contemporary.



Reveller (returning from private celebration dinner). "MUST HAVE BROUGHT AWAY THE WRONG UMBRELLA."

"GOLD."

A District Horse; South India.

NOT where the frenzied punters gamble
On or against, for win or place;
Not where the proud and pedigreed amble
The shaded paddock before the race;
Not in the charge's rush and thunder,
The bugles splitting the air asunder
(And God defend us from slip or blunder
With the troop behind and the foe to face);

Nor yet on Nottingham's meads or Leicester's,
Or wheresoever the fox is run
Where fields are fast and fences testers
And the best may fall ere the day be done;
Nor yet on Ranelagh's shaven levels,
The sun ablaze on the June-tide revels,
Where men and ponies are turned to devils
Till the goal be scored and the game be won;

But East away by the Bengal breakers
In a corner of earth too small to see,
Where the ricefields carpet the lowland acres
And the coconut palm and the tamarind tree;
Where the sky is a dome of blue-gold arches,
And the noonday sunshine blinds and parches
And you *must* have a horse to do your marches,
That is the country for "Gold" and me.

I no DONOGHUE, he no flier
To canter home with the Stakes or Cup;
Backer or tipster, bookie or buyer,
Following us would have bought a pup;
But when it comes to getting the distance
Camp-to-camp with the map's assistance
And taking the line of least resistance,
"Gold" 's my money—and "owner up."

When pi-dogs chivvy and cowflies pester
(A million cowflies go to the mile),
When aloe and cactus prickle and fester,
When mud is viscous and man is vile,
When bunds are slippery, steep or rotten,
When the path is lost and the track forgotten,
Or the going sand or the soil black cotton,
Bring on your racers and see us smile.

Duty calls to appointed stations,
Those appropriate, we've been told,
And humble worth and a perfect patience
Score to-day as they did of old;
This tribute then to a friend true-hearted,
Gallant and game as ever started,
Perish the day from him I'm parted,
"Gold" by name, and by nature gold.

SEEING A FLAT.

I HAD saved the House Agent's life at a critical moment in Flanders by recommending him to the Colonel for a Lewis Gun Course at Army Headquarters. We were therefore firm friends and had arranged a private code. As soon as I saw in the Agony Column of *The Times* "Leonidas. It is not too late, darling Tibs," I knew that he had a furnished flat to let, so I rushed to the nearest telephone office and tried to get through to him. After running through most of the combinations, Exchange hit the key number and the Agent spoke. "Come at once," he said, "and come in disguise, or you will probably be mobbed. Dress up, if you can, as a plumber."

I bought a basket of plums, put on my oldest suit and boarded a motor-bus that appeared from its placard to have its heart set on the hills. After an hour's climb I got off and continued the ascent on foot. A large and ferocious-looking crowd of men and women were beleaguering the door of the Agent's office. I beckoned to a small boy, offered him sixpence and told him to climb over the back garden wall and deliver a message. "Tell Mr. Williams," I said, "that one waits without who wishes to have a word with him. Can you repeat that?"

I was glad that I had put him to this test, as it appeared that he pronounced all his w's as v's, and I therefore engaged another.

He reappeared in twenty minutes with an order to view No. 369, Sennacherib Mansions.

I scaled some more peaks and found at last a peculiar-shaped cromlech on the left-hand side of the mountain-top. By an extraordinary coincidence a precisely similar excrescence entitled Nebuchadnezzar Mansions had reared itself on the right-hand side. I did not honestly admire the architectural style of the buildings. It was doubtful indeed whether it could be called a style at all. In front of each block there ran a long row of part-worn evergreen shrubs. I ran after them until I reached the thirty-sixth entrance and climbed five flights of stairs. I rang the bell, and when the door opened put my foot in it.

"I have come to see your flat," I shouted, working my way in and waving the order to view in the tenant's face."

"Certainly," he said as we crouched together in the entrance-shaft. "I expect you would like to see the reception cupboards first."

"I want to see the one you dine in," I said. "I have rather a long swing with my spoon." He showed me a small alcove, in which one had to adopt a sitting attitude in order to get one's knees under the edge of the table and so dodge the door, which opened inwards. The drawing recess had two of those large circular tuffet-shaped cushions in it, and seemed over-furnished when we had both got inside.

"I expect you don't have very large house parties, do you?" I asked.

He confessed that he did not, and took me on to see the bedrooms. He explained rather apologetically that the flat had not been designed for a very long man, but that, by knocking a square hole in the plaster and fitting a wooden box in it, he was enabled to lie down. This was really an advantage, since the box could be reversed during the daytime, thus adding considerably to the size of the drawing-room next door.

"I will now let you see the bathroom," he went on. "It has a geyser."

"I have an order to geyse," I reminded him proudly, and we peeped in together. The bath had been built for depth rather than for length, and when you used it, he explained, you took up the "knees bend" position and dodged the spout of the geyser. The whole flat indeed was admirably adapted for the practice of P.T. exercises, with the exception of the "arms upward stretch" movement, which gave one a nasty rap across the knuckles when one hit the ceiling. I examined a few cracks in the walls and some damp patches where the rain was coming through, left my basket of plums to refresh the tenant and went back to the House Agent's office.

"Are there really many people who want that flat?" I asked him, when I had worked my way through the scrimmage.

"Most certainly," he replied, waving his hand towards the heated throng.

"In spite of the price?"

"A mere nothing."

"And the size of the thing?"

"Oh, you'll soon get used to that," he said cheerfully. "Are you going to take it or not?"

"No, I won't take it, Williams," I answered, backing towards the door. "Have it sent round to my rooms for me, will you—with a couple of lettuces?"

And I scrambled down the slope and returned to London. EVOE.



Mother. "HOO DID YE EARN THE THRIPPENCE, ANGUS?"
Father. "WEEL, HERE'S ANITHER PENNY. GO ALONG AN' GET YER HAIR CUT, THERE'S A GUID LADDIE."
Boy. "A LADY GIE'D IT ME FOR CARRYIN' HER BAAG."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN the pleasant parts of a novel are so attractively pictured that you find yourself indulging an active and personal regret for the glooms that must overshadow it, I conceive the author already to have scored a notable success. This certainly was my own feeling at the end of chapter seven of *A Man and his Lesson* (HUTCHINSON), when Mr. W. B. MAXWELL had been telling, in his best manner, about the jolly Sunday parties given by *Bryan Vaile*, successful dramatist and husband, at his happy home in Regent's Park. I almost detested the uninvited arrival of the dazzling *Duchess of Middlesborough*, between whom and *Bryan* there had once been a romance, which, from selfish caprice, she had determined to revive. Of course the result of her excursion to Regent's Park was simple ruin, first for the pleasant Sunday afternoon, disorganised by so conspicuous a guest; second, for the whole fabric of *Bryan's* domestic life. Perhaps from here you find him too easy a victim. But the skill of Mr. MAXWELL's art is to suggest so vividly the compelling charm of the lady that while disapproving you comprehend. Also, of course, the conflict between Rectitude, even in Regent's Park (with Sunday suppers and a sufficient income), and Romance, backed by the stately homes of England (about which, as ever, Mr. MAXWELL lets himself go very cheerfully), was hardly a level one. I won't tell you which wins, nor how; sufficient that the course of the conflict provides a story filled with brilliant colour which will hold your attention to the last page. After that, perhaps, you may begin, a little ungratefully, to wonder: Is *A Man and His Lesson* a work of genius, or a seven-shilling shocker written by an artist? I give it up. But of its qualities as a well-told tale there can be no possible doubt whatever.

I take it that Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON has called his collection of short stories *Aftermath* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), as an acknowledgment that this field has already been reaped once by the magazines, which was both honest of him and (if I may say so without offence) superfluous. Never did any tales reflect more unmistakably that world of condensed violence of which we may obtain glimpses at sixpence, ninepence or a shilling per month. Mr. WATSON might have, but hasn't, divided his crop into two contrasting sheaves, the grave and gay. Personally speaking, I own to preferring the former. Melodrama, with an infusion of bogey, is, I think, the mixture that he handles best; and nowhere are these more cunningly blended than in "Over the Wire," an admirable example of much sensation in a little room. The clairvoyant at one end of the telephone sees the murder of his friend at the other. "'Marley!' he called agitatedly, 'there is a man—the man behind you. Look out! My God.'" That's the stuff to—I mean, few readers will remain unmoved by the thrill of such a situation. Not all the stories are on this level; in two at least credibility is strained considerably beyond breaking point—so much so indeed that one is tempted to accuse the author of carelessness. Also, though the collection includes some mildly amusing episodes, I found that, as a rule, Mr. WATSON

could lift my hair more surely than he could shake my shoulders. Individual taste will determine this as a compliment or the reverse.

I should call *The Gods Decide* (METHUEN) a tale of which the setting was worth considerably more than the story. Mr. RICHARD BAGOT, I am very willing to believe, knows his Italy at first hand. He has given us here some highly interesting disclosures of the extent to which, at the time of the Italian declaration of war, the country was systematically undermined by agents of the Central Powers, who sought to prevent the abandonment of neutrality and afterwards to destroy national confidence and patriotism. To read Mr. BAGOT'S pages of fact is to understand only too clearly the tragedies that followed. I only wish I could call his pages of fiction equally absorbing, or anything like it. I fear, however, that the plot of *The Gods Decide* is neither specially inspired nor original. At this date the countenance of our old enemy, the signaller to submarines, has become (how shall I put it?) perceptibly dusty. Nor was I ever in any aching doubt that the hero, married to a pro-German neurotic, would attain his freedom in time to embrace the heroine legitimately on the final page. Indeed my chief feeling was that, in considering this an affair for the decision of the gods, Mr. BAGOT had underrated his own influence. Still, it gave the characters something to talk about, an opportunity of which they certainly took the fullest possible advantage. One criticism more—could not Mr. BAGOT'S people, and for that matter their creator also, decide once for all between the English and Italian tongues, and act accordingly? Their present habit of combining the two not only destroys entirely the effect that it is meant to create, but makes for the reader such rough going as is apt to result in some justified bewilderment and irritation.



SNUBBED.

SOCIAL DRAMA IN ADJACENT ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

It is all to the good that Mr. EDMUND CANDLER approached the task of writing *The Sepoy* (MURRAY) with a clear appreciation of its difficulties. "One must," he says in his preface, "be a regimental officer to understand the Sepoy, and then as a rule one only knows the particular type one commands . . . and one must always bear in mind that every company officer who is worth his salt is persuaded that there are no men like his own." Mr. CANDLER met in Mesopotamia the sixteen types of sepoy described here, and he has submitted what he has written to officers thoroughly qualified to pass judgment upon its accuracy. The result is a book extraordinarily informing and human. Mr. CANDLER might have collected his information with an industry beyond reproach, but if he had not possessed an innate sympathy with the sepoy his time would have been sadly wasted. More than once he compares the spirit existing in a native regiment with that of an English public-school, and even the most truculent critics of our public-schools admit (if reluctantly) that their spirit is not without merit. Not only has Mr. CANDLER given us an opportunity to realise what our Indian soldiers did for the Empire in the War, but he also writes of them with a sympathetic understanding and an almost wistful appreciation. Altogether a book which I should indeed have been sorry to miss.

Mr. J. S. FLETCHER, in *The Valley of Headstrong Men* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), offers us a tale of unlikely and exciting incident, a sort of epic of Yorkshire obstinacy and love of brass. The hero, *Oliver Carsdale*, who began life as a gardener's boy at Ryvedale Abbey, and had left the soil for the mills, is obsessed by the ambition to buy the place and end his days its master. It was odd, then, that he took no effective steps to do so, but let it be snapped up under his nose by a rival manufacturer, "who couldn't put down as many pence as he could put down pounds." Our *Oliver* had a nasty temper, and when he heard this news his "hand that carried a neatly rolled umbrella contracted round its handle so fiercely that the ivory and silver cracked audibly," and its owner proceeded to the club and there delivered himself of sentiments concerning his rival which in any other environment would surely have led to embittered libel actions if not personal violence. But the headstrong men who foregathered there seemed to take it as all in the day's work. Eventually the old manufacturer is lead into a better frame of mind, even to the point of refusing a peerage, the road to which he had patiently paved with a prodigious quantity of brass. Something like a conversion!

The Perils of Peace-Time.

"He enlisted in June, 1918, and sailed for France in February, 1919. He has had many experiences and risks, but in spite of all has come through unscathed."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Le Conseil suprême interallié a désigné sir George Clark, haut fonctionnaire du Forcing Office, pour aller à Bucarest présenter au gouvernement roumain le point de vue des puissances alliées et associées."—"*Le Suisse*" (*Geneva*).

This is the first time we have heard this compliment paid to our Foreign Office. We hope the young seedlings will come on nicely.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is reported to have appeared in Downing Street driving a Ford car. It is felt that a poem from the POET LAUREATE cannot long be delayed.

* * *

The Sunday Times says that Lord ROTHERMERE will in all likelihood return to office as War Minister. A wire to that effect is said to be on its way to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

Four men have been arrested in Tipperary on the charge of murdering a policeman. The date of the acquittal by jury has not yet been fixed.

* * *

"Squirrel is to be a popular fur in Paris this winter," says a leading furrier. We also understand that, as soon as transport is available, Germany will be sending us a nice lot of skunks.

* * *

The new comet discovered by Professor METCALF should be a great success. *The Daily Mail* is taking it up and a good reception is assured.

* * *

"Considerable disappointment is being felt," says a contemporary, "over the fact that the Profiteering Act does not apply to laundries." This tenderness on the part of the Government is not confined, it appears, to those who wash our dirty linen in public.

* * *

"The father of a boy who has been in the habit of giving false fire alarms told the Liverpool police magistrates that his son had an over-active brain. The magistrates however took the view that it was the seat of the child's emotions that wanted stimulating.

* * *

"There is little hope of wall-papers coming down," says a well-known suburban builder and decorator. This is only because people *will* keep on leaning against the wall.

* * *

The Ministry of Health has refused to pay five pounds towards the cost of Brentford's Baby Show. With the future of the race trembling in the balance it is felt that parents who devote themselves to raising prize babies are subordinating public to private interests.

* * *

For biting the mayor of the town a Stalybridge dog has been ordered to be destroyed. The owner of the dog still maintains that the mayor began it.

* * *

"What is a new-laid egg?" asks the journalistic world. As a rule, it isn't.

* * *

"The purchaser of an egg which turns out to be bad is legally entitled," says the FOOD-CONTROLLER, "to a return of the purchase money and damages." This is in addition, of course, to the usual proceedings "in ouster" against the egg.

* * *

"I told the British authorities," says Mr. TREBITSCH LINCOLN, "that I would devote the rest of my life to working against England." It looks as if Mr. SMILLIE isn't going to have a walk-over.

* * *

In reply to a question by the Clerkenwell magistrate a defendant replied, "I know nothing, and what is more I don't intend to." Why this man isn't a Government official is a mystery.

* * *

Chichester is to have a pack of subscription harriers. Other localities will have to rub along with their Profiteering Committees.

* * *

America is said to be building two liners of over a thousand feet each for the fish trade. Anglers will note that when complete they will take fish of any length up to the full limit of smoke-room conversation.

* * *

A duel has taken place between the Mayor of Bayonne and the President of the Chamber of Commerce. Shots were exchanged and then tea was served, thus bringing to a close a very enjoyable afternoon.

* * *

A dairyman advertising for a flat offers to supply the landlord with milk each day. We presume, of course, that the landlord would have to pay the difference at the end of the week.

* * *

A burglar told the West London magistrates that his downfall was due to increased railway fares affecting his trade. It is not thought likely, however, that a reduction can be made to meet the special needs of travelling burglars.

* * *

There is a deficiency of £4,256 on Bath Corporation Electricity Works. It is said that even the Government could not have done better.

* * *

"Surely," a publisher is reported to have said, "novelists only write for themselves." This of course, if true, explains a great deal.

* * *

An American farmer, arrested for having murdered his daughter twenty-three years ago, declared that he had forgotten all about it. Pressed for his view of the case, a leading Irish murderer states that after a short course of memory-training he has had no difficulty in recalling the most trifling murders committed by him.

* * *

A demobilised officer advertises in a daily paper that he is prepared to write "amusing letters" to anyone for five guineas per three months. This is considerably below the War Office scale of remuneration for similar services.



THE FALL OF THE SOVEREIGN.

Horrible Vision of the Near Future.

English Lady. "THEY SAY HE'S A MILLIONAIRE."

American Visitor. "YES, BUT ONLY POUNDS—NOT DOLLARS.

THE PRESERVATION OF HUMOUR.

[It is reported that at a meeting at St. Andrews the Rules of Golf Committee stated that they had no intention of doing away with "the fun which the stymie provided."]

MANY the changes, hard and cruel,
Arising from the recent War:
Butter is tight and so is fuel,
Post-bellum trousers cost us more;
But none may alter by a jot
The games that made us you know what.

Grocers have lost their grace of manner
And flappers half their length of skirt;
Under the red of Freedom's banner
Your demagogues grow loud and pert;
But through all change from good to ill
Thank God we keep our stymie still.

Lately there ran an ugly rumour
That left me for the time unmanned—
Hinting that this true source of humour
Might very possibly be banned;
Its jocund days, they said, were done,
This Royal and Ancient fount of fun.

Bunkers are good to cure depression;
So is a slice that finds the whin;
A lake that drowns a long procession
Of new-laid globes will make you grin;
But, oh, the other fellow's ball
Dead in your line is best of all.

How often, being laid a stymie
That fairly blocked my winning stroke,
I've said to my opponent, "Blimey,
This is indeed a topping joke;
This" (as I wept hot tears of joy)
"Is good enough for *Punch*, my boy."

Happily Scotland now as ever
Stands where she did in point of mirth;
Her sense of humour, failing never,
Can see the finest jest on earth;
Though empires fall, she will not let
Our stymie perish. "Scotland yet!" O. S.

THE BALLYBUN SOVIET.

MINUTES OF THE FIRST GENERAL MEETING.

UNANIMOUSLY resolved that a branch of the Sinn Fein Soviet be solemnly inaugurated at Ballybun; that all meetings of the Sinn Fein Ballybun Soviet be held at Finnerty's after closing time; that Mr. Lucas Finnerty, Licensed Victualler and J.P., be elected Grand Perpetual President, with power to eject unsuitable members.

Mr. Finnerty, L.V. and J.P., then returned to the room along with Dennis O'Riordan through the broken window, and, after thanking the assembly for the honour done him, said that the expression "one-legged viper" had no reference to Mr. O'Riordan's qualities as a man and a gentleman. Mr. O'Riordan had forsooth settled his account at the bar, and henceforth he would be proud to walk arm-in-arm with Mr. O'Riordan, steering the same ship of Ireland's Independence to the same goal.

Mr. O'Riordan, speaking with great emotion and a cut lip, said that as the last descendant of the Seven Kings of Kildare he accepted the olive-branch in the spirit in which it had been offered. He admitted having used the expression, "degenerate cattle-thief masquerading as publican," but that when doing so he was not reflecting upon Mr. Finnerty as a public man, though he still maintained that he was right in objecting to pay for nine glasses of ginger-ale, a liquid with which he was wholly unacquainted.

Unanimously resolved by a large majority that sympathy be expressed with our gallant allies, the Germans, Turks, Bulgarians and Bolshevists, in their struggle against the hated English tyrant, and that Mr. TROTSKY be elected *ex-officio* President of the Ballybun branch.

Mr. Cathal Ua Chavasseagha protested against the use of purely Saxon expressions like "*ex-officio*." He moved that it be deleted from the minutes. He knew an Irish word which would meet the situation, but it had just slipped him. It was, anyhow, a tastier word, and he moved that it be substituted.—Agreed.

Proposed by Seamus O'Brien (Peter) and seconded by Peter O'Brien (Seamus), that all other distinguished and representative Irishmen be elected honorary Presidents. (Mr. Ua Chavasseagha here explained that "honorary" was the word which had slipped him).—Agreed.

Mr. Ulick Dermott McMurteagh proposed that the World's Peace Conferences be held in Ballybun, instead of Geneva. Geneva was a hard place to reach by boat, and most people mixed it up with Genoa. No place, he would venture to remark, was so full of amity and conciliation as Ballybun, and their genial host, he opined, would continue to lend them his sumptuous Assembly Hall.

Mr. Murphy (Ballybrickeen) interposed. He said he was as full of amity as any other body, but he objected to this constant ramming of Ballybun down their throats. His cousin had a finer assembly hall than had Finnerty, and he forsooth would not sell the liberties of Ballybrickeen for Finnerty's messy porridge.

Mr. Finnerty having suitably replied, they were separated with great difficulty.

Mr. Flaherty McMorrow proposed that President WILSON be instructed to see that justice was done to the Irish farmer. A visitor from Ennis said that, although he was only a visitor, he could not help remarking, *sotto voce* as it were, that farmers were the greatest robbers in creation. If justice were done to the Irish farmer the price of hemp would go up along with him.

There was then an interval of three-quarters of an hour. The police having restored order and friendly relations, the visitor from Ennis was removed to the infirmary.

The Chairman closed the proceedings by thanking the meeting for the general good feeling that had prevailed. He said that the eyes of the world would be fixed on the Sinn Fein Soviet of Ballybun. He proposed that a subscription should be taken for the broken tumblers, and that they should agree to let bygones be bygones and bury the pipe of peace harmoniously.—Agreed.

The proceedings then terminated.

"The reduced fee (£2 2s.) for the cremation of the remains of Liverpool citizens is to be prolonged experimentally for another year." *Liverpool Post.*

"To balance the high cost of living the Parks and Cemeteries Committee of Dundee Town Council yesterday agreed to make the cost of burial a little more expensive."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

Many thrifty Dundonians, we understand, are preparing to migrate to Liverpool.

"A joint conference of 16 Food Control Committees was held yesterday, to consider the winter milk prices. The farmers' representatives said they were prepared to accept 10*d.* per quart for the whole period from October to April. The conference subsequently decided to recommend the respective committees represented to suggest that the Divisional Commissioner fix the price at 10*d.* per quart for the whole seven months."—*Lancashire Paper.*

Some profiteers are born and some self-made, but the poor farmer seems to have had profiteering thrust upon him.



THE NEW AJAX.

Voice of Daily Herald (*without*). "'NOTHER LIGHTNING STRIKE!"

John Bull (*fed-up with lightning strikes*). "WELL, I DEFY IT." (*Yawns and resumes his work*).



Infuriated Scot (whose partner has lost the match with the shortest of putts). "WORRDS FAIL ME!"
Partner. "DEAR, DEAR! WHAT A PITY YOU DIDN'T BRING YOUR BAGPIPES!"

A BYE DAY.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

FOLLOWING custom immemorial, the last match of the Porthollow season is played against the Visitors. It is always played during a full September gale and the visitors are always unsuccessful.

This year Archibald was entrusted with the captaincy of the Visitors' eleven.

"You 'll play, of course?" he said to me on one bright morning in the Cove. It seemed a long way from cricket down there, with both hands full of pilchard bait, and the bay stiff with mackerel simply asking for it, but I said, "Yes," and again, on the following morning, "No." This vacillation was the outcome of an evening spent in watching the village fast bowler, intensely virile after four years of sea-warfare, executing his companions at the net. But Archibald promised to put me in seventh wicket, by which time the terror might be getting tired.

I didn't know then that he had already made similar promises to all those who had witnessed, and considered the results of, the village bowling.

It should be explained that the date of this match is fluid until the very day. It does not really matter, as the combined teams are always on the spot and fishing amicably together until the sea becomes too rough to fish. When that occurs it is unanimously agreed that the day of civil strife has arrived. It will now be understood why the game is generally played in a full gale.

Towards the middle of September the weather began to favour the match.

"Danged owd lobster jumped clean out a pot. She be gwine to blow t'morrow," said Samuel Pender, who never errs in such matters.

So on the morrow we hauled forth clean white trousers, scraped the bait from our sweaters and breathed defiance at the foe.

"Two Repton and one Winchester eleven, two old county men, ourselves and four unknown quantities," Archibald chanted in my ear as he surveyed his company; "the wicket's a trifle rocky and the outfield 's rather mountainous, but I think we ought to pull it off this time."

The Visitors won the toss and the two Repton men opened the innings. The ex-naval rating, bowling from the life-boat end, was entrusted with the first over. His opening ball, well on the leg-side, came in and took the batsman over the liver; the second ball got up over the wicket-keeper's head, curvetted past long-stop, and was eventually fielded by cover-long-stop, who sat on it within a yard of the boundary. The third ball pitched a yard outside the wicket, failed to rise at all and hit the base of the leg-stump.

The batsman returned to the pavilion with every appearance of relief.

"This is like TOM RICHARDSON and D. W. CARR rolled into one," I murmured.

"They do seem to get about a bit," remarked Archibald.

There is no pleasure in giving a detailed account of our innings. It was, on the whole, a painful and demoralising spectacle. When I went in fifth wicket the Navy was not showing any sign of ennui and the long-stops were still performing prodigies. The first ball I received broke five different ways and yet was unable to elude them. The second ball, being straighter, did not reach the radius of their activity.

Eventually we were all out for 41 and if the smallness of the score is to be deplored it must be remembered that the agility of the long-stops was amazing. There were only 18 byes.

Though our position could not be described as a strong one, we took the field in no despondent frame of mind. After all, *we* had some bowling which was not altogether to be despised.

Archibald placed his men in the most approved fashion and the wicket-keeper —who in his day had done good things

on many famous grounds—gave his gloves a final pull, patted his pads and stood ready to take the first ball. He knew his bowler of old—fast medium, pitching on the leg-stump, swinging with his arm and clipping the off bail. Everything, length, pace and pitch, was all that it should or could have been, but no one, except perhaps the batsman, was prepared to see the ball break two yards to leg.

"I can't insult him with a long-stop," Archibald whispered to me in the slips, "but I think we must have a very fine leg."

At the end of the second over third man was also very fine, shaking hands, in fact, with fine leg. At the end of the third over the score was 13—all byes—for no wicket, so Archibald tried a double change with something very, very slow.

This procedure, after an over from each end, augmented the score by 16—*all runs*—and long-on, in the act of running for a skier, fell into a shell-crater and sprained his ankle; so the old order was reverted to, except that, brutally callous of the wicket-keeper's feelings, Archibald ordered a long-stop to take up his position between fine leg and fine third man. They made an imposing trio, and the wicket-keeper was so fascinated by their presence that he found it almost impossible to keep his eyes off them. They certainly gave a memorable exhibition and between them caught out four (three off their gloves and one, whom the umpire decided against without being appealed to, off the nape of his neck) before the necessary number of byes was obtained.

The final score read: Visitors, runs 23, byes 18: Total 41. Porthollow (for five wickets), runs 17, byes 26: Total 43. This is, after all, a very just result, for as Archibald, sitting disconsolately on a crab-pot, remarked to me next morning, "Look at it how you will, there's no getting away from it that their long-stops were better than ours."

THE DEW-POND.

THE flowers that grow upon the downs
  Are sharp and quaint, and hard to find;
Thistles there be with fluffy crowns
  And scabious, shivering in the wind,
And red-stemmed bell-flowers white as snow
Whose name I do not know.

The grasses there are hard to break,
  Tough, sun-brown grasses, ever sere,
Thick-hung with seeds that nod and quake,
  Or pointed like a rusty spear;
And thickest grows the highest grass
Round where the dew-pond was.

The pond is deep when dews are deep,
  Ruffled and rippled by the breeze;
And all around the tinkling sheep
  Can munch and nibble at their ease,
And choric frogs come to the brim
To sing their evening hymn.

Though now, alack, all brown and bare
  The little pond lies in the sun,
And cracks and crumbles here and there
  Among the grasses dry and dun,
The frogs say it will come again
After the first long rain.

And then again the stars will see
  Their broken brightness on its face,
As in the hush of history
  When first it shone in that high place,
Like a grey crystal in the marge
Of some great Celtic targe.

The moon will laugh upon it then,
  Although no more its ripples hold
The images of wolf-clad men,
  Her bedesmen on these hills of old,
Who in the dew-pond cooled the blade
That their own hands had made.

D. M. S.



A PROPOSAL À LA MODE.

"WELL, OLD SCREAM, WHAT ABOUT IT?"

The Daily Telegraph says that "the Profiteering Act is duly furnished with the pole-star which showed the way to Coke and Bacon." But why single out these two commodities?

"A telegram from Fiume to Rome states that when D'Annunzio arrived there the sailors of a British ship unfurled a large Italian as a sign of salutation."—*Daily Paper.*

The gods are always on the side of the big Italians.



"QUICK—QUICK! HERE COMES DER SECRETARY OF DER ANTI-PROFITEER COMMITTEE! TURN DER TICKET UPSIDE DOWN!"

A REVOLUTIONARY.

AMONGST the horde of English adventurers assembled in North Russia, the most English of all is Cooperthwaite, a Horse Gunner. The round buttons he wears are more to him than any medal, and the traditions of the galloping guns are maintained in his every action. Moreover, he is young and impatient and full of ginger, full to overflowing, so that he is ever eager to administer of his surplus to the laggard world around him.

Judge then how he is fretted by the delay, deliberation and debate which preface, accompany and succeed all action in this vast inexplicable country. Do you know the vehicle which we English call a droshky? It consists of a few planks mounted on four wheels, and is drawn by a pony, part of whose harness is a triumphal arch. Cooperthwaite tells me that this structure is really the main essential of a system of draught so admirable that he puts it on a level with the Russian method of tea-brewing; but to the layman like you or me it is simply a triumphal arch worn perpetually by the pony to encourage him with the belief that he is being welcomed at a journey's end.

This device fails, however, to raise droshky mobility to the Horse Artillery standard. The Russian pony is a day-dreamer, if not a somnambulist. As for his driver—to-morrow is in hand if to-day is gone, and in the presence of this great sky and the remote horizon how pitiful is human haste!

Cooperthwaite pits his single-hearted energy against the vast inertia of the country. Coming here with visions of galloping his battery into action along (or up and down) the Steppes, he is disappointed. Things are not what he expected. But being a lad of unconquerable spirit, trained at "The Shop," he tries to master circumstance. Everyone here is doing some queer or queerish job. Sailors ride mules; soldiers handle barges; R.E. drivers man telephone exchanges; fire-eaters consume rations at the base. Cooperthwaite, R.H.A., finds himself frequently conducting strings of ammunition droshkies. So engaged he might content himself with being a picturesque figure, erect upon his long-maned pony at the head of a procession of little carts winding across the damp green flats by the Dvina or through the grey quaint wooden villages, each cart with pony and triumphal arch complete, driven by a bearded peasant in a blouse, his wife in wild-flower colours, or a young son or daughter.

But what cares he to be a figure in a picture if march discipline be set at naught? So his present pre-occupation is the endeavour to teach droshky-drivers to manœuvre. The patriarchal peasant and his broad-faced wife gaze upon him with bewildered eyes as he gallops up and down the column, eloquent concerning pace and the keeping of distance. Why, think the peasant and his lady, should they not doze at ease upon their freight of shells while the pony trudges at his chosen pace? Why should they not leave the column a while to cut forage by the way, or pause to chatter to a crony in the village? Why, when the restless Angliski upon the pony wants them to stop, should they not stop where and as they are, in bunches of friends?

Yesterday I saw him trying to form Battery Column with a hundred droshkies. One Russian artillery soldier was with him, heartily entering into the spirit of the thing, and able to enjoy the situation supremely, thanks to his knowledge of Battery Gun-drill and of his country's peasantry. The old men looked worried beyond speech, the old women were scared into ceaseless volubility, and the young ones prostrate with laughter; but they formed Battery Column in the end.

Who knows? Perhaps Cooperthwaite's heart-breaking endeavours will not be in vain; perhaps hereafter the droshky-drivers upon Dvina banks will be a race apart, and their ponies



Head Gamekeeper. "NOW, SIR, YOU STAND NEAR THIS TREE. YOU'LL GET A FEW BIRDS AND PERHAPS A HARE OR TWO, OR MEBBE A RABBIT. BUT, ANYHOW, THE POSTMAN PASSES HERE AT FOUR O'CLOCK, WHEN PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVING HIM THIS LETTER."

educated like veteran gun-horses, moving by Droshky Column, or Column of Sections, instead of in straggles, and, true to an inherited tradition, forming line when they halt, instead of lumps.

MNEMONICS.

You know the rhyme which begins thus: "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November," and have probably found it to be very useful. I have written several others, for which you will be grateful. Occasionally, perhaps, you have been at a loss to know whether a particular day was a week-day or not. Nothing is more annoying than to arrive at your place of business on a day that is not a week-day and find the place closed. The following rhyme will prevent your making this mistake if you memorise it:—

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday and Monday—
Note that all of these are week-days,
Leaving only Sunday.

There are many reliable cookery books on sale, but, as a rule, they are not portable. You can carry the following recipe in your head without difficulty and insure yourself against hunger:—

When a kipper 's in the pan
There 's a meal for any man;
When its tail begins to burn
Then it 's finished to a turn.

It is very disconcerting when someone in your neighbourhood has taken poison and you cannot think of the proper antidote. Perhaps the most useful rhyme I have written for you is the next, and it may be the means of saving many valuable lives:—

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

Nitric acid down the throat
Always needs an antidote;
Take some soap-suds or some lime
If you have sufficient time.

Mercury and all its salts
Help to fill the family vaults;
Mucilages, whites of egg,
Help to pull the sexton's leg.

Ammonia is very bad
Taken by a growing lad;
Lemon-juice in water 's best,
That will stop his going West.

When you are in company it is very pleasant to be able to introduce a few interesting facts into the conversation, and they are easy to remember in a form such as the following. There is no need for your leaving the feast like poor tongue-tied CAEDMON and sleeping with the cows in the stable:—

USEFUL FACTS (a Fragment).

Water weighs ten pounds a gallon.
Crocodiles are found in rivers.
There are six feet in a fathom.
Every soldier has a bullet.
Every bullet has a billet,
Which does not apply to soldiers
When away on active service.
Camels are not often thirsty.
Every hogshead has six firkins,
Which does not apply to hedgehogs.
Sawdust comes from sawing timber.
Firearms are bad for children.
If the babies throughout China
All were flattened like a carpet
They would cover the Pacific,
Leaving many baskets over.
Robins build——

[I should stop here.—ED.]

A Large Owner.

"Count von Dembinski, a British-born subject of Polish origin, advises intending purchasers of all kinds of landed property situate in any part of pre-war Germany and Austria that, in order to avoid disappointment, a guarantee should be obtained first of all that they do not rightfully belong to him."—*Times.*

A FORERUNNER OF D'ANNUNZIO.

D'ANNUNZIO is not the only liberator who has entered Fiume. I was there myself in 1889 in the same *rôle*, but with less ambition. Nor did I arrive in a motor car—it was not done in those distant days—but in a tramp steamer.

Fiume is a white and yellow town, built along the narrow strip of flat shore or clinging to the sides of the mountains. It is divided in interest between the sea and the soil, half the place being concerned with shipping and the harbour, and the other half with vineyards. There is, however, a little interchange, for the peasants must descend the slopes in order to get their wine on board, while sailors who wish to return thanks for defence from tempests or to ensure a prosperous voyage have to climb (a very distasteful thing to a seafaring man) to a ledge high above the town on which the mariners' chapel is perched. Here, if they are thinking only of the future, they merely light a candle, but if they have had a narrow escape they deposit a votive offering, which chiefly takes the form of a rude but dashing oil painting of a vessel under the direst difficulties, amid boiling indigo waves, with her name intensely visible, while in one of the top corners, set in an oval effulgence, is the Virgin calmly surveying the storm and seeing that, in spite of the elements, all is well, or not too ill, with Her faithful follower. Several artists in the town make a living by depicting these scenes.

Outside the church sat (when I was there) an old woman who carried on the somewhat subversive business of selling charms against the perils of the deep. Since I bought some, for myself, for the captain of our ship, for the mates and the engineers, and we came safely back to England, I know that they were all that the old woman said of them.

Our ship was taking on raw Hungarian or Dalmatian wine (which, by-and-by, such is the iniquity of vintners, was to be unloaded at Bordeaux and transformed into claret), and during this process, with the mates in charge, the captain and I made little expeditions. Just outside Fiume, to the north, is the Whitehead torpedo factory; and we went there. Then the road runs on up the coast to Abbazia, a fashionable watering-place, where the bathing is done within a space wired against the incursion of sharks, and we went there in a carriage and pair, and sat among Austrians eating immoderately of veal. But it was too hot for more enterprise, and for the most part we sat in the shade and sipped, and smoked long cigars with straws in them, or played a variety of billiards with no pockets and little ninepins in the middle of the table.

And what of the liberation? Ah, yes, but it was so small a deed (compared with GABRIELE'S) that I was hoping you had forgotten about it. However, since it happened, and at Fiume, let me tell about it.

One afternoon, after walking a little way out of the town, we came to a retired cottage, with tables outside under a tree, and decided that to repose there would be a more delectable proceeding than to adventure further. We therefore sank into chairs and ordered something to drink from a woman whose very forbidding appearance was the only discordant note. So haggish indeed was she that but for our lassitude and the pleasantness of the situation we should have hurried on. The wine, however, was refreshing, and the captain, who was a great performer on the monologue, resumed his narrative, either of a triumph of navigation or of love (his two themes), I forget which. But while he talked on, and the Adriatic, spreading itself as a mirror to the sun, increased the heat, my attention strayed, and I became aware of a fluttering beating noise near by and little distressful chirps, and I saw that, nailed to the cottage wall, by the door, in the full sunlight, was a tiny wooden cage, such as is made for birds to be carried in, not to dwell in, and there was a rebellious and very unhappy goldfinch. The poor thing flung itself from side to side of its narrow prison in a disorder which was rapidly becoming a frenzy.

The woman emerging at this moment, I left my seat and made her look at the wretched captive; but she only laughed, and when I would have unhooked the cage to place it out of the sun she stopped me with a malignant gesture.

Very well, there was nothing to be done but what D'ANNUNZIO would have done. I had to employ craft and address. Waiting till the harridan was well within the house again, I advanced to the cage, undid it and watched the goldfinch dart out and fly thankfully away; and then we also took to our wings, the captain not with less fear than I, but unsustained by any of the moral enthusiasm which seemed to be my due. He had, however, to retire equally fast, the heat being forgotten in the necessity for escape from that terrifying monster.

When it seemed safe we sat by the roadside to rest, and there exchanged felicitations on the fortunate circumstance that we sailed the next day. "Let me see," said the captain, "where was I when you interrupted me to interfere with that bird?"

MR. PUNCH EXPOSED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I beg to cull the following from the correspondence in *The Yorkshire Post*:—

"Sir,—Surely 'Punch' is caught napping in this week's issue. On page 258, col. 3, quoting from a morning paper, which says, 'Remembering the precious yield of the dust-heaps of Ornithorhynchus, we may hope for many new and amazing revelations of buried history,' etc., Punch comments: 'For our part we are confidently expecting a heavy crop of duck-billed papyrus.' Should it not be platypus—the ornithorhynchus?—Yours, etc.,

Sept. 17, 1919. S. M."

In common with my friend "S. M." I also should like to point out one or two little mistakes which occurred in the same issue to which "S. M." refers, and which I feel certain must be due to oversight rather than want of knowledge.

In the first place, on page 253, col. 3, I note the phrase, "turning the pages of the patent log." Surely this is a mistake. I have a second cousin in the Navy and he informs me—and up to now I have always found him extremely truthful—that only the *ship's* log is in book-form, the *patent* log being more in the nature of a scientific instrument, such as the sexton or barnacle.

Again, on page 241, col. 2, I note, "such difficult Polish phrases as 'Youshutupyerjaw.'" I am afraid, Mr. Punch, you have been caught napping again; for if you read the word slowly you will see that it is really English—clearly a humorous attempt at a leg-pull on the part of your informant.

Yours, etc., YORKS.

"The proposed Chuchow-Chinchow Railway will run . . ."—*Board of Trade Journal.*

And for a jolly long time, if there is anything in a name.

"Never were there larger stays in Government offices than there are to-day."
Provincial Paper.

They are no doubt more noticeable, now that the flappers have been got rid of.

From an American book catalogue:—

"CYRIL MAUDE'S LIFE OF TOLSTOY.
The greatest biography of the famous Russian novelist. Sale price $2.60."

But, with all respect to the popular actor, we still think Mr. AYLMER MAUDE'S biography the best.

"The Melita sailed from Liverpool for Quebec Friday, carrying 362 other ranks from Buxton with their dependents, 610 wives and 155 children."—*Canadian Paper.*

Buxton is so embracing!

THE WASP.



It arrives,



It stings—— Jane,



The Twins,



Willie,



Aunt Georgiana,



Mother,



and (this is where the real trouble begins) Father.



"YES, SHE CERTINGLY DO LEAK A BIT, SIR. THE LAST GENT WOT 'AD 'ER 'E CALLED 'ER A BLINKIN' OLE DERELICK. BUT, BLESS YOU, SIR, 'E COULDN'T SWIM."

THE LIVING WAGE.

[In continuation of the theme of Mr. Punch's "Another Impending Strike," Mr. SWINBURNE BILLIE, the President of the Poets' Union, has, for the sake of brevity, kindly condensed into metrical form his well-known speech on the Nationalisation of Verse.]

How strange that poesy with all its glories
  Should still be so penurious a trade,
While vulgar writers of detective stories
  Go rolling round in trousers rich with braid!
    Ill-housed, ill-fed and sadly short of shoes,
    The Lord knows why one cultivates the Muse,
    When novelists have motor-cars in queues
  And even journalists look less decayed.

The hours of other men may tend to dwindle,
  The poets keep the Sixty-Eight-Hour Week;
Yet this remains the one industrial swindle
  On which the WEBBS have so far failed to speak;
    And so we die, neglected misanthropes,
    Still stamping and addressing envelopes,
    Still studying our cheques with microscopes
  To make them look a little bit less bleak.

We breathe no threats of throwing down the tabor,
  Yet not for ever will we bite the dust;
The time is past when we would sell our labour
  For private profit to a songless Trust:
    We are but bards; for wealth we do not itch,
    Only at last some small cathedral niche—
    But why should all our publishers get rich,
  Who couldn't write a ballade if they bust?

Why *should* these middlemen continue, blow it?
  Is not the bard the servant of the State?
Is not the Laureate the KING'S own poet,
  Proving that once (in 1398)
    All poetry was vested in the Crown,
    Proving that poets should be paid, cash down,
    Nine hundred yearly and a house in town,
  With ink allowance at the union rate?

Then look what waste—with poets all competers,
  And badly overlapping all the time,
All writing anyhow, in different metres—
  No wonder none of them can raise a dime!
    Would not our minstrelsy be much more terse
    If we compelled our poets to rehearse
    Under a well-staffed Ministry of Verse
  Only the one grand Governmental rhyme?

Now over Helicon they speed the rumour
  That profiteering in the Muse must cease;
Even the poor unfortunate consumer
  May hope at last to have a little peace;
    For we are not so mad as we appear;
    We only sing because we must have beer;
    And when we get good wages, by the year,
  Be very sure our output will decrease.

A. P. H.

"While Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson, invigorated with the waters of Northern Europe, directs the strategy, the various associations seeking to make Britain dry will employ more or less picturesque tactics in an endeavour to exercise the 'terrible demon of drink.'"

Running round after his tail is one of the best exercises for a demon.



MUTUAL ATTRACTION.

The Prince of Wales. "YOU DON'T MIND MY FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU?"
Canada. "WELL, I RATHER HOPED YOU MIGHT."





"COMÉ YOU OUT AT ONCE, ALBERT EDWARD. DO YOU WANT TO GET TRENCH FEET?"

GAMMON.

Angela is not a lover of good literature; in fact, the only reading matter she cares much about is the feuilleton in the daily paper and, alternatively, the Encyclopædia. She will pick up a volume of the latter at random and read steadily on from wherever it may chance to open, her mind leaping easily from Asteroids to Asthma, or from Wart-Hog to Warwick.

Looking up suddenly last night she remarked, "Billy, you and I simply must play backgammon this winter."

"Why?" I asked.

"Listen. It says here, 'Backgammon, as a fireside amusement of a decorous nature, is a favourite among clergymen, squires, farmers and retired professional persons.'"

"My dear Angela," I replied, "while yielding to no one in my admiration of amusement combined with decorum, it appears obvious that I am ineligible for this—er—pastime. First, there will be no fireside to speak of this winter, and your book states distinctly that backgammon is a fireside amusement. We could hardly play round the gas-stove in the scullery, which is likely to be our rallying place during the long winter evenings. We should simply have to ask Jane to join in. Secondly—as to my qualification—though it is well known that in my youth I once won a prize for Scripture, that hardly makes me eligible under the heading of clergyman. My tenancy of The Acacias, nestling in upwards of a quarter of an acre of old-world gardens, does not, I fear, entitle me to the gallant title of squire. In spite of hours of labour spent on my allotment I am still liable to fail in distinguishing between broccoli and curly kale, a point over which a farmer would experience no difficulty. The necessity of maintaining you in the style to which you were accustomed before we married precludes me from retiring from my profession. And, last but not least," I wound up, "I don't know how to play the game."

"Oh, but they explain all that here," replied Angela, tapping the book. "Just listen to this: 'No point can be moved to if covered by two men belonging to the adversary; if covered only by one man it is called a BLOT.'"

"The squire," I intervened, "might employ this offensive term, or even the retired professional person, but I can hardly imagine a clergyman using such an expression. Frankly, Angela, this game seems to me to be not quite nice."

"There are two kinds of victory," Angela went on—"winning the hit and winning the gammon."

"That settles it, Angela. I utterly refuse to play a game in which I might be tempted to win a gammon. It sounds to me akin to gaining the leg of mutton from the end of the greasy pole at a riverside regatta. Suppose I happened to let slip one day at lunch that I had won the gammon the night before. It would do me no good in the City."

I should have continued my argument further had I not realised that Angela was not attending to me. Backgammon was no longer of any interest to her; she was wrapped in the study of Back-stays.

Marital Anomalies.

À propos of a recent wedding announcement in *The Times*, the bride being a Miss HUSBAND, a reader recalls from *Punch* MARK LEMON'S couplet on a Mr. HUSBAND'S marriage:—

"This case is the strangest we 've known in our life,
The husband 's a husband and so is the wife;"

and then adds a new commentary of his own on Miss HUSBAND'S marriage:

"But here is a lady who tells us with pride
She first was a husband and now is a bride."



Flapper. "There! That's my Clarence. 'E can't 'arf tell about the goings on in Society. 'E 's practically in it 'isself."

ON TOUR.

I used to be an actor; not, you understand, a professional, but a very enthusiastic amateur. Now (though I say it who shouldn't), I am still an actor, but not the enthusiast I was.

The ringleader of our troupe was Peter. He is a great man. He was born acting. At the age of two months he got into the limelight, which has followed him about ever since. At the time of which I am writing he had apparently sucked the last drop of juice from the histrionic lemon, and ought to have been sighing for fresh fruit.

But not a bit of it. One day he came to see me and said—

"There has never yet been a show which adequately combined Tragedy, Comedy and Melodrama, Oratorio, Opera and Musical Comedy, as well as all that is best in Knock-about, Revue and Cinematograph."

"And never will be," I ventured.

"Bosh!" he replied in that brisk way of his. "I've thought it all out. We must begin rehearsing at once. We are touring the Midland Counties. It is now the 2nd; we start for D—— on the 24th."

If you knew Peter as well as I do, you would not need to be told that we *did* start for D—— on the 24th. The troupe consisted of Peter, myself and another enthusiastic amateur, together with six enthusiastic amateuresses, the whole neatly packed in one coach (corridor, Midland Railway), complete with properties, curtains, dresses (by Mrs. P.) and wigs (by myself). The scenery followed along behind in four goods' trucks.

This may seem to be a deal of luggage. It was; but we felt it to be unavoidable. Thus, in the course of a single performance, I contrived to combine the *rôles* of Corsican Brigand, Lieutenant, R.N., heroine (beautiful, jilted, *temp.* Richard I.), seaside landlord, Doge of Venice, successful Company Promoter, *Siegfried*, Private 'Erb, and *Samson* (to Mrs. P.'s *Delilah*). You see one had to have a different make-up for each: one simply can't be expected to await the arrival of one's errant lord from the Holy Land with requisite verisimilitude if one is wearing a pillow under one's white waistcoat and a heavy gold watch-chain over it. The same applies to wigs. If I had ventured to play Private 'Erb in *Samson's* outfit, I 'm sure there 'd have been trouble with the military.

But the scenery was worst of all. Peter is not one of your Elizabethan simplicity specialists. Far from it. He had a complete set for every turn. Hence the four goods' trucks that followed us to D——.

The first performance was to be at three o'clock next day. Arriving at the theatre very early on the following morning we were informed that, as it was Tuesday, the scene-shifters would naturally be on strike. The manager, however, showed us into the theatre. I can't imagine what the last people had been doing. They had very kindly left us the stage and a two-foot dado of cobwebs all round it; but that was all.

"Never mind," quoth Peter; "we must do it ourselves. Off coats!"

I spent a happy morning falling off mouldering ladders and hammering nails into my fingers, clinging with my teeth to crumbling cross-beams, breaking the fall of drop-scenes on the back of my neck, screwing staples into plaster walls and watching them carry away when the first strain was applied, crawling like a fly along the ceiling held up by the clinging folds of dust and cobweb. The only rest I got was when I tripped over the footlights and alighted on my head in the orchestra, where I lay half stunned for five minutes. My only lunch was the mouthful of mortar that I swallowed when our main front curtain was carried away.

But failure is a word unknown to my Boss, and it was only a few minutes after three that the curtain was rung up. Hungry and dirty though I was, when the call-boy came to call the



Quiet Person (as unpopular member noisily enters Club after long absence). "DUDSON 'S GIVING HIMSELF A VERY HEARTY WELCOME."

"Rich Uncle from Australia" (myself), I was somehow in time; the prompter was there, and, when I went off after my first turn, the senior scene-shifter was all ready. It was a triumph of organisation, all the more remarkable when you realise that the rich uncle, the call-boy, the prompter and the scene-shifter were one and the same person.

There was only one hitch in the afternoon performance, and that was when I mislaid the avalanche in the mountain scene. It was my duty, after administering the dose from above, to rush on in my capacity of Tyrolean peasant and snatch the heroine from the jaws of death. As it was I found it barely in time, and in my hurry I missed my footing on the ladder and came down *with* the avalanche *on to* the heroine. After that we had to cut out the parts of the programme where she appeared, as she seemed seedy.

After the final curtain a gratuitous feat of strength on the part of the other amateur brought the drop-scene depicting the walls of Gaza about our defenceless ears, and it was decided that only *Samson* could be trusted to get them up again in time for the evening performance.

This, together with a number of other odd jobs, occupied my energies while the rest of the cast refreshed itself. This time I got no nourishment whatsoever.

The evening performance went swimmingly, especially the Grand Naval scene, where the Lieutenant dives from the bridge. He fell safely into the net provided for him, but unfortunately caught his heels in the basin which supplies the "splash," and emptied it over himself. His return to the stage, with clear traces of the deep upon him, was most effective.

I was the Lieutenant.

It was in the last turn of all, however, that the spectators really got their money's-worth. The drop-scene (representing a stately Venetian palace, with the Lion in the foreground) was safely lowered. We were all in our places and the curtain was about to rise when the Boss noticed with horror that the drop-scene of the previous turn (pawnbroker's shop, interior) had not been raised. He rushed to the operating cord and, heedless of my cries, hastily raised it; without, however, noticing that the skirts of my gorgeous train were tucked in the folds of the rapidly shortening canvas.

Judge then the surprise of the audience when the curtain rose on that sumptuous scene, that exotic company of cringing courtiers, with the stately Doge of Venice himself dangling head downwards from a sky of rich Italian blue. I remember thinking, as I kicked out in my despair, whether it would be better to hang up the whole show by not saying my opening lines, or to try to carry on as though I were meant to be there. Finally, however, the train decided the question for me by parting company with my gown at the shoulders.

I rebounded heavily from the sloping roof of my own throne, and was caught first bounce by the now falling curtain, which pinned me to the stage like a wasp in a window. As they carried me from the theatre I could hear the audience still applauding vociferously; and high above the sound rose the voice of the Boss congratulating his troupe.

"Splendid!" he shouted rapturously, "splendid! There was only one thing wanted to make the show really representative and that we gave 'em. I had clean forgotten to have an acrobatic turn."

"Sack the lot!"

LORD FISHER'S NEW COMMAND: Commander-in-Chief of Scapa Flow.

THE DIARY OF A MONTESSORIAN.

III.

September 26th.—Looking back over the events of the last week I confess that there have been moments when I hardly hoped to bear up against the concentrated malignity of circumstance. For days I had not the heart to keep my diary, but now, thank Heaven (and Mrs. Prant), I can breathe freely and deeply again.

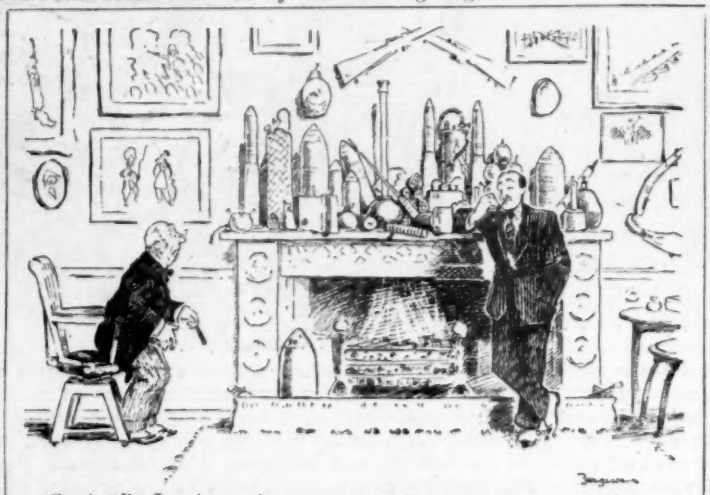
To recapitulate. On Friday Eva swallowed a cork; or, to be more precise, she declared that she had swallowed a cork, and it was just as trying as if she had. It was not until Saturday afternoon that she confessed to Dr. Gumbleton that she said so in order to see what we would do. Of course children *must* experiment, but experimenting with the emotions of parents is rather serious. Though I had to give up two lectures and a lesson on the Hawaiian guitar, I kept perfectly calm; and by Sunday I had the situation well in hand.

Edwin, I regret to say, completely lost his head. He declares himself quite incapable of coping with Jack and Eva on a non-injunctional basis. He also states that it is impossible for him to combine attendance at the office with the domestic duties rendered necessary by the flat refusal of Nurse to adopt Montessorian methods, the inefficiency of Miss Grindle as an invigilator, and the apathy of the servants.

Now, while I am anxious to promote the education of the children on sound lines of self-determination, it is *absolutely* impossible that I should sacrifice my own efforts at self-expression. I am attending courses of instruction in Physical Culture (on the Mæso-Gothic system), Cosmic Æsthetics, Esoteric Inhalation, Siberian Voice-production. To abandon these studies before they have begun to bear fruit would be nothing short of suicidal, and the worst sort of suicide, because it would inhibit a development of my highest faculties. I put this before Edwin, but he was cold and unsympathetic.

Things were at their worst when I went to the Cosmic Æsthetic class on Tuesday. Mrs. Oldmay was very wonderful and helpful in her remarks on Bobolinsky's synthesis of Chaos and Order, showing how with him the pendulum steadily swings from macrocosmal vertiginosity to microcosmal immobility. But even more helpful was the advice of Mrs. Prant. We walked back together, and I told her of my troubles about the children. "Send them to Gary," she said; "I 've sent mine there." And then she told me of this paradise of children in Indiana, where all the schools are conducted on the basis of self-determination, where the pupils make their own laws and rules, keep the shops and run the banks, and the fees are so moderate that even allowing for the journey I should find it cheaper in the long run.

How would Edwin take it? That was the only cause of misgiving, but it was speedily removed. By a coincidence which was little short of providential he met me with the news that his eccentric Australian uncle had died and left him ten thousand pounds—a wonderful windfall and so opportune! For when I broached the Gary scheme he said that he wanted a holiday badly and would go over at once and inspect the schools. He would then cable to me, and I could easily find an escort for the children; he at once saw that it would be impossible for me to leave London. Edwin thinks of going on to San Francisco and Hawaii, and does not expect to be back for at least three or four months. But it may be good for his self-expression, and, though I shall be considerably hampered for the next few weeks, until the children leave, I hope to tide over the interim, with the aid of Miss Grindle, old-fashioned though she is. As Mrs. Prant said to me, "Even Montessorians must sometimes resort to compromise."



Guest. "BY JOVE! THAT'S A FINE COLLECTION OF SOUVENIRS YOU'VE GOT. HOPE THEY'RE QUITE SAFE, AND SO FORTH?"

Host. "SAFE? OH, YES, RATHER—MOST OF 'EM, AT ALL EVENTS."

THE A.B.

THE publisher of the new Air Bradshaw (which is bound to materialise) has not come out into the open. No doubt he has not yet got his courage to the sticking point. He is certain to be heartily sworn at when his air timetable is published, for "if you see it in the A.B. it will not necessarily be so." Let us take an example:—

Supposing one day in the not far distant future Aunt Jane says, "George" (or Ernest, or possibly your name is Albert Ypres, if you are young enough to be made a memento of the War), "I am going to Taunton. I promised to go down to see your cousin Emma one afternoon during the week. Just look me up an air-bus in the Guide, please, and tell me what time there is one back about six o'clock."

You get out the A.B. (Air Bradshaw) and look up the routes from West Kensington (where you are living for the purposes of this story). "Ah," you say, "here we are:—

"'West Kens. (Wormwood Scrubbs Air Station)
To Newcastle
,, New Cross
,, New York
,, Potter's Bar
,, Rangoon
,, St. Albans'

"Ah, this is more like it:—

"'West Kens. (Wormwood Scrubbs Air Station)
To Taunton'

"There 's one at 2.7, Auntie, gets you there in nice time for tea; and then there 's one back at 5.57. What 's this? oh, Mons. ex. Let me see then, 6.12. Another star—I suppose it 's another Mons. ex. Oh, no, it 's all right; it 's a non-stop nose-dive as far as Ealing; that 's A1, gets you here at 7.29."

"Capital!" says Auntie. "But please don't wait dinner if I should be late. And now I 'll just 'phone and tell Emma I 'm coming."

About 1.35 you bundle Auntie into a taxi (if and when found) with the usual form of endearment used on the embarkation of aunts and trust that all will be well.

But all is not well. Arrived at Wormwood Scrubbs (Hotel Northpole, dctly. opp. term. Enlgd. and refshd. terms mod.) Auntie inquires of the dromaster which is the platform for the 2.7.

"Very sorry, mum," says that functionary, "the 2.7 will be late starting; there 's a strong west-sou'-west fifty-



Guide. "HERE IS THE VILLAGE OF NEUVILLE ST. VAAST. IN THIS STREET VAS I BORN."
American Tourist. "SAY, BO, WHICH HOUSE?"

mile gale blowing overhead, according to our instruments, and we can't start till it drops a bit."

"But I 've 'phoned to my niece that I 'm coming for tea," says Auntie.

"Can't 'elp it if you 've 'phoned to the Queen, mum, to say you 're comin' for dinner. We can't control the winds—not yet, anyway."

"What time will it start then?" says Auntie.

"Can't say yet, mum. Perhaps not before to-morrow morning."

"Then I can't go to-day?"

"You can take the 2.23 to Birmingham, mum, if you like and catch the 3.52 from Birmingham on the loop-the-loop line as it 'll only be a cross-wind if you go that way, but you 'll have to pay two pounds seventeen shillings excess on your ticket. Much longer journey, you see, mum."

Auntie leaves the airdrome muttering something about writing to Sir John Alcock, telephones again to Cousin Emma and returns to you at West Kensington.

Hoping that the gale has exhausted itself in the night, Auntie presents herself again at the air station next day and is informed that the 2.7 is "Mons. only," and if she didn't see it in the Guide it was not the fault of the A.B.

"There is a 2.43 which will start *at* 2.43, w. and w. . ." says the dromaster.

"What does that mean?" asks Auntie.

"Wind and weather permitting, mum. Otherwise it starts when it can."

As the wind is still favourable at 2.40, Auntie is assisted into the non-smoking compartment of the 2.43 and prepares herself for the usual bout of air-sickness.

The next act in this air-drama consists of a 'phone-message from Auntie at Devizes, which says in effect:—

"They landed me here at a quarter-to-four, owing to engine trouble, so they say. I am staying the night at an hotel. I tried to catch the next three air-buses, but they were all full. It will be almost cheaper staying here than coming back and paying another fare, as no money is returned, they tell me."

The concluding act is more heart-rending still, as it shows Auntie (minus her bonnet) at Taunton (which she only reaches—owing to continued engine trouble and congestion of the other air conveyances—on Friday afternoon), where she discovers that Cousin Emma has been unexpectedly called away to Madrid or Cairo or some other foreign resort for the week-end on urgent family affairs.

"OXFORDSHIRE.—Charming Freehold . . . The whole about 11 acres, surrounded by large pines and furs."—*Daily Telegraph.*

It sounds as if the rabbit-shooting might be good.

"LOST.—July 26, Black Manx cat (no tail)." *Daily Express.*

This sounds a little precise, but the advertiser was naturally anxious to save people the trouble of looking for the cat's tail after the rest of the cat had been found.

"Barrie has made good to me on every promise but one. Several years ago I expressed a desire to see Thrums. With an impulsiveness rare in him he said, 'Some day you shall go with me.' To this event I look forward with eager interest. . . I long to hear the purl of the brae that ripples through Tnowhead Farm."—*Mr.* ISAAC MARCOSSON *in "The Saturday Evening Post" (New York).*

Having finished with the purling brae Mr. MARCOSSON can proceed to climb the heathery burn.

THE THREE SHIPS.

I HAD tramped along through dockland till the day was all but spent,
But for all the ships I there did find I could not be content;
By the good pull-ups for carmen and the Chinese dives I passed,
And the streets of grimy houses each one grimier than the last,
And the shops whose shoddy oilskins many a sailorman has cursed
In the wintry Western ocean when it 's weather of the worst—
All among the noisy graving docks and waterside saloons
And the pubs with punk pianos grinding out their last year's tunes,
And the rattle of the winches handling freights from near and far;
And the whiffs of oil and engines, and the smells of bilge and tar;
And of all the craft I came across, the finest for to see
Was a dandy ocean liner—but she wasn't meant for me!
She was smart as any lady, and the place was fair alive
With the swarms of cooks and waiters, just like bees about a hive;
It was nigh her time for sailing, and a man could hardly stir
For the piles of rich folks' dunnage here and there and everywhere.
But the stewards and the awnings and the white paint and the gold
Take a deal o' living up to for a chap that 's getting old;
And the mailboat life 's a fine one, but a shellback likes to be
Where he feels a kind o' homelike after half his life at sea.

So I sighed and passed her by—"Fare you well, my dear," said I,
"You 're as smart and you 're as dainty as can be;
You 're a lady through and through, but I know it wouldn't do—
You 're a bit too much a rich man's gal for me!"

So I rambled on through dockland, but I couldn't seem to find
Out of all the craft I saw there just the one to please my mind;
There were tramps and there were tankers, there were freighters large and small,
There were concrete ships and standard ships and motor ships and all,
And of all the blessed shooting-match the one I liked the best
Was a saucy topsail schooner from some harbour in the West.
She was neat and she was pretty as a country lass should be,
And the girl's name on her counter seemed to suit her to a T;
You could almost smell the roses, almost see the red and green
Of the Devon plough and pasture where her home port must have been,
And I 'll swear her blocks were creaking in a kind o' Devon drawl—
Oh, she took my fancy rarely, but I left her after all!
For it 's well enough, is coasting, when the summer days are long,
And the summer hours slip by you just as sweetly as a song,
When you catch the scent of clover blowing to you off the shore,
And there 's scarce a ripple breaking from the Land's End to the Nore;
But I like a bit more sea-room when the short dark days come in,
And the Channel gales and sea-fogs and the nights as black as sin,
When you 're groping in a fairway that 's as crowded as a town
With the whole damned Channel traffic looking out to run you down,
Or a bloody lee shore 's waiting with its fierce and foaming lips
For the bones of poor drowned sailormen and broken ribs of ships.

So I sighed and shook my head—"Fare you well, my dear," I said,
"You 're a bit too fond o' soundings, lass, for me;
Oh, you 're Devon's own dear daughter—but my fancy 's for deep water
And I think I 'll set a course for open sea!"

So I tramped along through dockland, through the Isle of Dogs I went,
But for all the ships I found there still I couldn't be content,
Till, not far from Millwall Basin, in a dingy, dreary pond,
Mouldy wharf-sheds all around it and a breaker's yard beyond,
With its piles of rusty anchors and chain-cables large and small,
Broken bones of ships forgotten—there I found her after all!
She was foul from West Coast harbours, she was worn with wind and tide,
There was paint on all the bright work that was once her captain's pride,
And her gear was like a junk-store, and her decks a shame to see,
And her shrouds they wanted rattling down as badly as could be;
But she lay there on the water just as graceful as a gull,
Keeping some old builder's secret in her strong and slender hull;
By her splendid sweep of sheer-line and her clean, keen clipper bow
You might know she 'd been a beauty, and, by God, she was one now!
And the river gulls were crying, and the sluggish river tide
Made a kind of running whisper by her red and rusted side,
And the river breeze came murmuring her tattered gear among,
Like some old shellback, known of old, that sings a sailor's song,
That whistles through his yellow teeth an old deepwater tune
(The same did make the windows shake in the Boomerang Saloon!),
Or by the steersman's elbow stays to tell a seaman's tale
About the skippers and the crews in great old days of sail!

And I said: "My dear, although you are growing old, I know,
And as crazy and as cranky as can be,
If you 'll take me for your lover, oh we 'll sail the wide seas over,
You 're the ship among them all that 's meant for me!"

C. F. S.

"The Rev. Prebendary H. E. Wake and the Rev. A. H. Cullen have been appointed Suffragettes for granting marriages licences in the diocese of Bath and Wells."—*Provincial Paper.*

Is this peculiar transformation a sample of what may be done under the Enabling Bill?



Visitor. "But, Mr. Grump, don't you think it's very good of the Vicar to look after you like this, and send you all these nice things?"

Grump. "Good of him? Why, wot's 'e for?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"George A. Birmingham" dedicates *Up, the Rebels!* (Methuen) rather slyly to "any friends I have left in Ireland after the publication of this book." If there is a note of apprehension in the words, it is not, I fear, unjustified. Because there is small doubt that *Up, the Rebels!* kindly, tolerant, even sympathetic as it is, will make a number of earnest folk in the Other Island very angry indeed; those of them certainly who are not too preoccupied with romantic militancy to realise that their ranks could be exposed to no H.E. more devastating than laughter. This tale of tragic fun by our genial satirist combines, in the old phrase, instruction with amusement. The picture it draws of Irish political life during the War would be incredible if anything about Ireland could ever be beyond belief. As usual with a "Birmingham" story, the characters seem to make it by their own actions; there is a whole crowd of them here, all admirably drawn. *Sir Ulick Conolly*, representative of British tyranny, mild, lazy, a confirmed believer in the wisdom of letting things settle themselves; his daughter, *Mona*, single-souled enthusiast for the Cause, who wore picturesque and expensive draperies, "so far Irish that no one meeting her in the street would have suspected her of being an Englishwoman;" *Peter Maillia*, poet, son of a drunken peasant; *Bettany*, the universal deserter—all these live, so that you may enjoy the clash of them and understand the result of it with regret. The story tells how between them these persons brought about the little rebellion of Dunally, half farce, half tragedy, and what came thereof. I have indicated the good entertainment that the book provides, equal, I think, to its author's best. As a first-hand study of an urgent problem it gives us something more. Dunally yielded to the persuasion of the guns; if only one might dare hope that rebellion at large could be won over by the persuasive Canon.

Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole, working, as we used to be told the coral insect did, only quicker, continues to produce his desert islands in sufficient bulk to accommodate those shipwrecked couples for whom the housing problem would otherwise become acute. I jest, but I enjoy; for the fact is that his latest creation, *The Beach of Dreams* (Hutchinson), despite certain absurdities, remains a highly delectable resort. Perhaps you know how Mr. Stacpoole can fill your mental lungs with the ozone of unpeopled spaces; he has the trick in full blast here, with a finely exhilarating effect. Not that *The Beach of Dreams* could be called really unpeopled; indeed for a desert island the crowd was at times almost excessive, including as it did the heroine, *Cléo de Bronsart*, the two seamen who had been her fellow-castaways, the hero (of course), and round the corner a whole crew of undesirables. Nor does this take count of the sea-elephants, whose society *Cléo* found so congenial. I am bound to admit that the sea-elephants worried me not a little. True, the scene of the battle between opposing herds of them is a fine piece of imaginative realism, admirably told;

and elsewhere their behaviour was of the sort to appeal to those who would call animal turns "too sweet"; but the incident of the storm, watched from shelter by a group of hero, heroine and baby elephant in the latter's arms, left me frankly incredulous. I must not tell you more of what happens on the *Beach*, but there is plenty of good adventure there of the right *Crusoe* kind, including the discovery of a *cache* containing all sorts of the most opportune necessities, a device that I do not remember to have met before. I am only sorry that the story has appeared just too late to fulfil its obvious destiny in providing romantic relief for a seaside holiday, where *The Beach of Dreams* would certainly form an excellent antidote to the Beach of Reality.

Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar (METHUEN) is the latest of the immortal—that is to say, unfinishable—*Tarzan* stories. I still think that Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS does not quite play the game. "Could this creature," thus soliloquises a villain of the piece, "be the same dignified Englishman who had entertained me so graciously in his luxurious African home? Could this wild beast with blazing eyes and bloody countenance be at the same time a man? Could the horrid victory cry he had but just heard have been formed in human throat?" "Could," he might have added, "this ape-man, who had been successively squashed by earthquakes, bitten by lions, trampled by *must* elephants, shot with Winchester repeaters, stabbed with knives and spears, and as likely as not (though I missed it) decapitated with swords and rolled with steam-rollers, get away with the jewels of Opar?" No, he could not; if it weren't that the author has had the presence of mind to make him of unsinkable bullet-bite-and-biff-proof asbestos. But if you don't mind all this being "a little too easy," and don't get tired of the noise and blood and fire and fangs on every page, you won't have reason to complain.



Visitor (reading). "'THE PISTOL WENT OFF SUDDENLY, THE BULLET EMBEDDING ITSELF IN THE DUMB WAITER.'"

Invalid (old student of feuilletons). "YES, I KNOW—'AND IMMEDIATELY HIS SPEECH WAS RESTORED.'"

My impression of *The Trial Stone* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) is of a story beginning with unusual promise, but subsequently weakened in effect, partly by the introduction of a theme about which the writer's feeling was too strong for him to subordinate it to artistic purpose. I must explain this. Mr. JOHN GOWER starts his tale quite admirably. Nothing could be more entertaining than his introduction of *Felix Neville*, the spoilt, egotistical but good-hearted product of parental mismanagement. All the *Nevilles* are well done, but *Felix* himself and his futile mother are, at this stage, almost masterpieces of ironical portraiture. The trouble is that, having thus created a hero of real human interest, Mr. GOWER has been constrained by his scheme to let him do nothing but drift; and *Felix* drifting arrives rather dangerously near to being a bore. Then, of course, the War happens, providing (as the Stevensonian title explains) a touchstone for the true and the false, by which the real quality of *Felix* is revealed. All this, if not startling in novelty, would have made a good enough story. But it is just here that, as I see it, Mr. GOWER's personal emotion got the better of his art. Because the author had so strong a wish to expose the misdoings of a certain organism in the B.E.F., poor *Felix*, once landed in France, declines from a human hero to a peg upon which to hang denunciations of the inefficiencies of the "Butterfly Corps." The charges, certainly horrid enough, may be deserved; but the general result is that, while Mr. GOWER's book is never without interest, the interest is not the same throughout—which is a fault.

Major A. CORBETT-SMITH is an enthusiast, and very possibly the jovial style in which *The Seafarers* (CASSELL) is written is better than any other for his special purpose here, which is to make us appreciate our Navy and to clear away the cobwebs (if any) which veil our vision of it. I am not convinced that we are as a nation quite so ignorant of the value of sea-power as he seems to think us, and I imagine that readers of his book may occasionally be conscious of the irritation which we are apt to feel when a preacher rebukes his congregation because more people do not come to his church. But if Major CORBETT-SMITH is, so far as this book is concerned, in some danger of missing those who would really benefit by reading it we must try to rectify this by seeing that it gets into the hands of any who are slow to realize what we owe to all branches of the Service which he champions with so fine an enthusiasm.

You're Only Young Once (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) comes from a young American hand, MARGARET WIDDENER'S. It tells of a charming aristocratic South Pennsylvanian family, five girls and three boys, and how they all fell in love at first sight and in various ways achieved matrimony with a rashness which may account for the rising curve of divorce that is now causing so much heart-searching over there. I don't mind stretching a point and endorsing the publisher's review: "Youth—romance—humour—a story like a sunny day in grey weather." I will add "highly improbable, sentimental, over-facile." But, as you're only young once, why not write in this irresponsible way and represent mating as a much less hazardous and perplexing problem than it is in reality? And why not also give your reviewer a chance for an ill-natured remark by a dedication, "For Auntie; with love and thanks for insisting that I *could* write prose?" If he is a sportsman (like me) he won't take it.

From a description of the PRINCE'S visit to Canada:—

"Saturday evening . . . the camp is moved to Cameron Falls, another beauty spot, where strong water goes tossing and jostling over the tough rocks of the river."—*Daily Paper.*

The strength of the water may account for the popularity of this resort among sufferers from Prohibition.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is not correct that when the railway strike began the authorities at Slough depôt at once offered to see *The Daily Mail* through the troubles of distribution.

***

We cannot help thinking that some of the volunteers who have been acting as railway porters had not studied the part very carefully. We actually saw one of them hurrying.

***

At Marylebone the magistrate was told that a criminal under arrest at Bournemouth could not be brought to London owing to the strike. A message of sympathy has been sent.

***

One can but sympathise with the commercial traveller, who, not knowing that the railwaymen were on strike, spent two days on the platform, at the end of which time he became somewhat irritated and remarked to a friend, "She's a bit late, isn't she, Herbert?"

***

Volunteers to feed railway horses were plentiful, says *The Daily Express*. One good fellow also volunteered to take the railway sandwiches out for a run to exercise them.

***

"Who does not remember the glorious Long Walk at Windsor Park?" asks "Rambler" in an evening paper. But who, for the matter of that, will ever forget the glorious long walks everywhere during the strike?

***

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL requests that only very important correspondence should be posted. It is hoped that this will be borne in mind by tailors.

***

It is reported that Mr. SMILLIE proposes, as an alternative to a levy on capital, that the Government should sell the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND.

***

Because he interfered with the lynching of a negro, the people of Omaha made a determined effort to lynch the Mayor. We await confirmation of the report that the League of Nations has requested Mexico to step in and restore order.

***

What promised to be a very nasty scandal at the War Office has been hushed up. It appears that, in response to the PRIME MINISTER'S urgent appeal for economy, two Major-Generals simultaneously sacked each other.

***

According to the Lettish Minister of Finance the British Government has agreed to supply arms and ammunition to the Letts. We can only hope that General VON DER GOLTZ will not take umbrage at this action, about which he was not consulted.

***

"The Allies," says a contemporary, "cannot afford to treat D'ANNUNZIO'S performance as a *fait accompli*." On the other hand there appear to be difficulties in the way of treating it as a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

***

In reference to the operation, recently reported in these columns, by which a Government armchair was successfully removed from a sleeping limpet, we are informed that the patient has already grown another one.

***

According to the report of the REGISTRAR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND the total number of deaths for the year 1917 is the lowest on record. No improvement is expected while undertakers' charges remain so high.

***

In the same year thirty-seven centenarians died in Scotland. We feel that this is so alarming that an inquiry should be held into the recent high mortality among this class.

***

"What," asks a weekly correspondent, "is the meaning of the oft-quoted reference to the Silent Service?" It is evident that he is not on the telephone.

***

A stuffed great auk, now extinct, has just been purchased for a museum. That's what you get for being extinct.

***

Admiral KATO is visiting all the Allied countries to convey the greetings of Japan on the termination of the War. No country seems to trust the postal service just now.

***

Are Irishmen becoming too touchy? We ask because, at a fête held in Dublin where seven stalls were wrecked, eighteen people injured and a policeman had his uniform torn to rags, a local paper actually booms the incident as a "scene."

***

Our sympathies go out to the New York bridegroom who, amongst his wedding presents, found a diamond-studded corkscrew.

***

Unsound cheese, says a news message, has been surrendered to the Acton Food Committee. As the cheese arrived in a state of collapse we can only suppose that it could hold out no longer.

***

With reference to the inquiry as to what is a new-laid egg, the best plan seems to be that known as the Breakfast Table test. If the egg answers you back on being opened, it isn't.



STRIKE FEATURES.

["After a long walk the feet are most quickly rested by being raised. Lie down, or sit with the legs outstretched and the feet on a high pillow."—*Evening News, Sept.* 30.]

TO A RAILWAY PORTER ON STRIKE.

Sir, as a humble worm of that community
On which you're pleased to set your sudden heel,
Permit me, of your grace, to ask impunity
While to your sense of fitness I appeal;
As you are great and strong
Be merciful if I am in the wrong.

For years you've drawn an Armageddon bonus
Of three-and-thirty shillings by the week;
While I in extra fares have borne the onus
Without a murmur, being soft and meek;
And, though there's Peace to-day,
Yet still you pouch that sum and still I pay.

No less, in spite of your superior manner,
Which threw a doubt upon my right to live,
I used to tip you every time a tanner
For any little help you deigned to give,
Although your claim was *nil*,
Being, in fact, included in the bill.

And now you strike to keep your war-time largess
When prices to their normal state subside,
And I must pay intolerable charges
For licensed vehicles (last week I hied
A few brief miles from town
And had to plank a full-sized Bradbury down).

This heavy cost of transport when I cab it
By sound economy must be replaced,
And so I thought of giving up some habit,
Innocent, but involving needless waste;
For choice I purposed to
Forgo the luxury of tipping you.

But ere I cease from slipping those gratuities
Into the palm of your protesting hand,
I want a balanced judgment, and to you it is
I come whose word is law throughout the land;
To you I look for light;
Kindly advise me whether I am right. O. S.

SOME MOOR.

Othello threatens to become the popular play of the immediate future—in fact, if all the tentative plans now being considered are successfully launched, it is doubtful whether London contains enough theatres to house all the impending versions of the masterpiece.

Messrs. Arthur Bourchier and Matheson Lang set the ball rolling by proposing to interchange the parts of *Iago* and *Othello* on alternate nights. Ever in the forefront of the dramatic battle, Mr. Oscar Asche, finding the tawny complexion associated with *Chu Chin Chow* exceedingly becoming, announces his intention to Othellise in 1929 or at the conclusion of the run of *Chu Chin Chow*, whichever happens first. Determined to be in the swim, Mr. Robert Loraine, as soon as *Cyrano* has completed his West End tour, will demobilise his nose and give his reading of the tragedy. Finally it has occurred to Mr. Nettlefold that *Othello* is just the thing to go down at the Scala.

The productions mentioned above appear to be practically inevitable, but there are in addition a number of interesting proposals of a slightly more nebulous character. In the most disinterested manner those responsible have allowed themselves to be interviewed by the representative of *The Barnstormer*, and in some cases have even volunteered a *résumé* of their proposals.

Mr. Leslie Henson stated that he had always cherished an ambition to play *Ham—Othello*, and had made a close study of the "book" at school. As a result of his researches he was inclined to think that the introduction of a few "additional" numbers by Mr. Herman Darewski, a carefully-chosen chorus of Moorish maidens in yashmaks or mashyaks—it was immaterial which—and a final scene in a fashionable restaurant, would result in the whole thing going with a bang from start to finish. He had commissioned Mr. Fred Thompson to prepare an adaptation on these lines, and, though not yet actually in negotiation for a theatre, he was keeping his eyes open.

* * * * * * *

Asked if he could confirm his rumoured intention to produce *Othello*, Mr. Owen Nares stated that he was taking a referendum of the ladies in his matinée audiences, to ascertain whether they would like to see him in a slightly saccharined version of that tragedy. "As long as sugar continues to be rationed," Mr. Nares continued, "I feel that I owe it to the play-going public to be as sweet as I possibly can. As a preliminary measure I have commissioned Mr. Fred Thompson to look over the play in the original quarto."

* * * * * * *

Mr. C. B. Cochran, though immersed in the final arrangements for the forthcoming contest for the Fleaweight Championship between Bill Hopper of Balham (holder of the Keating belt) and the "Kid Killer" of Chicago, gave the following details of his next production at the Pavilion. "To begin with," said Mr. Cochran, "I should like to make it quite clear that *Othelletta* is entirely devoid of offence. It contains nothing to which exception could be taken even by a dramatic critic. *Peg o' My Heart* is not in the same class for pure innocuousness. This matter has had my personal attention, and as a final precautionary measure Mr. Fred Thompson's 'book' has undergone a rigorous scrutiny by Dr. F. B. Meyer. Indeed, the adaptation is so intensely unsophisticated that a recent rehearsal had to be postponed owing to the outbreak of an epidemic of yawning, which first attacked Mdlle. Delysia and gradually spread through the entire company. Mdlle. Delysia, by the way, as a more than Moorish sultana, has the part of her life; and representatives of all the Sunday schools in the Metropolitan area are being invited to the first performances.

* * * * * * *

Interviewed during one of the intervals arranged to enable the Alhamdrome audience to recover from its convulsions, Mr. George Robey confessed that he regarded all his previous work, including his Special Constabling, merely as a stepping-stone to the realisation of his ambition to play the part of *Othello* in his own theatre without funny clothes or comic eyebrows. "In the interludes of intensive poultry-keeping in my flat," confided Mr. Robey, "I have studied the part inside and out, and when the time comes I fancy I shall be able to throw new limelight on the psychology of the gloomy dean—Dane—that is, Moor. Meanwhile I am in close consultation with Mr. Fred Thompson, and am keeping my eye on a suitable theatre. When it becomes available I shall be extremely adjacent."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Fred Thompson, who is responsible for the "adaptation" of most of the original musical plays in being and prospective, stated that he was so inundated with commissions to prepare musical and other versions of *Othello* that he had been compelled to open a special department to cope with the demand. Several of his regular lyric writers had collapsed under the strain and were now undergoing treatment by a specialist, but he had been able to obtain a new consignment of recently demobilised poets, and hoped to be able to deliver the goods without further delay.



THE DELIVERER.

LOCOMOTIVE (*stationary through strike*). "ONCE ABOARD THE LORRY AND THE GIRL IS MINE —NO MORE!"



THE GREAT ADVENTURE.
AN INCIDENT OF THE STRIKE.

THE BRAMBLECOMBE VOLUNTEERS.

WHILE not aspiring to the rank of a first-class railway, the line which runs for thirteen miles between Wexmoor (on the G.S.W.E.R.) and the thriving port of Bramblecombe is (as the descriptive writers say) at once unrivalled and unique.

The service on the Wex Valley Railway, though restricted, cannot be called irregular. For several decades its one train per day has never failed to run each way, wet or fine. Punctually at 10.45 A.M. every morning the engine draws its three carriages out of Bramblecombe and trundles along to Wexmoor, arriving at or about noon. Bramblecombians have frequently caught the midday train to London by it. The return journey is timed to begin at 3.40 and end at 4.55.

The railway strike came as a shock to the inhabitants of the Wex Valley. Many farmers who had relied for years on the passing of the down train to awaken them from their afternoon siesta overslept themselves for hours. Fowls and ducks stood about, yawning in amazement at the tedious delay of the rushing monster that had never before failed to send them scurrying home across the fields in time for tea.

That Bramblecombe and Wexmoor should be deprived of their train service was unthinkable. The shock to the Oldest Inhabitant might have disastrous results. Moreover, the PRIME MINISTER was appealing to the country to cope with this national calamity. Should the Wex Valley fail England in her hour of need? NEVER!

A hastily convened meeting in the Parish Room on Sunday evening after church unanimously carried a resolution that the Wex Valley service should be maintained at all costs. An executive was formed and more than enough volunteers came forward as firemen, ticket-collectors, stationmasters, pointsmen and what not.

Early on Monday morning the Colonel stepped aboard the "Sir Redvers Buller" and took charge of the locomotive department. Retired some years ago from the R.E., he still possesses a vigour and skill which many a younger man might envy. The Rector's son from Cambridge was first stoker, and Blacksmith Riddell from Whipplecombe Down acted as chief mechanic. For all the passengers from Bramblecombe there was at least one ticket-inspector apiece. Several tons of luggage could easily have been handled by the two-score porters, while the lines were thick with signalmen, pointsmen and shunters. Punctually at 10.45 by the station clock the Colonel let off a blast from the engine, the Rector blew his dog-whistle in reply and waved his green handkerchief, the army of stationmasters saw to it many times over that the handle of every door was secure, and a rousing cheer went up as the Wexmoor Flier steamed out of the station. One or two pointsmen narrowly escaped amputation of their limbs, but otherwise it was an extremely gratifying start.

Owing to a slight misunderstanding between the Colonel and Farmer Humphrey, who had charge of the signal-box at Whipplecombe Halt, the gates of the level crossing presented a barrier against which the Wexmoor Flier scored an easy victory; and the gallant

Colonel was in no way dismayed, a mile further on, by a little jar occasioned by a heifer being too preoccupied to distinguish between the up and down lines. What signals there were the Colonel ignored as doubtful of meaning, the farm hands operating them having initiated a system of semaphore which was as yet only in the experimental stage. The train overran three stations before Blacksmith Riddell had grown accustomed to the brakes. In the endeavour to pull up at Whipplehampton, which lies on a slight gradient, they over-shot the mark by about four hundred yards, slid back half-a-mile, and finally at the third attempt came alongside the station platform.

The Colonel and the Rector alighted to compare notes on the way things were going. The Rector as guard thought they ought to have made better going: the best part of two hours for a journey of eight miles—by his watch he made the time to be 12.35—was a speed he suggested they might with safety exceed. The Colonel's natural choler was appeased by the discovery that his friend had forgotten to put his watch back an hour the night before. Bidding good-bye to the cheering populace of Whipplehampton, the Wexmoor Flier resumed its journey up the line to the tunnel that runs under the crest of Whipplecombe Down. Perhaps the heavy autumn dew still lay on the rails, for no small difficulty was experienced in surmounting the summit of the gradient. With a good deal of groaning and creaking the train slowly disappeared into the tunnel. Then for nearly half-an-hour strange shrieks of machinery in pain, accompanied by huge belches of smoke, issued from the mouth of Whipple Tor Tunnel. The Colonel, like the *Pied Peter of Hamelin*, had apparently carried off his followers to the mountain recesses of the Tor, and these were the fumes of consuming fires and the agonised screams of his victims. However, on the very stroke of 1 P.M. the Wexmoor Flier arrived at its destination amid general rejoicing and the mutual congratulation of its voluntary officials.

Thus during the early days of the strike the people of the Wex Valley were the proud possessors of one of the few regular train services in Great Britain. All who wish may travel free and without distinction of class, though a general preference is shown for the firsts. Even the permanent railway officials at present on strike are permitted to travel to and fro like ordinary passengers. But Lawyer Quilpen, who acts as Deputy District Inspector, has kept a list of their journeys, and, we believe, intends at a later date to charge them with travelling, not on duty, when not in possession of a ticket. He says it is immaterial whether tickets were obtainable or not. This gives some indication of the gay and careless spirit which has gone so far towards making our voluntary effort the success that it is.



Officer (engaged in drawing up a will for Jock, about to go overseas). "BUT, HANG IT, MAN, YOU SURELY HAVEN'T GOT *ALL* THIS MONEY TO LEAVE TO YOUR RELATIONS?"

Jock. "AH KEN *THAT* A' RICHT, SORR; BUT AH JUST WANT TAE IMPRESS THEM WI' MA GOODWILL!"

"Once more the country is threatened with a big national stoppage of labour. This time the pistol is being held at the heads of the State by the railway Goliath."—*Daily Paper.*

But we are confident that our DAVID will not be disconcerted by GOLIATH'S new weapon.

The Lady-Killer.

"PERSHING HAILED BY CHEERING CITY.

Along the Parkway, school children hurled roses in his path. Two school girls presented him with a large bouquet of roses. 'God bless you, my children, and thank you,' he said as he killed both girls."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"A Duke, who does not wish his name mentioned, is also driving a motor lorry, and masticating sandwiches with his grimy hands."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Perhaps when the anonymous Duke has practised a little longer, and can masticate sandwiches like a member of the Trade Unions, he may reveal his identity.

OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

ANYONE whose lawful occasions took him to the port of Lerwick in the days when Fritz was a sailor will support my statement that it was not a resort calculated to gladden the heart of your mere pleasure-seeker. It had its limitations in that direction. Nevertheless it possessed one great institution.

When you went ashore at Lerwick after a ten days' patrol you might find exercise in scaling the streets of the town, dodging hastily into doorways to avoid passing vehicles; you might purchase picture post-cards of the Town Hall photographed at midnight, or, if you were really out to sow wild oats, you might squander your pay on a string of salted herrings; you might even bite your thumb at a Naval policeman. These were diversions to be followed as the tastes of the individual or the humour of the moment might dictate. But whether you were a Senior Skipper with gold on your sleeve, or only a cook's mate on a harbour dredger, inevitably before the departure of the last liberty boat you made your way to McCuddy's. It was the only fitting climax to the night's entertainment.

At McCuddy's they gave you a large and steaming hot cup of coffee, together with a sterling plate of ham and eggs, redolent with glorious intoxicating frizzly odours that brought the colour to your cheeks, and all for the ridiculous sum of sevenpence. It was wonderful. I dream of the smell of that ham still.

It was here that I first met Cuthbertson. We sat opposite to each other at a little table in a corner, stirring our coffee and regarding our eggs and ham with shining eyes. He was the first to speak.

"This," he said slowly and emphatically, "is the goods."

We were sworn brothers from that hour.

We were working on the Norwegian convoy at the time, and had both reached that stage in the career of every citizen-sailor when the glamour that overhangs naval warfare was beginning to dissipate a little. The gilt, as you might say, was off the ship's-biscuit. While fully sensible of the grandeur of our national tradition we could not quite smother a feeling of sneaking envy for the Swiss. We both felt that after all there was something to be said in favour of their geographical limitations.

"When once this war is over," said Cuthbertson on one occasion, "if ever it is over, I shall bid a fond but very firm farewell to the rude imperious surge. The robins shall nest in my sou'wester. I shall sink my sea-boots full fathom five, beat my oilskin into a gardening apron and my jack-knife into a rose-pruner and seek out some secluded inland spot where my first care will be to forget which end of a ship is for'ard and which is aft."

"And I shall be with you," I said simply.



"MAMMA!" "YES, MY CHILD."
"WILFRED HAS CRASHED IN A SHELL-HOLE."

We met periodically at McCuddy's to bewail the comfortless lot of them that go down to the sea in trawlers, particularly those of the Norwegian convoy. When we foregathered for the last time before I was due to sail for a distant base we exchanged addresses and pledged ourselves in a cup of coffee to seek each other out when the mantle of NELSON should have finally fallen from us.

"If ever we do meet in less turbulent days," said Cuthbertson, "we 'll forget this unfortunate phase in our careers. I have the very deepest respect for the Navy as a fighting force and a weapon of Imperial defence, but as a mode of life I must confess I find it exceedingly trying. To speak plainly it bores me. Do I carry you with me in this?"

"You do," I replied with emotion.

Next day my trawler departed for fresh fields of activity, where in due time we succeeded in bringing the War to a triumphant conclusion without the direct co-operation of Cuthbertson; whereupon the Senior Service decided to try and muddle along as best it could without my further assistance.

* * *

Under the severe pressure of peace routine I had almost forgotten the existence of Cuthbertson until one day I came across his address scribbled on the back of an ancient weather-beaten envelope. I looked him up at once. He is a solicitor in civilian life, and I found him at his office toiling painfully in the midst of formidable legal documents that reminded me uncomfortably of income-tax. It was hard to recognise in the person of this imposing but harassed professional man the old rebellious filibustering Cuthbertson of the Norwegian convoy. When the first exuberances of our reunion were over we retired to lunch.

"Different from McCuddy's, this," I said encouragingly.

"Yes," assented Cuthbertson, his eye on the tariff. "Somehow I seem to have lost the remarkable food-lust I used to have in those days."

"The North Sea certainly had its points," I ventured.

"Lord, yes," said Cuthbertson eagerly; "give me the Navy every time if you're after the pure *joie de vivre*. Do you remember the old Norwegian convoy, and that Commander at the Patrol Office with the voice guaranteed to shatter a plate at fifteen yards?"

We proceeded to exchange reminiscences greedily.

"Do you know what I mean to do?" exclaimed Cuthbertson at length, when we had so far worked ourselves up that he was waving his soup-plate gracefully to and fro after the fashion of diners endeavouring to counteract the motions of a trawler in a rough sea, and I had more than once hailed the waiter with "Ahoy, cooky." "I mean to charter a bit of a yacht next year and have a cruise round the old haunts. I suppose you wouldn't care to ship with me?"

"Nothing better," I cried.

"I 'm afraid it won't be as jolly as it used to be," he said regretfully; "there'll be no U-boats for one thing. And we shall miss the rich naval flavour."

"We may run across a couple of old drifting mines to bring a bit of the atmosphere back," I suggested hopefully.



"Mr. Chairman, I rise to order. You bein' Chairman of the District Council gives you no manner o' right to be Chairman of the Profiteering Tribunal. 'Uman nature 's 'uman nature, and you bein' a grocer 'll never 'ave the nerve to give yerself six months without the option."

Cuthbertson shook his head sorrowfully. "I fear we shall never be able to recapture the first fine careless rapture of hearing a full-blown deep-sea fishing skipper gently chiding the trimmer for spilling paraffin in the tea-kettle. Rare pleasures of this sort lose their delicate charm the second time."

I tried to cheer him by talking of McCuddy's and the prospect of ham and eggs and coffee for sevenpence, but it was not till we were leaving that I caught a glimpse of the real Cuthbertson of old. By the door stood a magnificent commissionaire, portly and dignified, in a gorgeous uniform of blue and gold. As soon as he saw him Cuthbertson's face lit up with pleasure.

"By Jove, the very man!" he exclaimed joyfully. "We 'll hire him for the trip; it 'll be as good as sailing aboard an Admiral's flag-ship."

In his delight at the prospect he squared his shoulders and with head and eyes turned smartly to the right marched out, favouring the startled door-keeper with a faultlessly executed Naval salute.

The Modern Version: Strike while the iron 's cold.

HOW THE STRIKE STRIKES ANNE.

Anne finished folding up with careful fingers the minute silken flag which for so long had adorned the front of her doll's house.

"Now that peace is over I shall have to ask Nurse where she 's put the dark blinds for the doll's house," she remarked with a tiny sigh.

"But the Lighting Order isn't in force again. What do you want the dark blinds for?" I asked.

"Won't they make us shade our lights again, then?" she asked in surprise. "What about air-raids?"

"But there won't be any air-raids," I assured her. "There isn't a war on here now, you know."

Anne pondered this statement for a moment. "What *is* it, then?" she asked. "We 've got to have ration-books again, and I 'd just frowed away Teddy's and Dolly Dumps's, so I shall have to make them some new ones, and Nurse says next week we shan't have any cakes with sugar on the top and no currant buns. It 's just *like* the War. What is it really?"

"Well, you see," I explained, "it 's the strike, and——"

"What *is* the strike?" Anne interrupted me. "I promised Teddy I 'd find out and tell him; you see he isn't a very big boy and he doesn't quite understand" (here she lowered her voice that she might not wound Teddy's tender susceptibilities); "but he thinks it 's just like the War, and he 's been drilling all the morning ready to go and fight."

"You can tell him I hope there won't be any fighting," I said; "it 's only that the railway trains aren't running properly, and it won't be easy for people to get things; there won't be much milk for the poor babies most likely" ("They can have mine," put in Anne stoutly), "and it will be difficult to get to places and that sort of thing," I concluded rather vaguely.

"Oh," said Anne in a rather unconvinced voice, "then there won't be any poor wounded either? So I needn't practise nursing?"

I seemed to catch just a hint of disappointment in her voice.

"No, they won't want nursing certainly," I said; "and it really isn't much like the War, though it seems rather like it just at first, I know."

"'Tisn't zactly like Peace either, is it?" said Anne; "but I 'll explain to Teddy as well as I can."

NEW FIGHTS FOR OLD.

No longer is it possible for the fiction-writer to enliven his flagging tale with a good round bout of fisticuffs, recorded in plain yea-and-nay English. No longer does it suffice for him to write that "Brown struck Williams a right-hand blow." He must bear in mind that four out of five of his readers have an almost morbidly intimate knowledge of the technique and argot of pugilism, and specify whether the blow in point was a lead, hook, jab, jolt, swing or upper-cut.

The following up-to-date version of a celebrated fiction-fight is offered by way of illustration:—

IN THE RUGBY RING.

At the sound of the gong both principals skipped to the centre of the arena and proceeded to mix it in no niggard fashion. Each man led savagely and repeatedly, without deigning to stop or to block, apparently expecting to hand out the K.O. without loss of time. Neither realised his ambition, it is true, but a number of straight lefts got home on either headpiece, and there were indications that the contest would not go the full course. On points it was the Slogger's round.

"For heaven's sake, Tommy, keep out!" implored East, as he towelled the School-house Hope during the interval. "Don't try to counter him—come right back. Feint if you like, but let *him* lead."

The carillon for resumption found both men fresh and with an unchanged foreign policy.

"There he goes, in-fighting again," groaned East, as Brown once more took his merchandise for sale within the prohibited area. He dumped two dangerous left jabs and endeavoured to re-embark with dues unpaid, but the Slogger was too quick for him, shaking his man with a clever right hook as he retreated. A brisk rally ensued, in which Tom's imports largely exceeded his exports, and he was at last put down for a count of eight by a nicely timed right swing to the occiput. Prices now favoured Thompson's Slogger by 2 to 1 (t. and o.)

During the recess Brown underwent some badly needed sponge-work at the hands of his chief second.

"Tommy," observed the latter, "this may be funny, but it ain't fighting. He'll put you out in five minutes if you don't slip him. Come back, I tell you. If there isn't time, side-step, duck—anything but go in as you're going. Make him lead to you, but don't try to cross-counter yet—wait till he blows and then drop it in on the solar plexus. We'll look after the point later on."

Third round. This was mainly a strategic retreat on the part of Brown, who seemed at last to realise the wisdom of his henchman's advice and was taking full advantage of the twenty-four foot enclosure. Mr. Groove, a familiar ring-side figure, was heard to remark that he had not witnessed such masterly footwork since the days of CHARLIE MITCHELL. Finally Williams halted, pending repairs to bellows, whereupon a jubilant scream arose from the School-house Citadel.

"Now, Tom," sang out East, "what I said."

Brown was inside the fence in a twinkling, lying close to his man and jolting strongly with right and left over the heart. Williams covered up to avoid further unpleasantness, but no sooner was the embargo raised than Brown whistled home again with a couple of genuine rib-roasters. The Slogger seemed annoyed. He now rushed, but Brown side-stepped neatly, leaving his opponent to come harmlessly to earth in a neutral corner. Betting: 2 to 1 against the Slogger. (Offered by Mr. Groove. Declined by Mr. Rattle.)

The succeeding round was the least dramatic of the fight, the School-house Hope working round and round for an opening, while the Slogger propped him off with his long left. Brown was now displaying a marked facial puffiness and was bleeding at the tooth-box; while the Pride of Thompson's showed several purple patches in the vicinity of the mark.

During the next session Brown was cautioned for holding, but the objection was ruled out by young Mr. Brooke, the Referee, on the grounds that the contest was being decided under P.R. rules. Shortly afterwards, a vicious right upper-cut from the Slogger having failed to connect, the round ended in a clinch.

From this point forward the School-house Hope, finding that his fraternal embraces involved no risk of losing on a foul, presented the ring with a superb exhibition in the Græco-Berkshire style, repeatedly throwing his man and *falling on him*. And so the battle dragged on to the end, which came none too soon. Dr. T. Arnold (Headmaster) appeared, whereupon everybody except young Mr. Brooke left Big Side in a hurry.

A poor inconclusive contest. In the absence of a stake and sidestakes—to say nothing of proper organisation beforehand—this is hardly to be wondered at; but if Tom Brown wishes to claim the welter-weight championship of Rugby School I suggest that he must meet the Slogger again under the following conditions:—

(1) Queensberry Rules.

(2) Meeting to be held at Olympia, Holborn Stadium, the Albert Hall, or some other recognised temple of the fancy; and

(3) Mr. EUGENE CORRI to replace young Mr. Brooke as Referee.

For exclusive special interview with both principals, see appendix at end of chapter.

THE SEA TROUT.

(*Western Highlands.*)

THE stag to the hill
And the bee to the clover,
The kite to his kill
And the maid to her lover,
The bard to his dreams
And the scribe to his cunning—
But I to the streams
Where the sea-trout are running.

The streams of the South
Flow in green meadow places;
You open your mouth
And breathe in the soft graces;
Their brown trout are wise
And take time to consider,
And you stalk every rise
Like a hart in Balquidder.

In the North the streams flow
With the peat running through them,
And the gods long ago
Have hurled granite into them;
The sea-trout's a flash
Silver sudden as laughter,
And he comes with a smash
And considers it after.

At forty yards fair
Off the reel he'll deliver
A leap in the air
And a roll on the river,
And the issue's in doubt
Till the net's underneath him,
And he dies a sea-trout—
Better bay could I wreathe him?

The loveliest—oh
For a music that I lack
To sing you his snow
And his silver and lilac!
The wildest, the best
And the bravest of fishes,
And, however he's dressed,
The most dainty of dishes.

But the stag to the hill
And the bee to the clover,
The hawk to his kill
And, a hundred times over,
My heart to the "brew"
In brown pools and romantic,
And the trout running through
Off the tides of Atlantic.

Ferdie, the Freak.

"FOX OF BALKANS HAS A NEST EGG."
Headline in Canadian Paper.

THE HEARTY FELLOW.



"Hullo!——



my dear——



old boy——



how are you?



By Jove, that's a funny thing——



could have sworn you were——



someone I knew——



but now I come to look at you——



you're no more——



like——



him——



than I am."



DISTRESSING POSITION OF RAILWAY STRIKER WHOSE SON, BEING SULKY, REFUSES TO TAKE HOME HIS TRAIN.

A FLEET STREET PRACTICE.

I MET him last August at a restaurant in Fleet Street. He was making an excellent lunch and looked opulent.

In spite of this I took a fancy to the man; somehow he looked like one who has taken his chances in the world. I sympathised, too, with his glance of amused contempt at a sallow youth at the same table, who in his zeal for the horse-breeding industry was scanning the early evening paper for possible winners. The sallow youth made a note of two "naps" and departed, looking miserably optimistic.

This fleeting vision of the gay world of Sport led to a disjointed conversation between the stranger and myself. Finally we got on to cricket. Here he became very interesting, and he evidently loved the game. He had a slight Northern accent and was, I think, unduly prejudiced in favour of Yorkshire. I ordered another cup of coffee and told him a few things about Kent.

I was just beginning to impress him, I think, when a man passed us on his way out and said, "Good morning, Doctor."

The stranger nodded in reply and then began about HIRST. As he was speaking my second cup of coffee arrived.

"I suppose this is bad for one in the middle of the day?" I said as I took it.

A look of intense pain—almost a spasm—came over his face at once.

"For heaven's sake don't talk about that," he said abruptly, and then began to ask me about WOOLLEY.

"But," I said, "I thought, as a doctor, you would be interested in questions of diet."

"I hate them," he replied fiercely. He took a gulp of coffee and then leant across the table and said, "Do you know who I am?"

I hate riddles and I thought of saying "Yes" and leaving him, but he gave me no time.

"I am the well-known West-end physician who grants interviews to correspondents of the evening papers. Now you know," and he sat back in his chair as though the worst was over.

"Great Heavens," I said, "so you are actually the man who advises people to wear lighter clothes during a heat wave?"

"I am that man," he replied; "I may also mention that during a cold snap I strongly advise them to wear warmer clothes. I also point out that it is not wise for a man of ninety to try to walk as far and fast as his grandsons. As for diet, hardly a week passes but I warn a special correspondent against lobster mayonnaise."

"Do you find it hard work?" I asked after a pause.

"Rather wearing," he replied; "with Fleet Street as a sort of consulting-room and my thousands of anxious patients waiting for advice, I am kept pretty constantly at it. Of course I play the game. An unscrupulous man might make a fortune out of it."

"How?" I inquired with natural curiosity.

"Well," he said in a reflective tone, "suppose that I, with my huge practice, were to write strongly urging people of all ages to live on suet puddings during foggy weather; I could then go up to the City and buy suet pudding shares for all I am worth. When the fog came I should sell out at the top of the market."

At that moment a boy came in—it was just after two o'clock—and handed him a 6·30 edition. We looked it over together; but there was no interesting news. Then with a groan he pointed to the "Stop-press" column. The heading ran: "Old lady collapses while bathing—gallant rescue by a boatman."

"I am sorry to leave you," said the West-end physician, "but I must go at once and warn my elderly patients that they must be careful about bathing. I shall probably add a little advice for young bathers too. Good-bye."



THE HOHENZOLLERN TOUCH.

President of the N.U.R. (*recalling his own Plymouth speech*). "WE WANT THE EARTH AND ALL THAT THEREIN IS!"

Mr. J. H. Thomas. "IS THAT 'DEFINITIVE,' CRAMP? THAT'S WHAT THE KAISER SAID IN 1914. I SHOULD LEAVE A LITTLE BIT FOR THE COMMUNITY."





Perfect Stranger. "I THINK THE NAVY'S ABSOLUTELY PRICELESS. THEY FOUGHT, THEY PUMPED OUT THE COAL-MINES, AND NOW I SEE THEY'RE CARRYING LETTERS AND PARCELS. WHAT'LL YOU DO NEXT?"

Seaman Gunner. "THE 'OUSING PROBLEM. 'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD? IN THREE WEEKS WE'RE BRINGING A CARGO OF READY-MADE MUD 'UTS FROM ZULULAND."

LIFE'S LITTLE COMPENSATIONS.

ONCE life was a series of petty annoyances. I loathed the postman's knock, heralding as it did the arrival of letters which had to be answered. I hated the dustman, who usually arrived about 6 A.M. and by loud discussions of the day's betting forecasts ruined my beauty sleep. The railways too—how I longed for the blood of the demons who began shunting at two in the morning on the line near my house. The yodel of the milkman was a torture to me. I remonstrated with him once about his practice of "Milk-ho-ing" when all decent people were in bed, and he seemed to regard me as a poor being with no sense of melody. He continued and even aggravated his yodel. Then when I had settled to work in the morning there were the constant ringings of the tradesmen. I could hear the loud laugh of the butcher as he flirted with one or other of the maidservants at the side-door—most distressing not only as a crude and objectionable noise, but because it created an awful fear that he might go so far as to marry the girl and leave us face to face with the dreadful servant problem once more.

And now!

We had a strike of the dustmen a few months back, and to-day I rejoice when I am awakened by a rolling of rubbish tins and a hoarse but genial voice saying, "You may take my tip or leave it, but Little Vic's a dead cert for the 3.30." They are working—bless the fine fellows!

The milkman's yodel is an entrancing melody to-day. I do loathe and abominate condensed milk. A delightful rat-tat from the postman cheers me, for it shows that a mail has got through. Happiness comes to me when I hear the butcher and the baker at the side-door. What matters a little friendly flirtation if we are provisioned for another day? I remember the awful week when the bakers were on strike and our home-grown staff of life was apparently composed of putty.

I only need one thing to be perfectly happy—to be roused from my sleep by my old railway friends shunting. There was a peculiarly squeaky clank that ran along a line of shunted trucks which I miss sadly. If they know how their music was appreciated I am sure they would return.

"What is it, Jane?"

"The curate, Sir. He does not want to interrupt you at your work, but he is just calling for your subscription to the Boys' Brigade."

I feel that I should have more respect for the clergy—who have far better reason for striking than any other section of the community—if they only had the pluck to down cloth and intimidate the public with the threat: "Not a subscription invited, not a collection made, till we get a living wage."

"The taxicab and motor-car piled with luggage remain a familiar London sight. It is more surprising to encounter in the heart of London men and women carrying bags and parcels and obvious strangers."—*Times.*

Very surprising for the strangers, we should think.



"MY CHILDREN USED TO BE MONSCHUS FOND OF THIS YER PAINTIN', BUT THEY'VE GROWED OUT OF IT."

A LETTER TO THE BACK-BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER,—Very many thanks for your cheery epistle with the account of the Hornblower obsequies. It must have been a jolly affair—the mourners' hurdle race afterwards, I mean.

As for myself I continue with my discovery of England. I am at the seaside, but as I do not care for shrimping in a top-hat I have shunned the fashionable resorts and am at present camped in a tiny fishing village which clings to the flanks of the Cornish cliffs like a nest of limpets to a rock.

Here leaps ashore the full south-west, heavy-winged with the scents of brine, sea-weed and pilchards. Drifts of sea-pinks and sea-holly mist the cliffs and dunes with frail colour.

Black seine-boats lie among the houses, poking their curved snouts in at the windows to sniff your breakfast rasher and a non-stop orchestra of wind and wave renders Wagnerian selections throughout all meals.

The native housewives dump their rubbish on their door-steps and punctually, twice a day, the Atlantic rolls up and carts it away.

Punctually, twice a day, as the tide recedes, the local drake, Francis, marches his harem of ducks across the wide stretch of sands to high-water-mark, to see what edible flotsam that universal provider the sea has coughed up, ready to dispute *à outrance* with the gulls the possession of any particularly toothsome morsel. To the beach also on hot afternoons come the local kine, flattening out the children's trench systems and paddling with the best of us—which, now I come to think of it, may account for the salt in the butter.

In thick weather the fog-horns of passing ships, and the village donkeys (tethered on the cliff-side), blare disconsolately at one another all night long.

The men-folk of the place arise at four o'clock in the morning and row out to see whether any crabs or lobsters have been foolish enough to tumble into their booby-traps. The rest of the day they spend either propping up the Lifeboat House or paddling visitors out to the pollack grounds. This is enthralling sport.

The visitor reclines on the bottom of the boat among a jumble of rusty ballast, sea-weed, bait and fish-hooks, praying earnestly for death, while the mariner (who is paid by the hour) discourses pleasantly on the perils of the deep and dangles the strings.

I have not done this myself; I have seen too many robust visitors suffer dreadful sea-change; moreover I have scanty faith in the string-dangling system of fishing. It seems to me to depend far too much on the gullibility of the quarry. For me the Mills bomb. You grasp the grenade in your right hand, extract the pin with your left, and heave. If there is a fish (or fishes) anywhere in the neighbourhood you've got it (or them).

The whole affair is settled one way or another in ten seconds. The method is simple, quick, clean and effective, and to my mind infinitely preferable to jockeying a bucking dinghy over a ground-swell, your lunch butting at the "barrier of the lips," the *joie de vivre* gone from you, waiting till the village idiot of the deep chances along and gets his silly self firmly entangled in your bit of barbed wire.

However, the fish-blasting season is over, they tell me. It is not being done any more in these days of Peace. It is string-dangling or nothing now.

Yesterday morning as I lay in my warm bed listening to the teeth of the early bathers chattering on the beach (a favourite diversion of mine) I heard the voice of the Philosopher uplifted towards my window. Wrapping myself in the eider-down I leaned out and inquired what his trouble was. He waved a large bundle of twine at me and said his family had sent him out to



Daughter (to father, who is having some difficulty in mending her bicycle). "Haven't you finished yet? Oh, daddy! don't say you're not trying."

fish. He would like me to come and watch him do it. When I was ready I would find him at the far end of the beach.

I bombed Albert Edward out of bed with wet-sponges, breakfasted and set out for the *rendez-vous*. We found the Philosopher sitting with his back to a rock, a pocket chess-board on his knees, working out a problem. He welcomed us warmly, told us where we would find the gear and advised us to get a move on before the tide turned.

Albert Edward inspected the collection of oddities that the Philosopher had assembled and scratched his head. "I say, what about bait?" he inquired.

The Philosopher looked at him over his spectacles and tut-tutted. "Dear me! Isn't there any bait? Then I'm afraid we shall have to get some."

Albert Edward agreed; he was afraid we should. He picked up a couple of lance-hooks, tossed one to me and we started work.

For the benefit of the uninitiated I will explain that lances are small eel-like critters which inhabit the wet sand. You scratch for them with an iron hook about eighteen inches long. Any inshore dweller can experience all the sensations of this sport by walking up and down a ploughed field, bent double, feeling for worms with a crochet-needle. At the end of an hour we had scratched an acre or so of sand and had secured a lance and a half between us.

The Philosopher not having provided us with anything to carry them in, Albert Edward dropped the catch into his trouser pocket and we returned to headquarters. It took us some time to draw the Philosopher's attention away from the affairs of a queen and a bishop.

"How many have you got?" he inquired.

Albert Edward felt in his trouser pocket and his face went blank; all too late he remembered the hole in it.

"Well, not any, as yet."

The Philosopher shook his head. "I 'm afraid that 's hardly enough," he sighed.

Albert Edward agreed; he was afraid it hardly wasn't.

"I fear we shall have to try again," said the Philosopher. "Most annoying after all our labour—still, there are thirty hooks to be baited." His nose drooped over his problem again, like a tufter's on a cold scent, and Albert Edward and I took up our scratchers and went at it once more.

At the end of an hour and a half we had ploughed another acre of sands, with the net result of four lances, which were assigned to my trouser pocket this time. Albert Edward paused in his labours to straighten out the kinks in his spine. "Good fun, isn't it?" he remarked. "I can hear my vertebræ click every time I move."

We sank down on the sands and lit cigarettes.

The Demon-Twins (aged twelve years and twelve years and fifteen minutes) padded up and regarded us curiously.

"What are you doing?" they demanded together.

"Blackberrying," said Albert Edward shortly.

"Don't you believe him, my sons; he

lies to you," said I; "we're birds'-nesting."

"Funny, aren't you?" sneered Twelve.

"I know what it is," shrilled Twelve-fifteen; "you're lancing, and you're stuffy because you can't catch any."

"Fat-heads!" said Twelve.

"Chumps!" said Twelve-fifteen. They padded off, giggling derisively.

Albert Edward sniffed. "I adore children, don't you? Like little rays of sunshine. Hello, here's the mermaid."

The Sea-lady paddled towards us, kicking the surf about with pink toes and looking very rosy and cheerful.

"Don't you find it rather damp sitting there?" she called.

"Not half so damp as standing up sorting through tons of sand with a tooth pick," said I.

"'If fifty fools with fifty hooks should scratch from two till eight,
Do you believe,' the Walrus said, 'they'd scratch up any bait?'
'I don't think,' sobbed the Carpenter, barely articulate."

"How sweet!" cooed the Mermaid. "Do you write the mottoes in crackers?"

Albert Edward grunted. "He does—also the directions on mouse-traps. By the way your charming little brothers have just passed along."

The Mermaid nodded. "I know. They've been lancing all the morning. Look." She displayed a tomato tin brimming with the nasty little brutes.

"Good Lord, how do you do it?" Albert Edward exclaimed, and thereupon dilated on our heroic labours, the unsporting behaviour of the quarry, and the trouble the Philosopher would get into with his family if he arrived home fishless. The cruel girl was not in the least moved by our intense sufferings, but at the mention of the Philosopher she softened all over.

"Poor darling," she crooned, "what a shame! Here, take these." Impulsively she thrust the tomato tin upon me.

"But—but won't the Twins object?" I demurred.

"And what if they do? You don't think I'm frightened of those little brats, do you?"

"I don't know about you," said I, "but not a few strong men on this beach—myself included—turn pale at the mere sight of them."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves then," she scorned. "Two big brawny brutes like you! Anyhow, give these to the Philosopher with my love." She waved her hand and paddled home to lunch—fortunate girl!

We found the Philosopher lying behind his rock, bound hand and foot. We asked him what he thought he was doing—imitating HOUDINI, the Hand-Cuff King, or practising the Indian rope trick? He explained that he was unravelling the spiller line, but was under the suspicion that he had made a mistake somewhere. He would be much obliged if we would remove a hook from his pectoral tissues. There were numerous others embedded in various portions of his anatomy which were not quite so excruciatingly painful and which, he had no doubt, he could bear with.

We drew out our pocket-knives and by 2.30 P.M. he was a free man and had returned to his chess problem. By 3.45 Albert Edward and I had got the severed line tied together again and the hooks



THE RULING PASSION.

knotted on once more. By 4.10 they were baited. By 4.30 we had the spiller laid out along the sands ready for the fast in-coming surf to cover it, and reported as much to the Philosopher, who was masticating the paper wrapper in mistake for the cheese sandwich it contained and perusing a racy little "Treatise on the Synchronous Vibrations of the Soul." He promised to keep a watchful eye on the line and advised us to trot home, as it must be getting on for lunch-time, he thought.

As we sped up the boat-slip we passed the Demon-Twins; they were crouched among some crab-pots staring out to sea with the wide innocent eyes of childhood.

"Don't altogether like the look of those little perishers," said Albert Edward. "It struck me they were concealing something from us behind a pot."

I nodded. "They're out after blood, and I've got an idea it's ours they want. They won't like losing their lances."

"Oh, well, I don't care; I'm not really frightened of them. Are you?"

"N—o, not really," said I.

At about seven o'clock we returned to draw the spiller. We found most of the visitor population, summoned by some mysterious agency, on the beach awaiting the miraculous draught.

The Philosopher was still behind his rock, still absorbed in "The Synchronous Vibrations of the Soul," completely oblivious to the babbling crowd about him. A whale might have come along and taken him and the spiller into its belly without his being aware that anything untoward had occurred.

We pulled on the line. Several willing hands sprang to our assistance. The first hook came ashore. It was bare—bare even of bait. The second was stripped also. Likewise the third and fourth, the fifth and the sixth, and so on even to the twenty-ninth.

Not a single fish dangled on a single hook; not a single lance remained. Albert Edward looked at me. I looked at Albert Edward and nodded.

People began to titter. "One more pull," shouted a helper. "There must be something on the last hook, it's so heavy."

We brought the last hook ashore with a run, and the helper was right—there was something on it. People laughed outright this time.

"Dear me," purred the voice of the Philosopher in my ear. "A dead cat! I wonder how it got there?"

"Do you?" said Albert Edward dryly, his gaze resting on two small figures sitting near by on a sand-dune staring out to sea with the wide innocent eyes of childhood. "Do you? I think I have an idea."

Ever thy PATLANDER.

PLAYMATES.

Do you know my friends that stay
Always with me, night and day?
These two legs of mine are they.

If a fat man I should be,
These two friends no more I'd see.
They'd be hidden under me.

So, while they are still in sight,
I shall say to them at night:
"Weary left leg, weary right,

"Thanks for every race you've run
With the wind and with the sun,
For the laughter and the fun!"



Pygmalion. "THIS, MY DEAR, IS TO BE THE FINEST THING I HAVE EVER DONE. IT IS TO BE MY IDEAL OF FEMALE LOVELINESS."
Galatea. "OH, PYGGY DARLING! ARE YOU BEGINNING TO TIRE OF ME ALREADY?"

EPIGRAMS FROM A NEO-GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

LEADERSHIP.

Gazogenes, the leader of the Reds,
Adjured his followers to keep their heads;
Whereat some answered, by their doubts impelled,
"We'll keep our Heads, but not if they are swelled."

THE TERRORS OF ART.

Painter, your portraits make you justly feared,
Forecasting traits that have not yet appeared;
So, when you limned Hyperbolus, they say
Two fees he readily agreed to pay—
One for the picture, one for the condition
It never should be placed on exhibition.

OF PROFITEERS.

Six years ago a huckster lank and lean,
But now a Prince (to judge him by his mien),
See how Banausus, treating us like toads,
Rolls roystering along the crowded roads.
Yet who will envy traders who succeed
In wringing riches from their country's need?
Beggars, on horseback set, ride to the devil;
The Profiteer speeds to a lower level.

OF WIZARDS.

Two Celtic Wizards, eminent of late,
Wrestled to gain the mastery of the State;
Meanwhile, belaboured by conflicting blizzards,
Plain folk desired deliverance from Wizards.

Another Sex-Problem.

Underneath a picture:—

"On the peaceful cliffs of Cornwall new motor-cycles are presumably rare. The cow, being of an inquiring turn of mind, wonders what has come to disturb his solitude."—*Daily Paper.*

THE ILLUSION COMFORTING.

ONCE upon a time—and a very discontented unsettled time at that—there was a hill with a wood on the top of it through which the wind used to rush and roar, and, as the hill was steep and some little distance from the town, not many people found their way there. But one morning the woodman, who was sawing logs from one of the trunks—for this was a time when a man who had a saw was almost as lucky as a man who had a bicycle—was astonished to see a number of men climbing the hill; not countrymen, but very obviously townsmen, for they wore black coats, and carried small leather cases or bags and newspapers, and not a few had top hats.

They ascended the hill at a great pace, each singly and each now and then looking at his watch; but when they got to the top they stood all together among the trees waiting as if in some suspense.

Now and then one would say something; but another, who seemed to be the leader, would hold up his hand and make a silencing sound.

The woodman, being curious about this invasion of his solitude, was about to inquire of the leader as to the reason for it, when a gust of wind began to stir the forest, increasing in volume with each moment, and, as they heard it, a look of ineffable joy, not unmarked by a certain wistful melancholy, illumined the faces of the crowd.

"What is it?" the perplexed woodman asked.

"What is it?" cried the ecstatic leader. "Can't you hear the wind?"

"Of course I can hear the wind," said the woodman. "But what of it? Why does it cause you such happiness mixed with regret?"

"Because," replied the leader, "it makes a noise exactly like the 8.53—the dear old vanished 8.53 to town."

AT THE PLAY.

"REPARATION."

THERE were obvious reasons why Mr. HENRY AINLEY should be attracted to the part of *Fedya* (TOLSTOY'S "Living Corpse"), but clearness of motive could hardly have been one of them; for his character and the springs of his actions were always much too obscure to hold our sympathies. *Fedya* is an habitual drunkard, and on his own admission a thoroughly bad egg; but, while he deserts an adoring wife in favour of a gipsy, we are not to be misled by the spectacle of his amorous embraces into supposing that his relations with the girl (her unfortunate name is *Masha*) are anything worse than Platonic. He is good enough to bear his wife no ill-will for being deserted by him; indeed he would be quite glad to see her comfortably married to an old admirer for whom he has a great regard; but when it comes to a question of divorce this besotted creature, guilty of every offence except the technical sin of infidelity, finds his sense of honour too nice to allow him to tell the necessary lie which would set his wife free.

Nobody in the audience believes for a moment in the sincerity of so fine a distinction, and nobody is sorry (except at the thought of losing Mr. AINLEY) when *Fedya* is seen making arrangements for suicide as the only form of "reparation." It does not come off, however—he is too much of a coward; besides, it is far too early in the play. Instead he takes means to appear to be drowned, and so starts a new career as a living corpse.

You might suppose that he would not be content with growing a beard for disguise, but would disappear altogether; on the contrary, he apparently remains in the neighbourhood of his former wife, now happily remarried; and eventually in a moment of drunken expansion gives the whole thing away during the course of a doss-house confidence. He is overheard by a blackmailer and is arrested by the police, together with the wife, who is charged with bigamy. In the end he recurs to his original idea of suicide, and, though well aware that it comes too late to affect the charge of bigamy, he commits that anticlimax.

We live in gloomy days, and I was not greatly surprised, last week, that more people had not faced a walk home to the suburbs for joy of the good cheer offered at the St. James's Theatre. For myself (living within easy walking distance) I had no fault to find with the sombre and sordid atmosphere of the whole business; I could easily have borne much worse things (though the flat tones of the singing gipsy-girl tried me hard) for the sake of Mr. AINLEY'S acting in the doss-house scene, and the gracious charm of Miss MARION TERRY; but the obscurity of *Fedya's* motives and standard of honour (to say nothing of his wife's affections which I could never properly localise) left my head exhausted and my heart untouched. I don't blame anybody, but it is always unsatisfactory when you don't care twopence what happens to your hero and heroine.

It was a pity that the promise of the first scene was not fulfilled. It had a quiet air of IBSEN and aroused no apprehension of the melodramatic developments that were to follow. I drew high hopes from that scene, based not only on the attractive appearance and manner of Miss MEGGIE ALBANESI (as *Fedya's* sister-in-law), but also on the samovar, which gave me confidence that the *milieu* was true Russian. Not that I question the rest of the local colour, though I was never quite convinced by the gipsy lover, who seemed to me to lack the seductive arts of her kind. But then, as I have hinted, her relations with *Fedya* were not according to convention.

That clever actress, Miss ATHENE SEYLER, was not well suited in the part of the wife; but Mr. ION SWINLEY, as the second husband, gave a very firm and solid performance; Mr. OTHO STUART, as a prince and a general comforter, showed a suave decorum; and the Bohemian histrionics of Mr. CLAUDE RAINS came near at times to dispersing the ambient gloom. But I doubt if even the gifts of Mr. AINLEY (whose return is extremely welcome) will serve to carry off a play whose interest is so remote in its appeal to the general sympathy and understanding. O. S.

The Day of Rubber.

For centuries a tropic plant,
Obscure and insignificant,
Common to both worlds, West and East,
I did no good to man or beast.
Yet now my rich and viscous juice,
Turned to a locomotive use,
Has lent the rigid chariot wheel
The limber movements of the eel,
And oils that kindle and explode
Have made me Monarch of the Road.

The wonders of nature, as described in two articles in *The Chronicle*:—

"THINGS SEEN.
AN ECHO."

"THINGS HEARD.
THE CARCASS."

ORATORY AT THE ZOO.

ADEQUATE criticism is a great satisfaction; but how rarely one meets with it. I have read my share of leading articles on the Upheaval; I have heard more than my share of remarks upon it—in the street, in the home, in the bus; but for the best general commentary I had to go to Regent's Park and to a speaker of foreign extraction. He gives no suggestion of culture; he probably never wrote a word in his life; but you should hear him on the Strike!

I found him in that portion of the park which is railed off and entered through turnstiles and where a stratum of rocks suddenly breaks through the earth and rises to a height unusual in London. Here I walked near and far. I could, had I liked, have ridden in a four-in-hand drawn by llamas or upon the backs of elephants or camels, but I preferred the new and popular means of locomotion. One thing that very soon struck me both with astonishment and regret was the number of empty residences. We have heard so much about the congested state of London, but I can assure you that in the Zoo there are too many rooms to let.

But all this is beside the mark; what I want to tell you is that in one of the cages under the raised terrace dwells—with too few neighbours—a swarthy observer of life who is known as *Ursus Americanus*. He is in the second cage on the south side from the west end, where the great open bear-pit is, now the home of Billy. Talking is the great accomplishment of *Ursus Americanus*—he is the only talking bear in the Zoo—and, as I stood by the barrier in front of him, he lifted up his voice and began. At first I was uncertain as to the theme of his jeremiad, and then gradually I realised that it was the Strike. Never was a subject so handled—the inopportuneness of it, the folly of it, the failure of it, the wickedness of it, the pathos of it. Every aspect drew forth the *mot juste*—or to be exact the *inflexion juste*; he ran through the whole gamut: surprise, anger, despair, disdain and grief. But you must go to hear him—*Ursus Americanus*, in the second cage from the west end on the south side, not only the sole talking bear in the Zoo, but the sole bear with sound social and political views.

One word more. You must take a piece of very hard biscuit or crust with you, for that is his solvent of speech. With soft food he is merely moody and mute.

"Nice tramwaymen are on strike."
Daily Paper.

Try again. This doesn't mean what you thought it did the first time.



Refined Little Girl. "You know, Lucy, I 've only one fault to find with our pigs. They *will* grunt with their mouths full."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Poor Relations (Secker) reveals a new side to the art of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Realism we have had, and romantic graces; here is the lightest of light comedy, dancing on the edge of (and occasionally slipping into) farce. The idea of it is simplicity itself. Take a prosperous dramatist, with pockets full of royalties, son of a family surely the most horribly greedy in fiction—and watch them devour him. Because the plot, save for the slight and rather obviously foreordained love-affair of *John* and his lady secretary, keeps rigidly to this one plan, I will not say that even all Mr. Mackenzie's dexterity preserves it from some effect of sameness. In other words these *Touchwoods* do strike me as a long time over their meal. Also I was haunted by the problem of how *John*, human, humorous, and almost incredibly long-suffering, came to be surrounded by such a crew of cannibals. This said, however, my carping is at an end. If beauty as such holds no place in Mr. Mackenzie's present scheme, his command of the vivid phrase is as arresting as ever. Thus on the first page we are introduced to *John* amid a crowd of passengers leaving New York by liner, and hoping silently that "the sense of being imprisoned in a decaying hot-water-bottle would pass away in the fresh Atlantic breezes." Later again we get the hero condemned to a detestable dinner in Carlington Road (not without wistfulness did I find myself on such historic ground!) and reflecting critically on an interior of "pink lampshades and brass gongs"—surely West Kensington in a phrase! To sum up, a book in my jealous eyes not wholly worthy of a writer whom I should like (rather unreasonably) to confine to bigger work, but one that will at least provide the maiden of bashful fifteen with the unusual treat of reading Mr. Mackenzie aloud to an unperturbed grandparent.

In so far as Mr. Stacy Aumonier wrote *The Querrils* (Methuen) with a propagandist purpose, I suppose his object was to reveal the dangers of family life for the young. You detect already a new doctrine, one not unprovocative of thought. Broadly stated, one might call it the peril of over-protection. To illustrate his theme the author takes a family of the ultra-cohesive type, gently nurtured, whose rather too comfortable nest was hedged about with every kind of sanction, and lined throughout with a snug down of mutual esteem. The *Querrils* (surely a needlessly awkward name) owned the kind of home in which photographs accumulate, and Victorian furniture is preserved for association; where the cat is tacitly not supposed to torment dear little birds, and the natural instincts—for "natural" read "predatory"—are for the most part conveniently ignored. Into this gentle company Mr. Aumonier proceeds to hurl a bomb of horror, of ignominy and unspeakable disgrace, and says in effect, "Watch how they take it." I will not tell you the precise nature of the catastrophe, beyond saying that its mechanism hardly carries full conviction: I doubt very much for one thing whether any jury would have found *Peter* guilty of the offence into which he is trapped. That of course is, however, a minor point. Mr. Aumonier

is more concerned with his *Querrils*, shattered at first by the blow, then gradually closing their family ranks again, till time and the War (from the first I felt that the War would catch them before the end) bring final separation. Not a cheerful story, sometimes a trifle too long-winded, but undeniably original and sincere.

I should like to re-name *The City of Palms* (HUTCHINSON) with the title "The Undefinable Something." The unknown element was for ever appearing, whether as something mysterious in the aspect of the desert, or something strange in the expression of the minor characters, or as something else within the heroine, *Sylvia Rocke*, forbidding her to accept a cigarette, as on page 81, or willing her to stop where she was, as on page 152. This last "something" was unduly busy. By the premonitions it afforded, though *Sylvia* profited little, the reader was forced to anticipate events long before they arrived. Miss KATHLYN RHODES evidently, and rightly, prides herself on the wealth of local colour in her detail; for me the correctness of the small particulars is lost in the inaccuracy of the general impression. *Rissik*, the blackmailing Turk, may be faultless in every item of his dress, language and deportment, but he is of the German-Jew type and has nothing of the true Oriental about him. Nor did *Sir Denzil*, ex-diplomat, suggest his kind; in his encounter with his blackmailer he was proved a simpleton, and his manner, never too impressive, broke down altogether when he said to his secretary, "Eliot, you 're a sport." I gather from the advertisement that the author's enthusiastic readers are in the neighbourhood of a million; I may speak frankly then, as one of an insignificant minority. She made no appeal to me in this instance. I was not stirred by the swift glances, which began passing on the first pages, by the significant expressions which flitted across features, by the words which froze on speakers' lips and by the suffusions, in rapid succession, of sudden pallor, complete whiteness and hot crimson, accompanying what was, after all, an ordinary proposal of marriage made in the most normal and favourable circumstances. And when one of her leading and most robust male characters was labelled "an amiable youth," I was thoroughly antagonised by this patronising attitude to a very deserving sex.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR is one of those writers who is more interested in his thesis than in his characters, and perhaps too much concerned about his cause to be altogether just to other points of view or even to records of fact. So you will do wisely to take a little salt with (for instance) his description of unspeakable tortures inflicted by an American sergeant, who had been a police officer, on his hero, *Jimmie Higgins*, a little, wild, Socialist mechanic whom the *Lusitania* converted from a pacifist into an activist. Mr. SINCLAIR'S suggestion is that this was quite a common third degree procedure. I take leave, in the interests of Anglo-American friendship, to doubt it, and to mention it as characteristic of the author's zealous method. But how came *Jimmie* to be tortured at all? Well, having been transferred, after behaving in a very gallant and unexpected manner, from the French to the Russian front, he found himself up against his old friends the Bolshevists, and began fervently and indiscreetly to preach the dark creed to his fellows. That was asking for it, no doubt. But *Jimmie* kept his end up till his torturers broke his reason and he died a martyr to the best that was in his creed. The book—*Jimmie Higgins* (HUTCHINSON)—puts the case for entering the War from the point of view of an international pacifist and is valuable as a sincere and, as it were, reluctant contribution to the literature of resistance.



Father. "AREN'T YOU GOING TO WEAR THE NICE RED TIE YOUR AUNTIE GAVE YOU?"

Bobby. "No."

Father. "BUT WHAT EVER WILL SHE THINK OF YOU?"

Bobby. "WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE ALL THE BOYS CALLING ME 'BOLSHY' FOR THE SAKE OF ANY WOMAN."

I suggest that on the tablets of your memory you put an asterisk against *Monster's Mistress* (STANLEY PAUL), to remind you, against the coming of Christmas, that this is the right present to give a nice, unsophisticated, dog-loving girl. *Monster* (dog) and *Dodo* (small boy) share the honours of Miss EVERETT GREEN'S story, and they are an engaging couple even if now and then their performances put something of a strain on one's credulity. Among the grown-ups I give first place to *Nancy Blake*, a middle-aged spinster, who wore thick boots and adored hens, and whose unconventionality was good for her genteel relations. The diet provided here by Miss GREEN may not be exactly stimulating, but, like NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S food in the famous couplet, it is wholesome.

Mr. A. A. MILNE'S *First Plays* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), includes *Wurzel-Flummery*, *Belinda*, *The Boy Comes Home*, *The Lucky One* and *The Red Feather*, of which the first three have been performed. Mr. Punch, loyal to the self-denying covenant which he has drawn up for the conduct of his Booking Office, forgoes the pleasure of saying how much he admires this work of one of his young men.

"DOCKS CHOKED WITH BACON."

Birmingham Paper.

We too have been choked with this American stuff.

A Game that Two Can Play.

"But I want the Government to recognise the game they are playing. They have thrown down the gauntlet, which may go off as a boomerang. I ask the trade union movement to accept the challenge."

Mr. THOMAS at the Albert Hall.

In which case it is clearly the duty of the Government to pulverise the smouldering flood of sedition with a stiff upper lip.

CHARIVARIA.

"Old Moore" in his Almanack for next year prophesies a change of affairs in Russia. This is very satisfactory, for anything that happens to Russia is bound to be an improvement.

***

There is no truth in the report that the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors has allocated the sum of £23 7*s.* 10*d.* to a newspaper proprietor who claims to have invented Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

***

We are glad to learn that a certain South Coast railway has now resumed normal conditions and trains are once again running with their usual unpunctuality.

***

We have no desire to fan the flames of jealousy, but it was remarkable that on the day Mr. SMILLIE said he was coming to London the railway strike ended.

***

"Surgical instruments," says a news item, "are to be brought within the scope of the Profiteering Act." The exorbitant prices charged by eminent surgeons for forceps, clinical thermometers and other instruments assimilated by patients in the course of an operation have always been one of the scandals of the profession.

***

Billingsgate fish porters are demanding a pound a day wages. The Chairman of the markets says he has never heard anything like it.

***

CHARLIE CHAPLIN's popularity is as great in Russia as elsewhere, says a returned traveller. CHARLIE, we understand, has had several letters from PETER THE PAINTER urging him to come to Moscow and do something with battered brains in it.

***

"England," says *The Daily Mail*, "will not see the last of its land girls when the potatoes have been harvested." Anyhow it seems that the Board of Agriculture has decided to sack the potatoes first.

***

"Are long engagements wise?" asks *Tit-bits*. We have certainly heard of cases where they have led to marriage.

***

A plumber called as a witness told a magistrate that he declined to assist a policeman when called upon to do so. Seeing a decent job the good fellow naturally wanted to fetch his mate.

***

The Law Officers of the Crown have discovered that the Home Rule Act comes into force on the day that Turkey signs the Peace Treaty. The news has caused considerable excitement in the Near East.

***

A secondhand clothes dealer of Shoreditch has been fined for selling cheese at sixpence a pound which was unfit for human consumption. He pleaded that the price was reduced because the moth had got in it.

***

Sinn Feiners in Dublin have held a fête to provide a bed in a local hospital. No special arrangements appear to be necessary in order to keep the gift fully employed.

***

According to an evening paper an ex-Government official is now in charge of an important fire station in London. It is expected that shopkeepers whose fires are now about due will be obliged to fill in a form before same can be officially sanctioned.

***

Many novelties are on show at the Shoe and Leather Fair, and much interest is being taken in a notable exhibit consisting of a pair of boots made of leather.

***

A young prisoner charged with wandering was described as having the brain of a Cabinet Minister. The kind-hearted magistrate expressed the hope that he might grow out of it.

***

"The duty of motorists," says the Ilford Coroner, "is to avoid pedestrians." The idea, even if novel, is one that might be given a trial.

Asked if he could tell whether certain liquid was Government ale, a policeman in a Coventry licensing case admitted he could not. He considered, however, that it looked dangerously like it.

***

The alarming report from Scotland that a parrot had developed rabies has proved to be incorrect. The bird, it appears, was merely endeavouring to imitate the bag-pipes.

***

We regret to learn that the Isle of Wight railway guard who during the strike was given a lift by the driver of a passing donkey-cart, is still in hospital suffering from the effects of unusual speed.

***

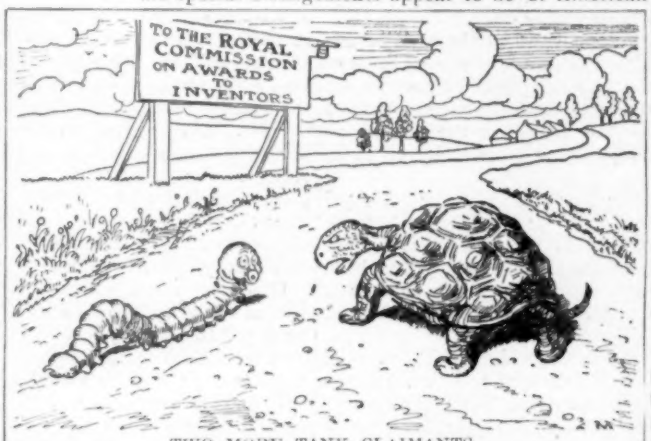
Three thousand five hundred barrels of American rye whisky have been landed at the West India Dock. The report that a few mouthfuls of it will drown the taste of American bacon must be taken with reserve.

***

To serve an estate of small holdings in the West Riding of Yorkshire a light railway has been authorised by the Board of Agriculture. It is to be known as the Twopenny Tuber.

***

A dog fancier, writing to a weekly paper, claims to have the longest dachshund in England. It is said that you can step on its tail in Purley and the animal will bite you in Croydon.



TWO MORE TANK CLAIMANTS.

Caterpillar and Tortoise (together). "WHO GAVE THEM THE *IDEA?* WE DID!"

"CONDITION OF THE ROADS.
WHERE TO DRIVE WITH CARE."
Daily Paper.

Everywhere, one would hope.

Condescension.

"An Address on the Destruction of Agricultural Pests, with special reference to Rats, will be given by Capt. ——, F.R.G.S. (the famous Traveller and Big-Game Hunter)."

A friendly young person named Florrie
Said she'd drive me to town in a lorry;
But her zeal and goodwill
Much exceeded her skill,
And we ended our drive in a quarry.

"Special prizes were also awarded to the junior members for the best specimen fish in the following classes:—

Name.	Winner.	Weight.
Minnow,	E. Henshall, junr.,	3¾lbs.
Dace,	G. MacElkenny, junr.,	1oz. 13 drs.
Gudgeon,	J. Knobbs, junr.,	1oz. 4¼drs."

Congratulations to Master HENSHALL on having hooked a Triton among the Minnows.

DIDYMUS OF THE N.U.R.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

I HAVE not the advantage of a personal acquaintance with Didymus, but the events of the last few weeks, during which he has been obtruded upon the public vision with a prominence which must have been very painful to so retiring a nature, have thrown his personality into sharp relief; and from the evidence of his own statements and actions, and the conclusions they invite, one is enabled to realise a character almost unique in its clarity and consistency.

Fundamentally a man of moderation, Didymus desires to be known as an Apostle of Peace. He is never to be seen without an olive-branch in one hand, whatever lethal weapon he may be brandishing in the other. The day on which he and his friends declared a strike that had been engineered with a forethought worthy of the German High Command and a secrecy that would not have disgraced our own Intelligence Department was the saddest day in his life. The seventh day of his failure to shake the courage of the community was perhaps sadder still.

It is to his credit that he had been so absorbed in the advocacy of Peace that, although he represented a body of men of whom not much more than sixty per cent. had stayed at home during the affair with Germany, he appears to have forgotten altogether about the War and the lessons in rapid organisation which the Government had learned in the course of it.

A passionate enthusiast for Law and Order, he protested vehemently against the statement in *The Times* that the strike threatened the nation with bloodshed; yet he admitted, when it was all over, that the country had been within an ace of civil war. This only proves that he is too honest a man to hold to an opinion when it no longer serves his purpose.

Risen from the ranks of Labour, and himself, in earlier days, a working man, he recognises that the wealth of the country is largely in the hands of the first or second generation of men who have risen from the same ranks. Hence his sympathy with Capital as coming within the legitimate aspirations of Labour.

Other Labour leaders may confine the term Labour to the class that is engaged in certain forms of manual exertion; but Didymus is too broad-minded for that. He is well aware of the existence of myriads and myriads of other workers—struggling clerks, typists, shop-girls—who have never had their wages doubled to meet the rise of prices, and would be happy with half the earnings of a locomotive driver. No one knows better than he that it was this class—and not the rich, whom it scarcely affected—that suffered most by the strike which he promoted; and the thought was anguish to him.

Ever devoted to the cause of co-operation as between Capital and Labour, Didymus is confident that this great end can best be achieved by indirect methods which permit a temporary obscuration of the facts. This explains why his strikers were allowed to imagine that they were fighting for dear life against a body of bloated Capitalists in the persons of Shareholders who had nothing whatever to do with the dispute, and belong for the most part to a class of society with incomes not exceeding his own. The view that the end justifies the means is often, as in his case, found to be consistent with the possession of a very sensitive conscience.

Didymus is a true citizen, though he may be a railwayman first and a Labour-man second. But if his country has only third place in his heart, it is a very good third. No patriot is more concerned about production; none was more distressed by the knowledge that a general railway strike (apart from the incidental expense of it, chargeable to the community) was likely to arrest the process of national revival, dislocate every industry except that of the agitator, and bring the State to the very verge of bankruptcy. If, then, he elected to set the immediate claims of a class against the future welfare of the nation, it is clear that the motives which actuated him must have been very lofty and of a strangely compelling force.

It may be that the strike has gone far to alienate the growing sympathies of the public and to set back the fulfilment of the hopes of Labour some twenty years, but that is not the fault of Didymus. It is due to a misunderstanding of his motives, insidiously fostered by the falsehoods emanating from the environs of his friend the PRIME MINISTER. In the cause of Truth, for which he has a confirmed regard, Didymus is prepared to expose those falsehoods. And for this purpose he is happy in enjoying the gift of fluent speech. Gentle or menacing, as the occasion demands, his style has of late, through close association with the President of the N.U.R., become perhaps a little cramped, but it is still persuasive. He greatly prefers arguments to threats. This trait indeed is very characteristic of him. He probably has more power in his little finger than any man extant to-day. Thanks to the terrific potentialities of the machinery which he controls (for Didymus disclaims all personal credit for his power) he has but to apply that little finger to a button—and keep it there—to throw the entire nation into a state of paralysis. But, if he has a giant's strength, he declines to use it like a giant. Time after time, he assures us, he refused the offer of a general strike of all the Unions: he was determined not to utilise this deadly instrument unless he really wanted it.

Of a most accommodating disposition, the friendships of Didymus are marked by a rare catholicity, and he would be hard put to it to say which he loves best, the Government or the Extremists of his own party. His tenderness of heart is such that he would not willingly injure a beetle; but when it came to a question of dealing a knock-out blow to the nation or risking the loss of his job he had to be firm. Didymus would do anything rather than sacrifice his power for good. Such a temperament wins affection in turn, and he is greatly beloved by those whose wages he gets raised. The higher he gets them raised the greater becomes his popularity. This system is known as "the sliding scale," and everybody must sympathise with his natural anxiety that it should only slide one way.

Finally Didymus bears his defeat (if I may use so abrupt a word) with the same perfect self-restraint which he exhibited while organising the attempted starvation of the community; and in his modest way he is content to regard it as tantamont to a triumph.

P.S.—One further and very touching revelation of the man's character. Even as I write, a deputation of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress (of which he is an ornament) is closeted with the PRIME MINISTER, urging that the mines should be placed under the control of a Government already exhausted with controlling the railways. *Didymus is not there.* He is taking a rest, and giving the Government a chance. This shows a generous and forgiving nature. O. S.

"A simpler, but not so accurate, explanation is that, whereas in full compression the work done in compressing the charge (if a charge existed) is regained by that compressed charge forcing the piston down with a reduced 'compression,' the compressed charge has lost its compression at the top of the stroke."—*From a letter in "Motor Cycling."*

Even now we seem to detect a certain lack of lucidity, probably due to over-compression.



NO REST FOR THE WIZARD.

The Prime Minister (*weary with the strain of the strike*). "NOW FOR FORTY WINKS."
The Mosquito. "PING!"



PARADISE REGAINED.

BACK TO THE NORMAL AFTER THE STRIKE.

A TRAGEDY OF THE TELEPHONE.

"TELEPHONE?" said the man in the District Contract Office incredulously. "You want a telephone put into your new flat? How long have you got it for? Three years; is that all? Well, I 'll take your order if you like, but—— Are you thinking of renewing your lease?"

It was in April, in the early halcyeon days of demobilisation and before the horrors wrought by the War had really been brought home to me, that I had the temerity to demand a telephone on no other pretext than that I wanted one and was prepared to pay for it.

"Do you see that?" continued the local officer, pointing proudly to an enormous pile of MSS. about the size of a year's output of CHARLES GARVICE. "That 's this week's list of people who want telephones. And that 's names only, mark you; we keep the addresses in another office; it makes more of a system keeping the addresses separately, you know."

There the matter might have ended had not my wife heard from a friend of a friend (who was a friend of another friend who heard about it first) that a man who lived at Croydon had managed to get a telephone, by sheer persistence, after about a month.

Now it is the invariable rule amongst good men and true that if a woman looks into your eyes with a glance full of meaning, and tells you somebody else's husband has been able to do something which you have not accomplished, it has simply got to be done.

Through May and June I remained in my trenches, merely carrying on desultory paper warfare, small raids to see if the same enemy was still in occupation, harassing fire with a light type-writer and occasional five-page bombardments with one of heavy calibre on suspected tender spots.

The answers were inexorable when they came, which was not often. There was not room on the whole telephone system for another syllable. Moreover, they gave me to understand that if they risked another subscriber the whole of the telephonic conversation of the country would inevitably coalesce, and all the words run into one another in one stupendous conglomeration.

Petrified by the prospect of such a national calamity I should have given in had not the administrative side of the Home Staff sent frequent reminders at breakfast: "Reference my M.G. (Meaning Glance) 746.9.7 of the 15th ult. I note that the telephone has not yet been installed. Please treat this matter as urgent—or I shall eat your butter ration while you are out."

Spurred on to renewed effort I sought out, with considerable misgivings, the chief office, the very fountain-head of supplies. My old British warm went with me in case I should come across an odd instrument lying about the place.

"You see," said the kindly authority to whom I was finally punted, "even I myself am doing without one." This impressed me no more than if I had heard of a doctor who refused to take his own medicine. Resolutely I indicated the telephone directory. Eighty per cent. of these people, I said, had been allowed to play with the telephone all during the War; seventy-nine per cent. had complained. My patience, on the other hand, was inexhaustible. They could give me the wrong number every time, instead of every other time, if they liked. I would be satisfied if they would let me have an instrument and make it buzz a little at times.

"It 's a question of switchboards,"

he said; "there isn't room on the exchange."

I disclaimed all preference for any one exchange. Couldn't they find room on another? Couldn't they give me a trunk line only, say a far-off place like Cardiff, so that once on the line I could get a through connection back to the City? A great bitterness overtook me when he refused even this concession. What about the profiteer who had about seventeen? Couldn't I be allowed to slip in on some pretext, whip up one and carry it away if it showed no signs of use? Here I indicated my British warm, which was oppressing me sadly since the temperature was eighty-four in the shade.

The suggestion was not without effect. As I reached the street I had the uncomfortable feeling that I was being watched.

In August I became pitiful. No accused doomed to die for the crime of another ever pleaded his cause more eloquently. TOLSTOY'S plays seemed redolent of hilarity compared with the gloom and disaster which overshadowed my household. In vain I pleaded that life without a telephone was unbearable; that the doctor was likely to be required urgently at any moment; that destructive fires were imminent; that my business was at a standstill—did they realise that? As an author of unproduced plays, how was it possible for me to carry on if Mr. COCHRAN was unable to ring up and settle terms for any one of the two hundred and twenty-nine plays with which he had been bombarded?

I got no reply; no satisfaction even, except that the local district man took to bringing his wife to the office with him for protection.

In September, however, I changed my tactics and took the field as an outraged British warrior. The nation, I wrote, had revolted before at the idea of her soldiers begging in the streets, yet here was I, together with my entire family, destitute of the necessary powers of communication and all means of earning a living. Was this a nation's gratitude? But for me (and a few million others) we should have been under the heel of the Prussian by now. I no longer desired to plead; I demanded my rights. I understood that people who had a telephone were allowed to transfer it. Very well, I claimed that right. At my country's call I had relinquished my old telephone at The Whortleberries, Finchley, in 1914. No sensible person, of course, expected an entirely *new* telephone; all I asked was that my old telephone, Number 9998 Finchley, should be transferred to me. If they would do this I should feel that I had not been done out of a portion of my gratuity in vain.

On October 1st I got a reply. They thanked me for my letter and also for identifying myself with the late tenant of The Whortleberries, Finchley, and begged to remind me that the account for £1 7*s.* 6*d.* for extra calls during 1914 was considerably overdue.

L.



Gentleman Farmer (complaining to his poultry woman about heavy consumption of corn). "HOW MANY TIMES A DAY DO YOU FEED YOUR OWN FOWLS?"

Poultry Woman. "TWICE, SIR."

Gentleman Farmer. "THEN WHY DO YOU FEED MINE THREE TIMES?"

Poultry Woman. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, GENTLEMEN'S FOWLS LOOKS TO BE FED THREE TIMES A DAY."

Another Impending Apology.

From a review:—

"WINE AND SPIRITS. The Connoisseur's Text-book.

Mr. —— writes, as he should, as if he were full of his subject."

Times Literary Supplement.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"Before the strike began we said with the utmost plainness that it ought not to have taken place."—*Northampton Daily Echo.*

"The long arm of coincidence then steps in . . ."—*Scotch Paper.*

Yes, and puts its foot down with a firm hand.

The Smart Set.

"Sauntcrers in Piccadilly were startled and mystified by the sudden outbreak of top boots, which seemed to be popping round every corner. The explanation dawned only on those who remembered that it was the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, where formal dress is de rigueur."

The Straits Times, Aug. 22nd.

POSERS FOR PROFITEERING COMMITTEES.

"Watch your Committee!" says a thoughtful contemporary. But why be content with merely watching them? Why not examine for yourself their fitness for the responsible position they aspire to hold? A prefatory "By the way, I wonder if you can tell me . . ." or "Speaking of strikes, you don't happen to know if . . ." will usually suffice. Of course, if deception comes naturally to you, you will strive for something more artistic, more ornate. A good formula is, "I wonder if you can answer this question which was put to my friend Jones. He 's on the Blankshire Profiteering Committee, you know." However, the *entrée en matière* must generally speaking be left to the reader's discretion. If your committeeman happens to be a retired Colonel of Dragoons, a nice subtlety would be out of place. A hearty slap on the back and a breezy "Bet you a fiver, old top, you can't tell me . . ." will best suit the case. If he is the parson, a slightly classical flavour should be given to the conversation. An excellent opening is—"That reminds me of the question the late Dr. Mahaffy put to the dried tripe seller at Mycenæ." But the method of approach is after all a detail that can be safely left to the ingenuity of the questioner. The questions are the thing. We do not suggest that other questions than the subjoined might not be asked. Our modest claim is that any committee man who answers a fair proportion of these simple but searching queries on general subjects of commercial morality will be the right man for the job.

(1) Why is a plumber's assistant? What is the customary charge in the plumbing trade for returning to the shop for a hammer? Explain the technical phrase "wiping a joint." Smith, a householder who has sent for the plumber to mend a leaking tap, returns unexpectedly and finds the plumber and his assistant wiping the Sunday joint. The plumber says that he is entitled to his dinner as it is an all-day job. The plumber's assistant says nothing because his mouth is too full. The cook, who had intended to say that the cat stole the joint, now says that her sister's cousin is married to a plumber and *he* always gets his dinner on an all-day job. What Jones says is not evidence. Can Jones deduct the value of the joint from the plumber's bill?

(2) The Countess of Clonkilty purchases for fifty guineas a hat from Madame Fliflamme of Bond Street, the latter guaranteeing that it is a Paris model. Later in the day the Countess, while proceeding home on the Hoxton omnibus, sees a creature wearing a hat exactly similar to the one she has purchased. Returning to Bond Street she narrates the circumstance and demands the return of the fifty guineas. Madame Fliflamme explains with regret that the rules of the establishment do not permit her to take back any article that has been sold, but assures the Countess that if the circumstances are as related she may rest assured that the hat purchased by her is the real model and the other a mere copy. State, giving your reasons, (*a*) Whether the Countess is entitled to a return of the money; (*b*) What are her chances of getting it?



THE CHAR-HUNT; A NEW SPORT FOR SUBURBIA.

The opening meet of the Richmond and Kingston char-hounds took place yesterday in the Old Dear Park. After an exciting chase they lost sight of the quarry near Hammersmith Tube Station.

(3) A., a conscientious grocer, exhibits for sale on his premises a box of hen-fruit or cluckberries, labelled simply "Eggs." B., a professor of cytology, purchases one for 5½*d.* and takes it home for his tea. It is not in fact eatable, and B. sues A. for a return of the purchase price. A. testifies that what he sold B. was what it purported to be, viz. an egg; that he did not represent it as new-laid or fresh, or in fact as eatable at all; that B. did not explain at the time of the transaction that he wanted an egg to eat; that for all he knew B. might have been buying it for some other purpose, to put on his hair or do conjuring tricks with. B. testifies that he in fact bought the egg for his tea; that, having taken it home to his laboratory, he proceeded to boil it for three and a half minutes in a test-tube; that before the three and a half minutes had elapsed the contents of the so-called egg, instead of coagulating in the customary manner, volatilized and blew up with a loud report; that he analyzed the vapour thus given off and ascertained that it consisted of three parts of pheno-sulphoacetate of hydrogen and one part of tri-sulphotoluol, with traces of carbonic dioxide and some unspecialized matter which he imagined to be burned feathers.

The question of what is an egg having been decided by the Court to be one of law, defendant's counsel argues that the object had admittedly been laid by a hen and that the contents had not been tampered with prior to sale by any human agency. Having once been an egg it must therefore remain an egg and could be sold under that description without an undertaking as to its fitness for human consumption being implied.

For the Professor it is contended that "egg" is a trade term for a well-recognised comestible, not combustible, if His Lordship pleased; that as between grocer and public it must be construed as meaning "an egg fit to eat." Even if the Court did not accept this restricted view it could not possibly be held that a spheroid cretaceous receptacle full of sulphuric acid gas constituted an egg. How should the judge decide the case?

(4) A Subaltern of the Guards orders a pair of breeches from a tailor in Savile Row. Subsequently he receives a bill for twenty guineas. Upon being asked by the local Profiteering Committee why he charged twenty guineas for one pair of breeches the tailor replies that he did not think A. had any more than that. Do you regard this answer as satisfactory?

(5) A. is the owner of a chain of multiple butcher's shops in the South of England. B. is the manager of the branch at X.; C. is a salesman working under B. A. writes to B., pointing out



Hostile Voice in the Crowd. "What did you do in the War?"
Park Orator (crescendo). "Wot did *I* do? Why, I tried to stop the blinkin' thing."

that the branch at X. only shows a net profit of forty-seven per cent. for the previous six months and warns B. that he must do better. B. thereupon instructs C. to charge an additional twopence in the shilling on all articles sold by him. C., in carrying out these instructions, sells a quantity of meat above the controlled price. Proceedings are instituted, C. is cautioned, B. is fined fifty pounds and A. gets two months' imprisonment. Could this really happen, or did we imagine it? If it did happen could A. be pacified by the O.B.E. and a personal apology from the Food-Controller?

(6) A. enters a wine merchant's store and asks for a bottle of whisky. The wine merchant says he is just out of whisky. There is a bottle of whisky standing on the counter with a label attached to it which reads, "For Brigadier-General Robinson." A., who prior to demobilisation was a corporal in the A.S.C., places the controlled price on the counter, seizes the bottle of whisky and makes off. Brigadier-General Robinson has in fact ordered a bottle of whisky from the wine merchant, but does not know that that particular bottle has been earmarked for him, and has not paid for it. Has the wine merchant a right of action against A.? Has Brigadier-General Robinson a right of action against A.? If A. was still a corporal in the A.S.C. what would Brigadier-General Robinson say, assuming him to be acting as President of a court-martial summoned to try A.? Would you like to hear him saying it?

(7) A. goes into a chemist's shop and asks for a pound of sulphur. The chemist hands the sulphur to A. and says the price is eighteen-pence. A. says, "Monstrous! I can go to Z.'s in Oxford Street and get it for a shilling." The chemist says, "You can go to hell and get it for nothing." Do you think he showed a nice spirit? Algol.

THE RUNNING BIRD.

(A plea to the Guns.)

Masters, when you come at night
To the Manor or the Court,
Muddy and with appetite
From your clean and proper sport,
Do you ever call to mind
"Runners" that you left behind?

Be it far from me to spill
Tears, to crocodile's akin;
If we shoot we mean to kill;
Pain may have a part therein;
And the very best of men
Gets a "runner" now and then.

Yet, where 's he who does not feel
Some compunction, less or more,
When the dogs are called to heel,
And the search is given o'er,
And a creature left to be
Vermin's food by you or me?

Such may happen, well I know,
How so certain be our aim,
Yet at least we surely owe
This much to the thing we maim,
That we let the dogs try on
Till the thinnest chance has gone.

Though the programme 's all behind,
Though the best ground 's still unshot,
Though the keeper looks his mind—
These, to us, shall matter not;
Work old Pilot, staunch of strain,
Back and fro and back again.

Thus when we come home to tea
And the firelight in the hall,
Pleasant cates and company,
And the goodness of it all,
May no shadow haunt the cup
For a "runner" not picked up!

"'ENGLAND'S ONLY HOPE.'

Bury Teachers and Christian Education."
East Anglian Paper.

A little startling at first sight; but it only refers to a meeting of educational workers at Bury St. Edmund's.

REFLECTIONS OF GWENDOLEN GWYNN.

[*Author of "A Fortnight," "Basement Bargains," etc. With acknowledgments to "The Ladies' Field."*]

TO MY FRIEND Z,—Thinking how in the late heat wave we have all been literally in the melting-pot has made me reflect on quantities of things other than ourselves in connection with the melting-pot. Ourselves have emerged unchanged. But the other things? No! The British Matron, *par exemple*. Did she not long ago slip into the melting-pot, Z, with her moral bonnet, her virtuous mantle, her shocked expression and many disapprovals, her narrow views, voluminous skirts and unguessed ankles—to emerge with bobbed hair, a glad eye, feet that fox-trot, and views as broad as her twenty-inch-long-skirt is narrow?

Then the Victorian novel. That strange old volume—or was it three volumes?—the result of a Victorian mind driving a Victorian pen, in which the heroine was all blushes and innocence and ignorance, and never even faintly imagined Cupid without a ring and a licence in his hand! That old novel went long since into the melting-pot, did it not, Z? And has come out again, as—well, shall we say my *Fortnight*, or *Basement Bargains*?

Even marriage itself seems to be sliding into that melting-pot. Do you weep for that, or do you rejoice, my friend Z? *I* should rejoice that anything so stodgy and Victorian was on the move. Yes, but as a novelist I should weep. For how could one put any interest into a novel without the Eternal Triangle? And does not the base of that always fascinating geometrical figure rest on marriage?

I think the Cabinet, with the Bishops to help them, might take the marriage problem in hand and try to find a solution, such as making marriage a leasehold instead of a freehold. You know, my friend Z, how houses are taken on a three, five or seven years' agreement? Well, like that. But there's one thing that will never, never, *never* be threatened by melting-pots and change of fashion, isn't there? Love! Passionate, purple, perfumed, exotic, iridescent Love! How little the poor home-bound Grundy-ridden *Sunday-at-Home*-and-*Good-Words*-reading girl of the Victorian era was allowed to know of Love compared with the girl of to-day, who can get down my *Fortnight* and *Basement Bargains* from the special shelf of books which Grandmamma isn't allowed to touch.

And now let us switch our reflections off to metempsychosis. You are not, like me, a believer in it, are you, Z?

I went to an interesting dinner the other night, where we were all metempsychosis people. We are all agreed that we've been all sorts of creatures as well as human beings. Also we're all agreed that there were far more thrills in being a bird or a beast than in being a person. A pretty and popular girl present was being chaffed by her dinner-partner about her many flirtations. "And do you find it a satisfying amusement?" he asked her. "Yes, it's pretty good fun," she said. "But," she added, gazing with wide dreamy eyes at the lamp on the table, "I can recall flirtations that make my present ones—oh, less than nothing! I can remember in the sweet old past, when I was a white Persian pussy, sitting on a garden-wall in the moonlight, looking down at a semi-circle of fiercely-gleaming, terrifyingly ardent eyes on the gravel-walk below, and all my present experiences are mere pale shadows compared with *that* one."

We all agreed that she was perfectly right.

I know that when I was a bird the mingled joy and terror of the snake's gaze was a bigger sensation than I've ever had in *this* karma. And when I was a snake—oh, the rapture of love and cruelty as I drew my little helpless victim down to me!

I hope I've given you some thrills, Z, and that you will join the metempsychosis people. Good-bye.

GWENDOLEN GWYNN.

MORE WAR REVELATIONS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NO. 5 PLATOON.

[Being an extract from the sort of review we may expect if the fashion of writing candid war-histories spreads downwards.]

IN his new book, *Four Years of It*, the author, Corporal Bloggins, of "B" Company, 20th Loamshire Battalion, has given us a most illuminating story of the Great War. His style is terse and lucid and his meaning is nearly always unmistakable.

The author is quite aware that he is risking censure by his outspoken criticism of other men in No. 5 Platoon, but, as he aptly remarks in a very candid preface, he has now received his gratuity, so there is no longer any need to keep silence. Once or twice he even feels it his duty to cast his net of criticism wider, and in chapter vi. his remarks on the Colonel's dispositions for the attack at Arras are very instructive. The Colonel, it seems, put "B" Company on the left flank, which was known to be a heavily-shelled area. Corporal Bloggins is justifiably bitter about this, and the matter seems to us to call for some explanation.

At last we get the full story of the author's famous argument with the Regimental Sergeant-Major in 1917. The immediate result of this at the time was that Corporal Bloggins was temporarily reduced to the ranks; but from his account of it here he seems to have had distinctly the best of the argument. It would not be fair to form a final judgment until we get the Sergeant-Major's version of this incident—and we understand that he will deal with it in his forthcoming volume, *The Recent Quarrel and my Share in it*.

Another very intriguing passage deals with the Battle of Messines. The incident where the author told his platoon sergeant to "shut his mouth," as he (the author) wished to hear the mines go up, is told with dramatic vigour. We think ourselves that Corporal Bloggins was justified. Platoon-sergeants have no right to be eating biscuits at such a moment.

But the whole book is full of pointed criticism and snappy anecdote and will well repay reading, as the criticism is often helpful both for officers and men. For instance, the author makes legitimate complaint of his having to go up the line three nights in succession in January, 1918, with a working-party. There certainly seems scope here for an inquiry. It is not as though the weather was at all fine at that time; on the contrary, it was distinctly inclement.

But perhaps the chief charm of this book is its open and racy description of the personalities and inner life of No. 5 Platoon. Libellous it may be, but it has the supreme merits of truthfulness and simplicity. The passion of Private Sikes for getting up a game of poker on pay-day and his singular good luck at all card games; the peculiar good fortune of Corporal Smith, a brother of the well-known Quartermaster-Sergeant, in the matter of blankets when in rest billets; the fierce arguments as to who was actually nearest when a Minnie dropped in the trench in March, 1917; and the homely joys of the estaminet at Bully-Grenay—all these are set down with a fine impartial vigour.

The only regret we have in reading this book is that the author is so interested in the doings of No. 5 Platoon that he only gives a line or two to the action in which he captured a German machine-gun and won his Military Medal. But even as it is the book is bound to give rise to much discussion and may even lead to several letters in our columns from the many soldiers mentioned in its pages. We hope so.

The Hun in our Midst.

"Lost, Grey Tabby Prussian Cat."
Provincial Paper.

TRAVELLING BY WEIGHT.

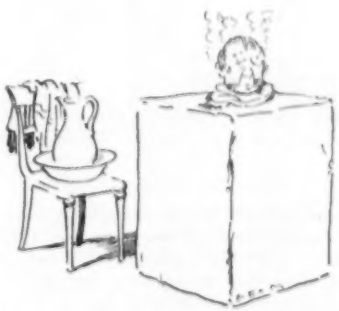
[It is rumoured that one of the first steps to be taken by Sir Eric Geddes, as Minister of Transport, will be to correct the grave injustice by which a fragile spinster of seven stone weight is charged at the same rate as a bloated profiteer of seventeen stone; and that an ukase will be issued requiring all passengers to pay by weight at a uniform charge of one penny per pound for every hundred miles. Our artist has here depicted some of the far-reaching consequences of this drastic reform.]



Father, who carries a considerable quantity of adipose deposit, has to stay at home during the summer holidays, as it costs too much to take him with the family.



When proceeding on a journey during the height of winter Aunts Susannah and Seraphina wear the very flimsiest summer clothing so as to reduce the cost of travelling.



Study of a Welter-weight earnestly endeavouring to qualify for Commercial Travel.



Dawn of the era of the Feather-weight Commercial Traveller.



Vicar. "What a fine big boy Tommy is growing!"
Proud Mother. "Yes, Sir, he's already two-and-three-halfpence to Brighton."



BEFORE AND AFTER.

Mr. Robinson defeats the Management.

Having taken a return-ticket to the country, where he has put on four stone, he saves the extra five-and-tenpence which he would have had to pay for the homeward transit if he had taken a single.



WHAT OUR PRELATES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Young Lady. "AND ARE YOU PREACHING AGAIN TO-DAY?" *Hardworked Bishop.* "YES." *Young Lady.* "HOW TERRIBLE!"

AMBITION.

(Thoughts at Victoria Station.)

Charles, when we both of us were young and green,
  Susceptible to hints from every quarter,
Our faces not particularly clean,
  Our passions fearful though our pants were shorter,
    One hope in life we had on growing big
    (More glorious even than to slay the pig)—
    We wanted to be just like Mr. Higg;
That was the vision, shining and serene—
      To be a station porter.

They turned us from it. When with jocund noise
  We strove to ape the methods of the master,
And heaped the schoolroom sofa high with toys
  And pulled it up and down and broke a castor,
    And banged the nursery door, and piloted
    Imaginary milk-cans overhead,
    People were angry, and Aunt Mary said,
"Thunder again, or can it be the boys?
      There goes a lump of plaster."

She used to rap our heads; she used to say,
  Pointing to busts of senators and scholars—
The beetling temples garlanded with bay,
  The Norman profile, the peculiar collars—
    "Sit down, you imps, and read a story, do;
    Not by rampaging up and down like you
    (Your uncle Herbert has a headache too)
Such men as these won plaudits in their day
      And earned no end of dollars."

What happened, Charles? We stood and sucked our thumbs.
  Our earliest dreams were all too soon forgotten;
We took to *Cæsar* and to doing sums,
  The net result of which was simply rotten;
    Little it profited to toil, to doubt,
    Instead of pushing table legs about;
    The garlands on our heads refused to sprout,
And I am writing any bosh that comes
      And you are broking cotton.

So ill a thing it is to quench a star,
  So much we suffer from our elders' follies;
The gleam was there—it beckoned from afar;
  But for that fatal error of Aunt Polly's
    We might be rich, we might be famous now,
    As very likely in the recent row
    The hero Higg was famous; anyhow
We might be members of the N.U.R.
      And trundling loaded trollies.

That is the point; despite our tender age
  We knew the kingly way; not ours the onus
If we have faltered in life's pilgrimage,
  But theirs who did their utmost to dethrone us.
    Such thoughts as these must give us, Charles, the pip
    Whilst happy railway porters round us trip,
    Still asking the unalterable tip,
Still clutching the inviolable wage,
      Including the war-bonus.

EVOE.



THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Mr. Punch (*decorating the Food-Controller for his admirable organisation during the strike*). "I AM TO SAY, SIR, THAT THE NATION THANKS YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF ITS STOMACH."



Cashier. "You will need to be identified, Madam."
Cashier. "But I don't know her."

Lady. "My friend here will identify me."
Lady. "Oh, but I'll introduce you."

SECOND THOUGHTS.

Field-Marshal Sir Edmund Allenby's frank admission that he was rejected in the examination for the Indian Civil Service has excited a good deal of comment, mainly on "blessing-in-disguise" lines. Instances of these false starts are by no means so unusual as people might suppose. The real tragedy of modern life is to be found in the careers of many public characters who, though they may have attained to a certain degree of eminence, have sacrificed or postponed the development of their true genius. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but we can only confine ourselves to a few of the more poignant illustrations of this waste of talent, culled for the most part from authoritative books of reference.

Perhaps the most striking instance of all is that of Lord Fisher, who, entering the Navy in the year 1854, only discovered his true vocation as a journalist sixty-five years later. It is true that he is making up for lost time with splendid energy, but still for more than half a century he gave up to the Navy what was meant for mankind.

The case of Lord Birkenhead is perhaps even more pathetic. His true bent was towards literary criticism, as is sufficiently shown by his masterly study in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* on the poems of Samuel Johnson, an author with whose rugged personality he has always had a close affinity. But a conflicting passion for International Law, not promptly checked, soon sapped his intellect, and before many years elapsed he had sacrificed all forms of recreation to the writing of arid articles in *The Law Quarterly Review*.

The case of Mr. Arnold Bennett affords a curious contrast. Legal studies preoccupied him in early manhood, and a great career at the Bar was open to him when, in the words of *Who's Who*, "he abandoned the law in 1893 to become assistant-editor of *Woman*." But Mr. Bennett is still a young man, though not so young as Lord Birkenhead, and we may say of him (with a slight adaptation of the Latin tag), *Si fortuna volet fies de rhetore judex*.

Sir Oliver Lodge, it will be remembered, for many years harboured the ambition of achieving distinction as a serious man of science, and was so far successful that he attained to the position of President of the British Association. It was only comparatively late in life that he discovered that the word Physics (a science to which he had devoted so many years of patient research) by a slight rearrangement of the letters composing it and the addition of another "c," could be resolved into Psychics; and transferred his attention to a more congenial field of study. The fact that he was simultaneously discovered by Mr. Harold Begbie greatly facilitated this epoch-making transition.

The career of Mr. C. B. Cochran, again, is a notable example of the tardy realisation of an early and long-cherished ambition. It was his youthful aspiration to enter the Diplomatic service, but obstacles intervened. He was obliged to introduce Ibsen to New York and Hackenschmidt to London. But in the long run patient merit was rewarded, and, though never officially employed by the Foreign Office, he now controls the Ambassadors Theatre.

"Wanted, Young Lady for Drapery."
Local Paper.

Mrs. Grundy says, "To judge from the pictures it is drapery that is wanted for the young ladies."



"HOW DO THEY CONDENSE MILK, FATHER?"
"OH, THEY JUST TAKE ORDINARY MILK, YOU KNOW, AND—ER—PUT IT INTO SOMETHING—AND—ER—CONDENSE IT."

NEMESIS.

An Episode of the Railway Strike.

OUR train had been quiescent for some hours, a specimen train in a large glass case of a junction. A patriarch of benign aspect appeared to be in charge and him we accosted for the tenth time.

"Any word of a move?" we asked.

"That there ain't," he replied, smiling cheerfully.

He indicated a morose individual sitting on a trunk.

"You see that gentleman over there," he remarked (he had been a railwayman in the days when passengers were "gentlemen")—"'im with the luggage and all? 'E's been 'ere since seven this morning, waiting for a connection."

"Has he?" said we.

"Ah, so 'e 'as," replied the patriarch and continued on his way. We relapsed into brown studies, with the exception of my *vis-à-vis*, who had not ceased to smile since we pulled up. Catching his eye I hitched my face in sickly response.

"You find circumstances depressing?" he remarked. "So do I. I was smiling not so much in the present as in the past."

Those funny stories about people with a delay-action sense of humour occurred to me.

"The past," he continued, smiling proudly, "of pomp and circumstance, of crosses and medals and insignia of rank, keen brains and brave men."

I recognised the sort of past.

"Always in the midst of these big things moved a figure with scarlet and gold facings, receiving all men's homage, living in an atmosphere of clicking heels. Generals were chatty with him, and ordinary beings felt weak in the knees as he approached. He was the lord of many cars and always travelled in two, one for himself and one for his flask and gas-helmet. His breast was prismatic with the Orders which foreign Powers rushed to bestow upon him. They seemed to like doing it. He had so many medals pinned on that he had to go into hospital with General's Chest. Wherever he went sentries slapped, not once, as for common folk, but three times. You may have seen such things?"

"Yes," I replied, "I was one of the slappers."

"He interviewed foreigners and subordinates with that ready tact and ability to get under the skin of another race which is an Englishman's birthright. I can see him now, turning to a lesser Olympian and saying, "What on earth is he gabbling about?" or "Well, tell him I can't do anything," as the case might be."

He seemed to puff his chest as he talked.

"And then, his duty done, his end accomplished, he returned home, this simple soldier, a Cincinnatus to his plough. His country awarded him one of the few decorations he had not already received—Doggett's Coat and Badge, shall we say? He found room for the ribbon next to the Lone Star of Los Angeles conferred upon him by the State of California. And so he lays aside the steel waistcoat of the warrior for the dickey of a private gentleman."

Well-earned contentment, satisfied ambition seemed to gleam in his eyes.

"Truly, Sir," I said, "you may well be proud. Such a past as yours——"

"Oh, it's not mine," he interrupted hastily; "you don't seem to have caught the idea."

"Not yours?" I replied. "Then whose?"

"It belongs to that gentleman sitting on the trunk over there."

And he continued to smile.



The Young Girl (*clutching at old lady in next seat*). "OH, I DO HOPE HE DOESN'T KILL HER."
The Old Lady. "NO, MISS; YOU TRUST MY BILL. 'E'S THE OPERATOR 'ERE AND HE WOULDN'T ALLOW ANYTHINK SO 'ARD-'EARTED TO 'APPEN. 'E'D STOP TURNING THE 'ANDLE FIRST."

BUTTERFLIES.

BROWN and white butterflies, flitting in fairy flight,
Busily bent on your short-lived labours,
Some of your sisters I shouldn't much care if light
Breezes had born to my next-door neighbours.

Though I've been thrilled by your delicate mystery,
My cabbage-plants for your eggs were *not* meant;
You could develop your little life-history
Equally well on the next allotment.

Why, when they studied their old lepidoptera
(Scientists back in the bygone ages),
Couldn't some lover of nature have dropped her a
Hint to dispense with the middle stages?

For I confess there are times when the marvel irks;
Nature no charms on your offspring showers;
Snugly persistent your ravenous larva lurks
Under the leaves of the cauliflowers.

Vanished illusions are marks of the age in us;
Mixed with the honey of life the gall is;
I with a back double-bent and lumbaginous
War to the knife with your "creepy-crawlies."

So, pretty butterflies, moths and fritillaries,
Spite of your beauty my heart I harden,
Now black and yellow and green caterpillar is
Playing the deuce with the kitchen-garden.

"Make no mistake about it. The Government is behind the Public—*and the Public is behind the Government.*"
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

Rather a complicated manœuvre, but it seems to have worked all right.

FAME.

I MOBILISED with my regiment in August 1914. I saw service in Gallipoli and throughout the Middle East until April of this year. I have always thought of myself as doing my bit with the rest. I have never been of the company of those who exaggerate the value of their services. Not, for example, like our one-and-only Charles. LLOYD GEORGE, so it was reported by Signals, once remarked to FOCH, "Of course, Marshal, it is only the French Front we want you to look after. In Palestine we have ALLENBY; and in Salonica—well, there's Charlie Johnston." I was never that kind. Even now, when I hear people discussing who won the War, I conduct myself, I hope, with as much modesty as any man present.

And yet I confess that I was sustained throughout these years by a belief that at least the authorities knew where and in what manner I was doing my job and perhaps even had a sneaking regard for my services.

The blow fell last Friday. On that day I received this chit from a gentleman describing himself as "i/c Records":

"You will please supply me as early as possible with details of your movements, with dates, from 1-5-15 to 9-4-19 inclusive."

A nasty knock, is it not? I could understand, and pardon, a couple of months. But—*four years!*

However, I feel bound to take a hand in the game. I refuse to be outdone even in the disregard of my own military career. I have replied quite simply:—

"1-5-15 to 9-4-19. At home."

Another Sex-Problem.

"Miss —— was first among the turkey-cocks, and Mr. —— first among the hens."—*Scotch Paper.*

THE COLONEL'S KIT.

Now that we have returned from North Russia and can judge details of the expedition from a detached and impartial standpoint, it is time to make public the fact that the best dressed man in the Archangel Force was Colonel Fitznash. Honour to whom honour is due. In his natural state Fitznash is a perfectly good cavalryman, but on the Dvina he was attached to the Corps of Gondoliers, and manfully shared their hardships and perils at the Base and in the bogs, by river and by road. However he was circumstanced, with whatever element he contended, his accoutrements were appropriate. One day he might be seen at the Base, polished and glittering, a model of conventional turn-out; the next on a barge, wearing a pea-jacket and a pair of the much-advertised patent "Bargeboots for Brigadiers;" the next, driving in a droshky in one of those droshky outfits specially designed for members of the Relief Force; and the next, labouring through a mosquito-misted morass in a stylish net and an exquisitely cut pair of sponge-bags. Whatever he wore it was perfect of its kind. This scrupulous regard for appearance Fitznash regarded as simple loyalty to his old regiment. He carried it so far that, when advised by a friend to fill up one of the forms of application for a Russian decoration supposed by up-river rumour to be obtainable at the Base, he refused on the grounds that none of the fashionable ribbons suited his complexion.

There is now no reason why Colonel Fitznash should remain in ignorance of his narrowest escape—an escape from the humiliation of returnipg to the Base without any kit but his combined bog and battle outfit. The retrospective shock may do him good. The story will at least explain to him the woefully bad packing of the kit he picked up at Ust-Mekhrenga, on his way to the Base, for which he has hitherto blamed his bat-boy, Private Pavlov of the Slavo-British Legion.

Amongst a bunch of Bolos captured one day up the river there was one so much fatter than the rest that it was obvious he was a Commissar, or headman. He was therefore addressed to the Intelligence Officer, Ust-Mekhrenga, and with an escort of one full private popped on a steamer thither bound. On the same day Fitznash, who was further up the river, received instructions to proceed to the Base. This meant a voyage viâ Ust-Mekhrenga.

True to his principles, he thought first of his Base outfit, and sent Private Pavlov in advance to convey it to Ust-Mekhrenga and there await his arrival.

At the boat's last stop before Ust-Mekhrenga, Pavlov met friends and went ashore to drink tea with them. During his absence the Bolo prisoner came on board and the steamer pushed off. So the Intelligence Officer who met it at its destination found aboard a Bolo prisoner addressed to him, also a kit-bag and a large uniform case.



Guest (evidently on his first visit to the Highlands). "I SAY, IT DOESN'T ALWAYS RAIN LIKE THIS, DOES IT?"

Host. "OH, NO—RATHER NOT. THE RAIN USUALLY COMES FROM THE WEST."

Summoning his braves, he had captive and kit transported to his quarters for examination. Things looked black for the Bolo, thus associated with a quantity of obviously selected British officer's kit; but however dark the story of its acquisition it might as well be put to a good use.

Intelligence and the friends, acquaintance and adherents of Intelligence gathered together and made up deficiencies from the captured kit. One chose an elegant cardigan, another a set of silk pyjamas; to one fell a pair of perfect slacks, to another spurs, while underwear, socks, ties and handkerchiefs were distributed at large. To celebrate so successful a day Intelligence gave a dinner that night, at which each man flaunted his booty of trouser, sock or tie, and the fame of their splendour spread from Front to Front.

But next day there arrived, by routine boat, at Ust-Mekhrenga one Private Pavlov, asking in decrepit English for his master's kit, the kit of Colonel Fitznash. When, how, with whom was it supposed to have reached Ust-Mekhrenga? On the tug yesterday, with the Bolo prisoner.

With a gleeful eye—for he had received no perquisite—the Naval Transport Officer led Pavlov to the Intelligence quarters. There, intelligibly eloquent in his own tongue, the latter made evident the truth of his story.

Fitznash was known to be terrible when roused and to hold the strings of retribution in his grip, and he was due at any hour. So there was another gathering of the friends of Intelligence—a gathering confidentially convened. He who came in the glory of his new slacks departed in his old; underwear, ties, socks, handkerchiefs—all were shed in hurried shame-faced secrecy. The kitbag and the great suit-case were hastily repacked and delivered to Pavlov, who heaved them on a droshky and drove off to meet his master.

And now at last Colonel Fitznash, reading this, may know the truth, and modify his estimate of Private Pavlov's incapacity as a kit-packer.

"Vancouver (B.C.).—The Prince of Wales has expressed the desire to be associated with the £10,000 prize which is being offered for the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic from Vancouver to Japan."
Provincial Paper.

We understand that His Royal Highness is in no way responsible for the selection of this unusual route.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. Arthur —— was just himself at his best in the part of Mephistopheles."
Provincial Paper.

A Stall-Feeder.

"Lord ——, not easily recognised when on stable duty, was doing the work of two ordinary men in the Provender Department."
Daily Paper.

More Headaches for Historians.

"Dealers complain that they are not doing anything like the business they did before the strike either in new boots or repairs.

"Old boots are in favour during these days of much walking."—*Evening Paper.*

"Boot repairers are receiving an abnormal rush of orders from the walkers."
Same paper, same day.



Wife. "IS IT TO THE HUNT YE'D BE GOIN' IN YER BEST CLOTHES AN' THE RAIN COMING DOWN LIKE THE FLOOD?"
Tim. "OCH, HOULD YER TONGUE, BIDDY. SHURE YE'D NOT HAVE ME SHAMIN' THE LITTLE HORSE BEFORE THE GINTRY, AN' HIM WID THE RENT TO PAY AN' ALL?"

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

I THINK there can be nothing much more fair
  Than owning some large mansion in the shires,
And living almost permanently there,
  In constant touch with animals and squires;
Yet there is joy in peering through the gates
  Or squinting from the summit of a wall
At other people's beautiful estates,
Wondering what they have to pay in rates
    And coveting it all.

Yes, it is sweet to circle with one's spouse
  Some antique Court, constructed by QUEEN ANNE,
Complete with oaks and tennis-courts and cows,
  And many a nice respectful serving-man,
With dogs and donkeys and perhaps a swan,
  And lovely ladies having *such* a time,
And garden-parties always going on,
And ruins where the guide-book says KING JOHN
    Did nearly every crime.

Yes, it is sweet; but what I want to know
  Is why one has to prowl about outside;
Surely the Earl of Bodleton and Bow,
  Surely Sir Egbert and his lovely bride
Should wait all eager in the entrance-way
  To ask us in and take us through the grounds,
And give one food and worry one to stay,
Instead of simply keeping one at bay
    With six or seven hounds.

Surely they realise one wants to see
  The mullioned windows in the South-West wing,
The private trout-stream and the banyan-tree,
  The lilac bedroom where they lodged the King;
Surely they know how Bolshevist we feel
  Outside, where shrubberies obstruct the view,
Particularly as they scarce conceal
The Earl and household at a hearty meal
    Under the old, old yew.

I do not grudge the owner of The Chase;
  I do not loathe the tenant of The Lea;
I only want to walk about his place
  And just imagine it belongs to me;
That is the kind of democratic sport
  For keeping crime and Bolshevism low;
I don't imagine that the fiercest sort
Feel quite so anarchist at Hampton Court,
    Where anyone may go.

But I dare say that many a man must take
  Long looks of wonderment at Number Nine,
Laburnum Avenue, and vainly ache
  To go inside a dwelling so divine;
And if indeed some Marquis knocks one day
  And says, "I 'm tired of standing in the street;
I want to see your mansion, if I may,"
I shall receive him in the nicest way
    And show him round my "seat." A. P. H.

"PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY.—The Port of London Authority are prepared to receive Applications for Junior Clerkships. Salary on entry £50 per annum. Candidates must be under 16 and over 18 years of age."—*Daily Paper.*

The need, of course, is for old heads on young shoulders.

OTHER CLAIMANTS.

IT may not be generally known that an overflow Court sat last week to hear the evidence of various non-military persons in connection with the origin and development of that mysterious vehicle, the Tank, whose birth is wrapt up in so much obscurity.

For some reason or other the proceedings were not reported in the press. In some cases, perhaps, the "Fathers" of the various "Chapels" took exception; but in those newspaper offices where patristic remonstrance is flouted we must, of course, seek other explanations. Be the cause what it may Mr. Punch is enabled to stand alone in his account of this very remarkable gathering—a journalistic scoop indeed.

The Chairman (Lord SYDENHAM) began by pointing out the extreme delicacy of the test before the Court, since, although it had been shown elsewhere to be hard enough to prove that anyone invented the Tank, it was infinitely harder to prove that anyone didn't. He himself, for example, would defy the most ingenious counsel to demonstrate that his (the speaker's) own brain was innocent of the feat. Since no one knows what he can do till he tries, it follows that the invention of the Tanks might be within the scope of all. But who was the guilty party—he meant who was the responsible party? That was what they were there to ascertain. Anyone might have done it, but *who was it?* That was the question.

Immediately the Chairman had ceased Lord FISHER leapt to his feet and said that he demanded to be heard first, and that nobody should be allowed to dam the flow of his oratory. It was idle, he contended, to listen to any other claimant because there could be no possible doubt as to his own status in the matter. No one who had read his recent letters and articles in *The Times* could doubt his title to the honour.

The Chairman here interposed to say that, although they had all read and doubtless relished Lord FISHER's joyous excursions into print, he could not, for one, recollect any reference in them to the matter before the meeting. Lord FISHER's services to the Navy, and to his country through the Navy, were a thing apart. What they were now met for was to discover the inventor of the Tank.

The following dialogue then ensued:—

Lord FISHER (with his hand to his ear). "Inventor of the what?"

The Chairman. "Tank."

Lord FISHER. "Tank be d——d. I thought you wanted to know who was the inventor of swank."

Order having been restored, Sir ARTHUR PINERO, who was next called, said that he had been summoned there under what seemed to be some official misconception. He had never laid claim to have invented the Tank; what he invented was *Mrs. Tanqueray.* But the departmental mind was liable to confusion.

The Chairman expressed his regret that the dramatist's valuable time should have been thus wasted, and Sir ARTHUR left the court without a stain on his character and hurried home to disinter some more old plays for fresh Berryal at the Adelphi.

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER said that in his capacity as a naturalist and biologist he had met some thousands of caterpillars, many of which he had opened and dissected, but none of them had delivered up the secret of the Tank. In his opinion, if the caterpillar were, as had often been stated, the parent of the Tank, the relationship was unconscious. It was a wise Tank that knew its own father.

Professor FINNEY said that he was at a loss to understand how the Tank was a matter for such excitement at this moment. It merely showed again that nothing was really new, but that fashions moved in circles. At the Royal Aquarium in England's palmiest days—he was speaking of the glorious seventies—his Tank and his performances in it had a world-wide reputation.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that he also was not there to claim the invention. Anyone who cared to give his mind to such rubbish could invent a Tank, and a much better one than those in question. He was there to say that he personally believed in ideas as the best munitions, not perhaps during war, but as a preventive of war. So long as he was allowed his high thinking, no drinking, no meat and a little Jazz, he grudged no Tank-inventor his fortune.

Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT said that he was not there to pretend to the glory of having invented Tanks, but to confer upon those marvellous engines of warfare the modest meed of his esteem. He considered them to symbolise the greatness and the irresistible energy of England, and, by way of his own tribute to their worth, he had made an effort to take out letters patent to change his name to Tankcroft in their honour, but had been restrained by a deputation of fellow actors, who kindly but firmly protested that the profession could not permit him to confuse his identity.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY was just beginning to demonstrate how he had evolved the Tanks from his own massive brain when a message from the other and more regular Court of Inquiry arrived to say that the matter had been settled and the award made.

THE PEACEMAKER.

UP to this point we had been ambling along pleasantly enough, appreciating more the charms of the country than the horse-power of the car that we had contrived to borrow on the strength of a highly-coloured account of James's prowess in the Motor Transport service. Not but what he made a perfectly efficient O.C. Spare Parts, as far as that goes.

We had just passed a picturesque little church nestling in a clump of trees (and incidentally also in my native village), and in a forgetful moment I had remarked that it was the smallest church in England.

I ought to have remembered the risk I ran. Architecture is one of the things James takes very seriously—the others are breakfast, eurhythmics, lunch, tariff reform and dinner—and he at once stated that, on the contrary, the smallest church in England was that of his old home, Multum Parva.

I cannot claim any real enthusiasm for architecture, though I sympathise with James in three of his five other interests; but I yield to no man in local patriotism. I would do anything to enhance the fame of my native village (except live in it), and I grew lyrical over the microscopic church of Burnham-in-the-Beck. It was, I concluded, too small to swing a cat in.

"Is swinging cats one of the rites of your denomination or a privilege of the freemen of the hamlet?" asked James in his nastiest voice but one, and went on to floor me with figures.

"Only 30 ft. × 12 ft.," he declared. "I measured it myself."

"Mine is 31 ft. × 13 ft.," I countered; "but the local linen-draper measured it. Deduct the width of his thumb from every yard and——"

"Bah!" said James in his nastiest voice, and he opened her out, or whatever it is one does to convey the impression that one does not care if police traps are as thick as autumn—you know what I mean.

Our bad temper continued throughout lunch, which we took at Monken Melcombe. In gloomy silence we paid our bill. In silent gloom we were preparing to re-start when the local archæologist came along the street. A charming old boy, as afterwards appeared at the inquest, he raised his hat and said:—

"Wouldn't you gentlemen like to pause five minutes and see our church—the smallest in England?"

Over his inanimate body James and I forgot our quarrel. I am proud to think that it was I who struck the first blow. Burnham-in-the-Beck for ever!



Wife. "I see, dear, that the strikers have gone back."
Husband. "I know, confound it! Just as I was feeling the benefit of the walking exercise."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Minx goes to the Front (Mills and Boon) is a collection of odd-length pieces by your old-established favourites, the Williamsons, C. N. and A. M. The first and much the best of these (stories, not authors) records a visit to the French Front by a party consisting of a distinguished English lady-novelist (to whom you may fit an original at discretion), her son and secretary, and a charming *belle Américaine* whose part is to obtain cars, wheedle permissions, dazzle authorities and generally heap coals of fire upon the austere head of the famous lady, who hates to be beholden to her. All I have to say of this affair is that if the plot (no great matter—even the *Minx* disappointed my expectations by not turning out to be anybody sensational) reflects an actual tour, this must certainly have been a wonderful and unusual experience, admirably reproduced here. If not, then one or both of the clever writers has a first-class imagination for forbidden lands. The luncheon at Verdun (no less!) is a rare adventure, told with excellent spirit. I wish I could use anything like the same kind of praise for the other pieces in the volume. One of them is a comedy of exchanged identities, amusing enough till the complications become too complex; another tells of an elaborate kidnapping of the German Governor of Belgium by means of a fake film company (concerning which one is haunted by the spoil-sport reflection that it did not in fact happen), and for make-weight there are some wildly preposterous short stories belonging, all too obviously, to the cinema that screeneth a multitude of absurdities. I feel bound to add that our Williamsons must be a little more careful of their deserved reputation for art, as against this quite unworthy nonsense, into which I fear they have been betrayed before.

Before the War Mr. (now Captain) Desmond Coke held a distinguished position as one of our best interpreters of school-boyhood; it is pleasant to find from *Youth, Youth!* (Chapman and Hall) that the pursuit of arms has left his quality in this respect unimpaired. Of the dozen tales in this volume most, though personally new to me, have, I believe, seen publication before; here, however, they have for the first time the advantage of a generous profusion of illustrations in the best manner of Mr. H. M. Brock, of whom also it might be said that he enjoys the rare faculty of being able to put a real boy upon paper. As for Captain Coke's youths, perhaps you know already the vitality of them; it remains as delightfully true as ever, equally remote from the sentimental anæmia of Victorian make-believe, and from the rather catch-penny "revelations" of some modern realism. Nothing much happens in the tales themselves: episodes of laughter for the most part, they yet hold, each of them, some shrewdly and sympathetically observed instance of boy character. One certainly, "The Mad English," my own favourite, is a little gem of ironical but kindly portraiture. Uncles and aunts, in view of the coming of Christmas, may well be grateful that Captain Coke (with him, as they say, Mr. Brock) has retained so happily the gift of repassing at will the baize door that separates too many of us from the kingdom of Youth.

It is good that a hero should be tall and blond, an Englishman, a perfect swordsman, and mounted on a black and splendid steed. It is also a happy thing if you can put him into a period of history when the suitings of gentlemen were romantic and picturesque. All that can be done, so to speak, in the twinkling of a pen. But how are you going to make him fight, for the sake of topical interest, shoulder to shoulder with the French against Germany? That is just where the ingenuity of Mr. Morice Gerard comes in. *Captain Ivan Brooke*, the wooer of the *Countess of Zelle* (Odhams), was A.D.C. to John Churchill at the time when that officer assisted Turenne against the Imperial forces in the Rhineland. And when I add that in rescuing his lady he was obliged to leap, on Sultan's back, a yawning ravine dared only once before by horse and man, and subsequently to leap it again with the *Countess* also up, and that circumstances furthermore compelled him to don the complete mediæval armour (including axe, battle, one) of a former Count and strike terror into the hearts of a marauding band, you will perceive that beyond being present at the battle of Thermopylæ or winning the Grand National there was little in the heroic line that he failed to achieve. He was a fine man, worthy of his broad Yorkshire acres and the hand of his very charming Countess. He also, it appears, made a notable impression on Madame de Maintenon when he carried despatches to the Court of Louis the Magnificent. But when I think of a certain young Gascon who arrived in Paris on a yellow pony and afterwards kissed the hand of Anne of Austria it takes all the patriotism that I can muster to warm me to the adventures of *Captain Brooke*.



Policeman (directing Sammy). "Down that street, turn to the left and you'll see the Old Bailey in front of you; go straight on——"

Sammy. "That's all right, Bud, but what kind of a guy is this Old Bailey?"

If you like to be pleasantly intrigued by a very possible confusion in the affairs of nice, quite ordinary people you should read *The Silver Bag* (Lane). Mr. Thomas Cobb's story is about a playwright, one *Valentine Brook*, who, just as any other playwright might, lent his flat in town to a friend, and on his return found, which is, of course, not quite so usual, a strange young lady anxious to recover a silver bag left there the day before. The strange young lady, by her equally strange reticences and confessions, rouses the playwright's suspicions as to the ownership of the bag, and very soon the story resolves itself into a contest between the people who know and the people who don't know, with the reader (of course among the ignorant) on *Valentine's* side, being led down many a *cul-de-sac* and encouraged to pursue false trails in every direction. It all ends happily save for the villainess—it would not do to give her name here, for you would lose the chance of a lazy hour's pleasant beguilement if you knew—and I can't help feeling that *Valentine* must have got the idea for a very jolly little comedy out of it all—as well as a charming wife.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is still at his old work using the jape, as once the trumpet was used, to sap the walls of Jericho. Under title *Heartbreak House* (Constable) he offers us six plays, of which two, *The Inca of Perusalem* and *The Bolshevik Empress*, suggest the *cliché* that they are not likely to enhance their author's reputation. *Great Catherine* has been seen already and approved on the stage. *O'Flaherty, V.C.* is what Mr. Shaw with characteristic audacity calls "a recruiting poster in disguise." The disguise is more apparent than the helpfulness, though no doubt, if everybody were as clever and perverse as the author, it would have been quite effective. *Augustus does his Bit* rags the "indispensable" aristocratic limpet braving the dangers of the home front, and will be appreciated by everybody but *Augustus*. *Heartbreak House* is a protracted, discursive and entirely amusing debate (conducted in a sort of Shavian asylum) on ethics, economics, philandering and any old thing. Few readers of sense and sensibility could withhold the tribute of their laughter and admiration, admiration qualified by exasperation—a blend which the malicious author would particularly appreciate. *Heartbreak House* carries a long preface which sets everybody right after putting everybody in the wrong. It makes me rather glad I am a fool. But it has one mark of grace. There is an indication—to be discovered by the careful reader—that the detached philosopher of the Adelphi has come to realise that all the jokes he made at our expense during the tragedy of the War were not in the best taste and did not help much to endear him to us.

Notes of a Camp-Follower on the Western Front (Constable) is a cumbrous title, and I hope that it will not interfere with the book's success. Mr. E. W. Hornung worked for some time with the Y.M.C.A. on the Western Front, and here he relates his experiences very simply and eloquently. The Rest Hut, in which he started a library, is vividly described, and the book reflects an abounding love and admiration for the men whom it was his happiness to serve. In the chapter, "A Boy's Grave"—no theme could be more intimate or call for a finer delicacy of touch—a most tender and moving tribute is paid by the father to his dead son.

CHARIVARIA.

THE police have arrested another man for illegal drilling in Ireland. He was caught doing it to a hole in a Dublin hotel safe.

* * *

Warwick magistrates have decided that a private gardener is not a "worker in agriculture" within the meaning of the Act. We have informed the dignitary who valets our sprouts that if he works it will be entirely at his own risk.

* * *

Giving evidence at Guildford a Poor Law officer stated that a defendant was father of seventeen children. We understand that the case was adjourned, the father having demanded a recount.

* * *

An unusual occurrence is reported from Letchworth Golf Links. It appears that an enthusiastic beginner mistook a mushroom for his ball, and did not discover his mistake until five strokes afterwards.

* * *

"Can fish hear?" asks a scientific contemporary. Our angling contributor, who claims to be able to imitate the cry of the worm to perfection, says not.

* * *

Over a hundred wild animals, including fifteen baboons, have arrived in England from the Congo. Asked what he thought of this country, the senior baboon informed our special correspondent that the natives did not seem nearly so wild as report had led him to expect.

* * *

A sad case is reported from North of the Tweed. Suffering from acute depression as the result of listening to a lecture by Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON, a Glasgow man went straight home and strangled his favourite whisky bottle.

* * *

"Is the Great War over?" asks Mr. LOVAT FRASER. We rather gathered that he was ordering the *débris* to be cleared away.

* * *

With the exception that Parliament meets to-day, and that a new American comedian has arrived in London, there is nothing very serious to report.

* * *

Our Irish readers will be pleased to know that the sharp difference of opinion between Mr. KELLAWAY, M.P., and Mr. WALTER LONG, M.P., as to whether an "aeridheacht" is a secret society or a species of milk-pudding, has been harmoniously adjusted.

* * *

Clerkenwell is suffering from an epidemic of thefts of brass door-plates. A daring attempt to paralyse the business of the nation by stealing the "Gone to Lunch" sign from the Ministry of Munitions Disposal Board is also reported.

* * *

Turkey, says the Turkish Nationalist leader, will remain in Turkish hands. So, after all, there was nothing in the rumour that we were going to let America have it as a souvenir of the War.



"WAITER, BRING ME A WHISKY-AND-SODA, PLEASE."
"I'M NOT A WAITER, CONFOUND YOU!"
"OH, RIGHT-O—THEN DON'T TROUBLE."

No order, says a contemporary, was made in the case of a debtor at Westminster who pleaded that he had seven children under fifteen. The Court declined to say whether a summons would lie against him for causing a crowd to collect.

* * *

"What is the result of wearing a new suit?" asks a fashion writer. Our experience is that it is generally followed by a loud knock at the door and an intimation that a settlement will oblige.

* * *

"When Nationalisation comes," says a Labour leader, "I shall throw my hat in the air." Now if Mr. CHURCHILL had said this it is quite conceivable that, from a picturesque point of view, the offer might be worth closing with.

* * *

There are over four million gallons of surplus Army rum and the Government are deciding what to do with it. If the matter rested with a certain sergeant we know, the stuff would be for "A" Company.

* * *

A writer in *The Daily Mail* suggests that Armistice Day should be celebrated as last year. And we thought the last war was a war to end war.

* * *

According to a scientist the earthquake shock felt at Reading was due to supernatural causes. This therefore disposes of the theory that the shock was due to *The Times* Atlas being delivered to a subscriber in the district.

* * *

According to a gossip-writer the retirement of Mr. Justice DARLING will be announced shortly. It is said that the famous judge hopes to arrange a farewell joke.

* * *

The first recorded case of attempted economy by a Government official was unfortunately a failure. It appears that somebody, whose duty it is to issue all out-going cheques, attached his signature to the first one of a batch and simply put "ditto" on the remainder.

* * *

Although it has not yet been officially announced, a large sale of tea-pots is shortly to take place at one of the best known Government offices.

* * *

After spending two nights in a Peckham warehouse a tramp left behind him three sausages. The abandoned sausages are being well cared for, but it is feared that hand-feeding will have to be resorted to.

* * *

"Fortunes are waiting for really useful inventions," announces a writer in a technical journal. We certainly agree that anyone who can invent a method by which a sleeper can be disturbed by his own snoring deserves a substantial reward.

* * *

So does the claimant who made such a clever model of a camouflaged Tank that, although he knew it was in the room, he couldn't find it.

"Thousands of eggs disappeared in the most amazing fashion, and we were glad to see most of them were sober."—*Ashore and Afloat.*
Though some were noticed to be distinctly fresh.

THE ART OF LETTERS.

(Being reflections on some recent and current Memoirs.)

Oh, Art is long and very long,
And it would be extremely wrong
For almost any fellow
To deem that in a single day
He could achieve to learn the way
To paint in oils or sculp in clay
Or operate the 'cello.

And, though you choose the easier Art
Of Letters, and propose to start
With Memoirs in a serial,
Writing in English (not in Greek),
You often want at least a week
To get the hang of mere technique
And master your material.

That pens are trickier tools than swords
Is overlooked by certain Lords
That ruled our Fleet and Army;
And, if I said (as well I might)
That Dogs of War who want to write
Should take a lesson overnight,
Why, they would think me barmy!

Yet, for a Leading Warrior's kit
If some old scribe (like me) should quit
His modest sable suiting,
He probably would nurse a doubt,
When asked to put the foe to rout,
If he could bring it off without
A little previous tuting.

Not that I grudge 'em this new pitch,
Or carp at Age's natural itch
For growing reminiscent;
I would not spoil their memory's bloom,
Only I trust they won't assume
That every book that gets a boom
Is Literature. It isn't.

O. S.

MANY INVENTIONS.

The Court having settled the question as to who invented the Tanks (as distinct from the more trivial question as to who fought in them) other claims were then laid before it.

Miss Letitia Tudberry, The Eyrie, Walthamstow, claimed to have invented the first sock-comforter. In October, 1914, she was knitting what was intended to be a pair of socks for a nephew in the trenches. This was despatched to him in due course; and a letter received later, which thanked her for the Balaclava helmet and the comforter, gave her the idea for her great invention. Evidently the War Office must have heard of it by some means or other, for a subsequent letter from her nephew contained the information that most of the men in the trenches were now wearing sock-comforters.—*Awarded a million pounds.*

Mr. Percy Podby, of Wavecrest, Cricklewood, claimed to have invented plum-and-apple jam. Mr. Todgers, K.C., held a watching brief for Mr. Plum Warner, who made no claim in the matter, but objected to having his name bandied about.

Mr. Podby said that plum-and-apple had been a favourite in his family for many years before 1914, the younger Podbys being particularly partial to it. He had not actually suggested to the War Office that the troops should be supplied with it, but his wife's cousin, who sometimes came to tea with them, was in the habit of mixing in Society, and no doubt she had mentioned it to some of her friends, who had told Mr. Winston Churchill.

There being two thousand other claimants, the case was adjourned.

Mr. Leonard Limpet, O.B.E., claimed to have invented the phrase, "Passed to you, please." If any one phrase could be said to have won the War for England it was this. Without it life in any great Department would have been intolerable, and it would have been utterly impossible for the nation to have carried on.—*Awarded a million pounds.*

Mr. Keating claimed to have invented Keating's Powder. This, he admitted, was a somewhat ticklish subject, but he had felt it to be his duty to put forward his claim. Nobody would dispute that he had invented the powder which bore his name, and there would be as little dispute as to the part it had played in our great victory. Without his powder England could only have put a scratch army into the field, and we should undoubtedly have lost the War.—*Awarded a million pounds.*

Captain Bairnsfather claimed to have invented "Old Bill." It was the cheerfulness and good-humour of the private soldier which had pulled us through, and since nobody expected modesty in a Court like this, he didn't mind saying that it was "Old Bill," among other things, which had kept the men cheerful.—*Awarded a million pounds.*

Colonel Watt-Watt, C.I.E., claimed to have invented the R.A.F. uniform (29th pattern). He admitted that this pattern had only been in general use for one day, when it was superseded by his friend Colonel Tutt-Tutt's design; but he maintained that it was just this policy of surprise, of never letting the enemy know what to expect next, which had confounded the plans of Ludendorff and had kept the Germans guessing.

He also claimed to have invented the Army Order which forbade officers to smoke pipes in public, an Order which had undoubtedly put fresh courage into the hearts of our Allies and had enabled them to hold Verdun.—*Awarded a million pounds.*

Mr. Tosher, K.C., said that he represented an elderly wood-cutter in Holland (unfortunately absent), who claimed to have invented the War. It was obvious that this claim had precedence over all others, seeing that but for the War——

The President regretted that he could not hear Mr. Tosher. In this Court the claims of patriotic Englishmen only could be heard, Englishmen who had not hesitated to offer all, even their brains, to their country. He was bound to make this rule, otherwise we should have German scientists coming over here and saying that it was they who had first given the War Office the idea of employing gas-helmets, and claiming a reward in consequence.

Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and several other young poets each claimed to have invented the word "guts," or rather to have been the first poet to recognise the poetical quality of the word. Poetry had proved a wonderful inspiration to the man on the home front, but it was necessary that the poetry should be written in simple stirring English, and the discovery of the word "guts" had made this possible. Combined with "hell" and "bloody" the effect was irresistible.—*Awarded a million pounds each.*

Mr. Bottomley claimed to have invented the comforting news that the dear boys, Tommy in the trenches and Jack at sea, God bless 'em, would end the War by Christmas. (Another powerful prophecy next Christmas).—*Awarded a million pounds.*

Mr. Lovat Fraser claimed to have braced the nation by saying, in italics, that, on the contrary, it would last ten years yet.—*Awarded a million pounds.*

The President then announced that, after setting aside a million pounds for the inventor of plum-and-apple jam, there was only two-and-ninepence left. As there were no other claims by inventors, he proposed to divide this among the infantry. The Court then adjourned.

A. A. M.

"I can never imagine Lord Lansdowne losing his old title of 'Uncle Mark.'"—*Globe.*

Possibly; Lord Lambourne cannot imagine it either.

Of a speech by Commander Kenworthy, M.P.:—

"They recognised it wasn't frothy turgid rhetoric which has been served up to them for years, it was the dynamite of facts booming across that sea of faces like a minute gun awakening the dormant mental splendours of those imaginative industrious sons of the toil, revealing to them the sophistical cogwheels of political vote catching chicanery."

Hull Daily News.

That 's the stuff to give 'em!



THE RETREAT OF THE RED PACK.



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Salesman (dilating on the work of a modern Master). "NO, SIR, HE NEVER TOUCHES ANYTHING BUT THIS ONE SUBJECT—BRACKEN, HEATHER AND TANGLES OF FOREGROUND. ONE MIGHT ALMOST SAY HE WALLOWS IN UNDERGROWTH."

Horrified Golfer (18 handicap). "GAD! WHAT A LIFE! NEVER ON THE FAIRWAY—WHAT?"

THE INCOMPLEAT WANGLER.

IN telling this story I would have it understood that I am entirely in favour of every kindness being shown to the disabled. Indeed, in my opinion nothing is too good for them, and this I say on general principles and not in any way because I happen to be one myself. But even the disabled should show some reserve; should accept, but not suggest; should enjoy, but never "cadge;" should, in short, be more like me and less like Ernest. Let me illustrate my meaning.

We were sitting in the lounge of the Bellevue Hotel, Ernest and I, when a woman I had not noticed before came in and smiled upon Ernest.

"Her name is Mrs. Mottle," he said in reply to my inquiry, "and she has a Rolls-Royce. I had a little conversation with her yesterday."

"You would have," I said.

"And it wasn't a great success, anyway. Have you noticed how largely the conversation among hotel guests turns upon other hotels?"

"Have I not? Do you know Beachcombe Bay? Where did you stay? The Métropole? We stayed at the Grand. The position 's better, but I 'm told the food 's better at the Métropole. That kind of thing?"

"Exactly," said Ernest. "You hear it all round you. And Mrs. Mottle specialises in it. She talks of nothing else. Now, in my more active days I seldom if ever stayed in hotels. Or if I did they were small fishing inns in Ireland or Wales. So she found me the poorest of company."

"And presently you saw the Rolls disappearing down the road at a steady 35 m.p.h.?"

"You need not harp on the Rolls," said Ernest. "But you 've no doubt been soured by that morning you spent playing with little Peter on the beach before you found that his people hadn't a car. Mrs. Mottle 's a kind woman, and I felt sorry not to provide her with better entertainment. So I 've taken steps to inform myself upon her special subject."

"And how have you done that?" I asked.

"I 've been studying 'The A.B.C. Hotel Guide,'" said Ernest, "and next time I hope to put up quite a creditable show."

It was not long before Mrs. Mottle had joined us, at Ernest's invitation. I awaited the upshot with some interest, and almost held my breath when she asked, "Do you know Bexcliff? We stayed at the Queen's there. A very good hotel."

"I know it well," said Ernest. "It is, as you say, quite good. They have excellent cuisine and wines. Electric light throughout. Night porter."

Mrs. Mottle looked at him a little sharply, I thought, but she tried again.

"We went from there to Eastport," she said.

"Did you stay at the Victoria?" cried Ernest, who I saw at once had made a special study of the advertisement of this hotel. "There they give you every comfort—large smoking-room, quiet lounge, splendid situation, lift, garage, hotel bus meets all trains. Quite different from the Prince's, near the station," he went on, warming to his work. "That is family and commercial. Inclusive terms. Illustrated

tariff on application. And there is a stockroom. I don't know exactly what it means, but I remember that there is one."

I saw in Mrs. Mottle's eye that this wasn't exactly what she wanted, but Ernest is in some ways unobservant, and he went plunging on.

"I think you said you stayed at the Royal at Harrogate?" he said. "What a first-class hotel! Occupying as it does a unique position, standing in its own unequalled grounds directly facing the sea ——"

"Harrogate isn't on the sea," said Mrs. Mottle in a freezing voice.

It was only then that Ernest realised that he had overdone it. His explanation that he must have been thinking of the Royal at Whitepool fell lamentably flat, and Mrs. Mottle departed with the conviction that he had been pulling her leg.

"I may yet get a run in the Rolls," I said to him afterwards, "unless my connection with you has compromised me. If I do I'll take detailed notes of any hotel we may call at for refreshment, and let you have them for your collection."

WHEN CLAUDIA SMILES.

Claudia propped her elbows on the sea-wall and gazed entrancedly over the bay to where the great Dreadnoughts loomed like grim battlemented islets.

"The lambs!" she breathed.

Claudia's Uncle John—who occupies a Chair of Experimental Exegesis at one of our older, mouldier Universities, and who handles his words as a connoisseur handles Venetian glass—groaned brokenly.

"'Lambs,' my dear child! They can crumple up an Atlantic liner like a paper bag; vomit tons of bursting steel——"

Claudia cut off his flow with an uplifted hand.

"Don't be disgusting, John. You know very well I was referring to the other side of their natures. They are quite too sweet for words in their home lives, full of unexpected little cupboards and inhabited by the twee-est middies who dance enchantingly. I do wish somebody would take me over one."

She smiled wistfully at me and sighed.

"It might be possible," said I. "A lot of civilians are boarding those tenders over there. Suppose we try?"

Fifty feet from the pier-head my passage was barred by a ponderous policeman.

"Only them with special invites can go," he growled.

"But surely . . ." I began.



Lieut.-Col. McWhizz-Fitzbang (to hotel page). "BOY, THE TWENTY-FOURTH BUTTON OF YOUR TUNIC IS UNPOLISHED. SEE TO IT."

"Them 's the orders," said he firmly.

I turned back and confessed my failure.

"A policeman stopped you?" Claudia exclaimed. "Not intentionally, I 'm sure. I always find them so sympathetic. Where is he?"

She advanced on the constable and smiled at him. The fellow inflated his chest and twisted his moustachios. Claudia is easy to look at, and when she smiles the heart of mortal man is as pudding within him.

When Claudia smiles, policemen rush
And stop the traffic; porters crush
Each other underfoot that they
May bear her trunks; officials stay
Impatient trains and bow and blush
And find her corner-seats of plush.
While damp dyspeptic infants hush
Their peevish yells and shout "Hooray!"
When Claudia smiles.

Strong, silent Empire-builders gush;
The grocer trills a virelay;
Pale curates wear a roseate flush;
Decayed old clubmen mumble "Tush!"
And limp rejoicing on their way,
When Claudia smiles.

Claudia advanced on the constable and smiled at him. He did his best to look stern, but his number was up.

"Good afternoon; what jolly weather, isn't it?" she rippled. "Everything so nice and blue and sunny . . . though I suppose it must be very tiring for you keeping the crowd back."

She turned to me. "Few people realize what a policeman has to put up with—the long hours, out in all weathers, keeping guard over us while

we sleep. And there are no bands playing, no O.B.E.'s, no Victoria Crosses—just unremitting silent service."

The constable coughed into his glove and increased his chest measurement still further.

Claudia smiled on him again. "I wonder if you would be so frightfully kind as to let us go to the pier-head just for a minute to watch all those funny people scramble on the tenders? Would you?" she cooed like a ring-dove.

"Certainly, Miss. No 'arm in *that*. Pass this way, please." We passed.

"There you are," said Claudia; "I told you so. They will do anything if you're gentle with them. It's only when people push against them and stand on their feet that they get irritable."

We reached the pier-head. A mine-sweeper chafed gently against the steps, taking on a cargo of visitors.

"Speak to that sailor with the curl and the *retroussé* nose; he has a kind face," Claudia directed. I approached the sailor.

"Nothin' doin'," he snapped. "Only them with friends or relations on the fleet allowed off. Stand clear!"

I stood clear.

"One does feel so frightfully grateful to them for all they've done," came the voice of Claudia, speaking ostensibly to her Uncle John. "Out in all weathers, day and night, guarding us while we sleep; years and years of unremitting silent service"—she shot a smile at the curly mariner and smote him right through the heart—"frightfully, frightfully grateful to them."

The smitten tar breathed hard through his *retroussé* snout and hitched at his pants. His number was up.

"Lady of your party?" he inquired *sotto voce*. I nodded.

"Orlright, you can come off. If any questions is arst you tell 'em I'm yer brother Charlie."

"Pleased to meet you, Charles," said I. "Heard from home lately? How's mother and father?"

He grinned. "Pa's insolvent; Ma's in gaol, and sister Susie's in consumption. Step this way, Miss, if you please."

He handed Claudia down the seaweedy steps with tender care, and with his cap gallantly dusted a hatch-cover for her to sit on. Ten minutes later we were swarming aboard the flag-ship. A smart junior officer was standing at the head of the ladder watching the innocent antics of the animals. Claudia halted within a few yards of him and gazed spell-bound.

"Don't attract his attention," I hissed. "He'll demand our credentials and have us thrown overboard."

"Is it Admiral Beatty?" she asked in an awe-struck stage aside.

"I hardly think so," I whispered. "He's got his cap on too straight."

"They are frightfully alike, anyhow," Claudia went on. "The same eternal watchfulness, the same iron firmness of jaw that comes from years and years of unremitting silent service"—she smiled in the direction of the Sub-Lieutenant—"my goodness, I do *adore* blue-and-gold!"

The Sub flicked a thread off his sleeve, patted his tie, shot his cuffs and stepped towards us. His number was up.

"If you would care to see over the ship I shall be only too happy to show you round—ahem!"

Claudia beamed. That would simply be too frightfully thrilling. To explore a Dreadnought was the one thing she had been dying to do all her life. Oh joy! Oh bliss!

We processed forward, Claudia skipping gaily along in front prattling to the guide, followed by myself bearing her parcels, bag, rain-coat and Ting-a-ling the Peke; Uncle John bringing up the rear, short-sightedly tripping over things and stopping to apologise to them. We went everywhere and saw everything. I haven't the faintest idea where we went or what we saw, because our guide was too busy to explain.

Going, he was doing his darndest to persuade Claudia into dining and jazzing with him in Town some day; coming back his feelings had progressed somewhat, and he was imploring her to marry him on his next leave. By the time we had returned to the stern and the officers' dug-outs Claudia had promised faithfully to be his on November 3rd, always providing her family hadn't kidnapped her in the meanwhile or that she wasn't marrying somebody else on that day. A sun-blaze of gold braid, surmounted by a weather-carved humorous face, suddenly shone out from a curtained doorway. Claudia smiled at him. The humorous mouth twitched at the corners in response.

"For heaven's sake go easy," I implored; "it's the Captain, I believe."

"I'm going to thank him, then; it's only polite," said Claudia, and ran towards the sun-blaze. "We're most frightfully obliged to you for letting us come aboard your splendid ship; it's been too utterly gorgeous for words. I don't know when I've enjoyed myself more."

She let loose the full glowing radiance of her smile. "Thank you most frightfully."

His number was up.

"Delighted, I'm sure," he laughed; "but I shall be even more so if you'll come and have tea with me?"

Claudia flashed a "come along" signal over her shoulder at her Uncle John and myself and pranced inside the big stern cabin.

"It *is* the Captain?" I gasped.

"The bloke calls himself an Admiral as a matter of fact," grumbled the Sub, staring mournfully after Claudia. "Go ahead, he'll give you plum-cake, I daresay."

PATLANDER.



NELSONISING THE NAVY.

HOW TO READ A SIGNAL FROM AN ADMIRAL (D——D FOOL TYPE).

[Suggested frontispiece for the next edition of Lord FISHER's epoch-making volume.]

You pays your Money and you takes your choice.

"Powder freely from time to time. Never go out without your powder-puff. It is as necessary as a handkerchief."—*Daily Paper.*

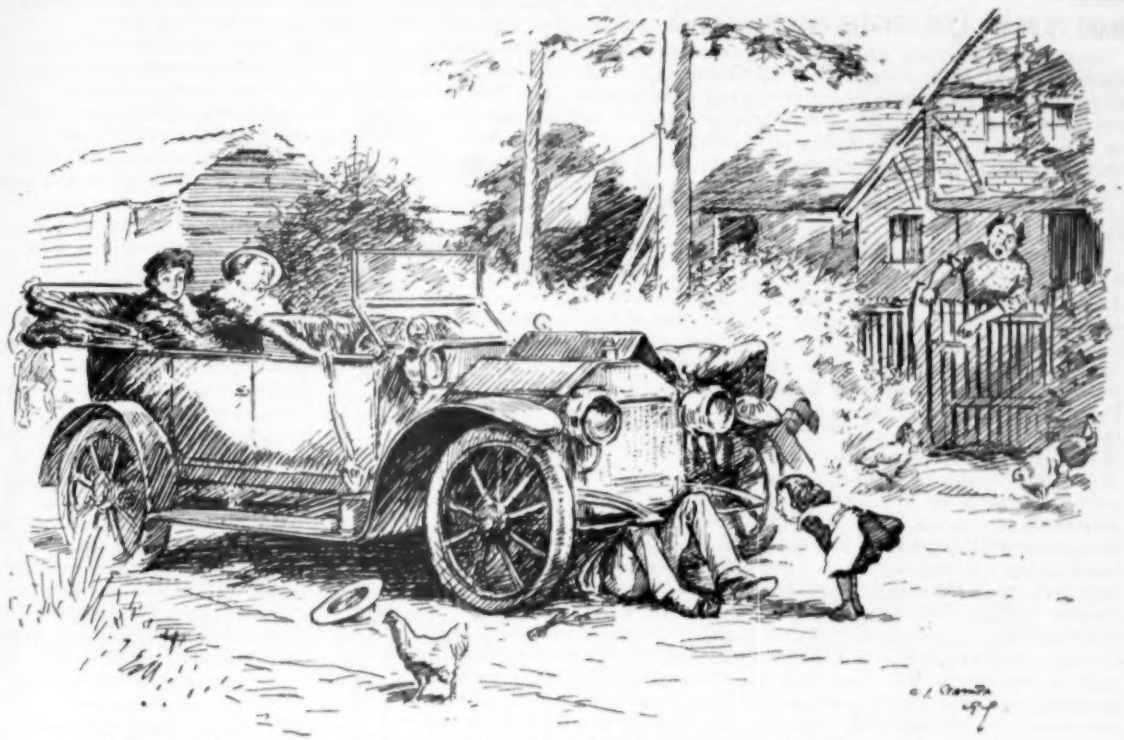
"NO POWDER NECESSARY.—Yes, powder has ruined more complexions than it has aided, and while you use it you can hope for nothing better than an imitation of a real complexion."
Same paper, same day.

"ALL ENGLISH KILLED ON THE PREMISES, Under the most Hygienic Principles and Cooled in the latest Cooling Chamber."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Still, we think the police should look into the matter.

"At —— Petty Sessions, Francis —— was fined 25s. for allowing his dog to be unmuzzled and for being at large without a collar."
Local Paper.

Dog-owners cannot be too careful about their toilet.



Cottager. "I'VE TOLD YOU TWICE TO COME IN, LIZZIE. IF YOU GET RUN OVER IT WON'T BE MY FAULT."
Owner of Car (from underneath). "OR MINE."

THE PROPHETEERS.

(With apologies to the Meteorological Office.)

IN some high mansion, I suppose,
The weather-men confront the stars,
Giving "the glass" tremendous blows
And drinking deep at isobars;
And, though I love the language of their art
And all those little arrows on the chart,
There is a thing that jars.

Is it the case that human brain
Can trace the heavenly secrets so,
The cyclones rushing round in Spain
Or bearing down on Pimlico,
And if we 'll want our flannels or our furs,
By simply studying barometers—
Can we believe it? No.

But I know ladies by the score
Whose hair, like seaweed, scents the storm;
Long, long before it starts to pour
Their locks assume a baneful form;
Ah, who has not with Muriel rejoiced
One morning when her hair was much less moist,
Meaning it *must* be warm?

And I believe, with brush and comb,
Some damsel in an inner shrine
Sits always at the prophet's home
While sages all around recline,
Or wait with reverence on the outer mat
Until in ecstasy she pins a plait
And shrieks, "It will be fine."

Then haste they to the great high-priest
And scribble down the mystic rune,
"An anti-cyclone, moving East,
Will stabilise conditions soon;
An inch of sunshine has occurred in Hants;"
Whereat the whole world puts on thinner pants
And practises the swoon.

But when they hear the Sibyl chant,
"All colourless, and feels like clay,
All straight and horrible—I can't
Do nothing with my hair to-day!"
Then write they down, "A deep depression runs
South-west from Iceland—secondary ones
Are busy in the Bay."

Think of the powers of that young girl,
And how much destiny must hinge
On whether she can get a curl
To come in her confounded fringe!
Ah, what, I wonder, would the nation do
Suppose one day she took a wet shampoo
Or went and had a singe!

And if at times the forecasts sing
Of heat and sun and anticyes
And we, in fact, get no such thing,
But rain enough to bust the dykes,
Well, even oracles are much like men,
And I suppose that that 's what happens when
The Sibyl simply strikes.

A. P. H.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A CERTAIN amount of premature speculation as to the future of the Crystal Palace has been indulged in by irresponsible publicists. Mr. Punch is in a position to assert authoritatively that the question has for some time past engaged the attention of the Ministry of Thrift, and that four schemes at present hold the field.

The first is that which is promoted by the Vegetarian Vigilance Society. As no fewer than seventeen experts claim the credit of having originated this plan, it is wiser not to mention any names. It is enough to state that the proposal is to convert the Crystal Palace into a gigantic forcing-house for the cultivation of tomatoes. The value of this product need not be insisted on. Whether estimated in calories or kilowatts, statically or dynamically, the tomato stands on the same level with the potato and the parsnip. The equipment of the building for its new purpose is calculated to cost not more than twenty millions sterling, apart from the wages of the gardeners, who would number about five thousand, and of the staff of experimentalists employed in research work into the by-products of the tomato, which is believed to contain radium in large quantities, as well as other elements of a sumptuous and saponaceous quality.

The second scheme, which is powerfully backed by Service men, is for the conversion of the greatest of glass-houses into a palace for the permanent residence of a national hero. Unfortunately there is a considerable divergence of opinion as to the choice of the hero, the Senior Service inclining to favour Lord FISHER, and the Junior, Lord FRENCH. A strong and increasing group, however, including representative men of both Services, aims at a compromise by which both of these eminent commanders should be accommodated under the same roof.

Thirdly, there is the scheme for converting PAXTON'S masterpiece into a Country Club and Rendezvous for all the members of the Order of the British Empire. An annual subscription of five guineas should ensure an income of five million pounds. The only serious objection to this scheme is that the Crystal Palace would require considerable enlargement to accommodate all the members of the Order, and that it might not be possible to meet this difficulty within the compass of the grounds available.

The fourth and last scheme is of a more modest character, but it has the support of a powerful and enlightened section of the Press. It is to make the Crystal Palace a great laboratory of Spiritualistic Research, under the triple direction of Sir OLIVER LODGE, Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, without definitely committing himself to the project, is believed to have expressed the opinion that in the circumstances it was deserving of careful consideration.

MIGRACIOUS.

THE non-migrating birds, you know,
They fret about the swallows so.
"Why ever need they go so far?
Why aren't they happy where they are?
Suppose these terrible migrations—
This wintering with other nations—
This gadding over land and sea
Should lower their vitality?
And then suppose they miss their way,
And *don't* they think they'd better stay?"
This flatters but does not convince
The gallant-hearted swallows, since
It seems with them an *idée fixe*
To fly and fly for weeks and weeks.
But still they think it very kind
That all the other birds should mind.
The swallows tell them not to fuss;
They say, "You leave it all to us.
We've done this thing a time or two
And, love you, we shall see it through."
But no, the kindly little birds
Are not to be put off with words.
They ponder as they lie awake
What things the swallows ought to take.
And, when one day they heard them cry,
"You mustn't trouble, by-the-by,
To cut us sandwiches, because
We cannot hold them in our claws;
We want to travel very light;"
The little birds were plunged in night.
For they had planned delicious things,
Tomatoes cut in little rings,
With cress and egg and caviare,
Because the swallows flew so far.
And now to let them wander wide
With only what they'd got inside!
From dusk to dawn they thought and thought,
And with the dawn they up'd and wrought.
On every telegraphic post,
Both inland and along the coast,
They balanced upon little pegs
Row after row of hard-boiled eggs,
All ready shelled—in sun and rain
They gleam like cups of porcelain
(You must have often seen them there
And doubtless wondered what they were).
The other birds arranged these rows
To tempt each swallow, as he goes,
To take a bite, a tiny sup,
To keep his little courage up.
And then they telegraphed to know
If they might trust in CLEMENCEAU
To organise and to finance
A sister scheme for use in France,
And got the Spaniards to prepare
Food at their castles in the air.
The trouble was that no one knew
Exactly where the swallows flew;
For swallows do not raise the topic
Of where they sojourn—just some tropic.
They never would confess it quite
Even to dear old GILBERT WHITE.

So much for inland strategy;
What of the salt estranging sea?

They went to BEATTY. Such a man
Might hit upon a helpful plan.
He begged them not to give up hope;
An omelette on the periscope,
He thought, would be the very thing
To catch the swallows on the wing.
"My submarines shall form a chain
From Dover to the tropic main,
And poke up-light repasts, with fruit,
At intervals along the route."
"BEATTY for ever!" cried the birds
In gratitude too deep for words.
They feel that they can sit at ease,
Since every swallow, should he please,
May tell himself as on he wends,
"I am remembered by my friends."

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"'The Father of Four' is right—corporal punishment given at any age with severity frequently leaves bitter memories behind."
Daily Paper.

How to Dispose of Your Parents.

"Long leave will be granted to Parents or Guardians (or their nominees) of all boys who apply for it from after . . ."—*Notice issued by Head Master of well-known Public School.*

Our Affable Aristocracy.

"The audience included the Duchess of —— and Lady ——, who motored from ——, and embraced a large number of lovers of music in the city and district."—*Local Paper.*

"BEDROOM Suits, oak and satin walnut."
Cape Argus.

Personally we prefer flannel.

"The Beecham Opera Company . . . will be at Covent Garden before the end of the month. Among the works to be added to the repertoire . . . are 'Parsifal and Delius,' 'Village,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and several other operas are mentioned as likely."
Daily Paper.

Including, we trust, "Daphnis and Debussy," "Strauss and Salome," and "Lucia di Leoncavallo."

"The old-time supper of Johnsonian fare . . . will be held at the Three Crowns Inn, where Boswell says he found Johnson 'monarchizing with no fewer than Three Crows over his royal brow.'"—*Daily Paper.*

JOHNSON was lucky. At his age most of us have to be content with their feet in our eyes.

WHY NOT LIVE IN THE COUNTRY?



When Mr. Smith lived close to town he found that the very gentlest of trots enabled him to catch the 8.40——



But now that he is living in the country——



he has to do this——



and this——



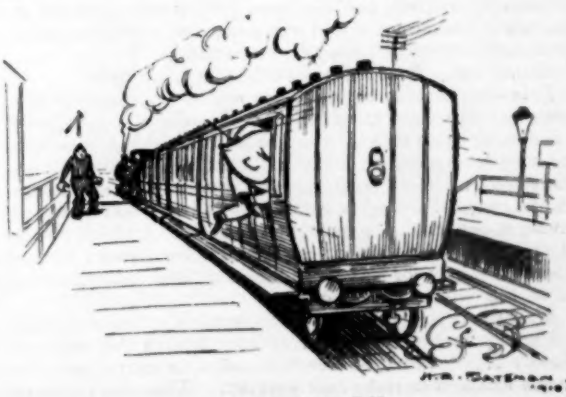
and this——



and again this——



if he wants to make sure——



of catching the 7.30.



Lady (who has purchased a ready-made dress at the local draper's). "TIRESOME THIS DRESS IS. THE FASTENERS COME UNDONE AS QUICK AS YOU DO THEM UP."

Cook (acting lady's-maid). "YES, 'M, THEY DO. THAT'S WHY I WOULDN'T HAVE IT MYSELF WHEN I TRIED IT ON AT THE SHOP THE OTHER DAY."

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THE PLIGHT OF BART'S.

SHALL the oldest London hospital be cramped in its merciful activities?—that is the question of the hour. For want of an additional flick to public generosity (on which, rightly or wrongly, all hospitals depend) shall the increased cost of life and the decreased value of money be allowed to curtail the great and noble work for which St. Bartholomew's—or Bart's—has been famous for centuries? Already the Convalescent Home at Swanley, which was opened so confidently in 1885, and has been dealing with patients at the rate of a thousand a year ever since, has had to be closed. Shall any further curtailments be permitted?

Surely not. That is Mr. Punch's hope and belief.

It is true that spare cash may not be too plentiful just now, and yet there must be no very serious lack of it in London, or there could not be the theatrical boom of which we have been hearing; there could not be such vivacity as the streets disclose. But even if it were rarer a small sum can be spared by most of us, and there is no better way of laying it out than in ensuring the continuance at full power of this famous institution; at, indeed, fuller power; for the hour has struck for certain re-buildings and enlargements, all in the interests of efficiency.

We owe it to old RAHERE, the monk who founded both the priory and the hospital as long ago as the reign of HENRY I.; it would be treachery, after so many years, to let his humane purpose lack support. When the doom of the monasteries was decreed by HENRY VIII., the hospital was separated and secularised and in 1547 granted a royal charter by that monarch, whose effigy still stands over the chief doorway facing Smithfield, providing for "the continual relief and help of an hundred sore and diseased," because of "great pity for the poor, aged, sick and impotent people." That this "great pity" of 1547 is not in 1919 an extinct emotion we now have opportunity to show.

There is only too much need for it, for this hospital, like so many others, has suffered by its very success. The more it helps, the more funds are needed; and while the "hundred sore and diseased" of 1547 have been multiplied out of all knowledge, the revenues of the hospital have gone down. To come to actual figures, the "hundred sore and diseased" of 1547 had grown by 1918 to sixty-eight thousand three hundred and ten. In 1914, before the War had begun to send up the price of everything, the hospital was costing £90,936 5*s.* 1*d.* a year, including the £3,500 a year for the maintenance of the Convalescent Home at Swanley. The present rate of expenditure is £122,308 9*s.* 7*d.*, and the Convalescent Home has gone. It is to make good a heavy deficiency, to re-open the Home, to build new accommodation for the nurses, and to ensure solvency, at any rate for the immediate future, that the appeal to the public is now being made—the first time that Saint Bartholomew has gone out hat-in-hand for a hundred-and-fifty years.

Mr. Punch is anxious to raise as large a fund as possible in aid of this great work, and earnestly begs his generous readers to address donations to The Secretary of *Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4.



IN AID OF "BART'S."

Mr. Punch. "YOU 'RE NOT USED TO BEGGING, MY DEAR, AND I AM. MAY I HAVE A BOX LIKE THAT, AND HELP?"

[It is one hundred-and-fifty years since St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whose urgent needs are set out on the opposite page, has appealed to the public for general purposes.]



Provincial Mayor. "HONORARIUM! WOT'S THE USE O' THAT TO 'IM? 'E CAN'T PLAY IT. LET'S GIVE 'IM FIVE POUNDS."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN (APPARENTLY) WANTS.

THE following is an attempt to reproduce the elusive style of those little "Home Talks about Hubby and How to Please Him" ("Hubby," it should be explained to the readers of *Punch*, is an endearing diminutive for Husband) which are a feature of every Woman's Page in every popular paper. The thing is not so easy as it looks, and the writer of this article is conscious that full justice may not have been done to the light-hearted spirit of unconscious banality which characterises these *causeries*:—

POT-LUCK.

When Hubby brings Home a Friend.

"How is it that your marriage is so happy?" friends often ask me in a puzzled way.

Let me give you the secret of this unusual condition. I always allow John perfect freedom to ask a friend in to a meal whenever he likes. Inconvenient? Not if you follow my plan. For example, John rang up the other evening to say he would be home to dinner in half-an-hour and was bringing a man with him to take "pot-luck." There was nothing in the house but some scrag-end of cold mutton and a herring; but I did not tell John this, as many wives might have done.

"Bring him along, dear," I said bravely; "I'll manage somehow." Then I hurried to the store-room and took down a tin of sardines, feeling the occasion justified this little extravagance of *hors d'œuvres*. For soup I tossed a quart of water into a saucepan, into which I flung all the little "leavings" and odds and ends which will collect in every larder. After bringing this gently to the boil I removed the foam and added a dash of disinfectant powder to give it a subtle indescribable flavour. I also added a *soupçon* of carbolic tooth-powder to produce an effect of lobster *bisque*.

I now took the herring, which I boned, folded, damped, pressed and ran lightly through the mangle, finally shaping it into dainty rissoles. I gave them a rich brown appearance by sprinkling lavishly with the disinfectant powder (of which I still had half a tin), and served them up with a sauce of ordinary boot-cream which is to be found in any house and is so useful in an emergency.

I next put the scrag-end of mutton through the mincer—it came out *Pâte d'Agneau de Galles*; at least that is how it appeared in the menu. Oh, yes, I had a menu, for that gives such *ton* to your pot-luck dinner. It ran as follows:—

Hors d'œuvres variés.
Bisque d'Homard.
Hareng brouillé. Béchamel Chaussures.
Pâte d'Agneau de Galles. Sauce Menthe.
Gateau de riz désinfecté.

It wasn't really a literal description of the scrag-end of mutton dish, but it read well, and the friend didn't know enough French to thrash the matter out. He left expressing his astonishment at what he termed a most appetising repast.

And John was so pleased at my resource and economy that he has promised to buy me the set of skunk for which I've languished for ages. So you see, although it often means a little extra trouble and ingenuity, it really pays to humour a man, doesn't it?

MELISANDE.



IN A DASHING HOCKEY CHARGE EX-SERGEANT THRUSTER SUDDENLY GETS THAT "OVER-THE-TOP" FEELING.

LOSSEERING.

By LOVELL BLAZER.

THE newspapers of late have been full of the working of the Profiteering Act. I have not a word to say against the principle involved—the protection of the consumer against the illicit rapacity of the manufacturer or retailer. But the prosecution of profiteers entirely fails to remedy another cruel abuse which has grown out of the opportunities of the War—I mean the penalising of the brain-worker, who, instead of being remunerated in proportion to the cost of living, has often earned less than in pre-war times, and at best has received a ludicrously inadequate bonus. Against the crimes of profiteers must be set the sufferings of those whom—in default of a better term—we may call the Losseers. And it is not a case of a few victims, to whom the maxim *De minimis non curat lex* might apply. *The name of the Losseers is legion.* In this distressful category must be included the entire class of novelists, male and female. With very few exceptions they kept their fountain-pens at full blast throughout the War. The price of paper was trebled, and that of ink was so prohibitive that *some of them at the time of the Armistice were seriously contemplating the terrible alternative of writing with their blood.* (It is impossible to discuss the subject without constant resort to the use of italics.) But with a self-sacrificing generosity that cannot be too highly commended they instructed their publishers, instead of asking twelve shillings a copy, as they were logically entitled to do, to be content at the outside with seven shillings, a sum which, as anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of war economics will readily admit, extinguished completely any possible margin of profit. *In other words our novelists were working gratuitously throughout the War.* And this in spite of the terribly severe handicap under which they were labouring by reason of the unfair competition of Truth with Fiction. This remark applies not only to novelists but to all purveyors of sensation.

Many tragic examples might be cited of those who found their occupation gone. *Several actresses with the most superb dental equipment were absolutely disregarded by the illustrated press.* The claims based on the intellectual and moral damage sustained by thousands of innocent people owing to the superior attractions of the War clamour for a Government Commission. It is invidious to particularise, but an exception must be made in favour of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, *who for more than four years was relegated to the unnatural obscurity of the ordinary individual,* tempered by a brief joy-ride at the Front, where his opportunities of self-expression were marred by the humiliating limitations which the wearing of khaki imposed on him.

There is also the ineffably piteous case of an Admiral of the Fleet who, never having received so much as a "Thank you" since the death of KING EDWARD, has been driven to journalism in his seventy-eighth year, much as SIMS REEVES, at the same age, was reduced to appearing at the Halls. We need not dwell on the *prima donna* whose periodical losses of her jewel-case were passed over unnoticed, or *the pianist whose capillary attractions ceased to enrapture his audience.* Enough has been said to show what an overwhelming case can be made out for the bestowal of liberal compensation on those who were cruelly penalised by the very conditions which furnished other sections of the community with an occasion for illicit gain.



Goat Enthusiast (to friend who is giving a helping hand). "TETHER IT HERE WHEN YOU 'VE FINISHED WHAT YOU 'RE DOING."

THE EVENING RITUAL.

(*By an Amateur of Warmth.*)

Now is the time of the memorial feast!
  Ye maidens all, put on your thickest things,
The furs provided by some faery beast,
  And do the buttons up and tie the strings.
Put on your jerseys and your mitts, ye boys,
  Ye elder lads your Anglo-Saxon warms,
    And let the bell give forth a solemn toll
  And make a circle of the hardest forms
About the fender (if I have that noise,
Alfred, I shall deprive you of your toys).
    Are we all ready? Jane, bring in the coal.

Not the big lump, my girl, the medium bit,
  And crown it with some beech-leaves from the lane,
And pour a spot of brandy over it,
  If we have any brandy; have we, Jane?
Let it be borne upon a pewter dish
  And lay it very reverently and slow
    On to the piece of wood, with hands devout,
  And light it till there comes a fitful glow.
Now every one of you may have a wish,
But do not breathe too loud, and do not swish
    Your petticoats, ye girls; it might go out.

And if you ask me what this rite is for
  And why we sit with hands and feet like ice,
I say the memory of the days of yore
  Demands a ceremonial sacrifice;
There was a time—you 'll read it in your books,
  You younger children—when a furnace shone
    In every English grate and no one groused,
  Before the lean and dreadful years came on;
Gay laughter echoed from the ingle-nooks
And every face reflected, pleased as cook's,
    The glory of illimitable froust.

Then politicians used to toast their toes
  And artists got their fame by brooding long
Over a dream of amber and of rose,
  And port was drunk and there was wassail song;
And that is why, although it gives no heat,
  We sit to-night before this tiny flame
    (See to it, Mabel, or the spark expires,
  So damp it is, so delicate and tame),
Lest we forget how, crimson as the beet,
Our great forefathers used to grill their feet
    In England, in the days when there were fires.

EVOE.

The Busy Bee.

"Quite recently, in a week's travelling in Sussex I did not see one hive. Near London, however, I saw three colonies going strong from the bus-top on a S.W. outer suburban bus route."—*Daily News.*

It is supposed that they were descending to investigate the vehicle's bonnet.

"Mr. —— declared that there was no sign of that 'comradeship of all classes' to which the Prime Minister had referred. There was no sign of the country being fit for horses to live in."—*Scotch Paper.*

A few asses, however, seem to find it congenial.

THE SOCIAL REFORMER.

I AM not the Social Reformer. I am that which is to be reformed. First, I had to be deprived of my money. This was found easy, for I have been more virtuous than the average of my fellows and have always been good enough not to earn much. The last remnant of my cash had been removed that very morning by the tax-collector. I write from abroad; perhaps you have not these things in England.

This process being finished, my reformation is to be completed first by depriving me of heat, next of food, next of movement, next of everything necessary to life, and next of everything else. The oppressed are then to rise and there is to be slaughter. I am not the oppressed; I am to be the slaughtered. When my body has been torn about a bit and my head has been fixed up on a high place in a central quarter where it may be relied upon duly to advertise the movement, and when my blood has been utilised for writing the great triumphal poster of *La Révolution*, then, if I read the leaders of that same *La Révolution* correctly, my reformation will be complete. *La Révolution* refers to me as a parasite; nay, worse, as a bourgeois. It also addresses me daily as its dear reader, whom it may count upon, when the day comes as come it must, to assist in the mauling of parasites and bourgeois. From time to time it announces the "zero" moment when we must all go over the top and engage in the great class war. I am a worker and I must fight for the rights of Labour. I am a parasite and I'm for it. Always anxious to do my duty, I have written to the Editor to ask which side I'm really on. The answer came that, owing to circumstances, the war was postponed, that my question could not be answered, pending the return of the Editor from his holiday in the mountains; that meanwhile my half-yearly subscription was overdue, and that in further default I should be subjected to the processes of the law. *Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

Meanwhile there is a tram from my village to the town, provided by a callous Government to prevent the honest working man using his legs. It is driven by a man between whom and me (*La Révolution* tells us) there is implacable hate. He pulls up every morning at my door, and every morning his parasite rides into town with him on his platform. This, of course, only pending the striking of the hour of "zero." There is generally a third of us: a sacred railwayman going to his work. Between him and me there is (*La Révolution* tells us) a bloody feud. I ought to do his work and he ought to have my house. He says he doesn't like my house because it looks damp. It is. However, we cannot blame *La Révolution* for that. *La Révolution* is going to put all that and everything else right. *La Révolution* will have to be very rich and very persistent.



THESE DEAR OLD LADIES, HAVING VISIONS OF A LAND OVERRUN WITH ESCAPING RODENTS, HAVE HIRED A CAPTIVE BALLOON FOR "RAT-WEEK."

La Révolution must have got to hear of these flippant tram-rides of ours, every morning, which, being a grave form of fraternisation, were extremely bad for the future of society. The Editor must hurriedly have paid his hotel bill (out of other people's half-yearly subscriptions), chartered a taxi to come up the mountains and fetch him home, and must have told people about it. Communications being cut between *La Révolution* and the parasite, owing to the small affair of outposts between us, I cannot be precise. Anyhow, this morning there was Another on the front platform with the driver and the railway man when the tram pulled up for me.

It was the Social Reformer in person. He wore a tram-man's cap, without which he might possibly not have been identified with Labour. However, perhaps his labour has been hard labour in its time, so it is not fair to insist on that. He wore civilian clothes, to show he had the right to belong to Society just as much as I had. He wore no collar or tie, thus demonstrating his independence; he carried an umbrella, thus demonstrating his moral superiority to the rest of us. He talked. He never stopped talking. He never had stopped talking. He said he never would stop talking. We gathered that he had plenty of time to spare for the purpose, since the brutal bourgeoisie would neither let him sleep nor eat, nor have a happy hearth whereat to sit with his family. I fancy that the same bourgeoisie had taken his family off him, and made out of its bodies tyres for their lavish motor cars. I could see that the mean bourgeoisie had stolen his razor and his soap.

When I got on the tram I think he had just been dissuaded from taking my house. This shows that *La Révolution* is right in encouraging the theory of irremovable hatred between me and the railwayman, who dissuaded him. But it made the Social Reformer suspicious of the railwayman, who knew so much about houses, and it tended to reduce him to the confusion under which we all are as to who is on which side, and why. One cannot postpone a promising war for the purpose of worrying over academic questions like that; so, whoever of us might be which, he went on with his speech. Though I was absent from the first half-hour of it I now know it all by heart. It was thus:—

"The middle class exploits our labour. It suppresses us; it makes us work, and it steals the produce of our labour." We thus learnt who had stolen his collar. "If the Parliament does anything to help us" (it had just halved the hours of working and doubled the rates of pay) "the middle classes try to undo it. It is always like that. It is their mentality. We shall have no justice while there are any middle classes. There must be class warfare to the finish."

The driver looked ahead of him and clanged his bell. There was no one in the way, but someone had to do something, if only by way of applause. The

railwayman, who generally displays no interest in the route, now helped the driver in looking ahead. I found myself, no doubt under the stress of the moment, also avoiding the Reformer's eye and assisting at the look-out. But the Reformer was not to be done in like that; he joined us on the look-out and began again on a new theme:—

"Must there not be class warfare to the finish? Shall we have any justice while there are any middle classes? Is it not their mentality? Is it not always like that? Do you deny that when the Parliament at last does anything to help us the middle classes try to undo it? The middle classes make us work and steal the produce of our labour. Should the middle classes be allowed to exploit us?"

The driver asked sulkily what the middle classes were doing to re-arrange the working hours and the pay? He had not been told about this. The Reformer explained fully:—

"The middle class exploits our labour. It suppresses us. It makes us work and it steals the produce of our labour. If the Parliament does anything to help us the middle classes try to undo it. It is always like that. It is their mentality. We shall have no justice while there are any middle classes. There must be class warfare to the finish."

The railway-man had now lost all interest in everything, including the road ahead. He was leaning out, gazing to the side and thinking of other things. For myself, I was not as excited as I had been. But the driver was all attention, because it is a driver's business to attend to things, and no man can be asleep and awake at the same time. The Reformer regarded himself as justified in developing his theme.

"And it all goes to show," said he, "that there must be class warfare to the finish." The driver clanged his bell.

"We shall have no justice whatever while there is a single middle class left. It is their mentality." The driver clanged his bell twice, and unnecessarily.

"If the Parliament does anything ever to help us . . ." The tram stopped with a bump.

"The middle classes completely undo it." The tram started with a jerk, which moved everybody. But it didn't move the Reformer. He finished his thesis, and then he gave us by way of appendix and glossary a complete explanation of the whole. This I am afraid I cannot tell you. You see, I haven't got you on a tram with me. I can only leave you to guess.

Topsy's MOTTO FOR THE TANKS.
"'Spec's I growed."



Best man (seeing couple off on honeymoon). "HERE YOU ARE—JUST A FEW MAGAZINES TO HELP PASS AWAY THE TIME."

ECONOMY AND THE EDITOR.

To me it seemed too good to waste,
The printed slip that told the tale
Of "great regret" with which he placed
My verses on the homeward trail;
I turned it o'er without ado
And on its bare back wrote my Opus 2.

I fondly hoped that he might say,
"Here is a patriotic bard;
Economy 's the game to-day,
And lo! he plays it good and hard;
I must reward this worthy lad."
And then would print the things, however bad.

Vain hope! My stuff came back last night.
Yet is there solace in the thought
That he had read the lesson right
My treatment of his leaflet taught;
His own frugality to show,
He 'd scrawled across the verses "P.T.O."

From a report of Mr. ASQUITH'S speech in honour of the ex-Editor of *The Daily News*:—

"I wish simply to say this, that Mr. Gardiner's creed—a creed to which I believe both you and I subscribe—has for its essence and its core an inexplicable belief in freedom (cheers)."—*Daily Paper.*

"And freedom shrieked" once more.

COVERED TRACKS.

THE Railway crisis was over, but my domestic difficulties remained as acute as ever. My coal-merchants were still forbidden to supply me with more than a hundred-weight of anthracite per week. As I had none in stock and depend entirely for warmth and cooking on a stove and kitchen-range which are considered economical marvels in that they consume only five hundredweight a week between them, it was obvious that the restricted allowance would be exhausted long before the end of the second day. On representing this to the local Fuel-Controller I found him powerless to make any order, but was recommended to interview the Coal-Controller at the Holborn Viaduct Hotel, to which I went at once.

On arrival I was directed to an office, where a pair of unfledged flappers in yellow over-alls informed me that the Coal-Controller was at the Hotel Windsor. I hurried to Westminster accordingly, reached the colossal portico of the Hotel Windsor, and at the top of a flight of steps a fatherly hall-porter, entrenched behind a long counter, requested me to write my name and business on a slip of paper; why, I don't know, unless as a test of my powers as a précis-writer, for he did nothing with it when it was finished.

Following his instructions, I went up two storeys to a door numbered 501. Here, on describing my urgent need of anthracite to a female clerk, I was referred to "No. 553," at the other end of the corridor, where another female clerk assured me that a certain Mr. Budger, of whose precise whereabouts she had no knowledge, was the proper person to whom to apply. So I went downstairs again and consulted the hall-porter, who was as fatherly and helpful as ever; I had only to go up the steps on the other side of the hall and, if I knocked at the glazed door he indicated, I should see Mr. Budger. I did knock at that door, but the clerk who opened it was not Mr. Budger's, nor, it appeared, had that particular office any connection whatever with coal-mines. However, he directed me to the room at the end of an adjoining passage which Mr. Budger occupied, so I was distinctly getting warm. But I did not see Mr. Budger, and even if I had it would not have helped me much, as he did not happen to be the Coal-Controller, who, I was told, had moved back that very morning to the Holborn Viaduct Hotel.

There seemed nothing for it but to follow his example. After returning there I was not directed again to the room with the unfledged flappers, but sent up in the lift to the fifth floor to another numbered door. Here, in an office simply furnished with a desk and table, another female clerk asked me to write my name and business in a book, with which she disappeared. When she returned presently without the book and with an invitation to follow her, I felt that I was very near the Presence. She conducted me to another room, which I entered unperceived, as the official, who was presumably the Coal-Controller, was engaged with other callers. I gathered from the conversation that, whatever their suit might have been, it had been granted, which was most encouraging. But they were some time in explaining to him exactly why they had thought it better to come round and talk it over personally, and a longer time still before they had exhausted their expressions of gratitude and taken their leave. Then at last I was alone with the Controller and free to impart my troubles to him.

From the first moment I had felt that he was the kind of man I could get on with. He was smoking a pipe; there was a genial twinkle in his eye; he had a comfortable fire—in short he was a human being who could feel for the fireless. No one could have listened more sympathetically, and I was convinced that my cause was as good as gained. And it might have been but for the fact that he controlled something else and had no jurisdiction whatever in such matters as mine.

This would have been a serious set-back if he had not kindly offered to put me in touch with the proper authority and conducted me himself down another corridor to a door, outside which he asked me to wait a few moments. I waited hopefully, for I knew he was in there preparing the way for me, and I had only to go in and win. After a while he reappeared and intimated that I could now enter. When I did I was charmed by the courtesy with which I was received, though not surprised, for I had already discovered that the control of coal resembles Art in its tendency to "soften manners and not suffer them to become ferocious."

I took a seat opposite the Chief Official, and once more I told my sorrowful tale. By this time I had begun to get a trifle tired of it myself, but of course it was new to *him*, and I had an impression that I was telling it more poignantly than ever and making a really powerful appeal to his better feelings, so that I was all the less prepared for his making an appeal to mine. If, he pointed out, some persons were allowed a whole ton of anthracite other persons would have to go without altogether—which gave me a guilty sense of being a sort of anthracite hog. It was not till after the interview that I remembered that practically it was I who was in the position of going without. Anyhow, he made it quite clear that, for the present at all events, no exception to the rules could possibly be made; after which he invited me to come and see him again, and gave me his card, from which I discovered later that he was not the Coal-Controller after all, but only an Inspector.

Even then I had not lost all hope of running the Coal-Controller to ground in time. At least I did not lose it till the next day, when I read in the paper that he had resigned his position. It is painful to think he was so determined to evade me as all that. F. A.

THE LURE OF THE LIBRARY.

[A certain reverend Canon who, if he will pardon the omission, shall be nameless, has expressed the opinion that the modern novel has a direct tendency towards making people immoral.]

GENTLE reader, beware an insidious snare!
'Tis an eminent Canon's conviction
That the risk to be run is a serious one
If you delve into present-day fiction;
When you hear of the case of a deacon's disgrace
(Picking pockets) it 's safe to conclude his
Nefarious act was inspired by the fact
That he pays a subscription to MUDIE'S.

All the flappers who gloat over GARVICE, you 'll note,
Become the most shameless of creatures;
Those who wallow in WELLS one quite easily tells—
Greed and guile are writ large on their features;
And the bad-tempered brute whose persistent pursuit
Is to pound his poor wife to a jelly
Might be much more subdued if he only eschewed
The confections of CAINE and CORELLI.

From the telling of fibs to the cracking of cribs
One is led by the study of KIPLING;
After quite a brief spell of Miss ETHEL M. DELL
The staunchest Teetote takes to tippling;
I myself by the beak was admonished last week;
In a moment of murderous frenzy
I abruptly laid out three policemen—no doubt
I was wrong to read COMPTON MACKENZIE.



"Mummy, I can't understand about that cow. When I tried to milk it just now, there wasn't any in it."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The voice of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman sounds out of the past with an effect of old friendship singularly agreeable; the story too with which he breaks an over-long silence is one that will have for many a topical appeal. When every morning brings its Daily Herald of fresh unrest, and when the industrial outlook recalls the deathless epigram of the *Red Queen*, addressed to *Alice*, "The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours," it is well for us to be reminded that the picturesque had also their social problems, and that the ruin of England is a catastrophe periodic rather than ultimate. All I mean by this is that *The Great House* (Murray) deals with the tumultuous forties, when Peel turned repealer and plunged the country into the chaos of the Corn Law elections. Very skilfully does Mr. Weyman use this background of political passion to emphasize the dignified, essentially aristocratic development of his plot, an affair of disputed title seen through the eyes of a girl, herself the niece of one claimant and the betrothed of the other. Perhaps it may strike you that, for circles so aloof, Mr. Weyman is at times a thought melodramatic in his machinery—missing documents, for example. It was what I venture to call Lord Audley's Secret that they contained, bricked up in the muniment-room of his uninhabitable Great House; a paper—but I will leave it undisturbed. In any case its revelations will, I fancy, interest you less than the pictures of English country life in a dramatic hour, drawn by a hand that has lost nothing of its old sympathy or cunning.

It is long since I read a volume that more continually trembles on the edge of fascinating indiscretions than the one Mrs. Stuart Menzies has entitled *Sir Stanley Maude and Other Memories* (Jenkins). Our hero of Baghdad figures with reasonable prominence in the first fifty pages or so, but afterwards the writer launches boldly and with self-confessed happiness on a stream of varied personal reminiscences which become with almost every page more free and intimate. And certainly the book improves as it flows on. Only for convention's sake, it would seem, is the current ever interrupted by the conclusion of a chapter, for as often as not a subject crosses swimmingly from one to the next. Chapter iii., for instance, which includes remarks on pig-sticking, official red-tape, the present whereabouts of Enver Pasha, and an offending gentleman now in high position, of whom the writer hopes that he will see this and be sorry, shares the story of an Afghanistan border incident with Chapter iv., which deals amongst other things with hospitalities in Ceylon, a Viceroy's popular wife and an air-raid story that will by no means bear repetition. At first one was apt to be irritated by a tendency to lay down the law *ex cathedra*, but, after all, this is a lady's privilege, and when an author is brave enough to speak of a foreigner as "moving her arm after the fashion of the cylinder on the wheels" (with allusion probably to a railway engine), who will dispute her claim to further technical proficiency, in politics, say, or strategy? But all else is quite subordinate to her main theme—stories of the Great. It seems that with the most charming garrulity in the world she can relate anecdotes almost too personal about everybody of inside importance in Europe—particularly Russia—and this too, from time to time, with real literary skill and with grammar nearly always equal to the occasion.

If you should contemplate sending Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson a Christmas present may I suggest *Wine and*

Spirits, The Connoisseur's Textbook (DUCKWORTH) as a suitable gift? He will probably learn from it a lot of things that have escaped him, including the fact that peoples who wilfully deprive themselves of alcoholic refreshment, like the Saracens and the Chinese, get passed in the race by the bibbers of alcohol. In the author's case it cannot be said that when the wine is in the wit is out. Mr. ANDRÉ L. SIMON writes from evidently wide knowledge and with sustained vivacity, and has produced an appetising blend of history, science and epicureanism very pleasant to the palate. Save that for reasons obvious but perhaps hardly convincing he has said practically nothing of the vintages of Germany or Austria—must a patriotic Briton never savour Hock or Tokay again?—there is little in the way of fermented liquor that his discriminating pen has left untouched and unadorned. The chapters on Claret, Port and Champagne are especially illuminating. The author assures us that France was twice saved by her sparkling wine—first in 1914, when the German invaders drank themselves to a standstill, and again in 1918, when the order to evacuate Rheims was actually given by the French High Command, and was only not carried out because the garrison refused to obey it and swore they would fight to the last bottle.

In *Yashka* (CONSTABLE) MARIA BOTCHKAREVA, Commander of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death, has, through the pen and temperament of ISAAC DON LEVINE, an American Russian-Jew, given an account of her life and work. It is a book that cannot be satisfactorily reviewed; it must be read. Anti-Tsarist romancers of the old blood-and-bomb school never set down things so terrible as happen in every chapter of this unreticent autobiography. One cannot help putting the question, "Is it all true?" Of many of the details I confess I am (unreasonably) sceptical, but the most dramatically remarkable happenings are matters apparently of history. She enlisted by direct permission of the TSAR and served with conspicuous bravery in the line and on patrol work; was wounded, taken prisoner and rescued; later, after the Revolution and amid the deplorable fraternisations and vacillations of the KERENSKY régime, she organised, with the approval of RODZIANKO, president of the then existing Duma, the famous Battalion of Death. Gazetted lieutenant (acting colonel) by KORNILOV and KERENSKY, she personally led her regiment into action and successfully resisted, at the peril of her life, the general order which established committee government in the army, at one time coaxing her "children" with the patience of a mother, at another belabouring and reviling them with the zeal of the most truculent of sergeants. Embroidered narrative or plain tale, this book of the Russian Joan of Arc should not be missed by anyone working upon the Russian riddle.

Despite the fact that Mr. A. SAFRONI-MIDDLETON has already several South Sea books to his credit, I think it would hardly be unfair to call his pen still that of an unready (or rather, perhaps, unpractised) writer. His latest volume, *Gabrielle of the Lagoon* (GRANT RICHARDS), is an essay in Romance, which reveals him as more familiar with the scenes described than furnished with the technique to "make a story" of them. Thus his Pacific setting is altogether real and admirable; his transcriptions of places and types, of rum-drinking skippers, of chiefs, or of that sometimes highly objectionable product, the native "convert," have all the actuality of experience. But *Gabrielle* herself, daughter of a drunken trader and a half-caste woman, whose strain of island-blood impels her to wild bursts of dancing, and whose relations with the hero and (a more strenuous wooing) with the horrid *Macka* supply the heart-interest of the story—frankly, I thought her native air was less like the Tropics than Shepherd's Bush. Anyhow, it is *Macka's* infatuation, her abduction by him and their pursuit, surely in remarkably leisured fashion, by the hero and his supporters, that make out the volume. Incidentally also this scheme furnishes occasion for any number of detached episodes by the way, each of them, perhaps too obviously, quite as interesting to the narrator as the never specially absorbing intrigue, and is indeed not free from the suspicion of providing a welcome relief from it. Clearly, a lot of learning is a dangerous thing—when it gets in the way of art. However, treated as a travel- rather than a tale-book, there is no reason for your finding *Gabrielle of the Lagoon* other than a capital entertainment, combined with palatable instruction.



THE GREAT INVENTORS.

AN ARCHITECT OF ANTIQUITY, COMMISSIONED TO DESIGN AN AMPHITHEATRE, TAKES A HORSE'S HOOF AS A MODEL FOR THE AUDITORIUM.

Secrets of Animal Life (MELROSE), if it affects you as it did me, will at once convict you of ignorance and stimulate a desire to correct it. Without in any way writing down to his public Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON has in these papers, which are reprinted from *The New Statesman*, chosen his subjects so carefully and dealt with them so discreetly that even those who have no taste for Natural History may be advised to study them. If they find some words which convey little or no meaning to them, they will also discover a fund of information which they can hardly fail to appreciate. There are forty short studies in this volume, the first ten of which deal with individual animals. To me these are the pick from a richly filled basket; but such essays as those on "Rejuvenescence" and "The Biology of Twins" fairly and squarely held me in their grip. I am not sufficiently learned to know how valuable these papers may be to experts, but I can say that they have not only added to my knowledge of Natural History but have spurred me to a keen desire to increase it.

The Expert.

"Jack ——, having been demobilised from H.M. Forces, is now open to slaughter any pigs in the district."—*Local Paper.*

"Sir Edward Carson and Mr. J. Devlin—who are all that are left of the Nationalist leaders."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Sir EDWARD *will* be pleased.

CHARIVARIA.

"There are scientific questions," said Sir OLIVER LODGE recently, "that will never be answered." One of these was recently propounded by the Basuto chief, who, after listening to the House of Commons for an hour, asked what it was for.

***

"Motoring," says a technical journal, "takes a man's mind off his work completely." It certainly has had that effect on many pedestrians.

***

The Westminster Profiteering Committee is considering whether one-and-sixpence is an excessive charge for the Mons ribbon. It is hoped that the present cost of securing O.B.E.'s will also be stabilized.

***

A plumber who left home in 1912 and had not been heard of since has just returned. He told his wife that it was the worst bath-pipe leak he had ever tackled.

***

We understand that after a perusal of Lord ROTHERMERE'S articles Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has decided to please himself.

***

A correspondent from Darlington, writing to a contemporary, says he could make a poem about the POST-MASTER-GENERAL'S promise of better telephone service. We feel, however, that he should give Mr. ILLINGWORTH another chance.

***

"RITA" suggests that there should be no income-tax on brain-earned salaries of four hundred pounds. It would be interesting to know how M.P.'s would be affected by this scheme.

***

The Sunday Express publishes a photograph of a South Pacific cannibal chief who ate his mother-in-law. In England, of course, this would be illegal, however great the provocation.

***

Currants are now much cheaper, and it is reported that the quantity used in railway buns is to be doubled in future. This should mean two in every bun.

***

A man told the Thames magistrate last week that, as he had the worst cold in London, he took a glass of whisky and it made him drunk. There may have been such a cold, but there certainly is no such whisky.

***

As no further earthquake shocks have been felt at Reading it is thought that the resident who had been endeavouring to recite one of Lord FISHER'S chapters has wisely refrained from repeating the attempt.

***

A lecture on "Ice Cream, Past, Present and Future" was announced for delivery last week at the Farringdon Street Memorial Hall. We are not sure that this sort of thing will greatly help the present Anglo-Italian relations.



Wife of Editor of "Hogley Beacon" (stung by breakfast complaints). "THE CONTROLLER WON'T ALLOW YOU MORE THAN ONE RATION OF BUTTER, LANCELOT, THOUGH YOU *MAY* CALL YOURSELF 'WE' IN YOUR LEADING ARTICLES!"

An aeroplane, in attempting to fly from London to South Africa, met with an accident and crashed in Southern France. The pilot and observer were uninjured, but two migratory birds which were travelling as stowaways received a very severe shaking.

***

A father gives it as his opinion that if the voice of a year-old child grew in the same proportion as its owner the telephone would no longer be necessary in this country.

***

According to a Nature Journal a new species of snail has been discovered at Fryerning, in Essex. We are glad to learn that it will not attack passers-by unless provoked.

***

"I can hardly remember the time," stated a speaker at the Leather Fair, "when a boot or a shoe really felt like leather." Smith minor advances the opinion that a childish disease at the age of twelve must have had loss of memory as one of its *sequelæ*.

***

A Welsh parson, fined for catching young salmon in the Wye, told the Court that he thought they were dace. This is the sort of thing that makes the really artistic fish-story seem scarcely worth while.

***

Two white men who have been marooned on Christmas Island for eighteen months were brought off by the battle cruiser *New Zealand*. We understand that several disinterested profiteers have offered to slip out and keep an eye on the place until the financial crisis is past at home.

***

Another curious case is reported from Whitehall. Last Tuesday a Government official woke up from his work to find that he wasn't one.

***

Charged with stealing a motor-car, an Irishman is reported to have blamed a policeman. It seems that he asked a policeman the way to Streatham, and the officer said, "Take the car at the end of the road." And he did.

***

"No sooner had I shaken hands with Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON," says a contemporary's correspondent, "than he said, 'Nice day.'" Nice day for what? most people are anxiously asking.

***

"There is likely to be an Autumn boom in poetry," says Mr. GALLOWAY KYLE. And we remember the time when Mr. KYLE used to be an optimist.

***

Berlin has just opened an asylum for aged men who have no wives. Why nothing is done for men whose wives are still alive is a mystery.

***

"Black-and-white dress bows," says a fashion writer, "will be the novelty of the season." But surely they are no novelty. We have often seen waiters wearing them.

***

Scotland Yard has established a Press Bureau. Well-known burglars who desire their movements to be fully reported should give two-hours' notice to the Chief Inspector.

THE BETTING CLASSES.

WHEN in the street a plutocrat appears
  Moting in fur who used to tramp in shoddy,
"He also is among the profiteers;
  Jam was his line," we say, "or boots or toddy;"
But only those (class-hatred at their heart)
  Whose loose indictments no mere facts may trammel,
Regard this object as a breed apart,
    A special type of mammal.

Is there a "class" that, from the general loss,
  Made gain in these late times so dark and troubled?
"Labour"'s the only one I've come across
  Which, *as a class*, has had its income doubled;
While other workers bore as best they might
  The fate that fixed them with a cold-as-stone eye,
"Labour" alone in war-time claimed the right
    To strike for bigger boni.

And got 'em; yes, and got by threat of force,
  In spite of wicked "autocrats" like GEDDES,
Margin enough to back a daily horse,
  Of which they barely know which end the head is;
And leisure, too, from toil to scan the screeds
  Penned for their evening prints by sporting scholars,
And learn on which of many likely steeds
    To plank (and lose) their dollars.

I would not breathe the faintest note of blame;
  All men are free to have their little vices;
Let them by all means play the mug's own game
  And back their fancies at the starting-prices;
Still, it is strange that "Labour" loves to speak
  Hard words of profiteers, yet never rages
Against the bookie-man, grown fat and sleek
    With wolfing poor men's wages! O. S.

BEARD CULTURE.

NOT long ago one of Mr. Punch's contributors was concerned about the question where people went to grow their beards. I shall doubtless arouse the indignation of innumerable beards-men by taking this step, but the secret has been kept long enough, and with demobilisation and the end of the tyranny of the mere moustache, the time has come to give the answer. Here it is: *The Caspian Sea.*

One can imagine beards bristling with wrath when their owners read this, and a flood of disclosures pouring forth in the usual strain: "SIR,—Not only have you made light of the Freemasonry of the Beard, but you have told a deliberate lie. I for one grew mine in my own back garden." Or, "SIR,—Authoritative though your statement may be, I beg to bring to your notice the following statistics, collected by myself from unimpeachable sources, which would tend to show . . ." So we will modify the sensational announcement and merely say, "*All the best beards are grown in the Caspian.*" Of that I admit no denial. I grew my own there.

Being on the wrong side of the Caucasus, I permitted myself a certain amount of originality as to style. At first, of course, there is no style about it. It is simply a case of making the most of what one has. From the Sandpaper Stage one progresses to the Harris Tweed Period, and from thence by easy stages to the Penwiper Epoch. Then it is—oh, joyous day!—that the growth first interferes with tea-drinking and allied industries.

After that, time drags and the faint-hearted begin to say, "A whole month since I last shaved, and three more before I'm fit to look at. I'm going to have it off." They do, and think they have finished with it. Next morning they have to shave again. But the brave, who include myself, carry on, and soon comes the joy of standing before a glass with a pair of scissors, hunting eagerly for something to trim. Now, too, one can gauge one's peculiarities and plan accordingly. To one comes the revelation that side-whiskers are his only suit; to another, imperialism; to another, influenced by local colour, that the Russian style is the goods; and so on, each according to the disposition of the fertile areas of his face.

Personally I found a tendency on the part of the growth on the sides of my chin to outstrip that of the area in between, but a little cultivation produced a spade-like effect, which with careful training gradually developed the manner of the true Assyrian school, as exposed in the more expensive bas-reliefs. Day by day it grew and flourished, until ASSHUR-BAN-I-PAL himself (whose name sounds Assyrian, anyhow) might have been proud of it. I was even saving up to buy a row of beads to string across the end, though this was, I believe, optional in Assyria.

Then came evacuation and prospects of a disguised home-coming; but some of us fell by the wayside, and the Black Sea claimed me for its own. On first coming on board my new ship I was treated with the respect due to my apparent years, but the tell-tale things round my arm soon gave the show away. The beard had to come off.

I turned out and did the deed early last Sunday morning with the ship's office scissors. Having herded my departed glory into an envelope, I started to shave and to consider how to dispose of such a valuable relic.

It was no use asking advice, for it would only produce suggestions, of doubtful age and humour, that I should stuff cushions with it, use it as barbed wire, and so forth. My own idea was to send it to a taxidermist and have it mounted. It should be my super-souvenir, and in the days to come, when my children should gather round my knee and ask the inevitable, "What did you do in the German-American war, daddy?" I should unlock the top left-hand drawer and deftly affix the great relic to my original chin.

It is only by impressing on our children the real horrors of war that the future peace of the world can be secured.

But all the time I was shaving I had an unpleasant feeling in the back of my mind that I had overlooked something, and suddenly it came to the surface. I was in His Majesty's service; so then was my beard. It was a hard revelation, but once I was reconciled to it my course was plain. I sealed up the envelope and marked it "Beard." Then I attached a note addressed to the proper authority—"SIR,—It is requested that the attached beard may be discharged from H.M. service, services no longer required, and may be disposed of in the manner most advantageous to the Crown. History-sheet herewith."

So if you buy one of those lists of Government stores for sale, and see, just below "Beach-jobs, soft," an entry, "Beards, hand, second; style Assyrian, one," you will know all about it.

"THIS MORNING'S WEATHER FORECATS."—*Daily Paper.*

It looks as if "PUSSYFOOT" had got hold of our weather, but we doubt if he will make it "all-dry."

"Anthem 'Inflammatus' (From Starboard Martyr) *Rossini.*"
Canadian Church Calendar.

In crossing the Atlantic ROSSINI's famous oratorio appears to have undergone a sea-change.

"No retailer may sell butter of any kind dispose of their own butter to any customer are deposited with him. Farmers may, however, unless they are registered as retailers, sent at the Phœnix Park Races this afternoon."—*Irish Paper.*

We are now awaiting the result of the Butter Selling Plate.



HERCULES AT HOME.

Prime Minister (*to faithful attendant*). "WHAT'S THE NEXT LABOUR?"

Mr. Bonar Law. "WELL, IF YOU 'LL FORGIVE MY HUMOUR, THERE ARE THESE LLOYD-GEORGEAN STABLES THAT WANT CLEANING OUT."



Bill (from the cart). "BUT, GEARGE, YOU SHORLY BAIN'T GOIN' TO CINEMA WI'OUT FIRST CLEANIN' OOP A BIT?"
Gearge. "YER DOAN' 'AVE TER—YER SITS IN THE DARK."

THE DISPOSAL OF JUGG.

ACCORDING to his history-sheet Jugg is a born sailor of fifty-four years and fifty-five inches. In the presence of a Warrant Officer he may be further identified by:—

(1) True Lover's knot . .	Left forearm.
(2) Sea Serpent (couchant)	Right ditto.
(3) Royal Naval crest . .	Back, upper.
(4) Allied Flags	Chest, centre.
(5) A Mole	Ditto, upper.

His chief qualification is an ability to raise a shine on brass, and by vigorous movements emanating from the elbow keep it there. He is also a gunner.

Jugg came to our squadron in the days when warfare had been reduced to a minimum. The reputation of our own particular squadron in the air, combined with the presence of a prince of royal blood who languished as prisoner in the luxurious lounge of the local lunatic asylum, proved quite sufficient to keep the Gothas away, and beyond an occasional air patrol known as "Bathers' Protection," and a periodical Tally-Ho in assorted aircraft after a stray mine capable of moving three thousand tons three hundred feet in any direction, the War had developed into a very slow business for us. Our solitary gun, which had been installed in the early days to raise the native *moral* and had stayed on in a state of continual jam, had long ceased to regard the War as anything worth coming out of its tarpaulin about.

It soon became apparent, however, that Jugg would never settle down to our way of looking at things. In the first place he told the Duty Officer his gun needed cleaning, and it would probably need cleaning again in the second place, too. This took a week to begin with. At the end of the second week he had sacked his assistant gunner for want of enthusiasm and painted the gun-pit grey throughout. By the middle of the third, everything dangling had been pipeclayed, and at the commencement of the fourth—a sunny week—his brasswork had winked the local lighthouse into obscurity and received signalled confidences from every sea-going ship within the ten-mile radius.

The fifth week of Jugg's reign opened with a bit of variety by bringing the neighbouring Admiral across. He was old and non-submersible, and, paddling over in a drifter (flying washing fore and aft), he bumped our buoy and skilfully pitched himself from deck to dry sand, rising in time to acknowledge the sentry's salute. He did not stay long, and his words, few but notable, gave fear to the brave at heart and courage to the very deaf. The impression we gathered from his visit was that, if we did not sprinkle our brasswork with grey paint, he would probably be holding a private shoot at our expense at the first available dawn.

The following morning we set about dismantling the gun. Jugg himself was missing. He continued missing throughout the day, but early in the evening the shore guard, who had spent an exciting afternoon leaning against the barbed-wire and lending the third button of his tunic as a touching-point in some children's races, summoned us to the telephone. He said that his attention had just been attracted by the strange conduct of a man answering to Jugg's description walking along the edge of the cliff. On his challenging the man, who appeared to be throwing sea-shells into the air and shouting "Bang" at intervals in a loud voice, the fellow had suddenly pulled up and without warning jumped over the edge of the cliff

and into the sea. Without delay our salvage party, which occasionally accepts spells of duty and invariably has to be rescued by another salvage party, jumped into patent unsinkable waistcoats and wound themselves up into Air Force cravats and set off. It was not until midnight that they returned, wet and unanimous that Jugg had satisfactorily disposed of himself and was drowned. And on the morrow men learned the news and went about their work with smiling faces, and in the evening the canteens were filled with happy laughter.

However, one bright morning in the summer of this year, Suzette, who has been up to no good since she was a puppy, went along the cliff to look out a bone she had buried the week previous, and there she made a startling discovery. It appears she was burrowing at her accustomed depth near an old shack and suddenly unearthed Jugg. She found him alive and sitting on a box extracting sardines from a tin with a pen-nib. Of course no one with any sense of proportion would have taken Jugg for a bone, but Suzette did. Gripping him between her teeth she hastened down the cliff and, making a direct point at the C.O., who happened to be passing, she laid Jugg at his feet.

The C.O., who was new and had never seen Jugg, earthed or unearthed, before, ordered him to be demobilised. Perkins, a procrastinator and ambiguous juggler with speech, being demobiliser, replied that, although the man Jugg was clearly alive, he had found on searching his records that he was officially dead also, and therefore could not be demobilised, and his disposal as a corpse could only be proceeded with on instructions from the Lost Property Office or the Admiralty.

And now things have come to a pretty pass. The Admiralty (of London) have suddenly decided that Jugg is their property and it is their duty to dispose of his body in correct sailor fashion. For our part we have wired and telephoned full facts in every language from Esperanto down to Erse, and the M.O. now remains as our last resource. It appears he is at present engaged in making a cinematograph film of X-Ray plates showing Jugg's heart ticking over on full "revs."

Meanwhile things are moving apace. Yesterday a stalwart body of armed Marines, accompanied by officer and blank cartridge, arrived on the scene. A little later they were followed by

(1) Some sailors.
(2) A naval band with covered drums.
(3) A ship's carpenter with coffin.
(4) A padre.
(5) Twelve wreaths.

We have tactfully measured Jugg for his coffin and reported to the sailors all correct. We have bought our wreaths, and of course, if the M.O. fails us at this point, nothing will remain but for someone to put Jugg out of his misery.



She. "I see they've been killing thousands of bats."
He. "Bit drastic, isn't it?"
She. "What—*rats*?"
He. "Oh, I thought you said W.R.A.F.S."

HALLOW-E'EN.

(*October* 31.)

The Rose-Walk, Mount Merrion.

If you should be abroad to-night
And choose the rose-walk for delight,
Who knows but you may chance to meet
Her ladyship on silent feet—
A swish of skirts, a scent of musk,
A flitting shadow in the dusk.

She will not stir the fallen leaves
Nor brush you with her silken sleeves;
Her little buckled shoes will pass
And never bend one blade of grass;
Only a gleam of powdered hair
Will show my lady pacing there.

What dreams she dreamt here long ago,
What hopes sped with her to and fro,
What wistful memories, what tears
In her withdrawn and widowed years,
Perhaps the last red rose could tell,
But roses keep their secret well.

Each Hallow-E'en she flits again
By starlight through her old domain,
A happy phantom come to see
The gardens of her memory;
To-night we are but trespassers;
The rose-walk and its past are hers.

A Prodigy.

"Will Lady adopt Baby Girl, 2 weeks old? Efficient in every way."—*Daily Paper.*



THE POST-WAR PROCTOR AND BULL-DOGS.

WHAT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ARE EXPECTING TO SEE AS A RESULT OF THE LARGE EXTENSION OF THE RESIDENTIAL AREA.

AN OLD MAID.

THE advanced age of Miss Priscilla Callender (who was one hundred and eighteen at the time of her death a few weeks ago) was by no means her only title to respect. From the introduction of the penny post until late in QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign she had been the postmistress of Ewehurst; and after her retirement, which was celebrated by a public testimonial and a sale of stamps unexampled in village history, she became a classical instance of the longevity of civil servants in general and of annuitants in particular.

"I was born in the year one," Miss Callender was accustomed to say with pardonable pride; and the nineteenth century was never paid a sincerer compliment. Her centenary, in honour of which she received several Royal messages, will be comparatively fresh in the public memory. If her demise attracted less attention this must be put down to the long postponement of the event.

It must be granted that Miss Callender's later years were somewhat embittered by the decline of interest in her age. Scepticism she could face. When a Welsh professor tried to identify her with a certain Pamela Cullington, whose birth occurred in 1816 and whose further particulars were missing from the parish register, she replied calmly that she remembered "this Cullington girl, a minx with no respect for her elders." But indifference was harder to bear. Miss Callender was an earnest student of the local Press, and as its references to "the wonderful old lady" grew more infrequent she became plaintive and morose. On one occasion she was found by a neighbour tearing *The Bawnton Gazette and Ewehurst and Farnford Recorder* into little pieces, and exclaiming, "They don't care how old I am! They don't care!"

Her craving for publicity led her, in her hundred-and-sixteenth year, to attribute to the virtues of a patent medicine a longevity which was felt by her friends to be assuming a chronic character. Shortly afterwards a school of mental culture devoted a playful article to female centenarians, instancing her case, and urged the efficacy of memory training for ladies doubtful of their exact age.

It is perhaps unfortunate that Miss Callender's public career overshadowed her private history, for this was of the most interesting nature, and, if not entirely blameless, was by no means so frivolous as gossip would have us believe.

People often wondered why this handsome old lady had never married, and in an unreasonable but oddly human way the question was asked more frequently with every birthday after she had completed her hundredth year. In their answers, her pretended contemporaries, who in reality were young enough to be her grandchildren, betrayed a good deal of jealousy and malice. Their innuendoes gave pain to Miss Callender and prejudiced some neighbours against her. With a view to dispelling this atmosphere of mistrust the Vicar invited me, some years ago, to look into the whole subject of Miss Callender's past, in the spirit as it were of historical research. It may be objected that this inquiry was made as long ago as 1902, when the lady was only in her hundred-and-first summer; but I think that no subsequent events could seriously be held to compromise her reputation.

If Miss Callender had a fault, it was a weakness for the military; she could never resist a uniform. This amiable trait in her character was first manifested toward the close of the Napo-



DESIGN BY CAPTAIN MAINBRACE (RETIRED) FOR THE COMING MOTOR SHOW.

leonic wars, and led to some misunderstandings. Let me say at once that the tale of the youthful Grenadier, distracted by her coquetries, who sought solace in the cannon's mouth at Waterloo is a pure fabrication. I have been privileged to read the correspondence of this young man with Miss Callender, who was then distributing the first-fruits of her girlish sympathy for lonely soldiers. His letters are respectful, hers were doubtless tender; he dreams of promotion to corporal, she is just putting up her hair; he swells with ardour, she with pride; it was a little comedy which had no unhappy ending, for he came home safely and married someone else. Miss Callender told me this with a sigh perhaps of regret, perhaps of relief, more probably of excuse for her later affairs with the sergeant-major of Hussars, the bandmaster of Militia, and the lieutenant of Marines, who succeeded one another in her favour during the ensuing years.

No doubt these were brave and proper men, who in warlike days would have made an excellent match for any girl; but to the mind of our village, settling down to the long years of Peace, they were no more than fine-feathered strutting players. Their prospects certainly were poor, and Miss Callender could never bring herself to take one of them; though, when it came to parting, a line of gold braid or a new cocked hat still held her captive heart. So the 1820's and 1830's slipped past, sadly transforming her from a girl "always running after soldiers" into an old maid "who ought to know better, at her age."

These last terrible words were very generally pronounced during the Crimean campaign, when the romantic nature of Miss Callender, careless of a lapse of years which had brought her to what our neighbours call *l'âge critique*, was rekindled by the flame of war. She threw herself with enthusiasm into the task of knitting comforts; her letters to lonely soldiers once again encumbered the outgoing mail-bags, and it is said that she claimed the sole residue of affection (for he left her nothing else) of a quartermaster who fell at Inkerman. However this may be, it is certain that most of the groundless reflections upon her character date from the Crimean epoch; and in asserting for the rest of her life that "Lord PALMERSTON had much to answer for" she was perhaps not oblivious of personal concerns.

Thanks to the little inquiry whose results I have made known, the close of the South African War found her already beginning to assume the halo of propriety suitable to her age; and in 1914, when Kitchener's army was billeted upon us, she was able to offer sage advice to the maidens of the village regarding the folly of forming entanglements with the troops. To these warnings, coming from a lady of wide experience, due weight was always given; but I prefer to remember that when a marching column went down the village street a handkerchief was generally seen to flutter behind the window of Miss Callender's parlour.

The Cautious Prophet.

"Fine or dull weather is probable in all districts."—*From a Weather Forecast.*

"No more dams I'll make for fish," said *Caliban* in revolt. Would that the Publishers of certain "Memories" had said, "No more damns I'll print for FISHER."

"WAR ON THE SPENDERS BEGINS."
Globe.

On inquiring at *The Westminster Gazette* office we found that little preparation had been made for a long struggle. The editor and his staff were carrying on with amazing nonchalance.

BRIGHT BITS FROM THE BALTIC.

(As seen in the columns of any daily, any day.)

REDS LOOKING BLUE

FALL OF RUSSIAN CAPITAL IMMINENT. PETROGRAD PETRIFIED.

(From our Special Correspondent, Mr. DOLMONDEY MUTT.)

Reval, Friday.

IT is probable that the army of General YUDENITCH will capture the city at an early date, if it did not do so last week or even earlier, for it is now definitely in the possession of the line Tenschine, Asuwere and Stanatese. The caviare-rolling plant at Bac-Kache (pronounced "backache") fell to YUDENITCH yesterday amidst scenes of indescribable emotion.

The representative of the British Military Mission at Bac-Kache, Major-General Worthington, stated yesterday that he did not see how the Bolsheviks were to get out of Petrograd without loss, unless they simply left it. In any case the Finns, who have abolished the *vodka* control and declared for a free Russia, are advancing on Petrograd from the south-east and may take Bugberg any day, thus cutting off the Reds from the railway and Hotpotsk. Asked whether YUDENITCH would be able to hold Petrograd if he should take it, General WORTHINGTON said he did not know. When his views were requested on the *moral* of the Bolshevik forces he said he had not got any. The greatest significance is attached to these admissions in White Russian military circles.

Public opinion in Esthonia, which until recently has been against YUDENITCH, is now undergoing a change, and a large section of the population, including the inmates of the lunatic asylum at Reval, are in his favour. A pro-Ally demonstration took place at Ikupsk on Saturday, the people marching through the streets yodelling, preceded by Ujars swinging the lead.

It is reported that the Bolshevik force under Commissaries Bodkin and Pushkin, which was surrounded in Pskoff and was let go by the Finns, has now been polished off by the Letts, and the survivors finished by the Poles.

RUSH ON RIGA.

LETTS HAVE A BATTLE.

(From our Special Correspondent, Mr. BORHAM STIFF.)

Riga, Friday.

According to a telegram received here last night, Herr Schweinhaus (late of the Wolff Bureau) informed the Reichstag on Wednesday that General VON DER GOLTZ had telegraphed stating that he would do anything in reason, but that he would not go home. General VON DER GOLTZ also pointed out that he was not the Von der Goltz from Turkey or the one from Whitechapel, London; and, in view of the confusion that seemed to exist on the subject, he would not be responsible for any debts unless personally contracted.

The Germans have now been finally driven out of Riga. Two Latvian field-guns were galloped into the eastern suburbs on Sunday, and, after shelling the Esthonians, Rigans and BERMONT'S Russo-Teuton force until they withdrew, they shelled each other until ammunition ran out.

Following the announcement last week that Marshal FOCH was leading the Letts in Riga, the Reval correspondent of the *Zaniske Craziblad* reports a rumour received by telegram from Stockholm that Earl HAIG is at Finnish headquarters, wearing a false nose.

Colonel Litltitsch, the latest figure in Baltic politics, is enrolling large numbers of recruits from VON DER GOLTZ'S force, equipping them with *samovars* and *kromeskis* and passing them off as Russians. Colonel Litltitsch states that he is in agreement with YUDENITCH, but against the Esthonians, Letts, Allies and Bolsheviks. He is not quite certain how he stands with the other forces in the field at present.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

(From a Review of 1950.)

THE long-expected memoirs of Sir John Smith, K.B.E., D.Litt., etc., "The Literary Liberator," have at last been published and afford interesting reading. To us who are accustomed to split infinitives as one of the luxuries of everyday literature, the tyrannical restrictions of the past, against which Sir John waged such patient and untiring war, seem like some grim legend of mediæval barbarity.

In Chapter I. Mr. Smith (as he then was) tells us how his interest was first excited in the cause that was to be for him a lifelong crusade, and from which he was to at length emerge victorious amidst the plaudits of the English-speaking world. "I was convinced," he says, "that the best authors wrote under a constant terror of infringing the law. I felt how firm SHAKSPEARE had to be with himself when the idea of *Hamlet's* notorious soliloquy first struck him; the temptation to say, 'To be or to not be,' must have been terrible."

Mr. Smith's difficulties in the early days of the struggle are described in Chapter II. "I appealed to members of the House of Lords," he writes, "but none of them had ever heard of the law. It was the shocking injustice of a privilege which allowed the nobly-born and the politically-minded profiteer immunity from an incubus which hung round the necks of the proletariat, toiling with nothing but five hundred pounds a year and unemployment allowance between them and starvation, that determined me to wholly and with single purpose devote my life to the ending of this scandalous abuse."

Truly a noble passage.

The author's efforts in other directions were at first equally devoid of success.

The Labour Minister of the day, he tells us, said he made a speciality of pure English and failed to see the difficulty; the Minister of Education admitted that he left it to his typist, while the Foreign Minister repulsed him with the simple statement that he was educated at Eton.

The only encouragement that he received was from a famous General, who told our author to mind his own business or he would not hesitate to damn well wring his neck.

Undefeated, our author went to the editor of one of the greatest daily papers.

"Legitimatise the split infinitive!" cried he, aghast. "I don't think. What, and scrap the splendid article beginning, 'Before an audience more watchful for split infinitives than critical of profundity of argument," etc., which our readers look for when a Cabinet Minister speaks at the Oxford Union. "Rather," he exclaimed with a fine gesture, "perish our 'crack-of-the-rifle-on-the-moor' article, annual product of the Glorious First, or is it the Twelfth?"

Still the good work went on, and gradually light began to almost imperceptibly dawn on the horizon. The final passages of the book give a noble instance of the decorum with which our author wears his laurels. "It would be false modesty," he writes, "for me to entirely disclaim credit for what I and my collaborators have achieved, but many things contributed to our success. The movement towards open diplomacy and the publication of ambassadorial correspondence helped us greatly, while the writing of books by great admirals and generals accustomed the reading public to a greater freedom of speech and produced a tempered atmosphere in which our propaganda could take root. Without their help all our efforts might have been in vain."

So ends the noble record of a great work in the cause of freedom.

Let us hope that we who reap the reward will never allow ourselves to quite forget the indomitable efforts of those who won us the liberties we now take with the English language.



Jean (stimulated to authorship by recent literary sensation, reading her Society novel, "The Old Stay-at-Homes"). "——AND SO HE CUT HIS NEPHEW OFF WITH HALF-A-CROWN." *Governess.* "ISN'T IT USUALLY A SHILLING?"

Jean. "YES. BUT IT HAS TO BE HALF-A-CROWN NOW TO MEET THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING."

THE COLOUR-SCHEMERS.

I FULLY intended, had I been invited, to read a paper to a scientific association on the Influence of Decorative Art on the Emotions. Our house has been a sort of psychological laboratory, so to speak, and our visitors as well as ourselves the more or less unconscious media of interesting mental phenomena. As chief alchemist, Cicely is responsible for all arrangements and, I suppose, for most of the results.

Our breakfast-room-cum-study is all flowery chintzes and stripes. Wall-paper, carpet and cushions are a horticultural dream; Kew Gardens a barren wilderness in comparison. To correct the intoxication of the senses induced by this extravagance of floral decoration, vertical and horizontal lines are introduced into the patterns, giving a kind of geometric stability. They set latitude and longitude to the botanic Utopia, as it were. The mental effect of this, Cicely and I agree, is a feeling of freshness and vigour. I leave the breakfast-table to catch my morning train with my mind alert and ready for anything.

The Vicar calls occasionally when he is bent on philanthropic piracy. Should he be shown into the drawing-room (a cheerful orange), all is lost, and the most impracticable charity is richer by my guinea; if I see him in the dining-room, amid its soft hanging lamps and rich Oriental draperies, my moral backbone turns to jelly and I weakly subscribe more than I ought to the Fund for the Preservation of the Sites of the Early Churches in Pamphylia and Cappadocia. Therefore I always inveigle the Vicar into the study. There the stripes and chintzes seem to stiffen my moral fibre and enable me to offer him a kind but firm refusal.

Conversely, when I had enticed our landlord into the house the other week, I escorted him into the drawing-room. Its yellow mirth took him off his guard and he became cheerful and chatty. He told a story, at which we laughed heartily. Then I showed him the rocky side-entrance through which I had to bring my motor-cycle, and the spot where an admirable shed could be built. Observing that his cheerfulness was wearing off, I led him back to the dining-room. Its insidious Orientalism stole over him and robbed him of his will-power. This was the place and moment for the attack. My fear was not that he would resist my proposals, but that my own courage would evaporate amid the hypnotic colour tones of the surroundings. Quickly I demanded that he should tar-pave the side entrance and build me a cycle-shed. He was clay in the hands of the potter and would have consented to twice as much.

Unfortunately Cicely in a spasm of jubilation carried him off to see the breakfast-room chintzes, and he recovered. He pointed out that we had driven a nail into the wall to hang up a plaque. And before he left he had given me distinctly to understand that if he let me have my tar-path and cycle-shed he would be obliged to raise the rent by one pound per quarter.

I told Cicely (in the breakfast-room) that it was all her fault, and we might have quarrelled about it; but when we talked it over in the glow of the drawing-room we grew quite light-hearted again.



IF THE SHOPS TOOK UP THE ECONOMY CAMPAIGN.

THE NEW ELIXIR.

(*For senile decay try our Monkey Gland*).

THERE was a time when friends expressed their wonder,
Perhaps with just a modicum of truth,
That at an age when many men go under,
Or lose the charming attributes of youth,
I, who had almost compassed DAVID'S span,
Had not in second childhood merged the man.

They saw my gracefulness of locomotion
And marvelled how my years could stand the strain
I put upon them in my weird devotion
To toilsome pastimes, thinking in their train
My labours must bring something hard to bear,
Though doing them I never turned a hair.

And, more, they praised me for the transcendental
Ability with which I plied my pen,
And showed eternal freshness in a mental
Dexterity denied to other men;
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That I should have what Nature gives so few.

Those days are past: a new elixir vitæ
Has been extracted from a simian gland,
And since by Science Age is rendered mighty
My friends will deem my vigour second-hand,
And compliments will take this doubtful shape:
"He must have tapped a special brand of Ape."

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

HE was a lanky moon-faced boy from the back-veld—had not been lassooed more than a month, I should say—and he gazed round my South African editorial office with interest and wild-eyed concern. It seemed as though at any instant he might leap down the lift-shoot or try to eat a file.

I sought to put him at ease in my gracious sympathetic way, and I was rewarded.

"My farrer 's a writer too," he said suddenly.

"Indeed. Writes in Dutch, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't been a Dutsman already. My murrer 's Duts, but my farrer 's er Engelsman."

He did not seem to have taught his son much English, but one meets cases in the back-veld where the children of an English parent hardly know the language.

"What paper does he write for?" I asked.

"*Punts.*"

"*Punch!*" I exclaimed. "This is remarkable. Does he write much?"

"Yes, he p'raps writes something eats week, wort he calls his horby. He starts in 1915 en sends him a funny bit wort he cut out of a Cape Town papers. So *Punts* writes something underneath and puts it in. Then my farrer gort werry gled, an' now eats week he sends *Punts* a story or a poetry."

"Do they put them all in?"

"No, he didn' put in any more *yet*."



THE OLD CRYSTAL-GAZER.

Mr. Asquith. "I'M NOT SURE THAT I SEE MUCH FORTUNE FOR MY FRIENDS IN THIS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Wednesday, October 22nd.—Alarmed, no doubt, by newspaper placards announcing "Parliament on its Trial," Members attended the reopening of the House of Commons in unusual numbers. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio" was the *motif* of nearly all the Questions on the Paper. Minister after Minister was interrogated as to the reductions in his department, and delivered a stereotyped reply to the effect that, whereas at the Armistice the staff numbered so many thousands, it was now some hundreds less, and would by next year be approaching vanishing-point. The ardent economists below the Gangway were not entirely satisfied with these replies, and were evidently inclined to regard the promise of the WAR SECRETARY and CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to "lay-papers" as a device for putting them off the scent. Captain REGINALD TERRELL jumped up to move the adjournment, but the SPEAKER jumped a little quicker and called the next question.

DISRAELI on a famous occasion declared himself to be "on the side of the angels." So, as regards his visits to the House, is our present PRIME MINISTER. He looked in for a few minutes this afternoon, but only to announce that, while nothing would please him better than to come down and answer questions, the urgent business of the country compelled him to postpone that self-indulgence.

Next to "Hang the KAISER" and "Make Germany Pay," the most popular cry at the last election was "Britain for the British." The ex-Kaiser is still at large, though we are told that all necessary preparations for his trial are being made; and, far from receiving any cash from Germany, we have just paid her three-quarters of a million for a mass of potash. Sir ERNEST WILD made a powerful appeal to Coalitionists to secure the redemption of the third of their pledges by passing his proposal that no employer should be allowed to engage more than 25 per cent. of aliens. A majority of the Coalitionists present supported him; but the HOME SECRETARY declared that the new clause would be unworkable, and, with the aid of Liberals and Labour men, secured its rejection.

Thursday, October 23rd.—Since the passing of the Parliament Act in 1911 the House of Lords, a body largely composed of ex-bankers and other financial pundits, has had no power over the national accounts. But though it can no longer bite it can still bark. Oddly enough it fell to Lord BUCKMASTER, who was an enthusiastic supporter of the Act above mentioned, to deliver the first considered attack upon LLOYD-GEORGIAN finance that has yet been heard in either House.



THE PARLIAMENTARY PAPER-CHASE.

[Several White Papers have been issued by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the WAR SECRETARY showing the extent of Ministerial retrenchments.]

The ex-LORD CHANCELLOR has one great merit, rare among his Peers: you can hear every word he says. From his opening description of Ministers involved in "the mazes of a labyrinth from whose tortuous pathways there is no escape," to the final prophecy of National Bankruptcy, when "the waters of the Thames will wash deserted wharves and empty palaces," not a syllable escaped one.

To avoid this dreadful fate, it seems, there are only three courses before us: a general levy on capital, a special levy on war-fortunes, or a ten-shilling income-tax. The Peers did not seem so perturbed at the prospect as I should have expected. Perhaps they were wondering whether the pension of an ex-CHANCELLOR who had occupied the Woolsack for a few months in 1915-16 would properly be considered a war-fortune, and if so at how many thousands the orator would be assessed.

It is not accurate to say that the Government have made no efforts in the direction of economy. The fleet of motor-cars now used in connection with Government Departments throughout the country has dwindled to a mere four hundred—a number that not so long ago would have barely sufficed to take the officials of the Air Ministry out to luncheon.

The Commons resumed the discussion of the Aliens Restriction Bill. The attitude of the Labour Party was a little difficult to follow. They resisted the proposal to prevent alien Trade Unionists from interfering in the industrial disputes of other bodies than their own with such vehemence that Mr. BOTTOMLEY was moved to inquire whether the supply of native strike-leaders was giving out. Yet a little later Mr. BRACE was denouncing no less loudly a provision by which in certain circumstances alien pilots might be employed in British ports. The general feeling of the House appeared to be that the channels of trade, whether by sea or land, were best kept free from foreign influences; and in the ultimate division Ministers, opposed by an *ad hoc* combination of the so-called "classes" and "masses," found themselves in a minority of seventy-two.

On learning of this result the PRIME MINISTER is said to have remarked that, when he recently urged Capital and Labour to "get together," he did not mean in this way.

After Rat Week.

Terrier Pup (to his father): What did you do in the Rat War, daddy?

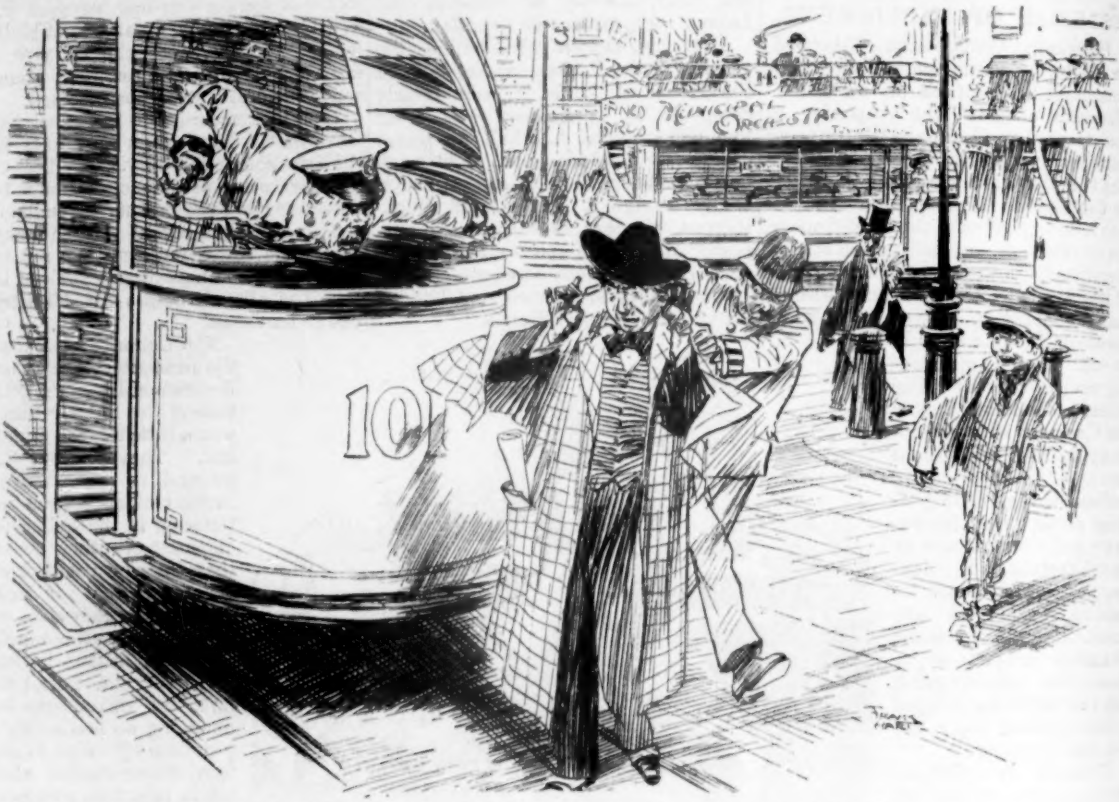
"TO-DAY IN THE FOOD GARDEN.

Either string opinions or put them into shallow trays to store in some airy, frost-proof place."—*Daily Paper.*

We prefer to air ours in the open.

"BILLIARDS.—Closing scores: Reece, rec. 1,000 in 16,000 up (in play), 12,62712,627; Inman, 12,397."—*Daily Paper.*

This makes INMAN'S ultimate victory all the more meritorious.



Irate driver (compelled to pull up). "ASKIN' FOR IT, AIN'T YER? CAN'T YOU 'EAR THE BLINKIN' BELL?"
Maniac on Music. "*HEAR IT!* MY GOOD FELLOW, DO YOU REALISE YOU 'RE TWO TONES FLAT COMPARED WITH THE OTHER TRAMS?"

THE EMANCIPATION OF YOUTH.

A LARGE and influential meeting, convened by the League of Minors, was held last Saturday in Hyde Park with a view to the repeal of the statute which excludes persons under twenty-one years of age from Parliament. Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY, the youngest M.P., who presided, began with a frank admission of his unworthiness to occupy the position of chairman. He was already in the sere and yellow leaf, but his sympathies were entirely with those who were agitating for this great and salutary change. With a full heart he could echo the saying of SHAKSPEARE, "Age, I do abhor thee." What they wanted was to make Parliament the nursery of greatness, instead of being the charnel-house of ossified and cadaverous nonentities. Old age was never good; it was only green in the sense of being mouldy and moss-grown. It was suspicious, unheroic, garrulous and miserly. As DISRAELI said, "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth." And again, "The blunders of youth are preferable to the triumphs of manhood or the success of old age." Literature unfortunately abounded in disparagement of the young, but, on the other hand, the world was not run by literary men.

Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH, in moving the main resolution in favour of reducing the age-limit of Parliamentary representatives to fourteen, sounded a note of caution. He did not think they were yet ripe for Baby Suffrage. Some of those present might even describe him as an anti-Montessorian, and he was not prepared to affirm in all respects his entire adhesion to that remarkable creed. Minors were *ex ipso facto* in the minority; but, on the other hand, an eminent Victorian had boldly pronounced the majority to be mostly fools. Profoundly convinced as he was of the righteousness of democracy, he could not subscribe to this sweeping condemnation. He did not advocate the extermination of the old, however painlessly it might be effected. Old men, where they deserved it, were entitled to consideration. But the Ship of State would never reach the haven of happiness and prosperity until they had youth at the prow instead of relegating it to the menial duties of the cabin-boy.

Miss DAISY ASHFORD, who seconded the resolution, described herself as an extinct volcano, enjoying what was virtually a posthumous reputation on the strength of the achievement of her childhood. Properly encouraged at the time, she might have followed up *The Young Visiters* by a series of vital romances; but the tradition of that period was too strong. By enlarging the horizons of youth and giving it earlier scope for its creative activities they might prevent the recurrence of such a tragedy. At the present moment all that was noteworthy in letters and art and music was being done by the young.

Lord BIRKENHEAD, who followed, observed that he had been called the Boy Chancellor, and, like *Mr. Verdant Green* on a festive occasion, he was "prou' title." Under the system which they now were met to introduce he might have earned it many years sooner. This was a saddening thought, yet they must not repine, but rather push on to the goal with renewed energy and determination. For himself he had no intention to linger superfluously on the scene once he was conscious of any decline



N.C.O. (struggling with a troublesome "track"—the caterpillar part of a tank). "I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO KNOW, SIR, WHICH OF THE ELEVEN INVENTED THIS PARTICULAR BIT OF THE OLD BUS?"

in his powers; still less would he stoop to the humiliation of endeavouring to outwit the fiat of Nature by borrowing a fictitious vitality from the interstitial glands of the mandrill, the chimpanzee or the gorilla.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE said that fathers were inevitable, but it was the day of the sons, and the sooner they were admitted to a share in the government of the country the better. No one was more fitted to cope with the extravagance they all deplored than those who were inclined to it themselves. It was always best to set a thief to catch a thief. In conclusion Mr. GOSSE observed that the true function of middle age was to applaud from a back seat the triumphs of conquering adolescence, and the only redeeming feature of old age was that it brought second childhood in its train.

The resolution having been unanimously passed, a small committee, composed of Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH, Princess BIBESCO, Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE, junior, and Lord HALSBURY, were appointed to concert measures for furthering a National Campaign on behalf of the movement.

COMMERCIAL PROPAGANDA.

If you are in no hurry, patronize

TAXO

THE TAXI MAN WITH
THE GLOVE-COVERED FLAG.
When he has finished his tea
HE WILL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO
Provided your destination is on the
TRAIL THAT LEADS HIM HOME.

Everyone comes to him who waits.

Why not try to persuade

KARL SCHMIDT

to order your Dinner for you?

This "KNIGHT OF THE KNAPKIN" has just been demobilised from the Alexandra Palace, and wishes to state that, in spite of the
GREAT PEACE
he still retains his SWISS ORIGIN.

Do you want a WRONG NUMBER?

SWITCHBOARD SUE

WILL PUT YOU THROUGH.

Men of England!

STAND TOGETHER

ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Those who intend to spend

CHRISTMAS ON THE SOUTH COAST

TRAVELLING ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY SHOULD
START NOW.

A Romance of the Deep.

"KELT—HERRING.—At the Parish Church of Dwygyfylchi on the 14th October, by the Rev. G. Williams, Andrew Kelt to Hilda Herring."—*Scotsman.*

A Heavy-weight.

"RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The Wanganui side includes two tons of Dr. ——, a popular Wellingtonian."
New Zealand Paper.

Very useful in the "scrum."

"CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES CANNOT PROFITEER!!!

ALL PROFITS GO TO THE CONSUMER."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

"At —— Petty Sessions yesterday the —— Co-operative Society were summoned in 96 cases of alleged profiteering. Of these 35 were heard, and convictions were obtained in each case."—*Same paper, same day.*

We understand that an appeal has been lodged, on the ground that the Bench had not read the advertisement.

TO AN M.F.H.

(On assuming office).

GOOD Master, you 've shouldered the burden,
The toil, the expense and the brunt,
A task with no "Thank you" or guerdon,
For you 've now taken over the Hunt.
The woodlands are waiting in ember,
All serely look downland and mead,
Will you hear, for 'tis hard on November,
A word of good-speed?

Yes, now that the entry 's been blooded
And cubs have been taught to take wing,
The farmers and keepers been studied,
You 're up to the actual thing;
Your fields will be finer and larger
Than late ones—of circumstance robbed,
With Mars on a lashing ex-charger,
Diana demobbed.

And foxes? We 've foxes too many—
The War is the why and because;
And the claims are the prettiest penny,
And the Hunt 's not so liked as it was;
There 'll be crabbers, of course, and decriers
(A Master's the life of a dog),
And, like frogs in the fable, the sighers
Who sigh for King Log.

But never you worry; sit quiet
And shape your own course as you can;
There are hounds that 'll babble and riot—
We find the same failings in man;
You 've to be martinet in your habits,
A CROMWELL in might to command,
And Captains shall tremble like rabbits
At lift of your hand.

But blend you the jackboot with butter;
Be wise as the serpent, and coo
Like the dove; take your hat off and utter
Quick compliment, prompt How d' ye do?
Be bland (but a DRACO empowered)
With a crowd edging in for a start,
Though in cover a home-loving coward
Is breaking your heart.

From a goose gobbled up to the thoughtless
Who ride over young grass and seed,
The onus is yours, Sir, you 're naught less
Than scapegoat for every misdeed;
A tyrant the thrusters may rank you,
But one of the rear of the ruck
Endeavours, good Master, to thank you,
To wish you Good Luck.

For trouble 's your lot out of reason—
Complaints, correspondence no end,
With, may be, say twice in the season,
The gallop that makes the amend,
When you 've slipped the whole crowd that was in it
And, free from the "blundering mass,"
There 's nothing to stop you a minute
For oceans of grass.

Then, half-an-hour on, may we find you
'Longside of the pack, in your place,
Your huntsman a furlong behind you,
A scratch and a grin on your face,
Your fox at the end of his chapter,
The tan heads all up as they view—
Well, no one, young fellow, is apter
To be there than you.

THE CALL.

THAT morning the camp was startled by a call.

Something of the stir of the Reveille sounded in its first tentative notes, giving way to the gentle persuasion of the Fall In. The cheerfulness of the "Cook-house Door" had hardly succeeded when the clarion certainty of the old Cavalry Charge call thrilled the morning air.

It did not stop there. For one and all it had a personal message to deliver, and an urgent one. There was that in it that made the Company Cooks think they might have put more sugar in the tea lately, that made the Quartermaster recall in despairing remorse the good food that had never reached the troops, the garments they had never worn. His clerk bent over the accounts he was trying to square and strove vainly to hide his tears. The Orderly Sergeant shakily decided not to bring Jones up on that crime after all, and broke down altogether upon hearing an agitated C.S.M. say "Please" to his batman.

The Post Orderly had no doubts. It was the Letter Call, and he departed with an unusual springiness. The Mess Orderlies were already falling in; the Fire Picket could be observed doubling up from divers occupations; Orderly Sergeants and Sergeant-Majors were positively sprinting; their call, they conceived, had been "at the double." Tents could be observed in a state of violent agitation as their inmates made frantic last-minute touches to buttons and belts, while wild hazards about Guards of Honour and General Parades floated therefrom. The experts, the spare buglers, stood aghast.

A low crooning that succeeded a phrase suggesting that "Officers' wives have puddings and pies" turned the thoughts of the company officers from fantastic ideas of an early luncheon to the sudden certainty that a disastrous calamity was upon the camp. They turned pale in the effort to remember what particular crisis this unfamiliar summons might signify. Nobly they strode forth, all unprepared.

The C.O.'s nerve broke at last at an effort that suggested "Danny Deever," with perhaps a faint touch of The Last Post, and yet combined the glories of the Regimental March Past with the slow beauty of the Cavalry Reveille. Further, there was in it one wild persistent note that never a military bugle had sounded before, something that aspired blindly to better things, not of the army.

"The Mutiny of the ——'s over again," he muttered hoarsely, and looked round for the support that was not forthcoming; Officers, Sergeant-majors, N.C.O.'s and men had long obeyed the call. He sallied forth to do something with them, and tried desperately to think what.

Then the bugler blew again, emitting a cry of the heart so piercing, so awful, that everybody stood to attention as though the *Birkenhead* was sinking again. But he ended on one sustained note of glorious triumph and then walked calmly on to the parade ground.

Thence, with a magnificent gesture, he flung back his bugle to the Buglers' Tent and turned to the expectant throng.

"I 'm demobbed," he said. "Dis-*miss!*"

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch begs leave to remind his readers of the appeal that he made last week on behalf of Bart's, and to ask that donations may be sent to the fund which he is raising in aid of London's oldest hospital. They should be addressed to the Secretary of *Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4. He hopes that it may be said, in the words of Lord MACAULAY, that—

"all along the van
'Remember St. Bartholomew' was passed from man to man."

WAR-TIME PROMISES.

How are you getting along with yours?

I had always intended to keep my pledge to Edith to get the brougham on the road once more. Accordingly, when I heard that the new man at Holton had just the mare to match Hereward, I hacked over one afternoon.

There was something vaguely familiar about the man. But I have long since given up trying to fix the association of vaguely familiar faces. Besides, this man was all for business.

"Yes, Sir, I know the mare you mean. She must be very like the kind of thing you want. Jimmy, fetch out that Otterstone mare."

I bought her. There was a directness about the new man's methods of dealing that impressed me favourably.

A boy brought out my own pony for my return.

"Heavens!" said the new man, and stepped up to it to correct the curb chain. "Some of these fellows don't know the difference between a bridoon and a breeching."

I found myself straightening up. I very nearly saluted. My heels all but clicked. It came back to me so suddenly.

* * * * *

An elderly, much rattled subaltern—"a sporting old bird who had been farmed out on brigade transport," to quote a lordly youth who joined our mess for a time. The subaltern saluting every few seconds, partly from nervousness and partly from an idea that, a salute being the prescribed termination to an interview with a Brass Hat, a series of them might bring matters to a close. The Brass Hat—the new Brigadier, no less—seated amid his gilded and ungilded retinue of staff and attached. In the background the recently inspected Brigade transport, obviously, to a mule, breathing more freely. A sultry atmosphere peculiar to mornings which have not gone off according to schedule. The discovery of a rag, oily, one, inspection pattern, transport-driver for-the-use-of, under the arch of a saddle had at one period made the air almost thunderous. The fitting of harness, also! But let us leave it at that.

"Not much of a show," said the Brass Hat.

"I'm afraid not, Sir" (salute). "Of course we are full of reinforcements after the last stunt, Sir" (salute), "and they are very raw."

"They are. That, my dear Sir, is why you are here" (threatened collapse of the subaltern). "Some of them don't apparently know the *difference between a bridoon and a breeching*."

* * * * *

Well, what was I to do? Is this, perhaps, what they mean by the Social Revolution? I did my best.

"That's it, of course. I've been trying to think where we met before." (One of the advantages of Peace is that you can say you "met" a Brigadier). "You inspected my transport at Mericourt just before I went to hospital in '17."

"Really? Well, you must have been with the 99th, weren't you?"

"Yes, rather—for three years."

"Splendid. Why, you'd know old——"

And we got "right in among it."

* * * * *

As I rode home an hour later I recalled a scene which had followed the transport inspection. The elderly subaltern was holding forth in the Mess to a sympathetic audience of men of like seniority and sufferings with himself. Standing with solemnly poised glass, he concluded a vivid résumé of the whole ceremony:—

"I tell you fellows, if I ever meet that blighter for five minutes in civvy life, I promise you I'll——"

Ah! those war-time promises.



"YOU'RE DISTURBING THE WHOLE HOUSE WITH YOUR SNORING, SIR. I KNOW IT'S A ROTTEN PLAY, BUT YOU MIGHT GIVE THE AUTHOR A CHANCE."

"I AM THE AUTHOR."

THE STATE OF THE STAGE.

IMPORTANT OPINIONS.

THE state of the Stage continues to be one of the thousand questions of the hour, among them being the high price of clothes and their substitutes, the cost of living generally, the shortage of coal, and the origin of fogs, which some pessimists ascribe to the great number of American plays now being performed in London. Other prominent questions include the economy campaign, the winner of the Cambridgeshire and the chances of Mr. ASQUITH ever finding another seat. But, at any rate in certain circles, the state of the Stage comes first, and few are the papers so bold as to dispense with well-known actors' views of the matter. Mr. AINLEY, for example, in *The Evening News*, finds nothing wrong. Mr. BOURCHIER, in *The Daily Express*, even though gloomy to-day, is aware of a bright light in the future, when he produces *Oliver Cromwell*, Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER'S masterpiece.

The list of actors who have already rushed into print could be extended, but, believing that it would be more interesting to lay new impressions before his readers, Mr. Punch has secured the services of several dramatic celebrities for his own pages. In response to inquiries from one of his misrepresentatives the following replies are summarised:—

Mr. LESLIE HENSON assures Mr. Punch that there is nothing wrong with the Stage. Quite the reverse. It is the ideal environment in which to win one's bride.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE also says that there is nothing really wrong with the stage. How could there be when the public extends its patronage to the best? It speaks volumes for the high level of taste and discrimination during the past few years that the most popular play should be so intellectual and courageous a production as that at His Majesty's Theatre, which, beginning simply as *Chu Chin Chow*, has now reached such proportions as to be more fittingly described as *Double-Chin Chow*. It would always be a matter of pride with him that during its phenomenal run he had lost only one camel. No, Mr. ASCHE concludes, there is nothing wrong with the Stage.

Mr. HERBERT TRENCH expresses doubt as to whether the Stage is what it should be. The tendency to produce musical comedy and farce on week-days and confine serious drama to the Day of Rest disturbs him not a little. He is open, he says, to write epoch-making historical plays for every theatre in London.

Sir ALFRED BUTT says that the Stage is at the moment in so flourishing a condition that no wise manager need worry about stopping a great success in the middle of a run and substituting a revival.

Sir SIDNEY LEE says that everything is wrong with the Stage. With the exception of the Old Vic and the Court every theatre is disappointing and degrading. SHAKSPEARE should be played continuously everywhere. Sir SIDNEY does not say that all adventitious aid should be withheld. He would not quarrel with musical accompaniments, gorgeous scenery and so forth, so long as SHAKSPEARE was the basis. He would, however, draw the line at re-entitling the plays. With the manager who wished to produce *The Merchant of Venice* as *The Voice from the Campanile* he had no sympathy, nor would he allow *Antony and Cleopatra* to follow the present Haymarket success as *Mummies*. As a pure business proposition it would be wise to put on SHAKSPEARE at every theatre. Since people must go to the theatre, it is a corollary that, if there were nothing but SHAKSPEARE they would go to SHAKSPEARE. SHAKSPEARE would then prosper, especially as there would be no author's fees to pay.

Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER says that he has no fault to find with the Stage in general, but wishes that at Drury Lane it was larger. There were several effects which he wanted in *The Great Day*, but could not have on account of the restricted space. One, for example, was a scene depicting dawn, in which day was to break and the pieces were to be distributed among the audience as souvenirs.

Mr. SERGE DIAGHILEFF says that what is wrong with the Stage is too much talk and too little movement. If only everything were done in dumb-show and danced, the Stage would have no detractors. He would like to have his way with such a play, say, as *Home and Beauty*. With the scenery by the young geniuses of the Mansard Gallery, and MASSINE in Mr. HAWTREY'S part and KARSAVINA in Miss GLADYS COOPER'S, he would guarantee both an artistic and a financial triumph. Of course the story would be rearranged. There would be no return of the first husband, no drawing lots, and no cooking of the steak; but in their place some very wonderful posturing, and twenty wreaths and bouquets for each of the principals every few minutes.

Mr. Punch's own opinion of the Stage to-day—if he may intrude it—is that it is both vulnerable to criticism and entitled to be a little proud of itself.



"I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK MYSELF AN' SEE IF MOTHER IS BRINGING ME UP IN THE WAY I OUGHT TO GO."

"MILK DURING THE STRIKE.
HOW WIMBLEDON GOT ITS SUPPLY.
The previous day they thought they never would get any at all, and finally they had to take the bull by the horns and practically steal it."—*Local Paper.*

The bull seems to have been cowed.

"Dr. Fisher made a defence of his Education Act in addressing a gathering of local educationalists this afternoon. Economy, he said, consisted not in the absence of spending, but in the presence of waste."—*Daily Paper.*

No wonder the other FISHER says, "Sack the lot!"

"While at her moorings in Blyth Harbour a submarine was fouled by another submarine, and sank. Only one seaman was abroad, and he escaped."—*Evening Paper.*

In such cases absence is always a great safeguard.

"Another scene followed her visit to Oxford in 1913 to the May Week with a cousin of her husband's."—*Evening Paper.*

All of which is unthinkable in Eights' Week at Cambridge.

"Mrs. ——'s wonderful hair tonic and cough syrup. Try it."—*Canadian Paper.*

And provide yourself with a fur-lining against the winter.



Nurse (complaining of small boy). "AND THEN AGAIN, MADAM, HE'S FOREVER ASKING ME ALL MANNER OF QUESTIONS. AND, WHAT'S MORE, *HE KNOWS THE ANSWERS!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

VAIN to a degree scarcely credible in so big a man, intolerant of opinions other than his own, appraising everyone, from the late KING EDWARD downwards, according to whether he "backed me" or not, guilty of frequent and flagrant lapses of taste and fairness (not to mention grammar), and continually harping on the string, "I told you so," Lord FISHER would have no one but himself to blame if his *Memories* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) were to widen the already too large circle of his enemies. Yet, despite all its faults and excesses, I fancy the volume will bring him more friends than foes; for it is a portrait, self-painted with the broadest of brushes, of a Man, and one to whom his country owes more perhaps than to any other single individual. But for the British Navy the War would not have been won, and but for Lord FISHER the re-distribution of the Fleet, by which, in MAHAN'S phrase, eighty-eight per cent. of England's guns were pointed at Germany, would not have been carried out in time for Armageddon. From one of the many indiscretions which only Field-Marshals and Admirals of the Fleet may commit with impunity one learns that, if the author could have had his way, he would have "Copenhagened" the German Fleet in 1907, and one cannot help speculating on what would have been the present position of this country in the eyes of the world if he had been allowed to do so. This is the most startling of the many pieces of secret history revealed or hinted at in this volume. But in truth there is not a dull page, and whether Lord FISHER is discussing naval strategy or excusing (without complete success) his part in the Dardanelles affair, or telling us how he taught a Grand Duchess to waltz, he is always as lively as a schoolboy. If he wants a sub-title for the second edition which will inevitably be demanded, I beg to suggest "The Midshipman Who Never (quite) Grew Up."

Oughtn't somebody to break it gently to Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY that there is a peace on? I ask because to open his latest story, *Saint's Progress* (HEINEMANN), is to find yourself plunged into all the perplexities of the dark years, some of which one had begun to hope had slipped behind us. Chiefly, here is a book about the problem of the gently-nurtured unmarried mother, and you will not need telling what blend of sympathy, of resolute unprejudice and rather grim tenderness Mr. GALSWORTHY brings to its treatment. It is into the refined, delicately-reared household of the *Rev. Edward Pierson* that the tragedy breaks, when his daughter, *Noel*, refused permission for what seemed in paternal eyes a war-marriage of indecent haste, determined to follow her own promptings, with the result inevitable in fiction. The unmarried father is killed, and the tale shows a group of eminently characteristic Galsworthians facing (and discussing) the situation. They talk sanely, impartially, most of them with a strong modernity of outlook, almost all considerably too much. And out of their talk emerges gradually the one figure of real tragedy, the broken old father, assailed in his deepest convictions, his prejudices, his whole system of life. Mr. GALSWORTHY has done nothing more poignant than this. For the rest, as I have hinted, *Saint's Progress* prescribes very effectually the mixture as before, showing its author struggling with obvious effort against a conception of social conditions that has advanced very little since the days of *The Fairchild Family*. There is, for instance, a scene of the heroine taking a poor woman with a hurt hand into a swagger chemist's, and their reception by its haughty patrons, that,

as a picture of life in first-aid days, is frankly farcical. Still, a clever and well-written book, if hardly exhilarating.

To the yellow heart and the two jolly Cupids which make the paper wrapper of *The Disturbing Charm* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) look like a valentine, Miss "BERTA RUCK" ought really to have asked her publishers to add a legend warning the public that the contents are "for the young." If ever novel was written which drew a black unswerving line between the fogeys who do not live and the very young people who do, it is this pleasant sentimental story of four pairs of lovers, luckier in the matter of travel than most of us were (for the ladies at least had no pressing reason to be there), who met during the War at an hotel in Western France and, after some slight hesitation and confusion, set to partners. *Olwen*, the little Welsh heroine who distributes among the others the supposed love-charm, which seems to have such great effect and turns out afterwards to have been a practical joke, is much too nice a little creature for the self-assertive Canadian, *Captain Ross*, to whom she is assigned; and I don't really imagine that she did live as happily ever after as her creator seems to believe. But best of all I liked the widow, to whom, until she lost it, the charm appeared to attract the Flying-man, the "eaglet-faced" "Bird-boy" (Miss "BERTA RUCK" insists on this or I wouldn't quote it), and my preference may be just or may be due to a fellow-feeling I have for the fogeys.



THE RESOURCEFUL HANDYMAN.

Officer (during an engagement). "WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT GLUE-POT, YOU—— IDIOT?"

Handyman. "THE CAPTAIN TOLD ME TO NAIL THE COLOURS TO THE MAST, SIR."

Officer. "WELL?"

Handyman. "WELL, IT'S A *steel* MAST, SIR."

Samurai Trails (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND, is an account, by a man who has his eyes open for the right thing, of the wanderings of two Americans with a Japanese doctor through highways and by-ways of Japan. The reader receives something of a shock when he learns that the travellers, so far from being millionaires of the accepted pattern, have to make a nice calculation of *yen* and *sen*, and actually spend their last day in Yokohama senless and hungry because their boat was a day late in starting. A very charming picture is given of the hospitality of the Japanese common folk and the wayside innkeepers. As for the author's sense of style, the book is something of a "curiosity of literature." Quite simple thoughts are wrapped in roomy veils of grandiloquence. "Messages from the cords of our legs were telling us to concede some compromise to our particularity" means no more than that the travellers had been walking too fast. "I then discovered two shaved ice-shops . . . and the intoxication pitched my mood to full ebulliency" means that the author liked ice. And Professor "Q" might well pounce on "but nothing proceeded to materialize" for his poignant chapter on "Jargon." Finding the printed page extraordinarily pleasant, with admirably proportioned margins and excellent press-work, I found also (to my chagrin) the legend, "Printed in America."

Edward Wyndham Tennant (LANE) is the latest volume in a lengthening list of such appreciations, outcome of love and sorrow for the heroic dead. I will confess that I have at times wondered whether these tributes had not better have been reserved for their eyes only to whom the loss recorded is a personal one. But again (and especially in the present instance) I have doubted, in face of the thought that no one could read this story of a short life without taking courage from its fineness, and from the knowledge that this is still the inheritance of our race. Lady GLENCONNER's memoir of her son shows him as an attractive child who passsd through happy school-days into the dawn of an unusually promising manhood. Happiness indeed is the note of the book. Delight in the small pleasures of childhood (making you recall that it is a mother who writes), in good health, good spirits, a clear and loving nature, and always a quite magnificent popularity—seldom indeed can any life have been so surrounded with affection. "BIM" TENNANT lived his crowded and laughing years as radiantly as any among those splendid boys in whose record our age has found solace for its suffering. As a poet he might have done great things—you can read here the promise of what he left in this kind; as a man he had already done them. May I be allowed one word more? Lady GLENCONNER, who explains her motive, has shared with us even a treasure so sacred as the last letter that she received from her son, written only a few hours before his death. Surely the mother who has inspired such nobility of devotion as breathes in every line of this might well go proudly and thankfully all her days.

There is subtle delineation of character in *The Tender Conscience* (SECKER). Gradually to reveal the effect of a worthless woman upon her idolising husband is a difficult task, but Mr. BOHUN LYNCH has performed it with a restraint and skill which must command admiration. A cloud surrounded *Jimmy Guise's* marriage to his adored *Blanche*, and it increased all the more because they both chose to pretend that it did not exist. Clear explanations might have saved a lot of trouble, yet nothing could really save *Jimmy* from paying for the mistake he had made. We suspect *Blanche* from the very first, and the way in which Mr. LYNCH leads us on from suspicion to certainty shows him a master of technique. Apart from the leading characters we are introduced to some people in one of the new Government War departments who must, I think, be drawn from life. For I am inclined to feel that at present Mr. LYNCH's powers of observation are greater than his imaginative gift.

CHARIVARIA.

A NUGGET of gold has been found in the crop of a hen at Tintanbar, New South Wales. A rush has set in and most of the fowls in the district have been pegged out.

* * *

With reference to the two-year old boy stolen in London last week and recovered again at Coventry, we gather that the hero has definitely decided not to write a book about it.

* * *

The old warship *Northampton*, while passing down the Thames, collided with Blackfriars Bridge. No blame attaches to the vessel, which sounded its siren.

* * *

Members of the Surrey Volunteers on being disbanded were told that they could keep their overcoats on payment of one pound. It is hoped that they may also be allowed a share in the next war on paying their entrance fee.

* * *

Operatic singing in German has been prohibited in New York. Local patriots are declaring exultantly that eating in German will be the next to go.

* * *

The rumour that Sir ALFRED MOND was about to retire is denied, and the proposal to present him with a suitably-engraved hotel is therefore abandoned.

* * *

Cardiff Education Committee has decided not to have boxing taught in the elementary schools. It was urged that no boy need ever find himself at a physical disadvantage as long as he can talk Welsh.

* * *

A pig has been discovered in the Malvern district infected with rabies. The unfortunate owner will not even be allowed to sell it for American bacon.

* * *

An American surgeon is reported to have offered five thousand pounds for the brain of LENIN. We understand that LENIN has replied that if the surgeon will make it guineas he will throw in TROTSKY'S.

* * *

Messrs. GEORGE NEWNES LTD. are offering two hundred and fifty pounds for a short story. The one by Mr. ILLINGWORTH, to the effect that in time we shall have the best telephone system in the world, has not yet been entered for the competition.

* * *

"Something must be done," says Mr. F. W. FENWICK in a contemporary, "to use up the great stores of war material." The idea of arranging a few friendly little wars seems to have been overlooked.

* * *

It appears that the Basuto chiefs now in London are not anxious to visit places of amusement. This is what comes of taking them to the House of Commons.

* * *

As a result of attending a spiritualistic séance a man is reported to have picked four winners in a dream. Only proper attention, he gave the waiter a very liberal tip before ordering his meal and then asked him what he could recommend. Whereupon the waiter recommended another restaurant.

* * *

The Ministry of Food states that restaurants are not now limited in the quantity of meat they serve. It is therefore still possible to get a shilling's-worth for half-a-crown.

* * *

One of the subjects down for discussion at a Sussex village lecture is, "What would you get if you were rich?" The answer is simple. You would get heavily taxed.

* * *

It appears that a photograph of a group of Government officials taken at Whitehall turns out to be a failure. It is thought that one of them must have moved.

* * *

The passenger who was summoned for throwing bottles out of the window of a moving train on a certain South Coast railway has now been acquitted, as the opinions expressed by the passengers as to whether the train was actually moving or not were very evenly divided.

* * *

"Children's books nowadays always finish with the marriage of the hero and heroine," complains a writer in a weekly paper. But surely this is a refreshing change from the old-fashioned ending, when they were made to "live happy ever afterwards."

* * *

The Admiralty, it is stated, has agreed to allow commercial travellers to proceed in every battleship sailing abroad. The proposal that a bonus should be offered to any one of them who manages to sell the battleship *en route* is being considered.

* * *

A number of men have been arrested in Paris for melting down five-franc pieces. Meanwhile the grocer who melts our sovereigns down to 7*s.* 9½*d.* continues his devilish work unhindered.



"TIE 'ER UP CAREFUL, JIM, AN' LEAVE THE KID INSIDE. THEM MOTOR THIEVES STICKS AT NUFFIN'."

* * *

A City gentleman had a most extraordinary experience in a fashionable restaurant the other evening. It appears that, in order to make sure of the other day, after a supper of Welsh rare-bit, a gentleman tried to back a nine-legged green-and-yellow elephant, but the animal was warned off the course by the Stewards.

* * *

One hundred and sixty burglaries have taken place in Munich during the past month. This seems to prove the truth of the assertion that the Bavarians would be the first to settle down to normal business after the War.

* * *

"You must go in very slightly at the waist this winter to be really fashionable," says Miss HOWE in *The Daily Express*. Upon reading this Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is said to have smiled grimly and repeated the lady's name several times.

* * *

"It will be good news for the housewife that there is likely soon to be a reduction in china and glassware."—*Welsh Paper.*

It has long been chronic in most households.

A HOME OFFENSIVE.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

WHEN I address my civil wits
To read the Lives of Men of War
(The papers quote the plummier bits,
A service I am grateful for);
When I review their multiplex damnations
Of Jacks-in-office, prone to err,
This endless stream of turbid revelations
Impinging on the Powers That Were;—

(And, mind you, all has not been told;
There's talk of scandals yet to come;
I could—but won't—myself unfold
Tales that would make Whitehall to hum:
Feebler would grow its appetite for dinner,
And redder yet would burn its ears
If I consented to expose the inner
History of the Volunteers);—

When I survey what serves the Bosch
For sustenance in lieu of meat,
And mark the laundry-men that wash
Our dirty linen in the street—
Staggered afresh with each appalling blunder
Unmasked by these, the Mighty Four,
I put myself the question how in thunder
We ever came to win the War?

I rather think there must have been
A certain few, the silent sort,
Who went about their work unseen
Nor made of it a loud report,
Nor hinted how much better they'd have done it
Had fools but understood their aims,
But simply took the War in hand and won it—
And I should like to know their names. O. S.

LOCAL COLOUR.

I WROTE recently to a leading London daily on a matter of public interest.

The paper in question, while printing the greater part of my letter as I sent it, added a tag representing its opinions rather than mine, and then appended my name.

I have below indicated the probable result if this course were generally followed by organs of public opinion.

(Original letter.)

SIR,—I write to protest against the suffering inflicted on our pets by these horrible muzzles. My precious Tiny is developing a bare patch on his nose, caused by the constant rubbing of the wire.

Can no ingenious scientist evolve an equally efficient but less cruel instrument? Yours faithfully, CYNOPHIL.

(As it might appear in *The T——s.*)

SIR,—I write to protest . . . rubbing of the wire.

It is doubtless due to the incompetent nincompoops of the Board of A—— that this atrocity is perpetrated. Sack the lot! . . .

(*The M——g P—t.*)

SIR,—I write to protest . . . rubbing of the wire.

If the Government would devote its attention to this matter of real importance, rather than to harrying the loyalists of Ulster, a remedy would soon be found. . . .

(*The D—ly M—l.*)

SIR,—I write to protest . . . rubbing of the wire.

The wire wasted on these instruments of torture could be more profitably used in making mouse-traps or wire-sieves. OUR MONEY IS BEING WASTED. . . .

(*The D—y N—s.*)

SIR,—I write to protest . . . rubbing of the wire.

Our misguided Government, not content with starving German babies, tortures dumb animals. Were we allowed freely to import the vastly superior German muzzles all would be well. . . .

(*J—n B—ll.*)

SIR,—I write to protest . . . rubbing of the wire.

If your valuable paper will collect further evidence and ventilate the matter it will soon be put right. I know your power for good. . . .

HINTS TO YOUNG HUNTERS.

(*Being the advice of a South African trader who writes from the Native Territories.*)

I SEE in the papers there's a lot of young men going to come to Africa nowadays to travel and get big game and things like that. Now I been watching animals in the veld all my life and I thought perhaps I could give a few hints to young hunters which might save them their lives one day.

For instance, when a rhinoceros shakes his ears, he is very tired and just wants rest. You might go quite near him then and he wouldn't want to do you anything. But, when he blinks his eyes, beware. Get out quick, because he can *run*. Mind you, a rhino got very small eyes and you got to be pretty close to see him blink. Not many living people seen a rhino blink.

Rhinos don't eat men, like I read in one travellers' book. They eat grass and simply trample men into the ground.

If you're near some elephants and one lifts up his trunk you best get out smart, because he's got your scent. If an elephant gets your scent he generally gets you. We old hunters say if you see an elephant lying down you can go and twist his tail and he won't mind. That's because no man ever seen a wild elephant lying down.

I read in lots of travellers' books about how, if you want to hear a long way, you put your ear on the ground. Perhaps they can do this in travellers' books, but not on the veld. All you're going to get if you try those tricks is some dirt in your ear or else bit by something. If you got a good Zulu boy, or better still a Hottentot, make him do the hearing for you.

Don't go thinking you can make fires on the veld by rubbing two sticks together, because you can't. Those things you get in travellers' books too, as easy as striking a match, but I only seen a few Swahili people do it up East, where they got funny wood. I never seen any South African boys able to, not even Korannas, who are pretty smart people. You take matches.

If you're going to shoot any leopards just make sure you kill them first go. There aren't so many living men shot twice at the same leopard.

There's plenty more hints like that I could give. One good one is, Don't you go reading those travellers' books.

From the report of a boxing match:—

"Becoming groggy, the referee intervened and stopped the bout in ——'s favour."—*Sunday Paper.*

Should referees be teetotal? The answer is in the affirmative.

"GENUINE UNRESTORED ANTIQUES
10 ft. Long Refractory Table, 6 Legs . . £35."
Advt. in "The Connoisseur."

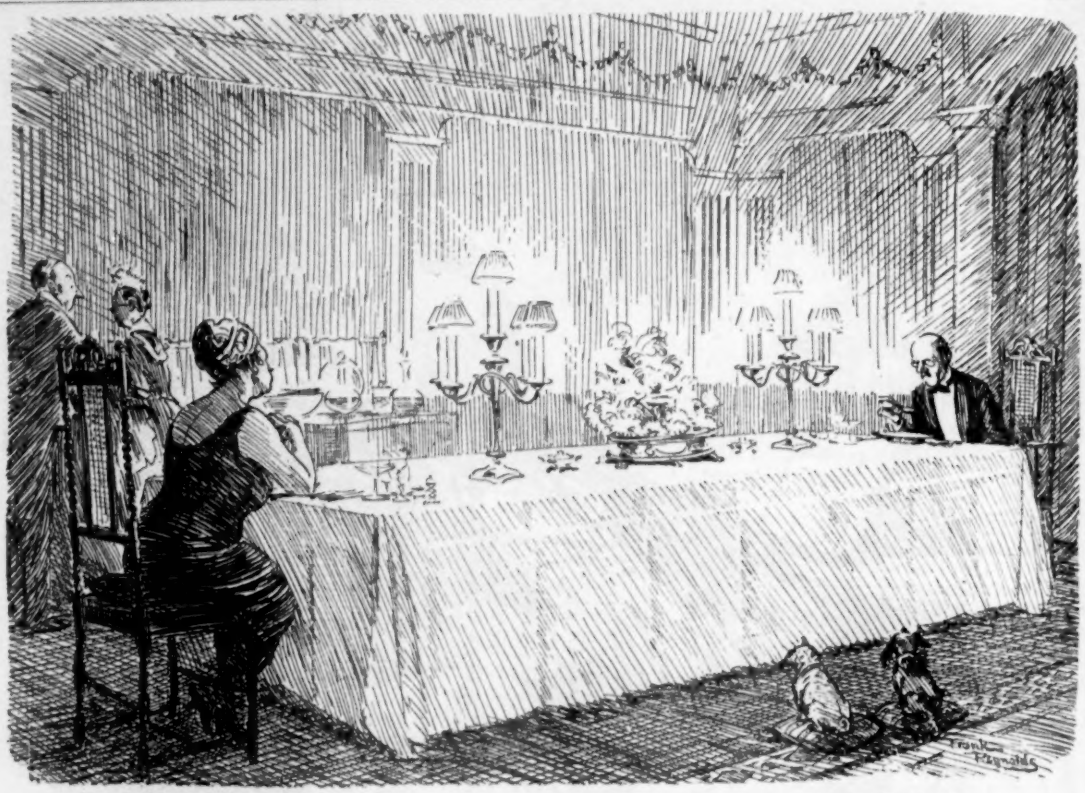
The refractoriness being caused, no doubt, by the "six long legs all here and there" (EDWARD LEAR.)



A SAVING GRACE.

Little John Bull. "What did you do in the great war, Daddy?"

Big John Bull. "Well, to judge by what I've been reading lately, I did everything wrong—except lose it."



Wife (to returned golfer). "DO YOU LIKE THE SOUP, DEAR—OR ARE YOU STILL PLAYING BADLY?"

SNATCHCORK.

"HAVE you ever heard of 'Snatchcork'?" asked Frederick.

"If he's a man," answered Percival, "I met him at Etaples in '17; if it's a patent medicine, my Aunt Catherine used to give it to me every morning when I was a kid; but if it's a new temperance drink I never heard of it."

"It's none of them. It's a game."

"Why couldn't you say so before?" said Percival crossly.

"Because, my sunny cherub, you never asked me. I asked you. I've just been taught it by a real Staff-Captain, and I'm going to introduce it into Mess to-night. Most frightfully nervy game, he says it is. They had to prohibit it during the War on account of its demoralising effect."

"What's the drill?" yawned Percival.

"It's a combination of beggar-my-neighbour and St. Vitus' dance. If there are six players you put five corks on the table; then, taking a pack of Service playing-cards, you extract all the aces, kings, queens, knaves, tens and nines, and put the remainder on a slow fire or any old where. By checking my figuring you will find there will be twenty-four cards—nines to aces—in play. These are thoroughly stirred—shuffled, I mean—and issued in a ration of four cards per player. Each player in turn then grasps his cards firmly between the first finger and thumb of his left hand and tries to palm off a card he doesn't want on his neighbour, the idea being to get a collection of four aces, or four kings, or four anythings of the same value. Got me, bud?"

Percival passed his hand wearily over his brow. "It goes like an A.C.I."

"Good! Now, as soon as a player has a complete set he just says nothing, but assumes an air of vacuity and quietly takes a cork. Then everyone else snatches for the other corks, and the man who doesn't get a cork puts a franc into the pool and drops out."

"Well?" said Percival without enthusiasm.

"Well, after that you do it again with only twenty cards, five players and four corks—like musical chairs, you know—till you get down to one, and he scoops the pool. But it's deliriously exciting. The snatching makes you so jumpy. The Dumpshires won't let a man play without a certificate from the M.O. that his heart is sound."

That evening Frederick was positively scintillating. In addition to being the pioneer of the new game he had discovered absolutely the latest smoking mixture, "Hookah Honey," which, he declared, "smoked as cool and sweet as vanilla-icing and had an aroma like a Persian rose-garden." He circulated his pouch lavishly before hostilities commenced.

"Patrons an' gen'lemen all," he said, "before introducing this game to your notice I might mention that my comrade, Percival, havin' been nine-fly finalist of the Brigade and knucklebone champion of the Battalion, can whisk a cork off the table with such celerity that spectators are apt to think that he keeps his own troupe of trained corks. Now, in order that there may be no deception, I propose that we play with marked corks taken from the bottles on the sideboard."

"Right you are!" said Binnie; "Cork, Mark X, taken from the Major's bottle of super-flavoured sulphuric acid and cayenne-pepper; *item*, another cork, marked O, from the Skipper's ration of the same; two, branded respectively F and P, from the soothing-syrup of our esteemed brothers-in-arms; and another, Z, identity and contents of bottle unknown."

"That's the count," agreed Frederick. "Now, my hearties, light up the aromatic weed and let the play proceed."

The game was a huge success. It went with verve and enthusiasm, excepting for an unfortunate interlude when all the players claimed to be in possession of a cork. However it was found that Percival had only got the top-joint of Binnie's forefinger, and he was adjudged to be a loser. Eventually, after many games, when the promoter was several francs to the bad and the players showed a disposition to grab at nothing in particular, it was decided to bring the entertainment to a close.

"Quite a decent rag, Freddy," said Signals. "And the baccy was a great improvement on the medicated chaff you've imposed on us lately."

"Right-o!" said the gratified Frederick. "We'll just replace these corks, to prevent evaporation, and toddle off to bye-bye. Was the Major's the nearly full or the half-bottle?"

"Hanged if I remember," said Binnie, automatically snatching at a fly.

"Well, I'll give him the half-bottle, although I'm probably sowing the seeds of a lasting feud between him and the Skipper. Percival, I'm a cork short, and I suspect you. Hand it over."

Percival's dignity had been ruffled by events earlier in the evening.

"It's my cork, won by lawful conquest," said he, having been victor in the final spasm. "I refuse to hand it over at your bidding."

"Give it to me. It's from my bottle, an' it's putting temptation in my way to leave it out."

"I shall return it," said Percival, "at my own time and place." And so saying he retired.

Next morning Frederick awoke with the consciousness of having achieved two notable successes. It is not given to everyone successfully to "produce" a new tobacco and a new game on the same evening. His elation however was somewhat damped when the appearance of an orderly from Percival, returning a tobacco-pouch found in the Mess, reminded him that Percival had also threatened to return a cork "at his own time and place." A knowledge of Percival's methods made him peep inside his teapot to see if the cork was swimming on the surface; it also made him carefully cut his breakfast-roll to see if it had been inserted therein. But nothing happened, and, seeing the Major tapping his pipe for his after-breakfast smoke, he determined to add to his triumphs.

"I'd like your opinion on a new brand I've got here, Sir," he said, proffering his pouch.



M.O. (to Jock, trying to get excused from "P.T."). "NOW WHO TOLD YOU YOU HAD A WEAK HEART?" *(No answer.)* "COME ON, MAN—SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TOLD YOU."
Jock. "NAEBODY TELL'T ME. *AH'M TELLIN' YOU.*"

The old gladiator methodically filled his pipe, and Frederick waited on him solicitously with a light. After the third unsuccessful match he felt that a little encouragement was required.

"It takes a bit of getting going, Major," he said; "but afterwards it smokes like cream."

Thus encouraged, the Major, with a suction worthy of a vacuum pump, succeeded in creating a draught. A cloud of acrid smoke, smelling like a burning resin factory, filled the atmosphere, and the Major showed pronounced symptoms of asphyxiation.

"Of all the poisonous garbage ——!" he spluttered, and disappeared in search of healing and solace.

Frederick watched his retreating figure in amazement. Then he opened his pouch and turned over the contents with his finger. The "Hookah Honey" was intermixed with desiccated fragments of something that was certainly not tobacco.

"Pity the old boy was the victim," he said. "But anyway I'm safe now. Percival's returned the cork all right."

"CITY, COUNTY AND UNIVERSITY TIME TABLE.

The Regius Professorship of Postal Theology, University Preacher at St. Mary's, 10.30 a.m."
Oxford Paper.

We presume that in honour of the new post the preacher took his text from the Epistles.

"In the Commons this afternoon, Mr. Bonar Law announced a wide extension of the Cabinet. Practically all chief ministers of the crew will be included."—*Scotch Paper.*

We cannot approve this flippant way of alluding to the Ministers of the Crown.



Ex-Infantryman (watching private firework display). "STRIKE ME, BILL! THE OLD GEYSER AIN'T 'ARF SENDIN' UP THE S.O.S.!"

THE SPORTSMAN.

I.—FISHING.

George is a gentleman—that sort of gentleman on whose gentility no aspersions can possibly be cast. He is always well-dressed, but never dressy. His face is beautifully tanned. The state of the weather or the season of the year does not seem to bear any particular relation to the complexion of George. I don't know when I admire it most. It is very effective when you catch sight of him hurrying through a February fog to his office in the City, but perhaps, after all, it sits most naturally upon him when he is in Scotland for his summer holiday, in his well-cut coat of Harris tweed and the rest of that distinctive *tout-ensemble* that goes to make up George.

When he asked me to join him and Archie in their fishing and shooting holiday, I was at once flattered and flabbergasted.

"Just a little rough shooting," he said, "and a very decent loch."

"Of course I should love to come," I said tentatively, "but I'm afraid I don't shoot."

"Don't shoot? Is *that* all? Well, don't let *that* worry you. As a matter of fact the shooting isn't very good. It's the fishing."

"But," I ventured, "I can't fish—at least I don't think I can. I've never tried."

"Then you'll come," said George. "Good. That's settled."

It *was* settled; but I am not sure that it was altogether good. Never shall I forget the first fish that I got on my line. It happened in this way. I had been there about a week without having noticed that the loch contained anything more lively than weeds. I was in the boat with George, who was "ghillying" for me, and we were drifting before the wind. I had just succeeded in disengaging my fly from the mahogany-coloured back of George's neck and in making my next cast, when a great swirl in the water attracted my attention.

I remember thinking that it wasn't quite the kind of splash that I was accustomed to make when casting. Then I heard the line whizzing off the reel and I knew I had hooked a fish.

The brute dashed away at full speed and then doubled back straight under the boat. I was frightfully excited.

"What do I do now, George?" I screamed.

George seemed a bit out of sorts and answered shortly, "Keep him your own side of the boat."

I leant far over the side to see where he had gone. The line was taut up against the keel. I was aroused from my contemplation by a chilly voice which said, "If you don't look out he'll bite your leg."

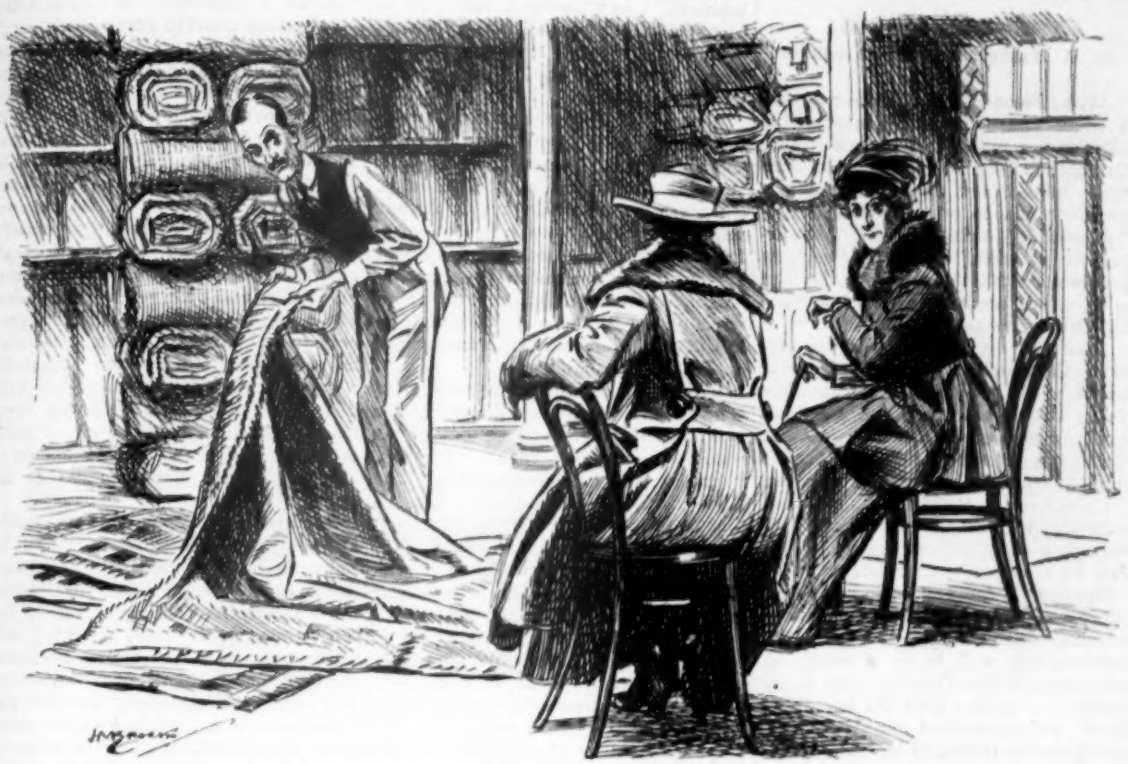
I staggered to my feet and saw a great and fearsome-looking monster floundering at the bottom of the boat and making what I took to be frantic efforts to reach my calf.

"What in Heaven's name do I do next?" I managed to gasp.

George rubbed the back of his neck softly, thought for a moment and said, "It's a pretty nasty position to be in. The fish jumped in by mistake while you were looking the other way. The only thing to do now is for you to dive in with your rod, swim under the boat and get in on the other side. That will have the effect of disentangling your line."

Then, seeing that I hesitated, he added sharply, "And don't waste any time about it."

Thus encouraged I took the plunge. The water was icy. My rod, my line, my two other flies and my breeches got



Wily Shopper (to salesman). "HOW MUCH IS THIS ONE? *(Turning to friend)* WHAT TIME IS IT OUR PROFITEERING COMMITTEE MEETS THIS AFTERNOON, DEAR?"

badly mixed up in my passage, and it must have been nearly ten minutes before we all arrived again in the boat. Once there I noticed with dismay that the only other occupant was George, who was sadly mopping the back of his neck with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Lost him?" he asked, and I thought I detected a smile hovering on his handsome face. "It 's just as well perhaps. As soon as you went over the top he was after you like a flash. That was what the professors call '*Salmo carnivorus*'—a dirty customer to meet under water."

"I am cold and rather wet," I murmured faintly. "Let us go home."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"That evening found Jack Drayton running about . . . begging . . . 'For pity's sake lend me a Latin dictionary someone.' He got one at last and . . . therein he learnt that '*Husteron proteron*' means 'the cart before the horse.'"—*Monthly Magazine.*

From a concert advertisement:—

"FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.—Side Area (keyboard side) 3/- plus tax 6d., 3/6 opposite side 2/- plus tax 4d., 2/4 (unreserved)."—*Provincial Paper.*

Possibly; but even music-lovers must help to pay for our recent discord.

THE RIGHT TO BREATHE.

(A Resignation in November.)

THE fetters of obedience chafe,
I weary of the State's control,
Of nightly locking in the safe
The little lump of part-worn coal.

The politicians and police
Prevent my eating what I wish;
I do not find that axle-grease
Goes very well with orange squish.

They snare the whisky in their nets;
The sugar—where does sugar hide?
I may not purchase cigarettes
Nor chocolates at eventide.

But I may chew the autumn mist
And bite miasmas when I will;
The fog wreaths round about me twist
And fog remains unrationed still.

Wet vapours I may freely drink
Unhampered by restrictive terms;
It fills me with delight to think
There is no closing hour for germs.

And so I wander to and fro
And snuff the consecrated breeze;
"Achoo! achoo!" men hear me go
And like a trombone is my sneeze.

From food and wine and warmth debarred,
The music of my soul resounds;
There is no registration card
To keep my bellowing in bounds.

Through Westminster I walk and see
The men who cut my dinners short;
But what of that? The air is free,
And this is England. I can snort.

EVOE.

A Unique Case.

"ENLISTING as a Private in 1914, at the age of 42, and fighting thus in the early days of the War, in France, I was eventually demobilised in January, 1919, retiring with the rank of Honorary Major.

My spending capacity falls short of my income."—*Advt. in "Irish Times."*

"The first half of the 72-ball four-hole match for £50 a side was played over the course of the Northumberland Club at Newcastle on Wednesday."—*Provincial Paper.*

We understand that on this occasion no stimies were allowed.

"This well-known restaurant has long been the favourite resort of all Cairenes seeking alfresco inners amidst the palm groves."

Egyptian Gazette.

Personally we never fresco our inners. A little "whitewash" after the sweets is the most we permit ourselves.

THE IMPRESARIO;

OR, A MASTERPIECE IN SEARCH OF SUCCESS.

WHEN I first met Gideon he occupied a small and remarkably inaccessible office in the vicinity of Orange Street. Gideon has gone up in the world since then; indeed, his name is getting a perfect nuisance on all the Tubes as "presenting" this and that "by arrangement with," etc., etc. Very few people seem to do anything in the way of theatrical productions without making arrangements with Gideon.

Like all truly great men in the embryo state, Gideon had his weaknesses, and if he did practise a little harmless deceit to impress the young idea in those early days surely it has been justified by his subsequent success? Under his table and near the telephone he had a little bell which could be rung surreptitiously by hand. Hardly had the budding playwright begun to pour forth his tale to the sympathetic listener when "ting-ting" would go the telephone (apparently), and with a deprecatory gesture Gideon would break off the conversation and begin a sparkling monologue with TREE or any other imaginary speaker that his fancy dictated; and for several minutes the aspiring author would be enthralled with the technicalities involved in the leasing of theatres wholesale, the engaging of stars at princely salaries, the negotiating for unwritten plays by all the best authors, and last, but certainly not least, the mention that he had just come across a particularly clever play by a new author who was with him at the moment.

It is not to be wondered at that when he finally turned, with relief apparently, to the interesting matter in hand, the Æschylus sitting opposite him would be ready to offer the world's rights of his masterpiece on any terms in order to keep in with the man who appeared to be the hub of the theatrical world.

Yes, Gideon has got on, and yet he is singularly unspoilt. A little more portly, a little more urbane, a little more brusque to his secretary—that is all the difference that success has made to him. He still greets me with the old effusiveness, and it is impossible to believe that it is fifteen years since I first called upon him to hear his opinion of my four-act play, *Who Shall Testify?*

What a glorious time it was, sitting comfortably in a straight-backed chair, hearing one's own play "cast" with practically every prominent actor and actress of the day! I remember how the first year we shook our heads doubtfully and wondered whether GEORGE ALEXANDER, then in his zenith, "could touch it." As a matter of fact I am at liberty to tell you now that he couldn't—or didn't, anyway. "What a glorious time it *was*," did I say? No, I am ungrateful, it still is!

Every year I come back and there is Gideon, still cheery, optimistic and ready to sit down and re-cast my play with the latest stars until, after a few minutes, the office seems to fade and its place is taken in my imagination by the spectacle of a crowded theatre, a breathless audience, and the eminent representative of *The Times* (relegated to the upper circle owing to the crush) gripping on to the sides of his seat with excitement or mirth, or both.

"Ah, yes," he will begin, and by his comprehending manner I know that the play has never *really* been out of his thoughts since last year. "Ah, yes, your play, *Two in Trouble*—no, no, *Who Shall Testify?*—as you say. Yes, we must certainly do something about that. Would it suit HAWTREY, do you think?"

I remind him that a version was prepared especially for this actor eleven years ago. "In some ways, you know," he goes on indulgently, "your play is rather *too* clever. The public are rather tired of comedy, farce or drama"—whichever this particular version was; "they really want"—whichever the play was not. "H'm, would it suit BOURCHIER, do you think?"

I express an opinion that no other actor could do it greater justice, especially the version I prepared for him eight years ago.

"Good, good. Let me see. What are the characters again? Ah, yes, of *course*, now I remember. The man's part is—— Quite so, as you say. Then what about So-and-so as *So-and-so*, eh? And what about So-and-so as *So-and-so?* Excellent, don't you think? And MARIE TEMPEST?—no, I've just settled her next two plays; but what about IRIS HOEY, now? Yes, adapted, of course, but if——"

And so merrily we go on. Gideon, I am sure, enjoys it as much as I do. There is not an actor or actress of note who has not at some time or another appeared in my play. There have been at least eighteen versions, each for a particular cast and each adapted to meet the trend of popular taste.

I begin to agree with a friend of mine, who conscientiously read all the eighteen versions during his three months in hospital, that it should never be produced. As it stands to-day it is more than a mere manuscript; it is history itself. By the records I have kept of the casts suggested one can trace the rise and fall of every star within the last decade. See how youth begins the gallant ascent, rising from "*James*, a page-boy," to "*John Atlas*, a mercantile giant in grey tweeds, etc.," and to other prominent parts. Then, alas, see how, as years roll by, some retrace their steps on the downward grade, moving fitfully along by way of "*Mr. Snack*, a solicitor in frock-coat and black bag, etc.," until they pass to the great beyond by way of "*John* enters with the coffee." The meteoric rise of OWEN NARES is shown vividly by the fact that he passed *in a single year* from "*Tom*, an undergrad in Norfolk jacket and brown shoes," to "*Jasper Marx*, the somnambulistic hypochondriac" himself; while Miss LÖHR leapt in a few months from "*Priscilla*, a pretty girl of eighteen in love with *Tom*," to "*Gloriana*," without ever being cast for the intermediary parts of "*May* and *Ethel*, school chums of *Gloriana's* and much under her influence."

Production, I am convinced, would kill the true value of the play by reducing it to a stereotyped version. Some day, when a three-year course for playwrights is inaugurated at the University, *Who Shall Testify?* will be dragged into the light. Professor GOLLANCZ and other literary anatomists will seize upon it, study it, dissect it and pronounce it a technical masterpiece. Then and not till then will the masterly cleverness be made manifest by which, with a few strokes of the pen, the whole atmosphere of the play is changed in order to suit this or that particular cast and, what is still more subtle, this or that particular cast under varying shades of popular taste. Then and not till then shall I receive just reward and recognition for my work, and *Who Shall Testify?* will be handed down as an elementary text-book.

Finally, then and not till then shall I be able to pay the bill for typing, which amounts, up to the present, to fifty-seven pounds and elevenpence. L.

Alarming Spread of Bolshevism.

"An 'At Home' was held at the Vicarage last evening . . . the first of a series arranged in aid of the fund for providing red cossacks for the choir."—*Provincial Paper.*

"COALVILLE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

Woodville White Rose wrote reporting Bagworth Town for failing to fulfil fixture on September 20th, and claimed £5 loss of 'gate,' and 12/3 expenses.—The Bagworth secretary said the brake proprietor failed them at the last moment, and they could not get another. There was not a convenient train as most of the players did not get home from the colliery in time, the train leaving Bagworth at 12.45.—A Woodville representative said their players always put football before work on Saturdays."
Coalville Times.

Gallant fellows, determined at any cost to maintain the output of goals.

A SOFT THING.



"IF ONLY ONE COULD KEEP TIME TO THE INFERNAL BAND—



AND THERE WAS A BIT MORE ROOM—



AND THE FLOOR WAS NOT SO CONFOUNDEDLY SLIPPERY—



AND ONE HADN'T A PARTNER TO GET IN ONE'S WAY—
WHY, ANYBODY COULD DO IT."



The Pugnacious Gentleman. "BUT 'E BIN AN' CALLED ME A 'UN.'"

The Peacemaker. "WELL, HE MAY HAVE MEANT IT QUITE KINDLY-LIKE, BILL. IT AIN'T AS IF WE WAS STILL AT WAR WITH THE DIRTY 'OUNDS."

"NITCHEVO."

(*Meaning "It doesn't matter," "Ça ne fait rien," "All right," "C'est la guerre"*).

I HAVE nursed great ambitions in my time;
Yearned, with the childish zeal of innocence,
To be a ringleader of buccaneers,
To drive a char-à-banc or reach a Pole.
Later, my dreams were of the Lonsdale Belt;
Then of the drama I was bound to write
And stir the wondering heart of all the world;
Then of a fortune that would line the years
With crimson velvet. But the War began,
And I preferred to be a Brigadier,
Riding about and telling people off
While glowing honours gathered on my breast.
Like all the rest, this proved a blighted dream,
And bore no fruit but three precarious pips.
Yet, still a visionary and idealist,
I came with England's boldest to the North,
Spurred by an aspiration strong as strange
To imitate the curious sounds by which
The careless Russian folk express themselves.
Five summer months I sojourned in their land
And learned to laugh at that fantastic hope;
For now I 've seen a vision of true peace
Which soothes ambition's fever. Let me be
Some day the skipper of a Dvina barge,
Beguiling sunlit time upon an ark
Slow-sliding in the wake of some small tug,
Or on a yellow sand-bank run aground
Between the splendour of a boundless sky
And its repeated splendour in the flood,
The mighty breathless river, bright like glass;
And, when our gliding voyage found its goal,
My only task would be to wait content
Until my monstrous sun-baked argosy,
Stored with new freight, was ready to be towed
Interminably back through days and nights,
The hot blue days and brief sun-tinted nights;
And if red Englishmen were there to rave,
Expecting me to hurry, I should feel
But cooler for their heat and vehemence.
I would escape the wear and tear of life,
The eagerness to reach one journey's end
But to begin the next, the English fret
That makes them slaves to clocks and time-tables;
For I should bask upon my barge's deck,
Close to my samovar, and drink pale tea
And note the sand-banks nearing, quite aware
That we must run aground; and to myself
Murmur contentment's password, "Nitchevo."

Commercial Candour.

"The demand for our machines at present exceeds the output. We are not surprised, but you will be when you use one."
Manufacturer's Circular.

"Mr. —— writes:—'It is now six or seven weeks since I discontinued your medicine, and I may say I have never felt better in all my life.'"—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"Alarm clocks are still very expensive and very scare."—*Daily Paper.*

We always want ours to be very scare.



THE POPULAR GUY.

Crowd (*singing*). "I SEE NO REASON
WHY GOVERNMENT TREASON
SHOULD EVER BE FORGOT!"

Neglected Guys (*to one another*). "BIT OF LUCK—THEY SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN US."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 27th.—The fact that at the present rates of pay a miner need work only twenty-five hours a week to earn one hundred and thirty pounds a year, helps to account for the fuel-shortage. Chilly householders may, however, be glad to know that the Proceedings of the recent Coal Commission will shortly be available to replenish their cellars.

Many times during the last three years Mr. BONAR LAW has been asked to announce the members of the Cabinet, and has replied by giving the names of the Big Five. This afternoon he surprised the House by quickly reeling off no fewer than twenty names, including those of the new Ministers of Labour and Transport. There seems no obvious reason why Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS should have been excluded; but it is supposed that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, when drawing up the list, suddenly recalled the old nursery-rhyme, and, exclaiming, "Nineteen — twenty —I've had plenty," threw down his pen.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL was startled to hear an hon. Member apparently inquiring whether the ex-Kaiser was "in constant telephonic communication with this country." He was just about to deny the absurd accusation that anybody, ex-Kaiser or not, could possibly, while the Post-Office maintained its traditions, be in this privileged position, when a colleague explained that the words were "his country," not "this country."

Seeing the PRIME MINISTER on the Treasury Bench some Members jumped to the conclusion that the Government defeat last Thursday had convinced him of the necessity of reverting to the custom of his predecessors and being in constant attendance at the House. Not at all. He had merely looked in to give his moral support to the LEADER of the House while he unravelled the tangled knot in the Aliens Restriction Bill. And very deftly Mr. LAW did it. After he had spoken, Coalitionists who had voted against the Government were loud in their declarations that they had intended no slight either to France or to HIS MAJESTY'S Ministers.

It has been said that Parliament can do anything but turn a man into a woman. The House of Commons this evening, however, did its best to turn women into men, by its amendments to the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Bill. In its zeal for uniformity it went so far as to insist that a peeress in her own right should be permitted to sit and to vote in the Upper House. As under the existing law she is also eligible for the House of Commons, we may ere long see a noble Stateswoman flitting along the corridors to charm the ears and eyes of Lords and Commons alternately.

Tuesday, October 28th.—Lord CURZON came down rather heavily upon Lord SYDENHAM for having asked him questions about Afghanistan which had been answered in advance in a White Paper issued last August. Premising (not very politely, perhaps) that other noble lords were in a like condition of ignorance, he made a long statement regarding our relations with the present AMEER. The gist of it was that we had dropped the subsidy formerly paid to His Highness's predecessors, and with it the right to control his foreign relations. As in practice these too often proved uncontrollable I fancy the Government of India has made a good bargain both ways.



Clerk of the House. "AT THIS POINT, SIR, YOU SWEAR."
Mr. BALFOUR (forgetting that he is not on the links). "TUT, TUT!"

Lord AMPTHILL complained that the FOREIGN SECRETARY had not communicated with Lord SYDENHAM instead of inflicting upon him this "elaborate rebuke;" but Lord SYDENHAM himself passed no comment upon the Ministerial statement, unless his apology "for having wasted so much valuable time" was intended to convey a subtle depreciation of its value.

Questions were ambling along in their usual dreary fashion in the Lower House when suddenly there was an unwonted animation on the Treasury Bench and a ripple of cheering from all quarters of the House. The new LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL had quietly entered and taken his seat among his colleagues. Strictly speaking, I believe, he had no right there, for his labours in Paris had prevented him hitherto from taking the oath. The House of Commons would, however, forgive a much greater sin on the part of its most popular Member. The cheers broke forth again when a little later he advanced to the Table, took the Oath, and once more wrote "ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR" in the Roll which has contained that signature in eleven successive Parliaments.

Remembering that COLERIDGE, in his famous lines about Cologne, includes among its drawbacks "hideous wenches," I have always taken a good deal of discount off the stories that an epidemic of exotic matrimony was devastating our Army of Occupation. Still it is pleasant to learn on official authority that the register of Cologne Cathedral contains no record of any British soldier of any rank having married a German woman since the Armistice.

The Government had some awkward corners to turn before it secured a Second Reading for the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill, a measure designed to keep D.O.R.A. on our necks for another year. Mr. BONAR LAW, who, remembering last week's upset, made plaintive reference to the difficulty of explaining a case so that the House of Commons would understand it, declared that if the Bill was not passed chaos would ensue. Even that possibility left Coalitionists rather cold. But, when he added that in that event the Government would regard it as a notice to quit, the malcontents sat up and took notice, with the result that the Bill passed its Second Reading by a majority of 170.

Wednesday, October 29th. — The House of Commons is, of course, perfectly sincere in its desire for national economy. I assume therefore that the two Members who selected this particular day to press the Government for a decision as to the issue of free railway passes to Members of Parliament were anxious to be told that it was impossible, and were correspondingly disappointed when Mr.

BONAR LAW said that the matter had not yet been settled.

The official statement, recently issued, showing that the deficit for the year, estimated in the Budget at two hundred and fifty millions, had now swollen to four hundred and seventy-three millions, had prepared us for the appearance of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as a humble penitent, clad in a White Paper, and prepared to seek vicarious absolution for his own sins by inflicting further pecuniary penalties upon the rest of us.

What happened was quite otherwise. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, far from being cast-down, was positively jaunty. At the very outset he relieved our apprehensions by saying that no new taxation would be necessary, either this or next year, unless the House insisted on incurring further expenditure. As for the War Debt of eight thousand millions the miraculous operation of a half-per-cent Sinking Fund would clear it off in fifty years.

The CHANCELLOR'S statement, that months ago he had instructed the Board of Inland Revenue to explore the possibilities of a levy on war fortunes, took most of the wind out of the Opposition sails. Sir DONALD MACLEAN made such play as he could with the contrast between the CHANCELLOR'S optimism of to-day and his pessimism in August, when he declared that the country was "heading straight for national bankruptcy." Later on Mr. HENDERSON and others tried to bring the House back to a becoming condition of gloom, but without much visible success.

Thursday, October 30th.—Under the new arrangement the LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND and his CHIEF SECRETARY are alternative Members of the Cabinet, by a sort of *Box* and *Cox* arrangement. To-day *Cox* was on duty, and he had to undergo a severe cross-examination regarding the present administration of the more than ever distressful country. Home Ruler though he is, he made it quite clear that for the moment the restoration of order is his chief concern, and he roundly asserted that for the long list of crimes recently committed Sinn Fein and no one else was responsible.

Mr. CLYNES reopened the financial debate with the best speech yet made on the Opposition side. He gently chaffed the Government for inviting the House to support their proposals, "however drastic," for the improvement of the financial situation, when as a fact they were making no fresh proposals whatever to that end. But he did not spare his own colleagues, some of whom were slow to appreciate the necessity of increased production. A reasoned and moderate appeal to the Government not to exclude the levy on capital from their proposed inquiry ended a statesmanlike utterance which fully justified Lord ROBERT CECIL'S encomiums.

Otherwise there was not much force in the Opposition criticisms. The PRIME MINISTER evidently felt that he had nothing to beat, and might kick up his heels accordingly. For fifty minutes he entertained himself and the House with a series of pungent phrases, chiefly devoted to the outside critics who confused pessimism with patriotism, and thought a deficit worse than a defeat. The cheers which greeted his peroration were followed by persistent cries of "Divide, divide!" and, though the debate went on for some hours longer, all the steam was now out of it, and the Government secured a gigantic majority.



Sir Gordon Hewart. "I HAVE PLEASURE IN PRESENTING OUR OLD FRIEND DORA IN HER LATEST MODE. THIS IS POSITIVELY—OR SHALL I SAY POSSIBLY?—HER LAST APPEARANCE."

"Boys' Blue Serge Knickers at 3/11.
Cannot be beaten."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Highly popular, we imagine, for school outfits.

THE BOND.

"LIFE'S rum, isn't it?" were the first words Standish said as I took the vacant chair beside him at the Club.

"In what particu'ar?" I asked.

"In most," he said; "as always. But just at the moment I was thinking of imperfect sympathies; I was thinking of the long time it often takes to understand some people; how one waits upon the happy moment; and so on. When I was at Winchester thirty and more years ago there was a boy I rather admired. But I never quite got on with him. He was reserved, and so was I; he was a little senior to me; he had a rather aloof way with him. Sometimes we seemed to be on the brink of a complete understanding, and then it all went wrong. Perhaps the best way to put it is that he attracted and repelled almost equally; but one never knew when the currents would change. Anyway, we went through our time at Winchester without ever getting properly on terms, and I regretted it then with some acuteness, and have regretted it mildly ever since."

"Yes?" I said.

"We never met after leaving school," he continued. "I went to Oxford and he didn't, and, except that I heard of him at the Bar, I knew nothing of him. For thirty years and more—thirty-three, to be exact—I had never seen him till—— Well, it was as long as that."

He paused.

"You know the phrase, 'How little did I think!' It's always cropping up in our lives—a perpetually recurring tribute to the way in which the more distant and apparently irreconcilable events are linked together. 'How little did I think!' You've said it to yourself scores of times?"

"More like hundreds," I replied.

"Yes, hundreds," he repeated. "But never have I said it with more astonishment than this morning. I'll tell you. You know my son?"

"The one who was lunching with you the other day?" I asked. "The sailor?"

"Yes, I've only one."

"A nice frank boy I thought him," I said.

"Yes, I think he is; I hope so. The sea's good for them. Gives them level eyes; keeps them simple. Well, anyway, he's been having some leave, and he seems to have spent it in the usual



Artist's Wife (to husband cleaning out fowl-house). "GEORGE, SIR JOHN AND LADY WORMWOOD HAVE COME TO SEE YOUR WORK."
Artist. "RIGHT-O. IT'S JUST FINISHED." *Lady W.* "VERY INTERESTIN', I'M SURE; BUT *WE* MEANT YOUR PICTURES."

way, for he came to me the other day and said he was engaged. The prettiest, sweetest girl in the world, and all the rest of it. It was sooner than I had been hoping; I had even made some foolish plans about holiday jaunts with him alone. What 's the use?" He sighed. "Anyway, there it was, and as everything seemed settled I had to acquiesce—always provided that there was similarly no objection on the side of the girl's people. Her father, it seemed, was being told at the same time that I was. 'What is her father?' I asked. Odd how one says 'what?' before 'who?' The boy didn't know—very characteristically. His name, then? Hurley. The only Hurley I had ever met was my school-fellow at Winchester—the boy with whom I had never been able quite to get on terms. You see what 's coming?"

I said that it looked easy, but there was often a catch.

He continued: "It was arranged that I should call on him, and this morning I did so; and he was my Winchester Hurley, after all these years. Of course he was; he had to be! Well, we fixed up the engagement and I saw the girl—she 's pretty, right enough—and then we began to talk, and I told him just what I 've been telling you about my feelings for him at school; and what do you think he said? He said, 'That 's exactly how I used to feel about you. I wanted you for a friend, and I couldn't get you, and it worried me." He was silent for a moment. Then he added with a smile: "He 's dining with me here to-night."

"Splendid," I said.

"But the joke is," he went on, "that suddenly we both began to say, simultaneously, 'How little did I think——'"

I laughed. "Of course."

"It is odd, isn't it, life?" he resumed. "Here were two boys failing to get to know each other, and then, thirty years after, they are brought together, and without any of the old hesitation or awkwardness, by the agency of their children. School-boys' children! Children unborn, unthought of, were to fix it up. Devilish rum!"

The Growing Popularity of Bigamy.

"According to the 'Petit Parisien,' official statistics of civil marriages which took place in Paris in the years 1915, 1916 and 1917, show that:—

726 French women married Belgians.
330 Belgians married French women."
Evening Paper.

"On November 9, 1911, Dixie Kid beat Chelsea 3—0."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Some Kid!

OF THE RETURN.

Oh, London Strand, 'tis all a-hum
And thronged with wheels and men,
But I would slack till kingdom-come
And never touch a pen,
For I am fresh caught from the spells
That haunt the home of deer,
And I have heard the heather bells
That sound so small and clear.

Oh, London Strand 's a sounding shore,
Laborious and murk,
Yet I would idle evermore
And never set to work,
For I have drunk of days that shone,
That fast as grouse-packs flew,
And looked, mayhap too often, on
The hills when they were blue.

"During my walks abroad I am keeping a wary eye on prices, and it is no longer a miasma that these are stepping down."
Daily Paper.

Judging by our own experience it is unfortunately more like a mirage.

"M. Painlevé believed that the war would be lost if Joffre were not displaced. Mr. Lloyd George feared that it could not be won by Haig.

Mr. Lloyd George was equally confident that it could be won by Haig."—*Evening Paper.*

We congratulate the PRIME MINISTER on his second thoughts.

A LUNAR ECLIPSE.

A most unfortunate thing occurred the other night which threatens to mar the impression that Simpson has for some time been helping me to make on his sister. She had accepted so unreservedly our account of other battle-field exploits that there was nothing at all to prepare us for what actually happened.

"Then that night in Quelquelieu in 1918," I was saying. "The night, you know, when the Bosch flew over in droves, dropping bombs everywhere, and the narrow squeak we both had. Have you told her about that?"

"Oh, do tell me, Archie," she cried.

Simpson's garden-chair creaked as he slightly shifted his position.

"Oh, *that* night!" he said, looking up at the stars. "Yes, that was a nasty business, if you like. How many was it they dropped? A hundred?"

"Including the two duds. We were having a little dinner, you remember, in that restaurant in the Rue de l'Occident, to celebrate your sister's birthday that day."

"Mine?" she asked, and she seemed pleased.

"Yes. We had just ordered a bottle of champagne when the first bomb fell about thirty yards off — thirty-five, perhaps. The cork and the bomb went off one after the other. I remember quite well the contrast between the two sounds; it was most marked."

"It was," agreed Simpson. "It's odd you should have noticed that. I noticed it too. You had the bottle, and you went on filling the glasses as though nothing had happened. And when you lifted yours to drink to Dora I particularly noticed how steady your hand was. You didn't spill a drop."

"Nor did you, you know," I murmured.

"I can't pretend I altogether liked it," he went on, "the bombs, I mean. But you, you never turned a hair. And there was that Major fellow in the corner, with the D.S.O. and bar, fidgeting all over."

Miss Simpson leaned forward and clasped her hands round her knees.

"It must have been awful," she said. "But I do wish you'd got under proper cover instead of bothering about me."

"It was pretty bad," admitted Simpson. He paused for a while, then added, "You know, Dora's never been in an air-raid."

"Really, Miss Simpson?"

It seemed almost a pity not to go on, so I thought I would remember having been fired on by a Bosch aeroplane. I turned towards Archie. "You



Urchin. "OO—LOOK! 'E'S LETTING SOMETHINK OUT."

mustn't forget about the Rue de la Gare—shortly after, you know—when we sauntered out thinking the worst of it was over, and how they suddenly came back and began machine-gunning the streets. Tell her about that."

"And the fight we had with them, with nothing but our revolvers," he added, piling it on a bit.

"But how thrilling!" she cried rapturously. "Did you have to kill any of them?"

There was no help for it.

"As your brother says," I resumed, "they came back and started machine-gunning the street, as we were going back to our billet. It was an anxious moment. Whose idea was it, Archie, that we should stand up to them and pot them as they passed?"

"Yours," he said truthfully.

"Was it? I'd forgotten. Anyhow, Miss Simpson, there might have been about thirty of them, big fellows too, coming round and round in a circle, flying very low and shooting straight at us."

"Shooting at you on purpose?" she asked with sympathy in her tone.

"I'm afraid so. At both of us, of course. There was nothing really personal about it."

"But how could they *see* you?" she pursued.

I hadn't thought of that.

"The moon, my dear, the moon," pleasantly put in her brother, doing his best.

"How stupid of me," I explained. "I ought to have told you. Well, we took our stand on the pavement with our backs to the wall and drew our revolvers, determined to sell our lives dearly. Then, hastily writing our last messages to those we loved, we counted our ammunition and found we had just thirty rounds between us. But you have to be very lucky, or else a very good shot, to bring down thirty planes with thirty rounds, and revolver rounds at that—haven't you, Archie?"

"It's not easy," he said.

"So we thought of a way of——"

"Did Archie write a message to me?" put in Miss Simpson.

"We both did. I mean—that is—where was I? Oh, yes. So we thought of laying our sights on the moon and keeping our fire till a Bosch aeroplane passed in between."

A slightly suspicious sound came from her way. Her voice, however, was quite calm as she asked if we brought any down.

"Of course, we couldn't actually prove anything," replied Archie, "but certain things came out afterwards, and an A.A. battery stationed quite close claimed four machines in the morning."

"They do that on principle," I explained.

"So you brought down four?" she said.



Little Girl. "IS THAT A FOX OR A CUB, MUMMY?" *Mother.* "A FOX, DEAR. IT STOPPED BEING A CUB LAST WEEK."
Girl. "MY! DON'T THEY GROW UP QUICKLY!"

We kept a modest silence.

"Anyhow," she continued, "I think it was very clever of you to have thought of that about the moon."

"Oh, I don't know," we both murmured.

"I do," she said pleasantly. "Because I remember the night of my birthday that year perfectly well. I happened to be at Folkestone—not so very far from you—and there wasn't the faintest ghost of a moon."

NOW—AND THEN.

(*The style of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS is so infectious.*)

TO-DAY, as I went along the Barking-Ilford Road in one of my touring cars, there was nothing to show that, only a month ago, this was the scene of a grim struggle during the Great Strike, a fight which raged without respite for over a week. Our objective in those days was the City, and day after day our sturdy Londoners, grimly humorous, and with their round bowler hats cocked at an angle, fought in a bitter, unceasing conflict for the cars. . . .

Where the line intersects the —— Road there still stands an estaminet. Within, a comely lass of the district used to dispense refreshment during those momentous days of last month. Sunbeams lurked in her hair, and the blue of the East Ham heavens was in her eyes, so that one rejoiced to behold her. Here our boys would come, fresh from the conflict, to drink the bitter beers of the country, and to glory in the light and warmth of the place, so that I, sipping a more expensive potation, would marvel at their high spirits and the indomitable angle of their round bowler hats. To-day I have visited the place again. Outwardly it was little changed, but within the girl was no longer there. Mine host, as he carefully mixed my drink, told me sorrowfully that she had gone beyond recall. "But yes, we are desolate," he said in his *patois*; "but what would you? Always the poor little one found herself milking the till. . . ."

To-day I have travelled to London by way of the G.E.R. From the window of a first-class carriage—there was no Pullman on the train—I saw flash by all the strong places by the soap-works and the tanning-yards which made our progress so difficult in the mighty struggle of last month, when London was our objective. . . . And so one came to the end of the journey, and through it all one could not but admire the chivalrous spirit of our clean-limbed fellows towards their former foes. The latter were much in evidence, still in their blue uniforms, with here and there the gold-laced cap of the High Command. Occasionally one saw their Guards—big burly fellows these, with silver buttons and badges. . . . They suffered from no shortage of foodstuffs, for I tasted a sandwich at the terminus which had come through the Strike remarkably well.

"GOOD CHILD'S PUSH-CHAIR WANTED."
Local Paper.

Rather rough, though, on the good child.

"He maintained that the referee should be brought to boot."—*Local Paper.*

A variant upon the too common method of bringing the boot to the referee.

THE PASSING OF EMMA.

(The adoption of a Twenty-four-hour Clock is suggested.)

LADY, though other devotees have drifted
Away and none steps forth to break a lance
On your behalf, nor any voice is lifted
To murmur, "Hang it, give the girl a chance!"
I will be true; I will not pass unheeding
When thus you 're threatened; will not turn my back,
But take my stand against the superseding
Of Emma (Pip and Ack).

What shall it profit us, suppose we lose you?
Will roseate hours seem longer if you go,
Or shorter those that wear the baleful "blues'" hue?
I can't delude myself this will be so.
Or when they bid us rise, and willy nilly
(Knowing that we shall get no peace from them)
We do so, will 6.30 seem less chilly
Because it 's not A.M.?

It won't. But when there come our hours of leisure,
The all too brief reward for duty done,
And almost at the outset of our pleasure
We hear some clock proclaiming twenty-one,
The young hour thus unwontedly inflated
Will tweak our consciences until, misled,
We make for home, and, feeling dissipated,
Crawl wearily to bed.

There shall be mourning then, there shall be sighing,
Lugubrious looks and countenances dour,
The splash of strong men's tears and voices crying
"Emma, thou shouldst be living at this hour;"
But you 'll be dead and gone, though not forgotten;
Too late we 'll learn in grief's relentless grip
How truly times are hard and life is rotten
Sans Emma (Ack and Pip).

LEST WE REMEMBER.

THE deep interest excited by the new system of mental training known as "Bliv," and the extraordinary results achieved by pupils drawn from every class of the community, lately encouraged one of Mr. Punch's young men to solicit an interview with the founder and director. The request was graciously granted, with the sole condition that the anonymity of the director should be respected. No one in all his enormous staff of assistants knows his name. Some of them allude to him familiarly as "the Blivver;" but this is a matter of no importance. It is enough to say that he is a man in the prime of life, of commanding personality and extraordinary cranial development, both frontal and occipital, taking an even larger size in hats than Mr. GLADSTONE.

"You want to know something about 'Bliv'?" he remarked. "Good. I will tell you. 'Bliv' is the short for Oblivion. The root idea of my system is to disencumber the mind of useless knowledge, to jettison the cargo of memory and tradition, to concentrate on the present. But let me interpose a word of caution at the outset. We must forget the dead; we must be careful how we forget the living. It was because he forgot GOSCHEN that Lord RANDOLPH wrecked his career. Again, while we should at all times strive to free ourselves from the dead hand of the past, we need not altogether disregard those utterances in which old authors recognised the supreme value of forgetfulness. Oblivion, wrote one of them, is the remedy for injuries. To forget, wrote another, is the best revenge. Sorrow's crown of sorrows, wrote a third, is remembrance of happier days in misery. But I do not wish to labour the ethical value of forgetfulness; it is rather as an instrument of efficiency that its cultivation is indispensable.

"The Bourbons forgot nothing and shattered their dynasty. Statesmen, within the limits noted above, can achieve nothing without mastering the art of forgetfulness, otherwise they will be perpetually restrained by musty precedents. I have in my hand a letter lately received from a Cabinet Minister of the highest rank, in which he says, 'Since studying your wonderful little Blue books I have entirely and absolutely forgotten, and am no longer troubled by, the opinions I expressed or entertained before taking office. The relief is incalculable, and I now come to the discussion of the most vital problems with a mind fresh, alert and unfettered by pledges.'

"So much for politics. In literature 'Bliv' is equally essential. Hitherto writers have been hampered and paralysed by the tyranny of 'standards,' the greatest curse of creative effort. I have received many gratifying testimonials from distinguished young Georgian poets; but the critics are less ready to acknowledge the value of a system which seeks to dethrone pedantry, to abolish the invidious practice of parallel-hunting and to silence the parrot-cry of plagiarism.

"It is the same in art. Artists must not only forget the Correggiosity of CORREGGIO and the Titianity of TITIAN, but the Sargentry of SARGENT if they are to produce anything in vital harmony with the spirit of true Modernism.

"So too in music. How is a composer to be original unless he forgets—I do not say BEETHOVEN and BACH, for they are already relegated to the limbo of back numbers, but WAGNER and even STRAUSS? for, as an eminent British musical critic has recently remarked, STRAUSS in all but the physical sense has been dead for many years.

"For all these evils 'Bliv' is the best—the only cure."

The interview ended here, but the effect on Mr. Punch's representative was so profound that several hours elapsed before he regained full consciousness of his identity or was able to remember his name.

THE GREEN LOCH.

FAR in the hills the Green Loch lies,
Its emerald water mocks at the skies;
Be they garmented grey or blue
The Green Loch never changes its hue;
For at earliest dawn, when the winds are still,
Over the brow of the western hill
The fairies come in a happy throng
With elfin laughter and elfin song,
Trooping down to the water-side
To bathe in its cool enchanted tide.
Over and under they flash about,
They race with the shy little silver trout,
They twist and tumble and dart and dive
Till all the lake is alight and alive,
And glows with a tremulous sparkling sheen
Like the jewelled robe of an Eastern queen.

But ere the morning has well begun
They all come leaping forth to the sun;
They hang for a shimmering moment there
Shaking their curls in the warm bright air,
While the water drops from their delicate wings
And dapples the lake with quivering rings,
Then rise like thistledown over the trees
And float away on the heather-sweet breeze.

They leave not a sign, they leave not a trace;
A slumberous calm lies over the place;
Only the green, green waters bide
To tell the secret they never can hide.

R. F.



MORE SOARING PRICES.

Musician. "WOT 'S THIS FOR?" *Wife of neurasthenic Author.* "TO GO AWAY."
Musician. "CAN'T BE DONE AT THE PRICE, LADY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT was my singular good fortune to read *Allegra* (MURRAY) on a couch of sickness, an experience that I have no hesitation in passing on by recommendation to others. As an example, indeed, of the gentlest possible fictional nourishment, where everything happens according to the most restful plan, and no one ever, or hardly ever, does anything that could conceivably agitate the pulse of the (literally) "patient" reader, I should certainly say that Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER's new novel has deserved the thanks of the medical profession. How, for instance, could a beef-tea story begin better than with a literary gent and a budding actress thrown together at the most exquisite of country inns? Later, when the hero is handed the best-seller of an undramatic novelist to adapt for the stage at fifty down and one per cent royalty (I will say for Mrs. HARKER that she at least does not share the too prevalent delusion that dramatic authors start from payment by thousands), what more natural than that a gentle combination of circumstances should guide *Allegra* into the position of star-girl in the show? Thus far, indeed, all was so well that my nurse beamed and my physician only too palpably contemplated enlarging his fee. But—well, I said there was a something. The protagonists, by this time Londoners established, had arranged an afternoon motor-drive out of town, and proposals hovered in the air, when by that morning's post he received word from the original country inn of their first meeting to say that the little child of the proprietors was *in extremis*, and inquiring, in the most pathetic of literary lispings—— Well, I still think that in treating his abandonment of their expedition, fully explained by wire, as reason for an even temporary betrothal to his rival, *Allegra* was hardly playing the game by *Paul*, or doing justice to the idealism of her own beautiful nature. But, this apart, the tale remains an admirable febrifuge.

To me certainly there are no books more attractive than those in which an expert lays himself open to a friendly button-holing on his own subject—or subjects. And of such volumes very few more amiable examples have come my way lately than that in which Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., allows us, as it were in a confidential hour, to share *Some Diversions of a Man of Letters* (HEINEMANN). It is an open question whether this delightful little collection of papers will be the more welcomed by those who have, or have not, had the extra pleasure of hearing one of our few remaining talkers putting his thoughts into living words; anyhow, to command a friendly book-chat with Mr. GOSSE on a score of the subjects that he has made his own ("The Author of Pelham," "The Charm of Sterne," and many others) makes in these days a singularly good bargain at seven and sixpence. I will attempt no further catalogue of the contents, which are sufficiently varied, from historical research, through criticism, to contemporary portraiture. Nothing in the list is more appealing than the few vivid pages devoted to the late Lady DOROTHY NEVILL. Much as has been written concerning her piquant personality, I was easily persuaded that there was still ample room for Mr. GOSSE's most originally painted miniature. Elsewhere you have some admirable criticism—I found it first-class fun, for

example, to follow Mr. GOSSE's chuckling and appreciative retorts upon the author of *Eminent Victorians*; and in a paper upon Some Soldier Poets a friend who could appreciate its exquisite truth was startled by the phrase, "sparkling deference," applied to one well-recalled attitude of RUPERT BROOKE. Here, in quite unassertive style, is one of the most companionable books of I don't know how long.

I liked so well the earnestness of MARY FULTON's novel about *Patricia* bereaved by the War and finding peace at the tail of *The Plough* (DUCKWORTH), that I regret that the relics of an artistic conscience compel me to point out that the author will need to discipline herself not to let the things she wishes to say to her readers make hay with her characterisation. She has something to say and is so desperately eager to say it that she deals out her messages through the mouths of all and sundry, irrespective of their characters and temperaments. I am afraid also that she allots to them speeches in much too rhetorical a vein for plausibility. Perhaps she succeeds best with the minor characters (notably the shop-girl, *Hetty*, and the parson's seventh daughter, who became *Patricia's* fellow-workers at Crow's Nest Farm) just because she is less tempted to make them the oracles of her earnestness. And I think she would do well to keep the Oxford abridged dictionary at her elbow and question her more ambitious adjectives. Miss FULTON has the heart of the matter in her; she can feel. She merely needs a little practice in delivery. . . . An interesting book, which the pernickety professionalism of a reviewer must not be allowed, and does not desire, to decry.



THE NATIONAL AWAKENING.

IT IS RUMOURED THAT OUR PROPAGANDIST GOVERNMENT IS GOING TO INSTAL A NEW DEPARTMENT AT THE ZOO FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF INDUSTRY BY EXAMPLE.

It always seems to me something of an achievement when a grown-up author succeeds in writing from the point of view of a child. Sometimes I have suspected autobiography in such efforts; but his own experiences cannot here have helped Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER much, although "JANE WARDLE" appears beneath his name in brackets. *Dinah*, his heroine in *Little Pitchers* (STANLEY PAUL), is a real little girl, full of that jealous consciousness of her own personality which often makes the girl child what nurses call "a handful," while her less introspective brother is being tiresome for much more understandable reasons. Apart from *Dinah*, who only has one really big adventure and doesn't get much excitement out of it, *Little Pitchers* is a somewhat cynical account of life in war-time in a little country town. Mr. HUEFFER places the affairs of Crowmarsham in the hands of two dishonest but affable solicitors, who employ themselves chiefly in digging pitfalls for each other. He brings his story to a happy ending with a missing soldier's return, a marriage with a deceased wife's sister (who might just as well have been something else), and a shower of decorations—"thirty-four knighthoods and two hundred-and-twenty minor honours" among a population of rather over six thousand. I feel that Mr. HUEFFER very much enjoyed inventing that.

Perhaps the publishers of *Panther* (HURST AND BLACKETT) are more susceptible than myself. Certainly the fascinations of Mr. R. A. FOSTER-HELLIAR's heroine, named *Imp*, seem to have got home with them in a fashion lamentably absent from my own case. "Her charm sparkles on every page," they write almost estatically on what appears to be called "the turn-over of cover." I can only repeat with regret my entire failure to detect it. Other qualities I do not deny her, conspicuous among them a fine imperturbability in circumstances of trial. The position was that, owing to a complicated legal tangle, with the details of which I will not bother you, the heroine's step-mother had an interest in her decease. So the first thing she did was to substitute depilatory tablets for aspirin as a remedy for *Imp's* neuralgia. This worried the acute legal mind of the hero not a little, both as a solicitor and as the lover of *Imp*; certainly he did no less than his duty in advising her to keep a careful eye in future upon the elder lady. She, however, now played her ace by presenting *Imp* with an electric blanket, the feature of which was that, if folded in a certain fashion, it invariably set fire to the bed. But of course fate and the hero contrived that this should be just so much good money thrown away. Finally, the stepmamma, faint but pursuing, fell back upon primitive methods, and a quartz paperweight, with which — but possibly you have heard enough. One thing more however I simply must tell you. Remember, our heroine had from the first been cognisant of these repeated efforts at her removal. On the night of the final, or quartz, fiasco, she knocked timidly at the door of the hero's room. "'What is the matter?' he asked sharply. 'Nothing,' she assured him, 'is wrong; only I have got the horrors and *cannot sleep*.'" The italics are mine. It was her first and last word of complaint. What a heroine! And—what a story!

Better Dead.

"Mr. —— pressed the Government to solve the question. It will never help to solve any Imperial problem if the Government always adopted a nonposthumous attitude."—*Indian Paper.*

"The war was supposed to be going to put an end to the wearing of top hats; but I looked round church last Sunday, and could count only two men who were not wearing them."—*Evening Paper.*

We fancy the writer must have got into a synagogue by mistake.

CHARIVARIA.

"Will Parliament come into its own?" asks a morning paper. We can only say that it seems to be coming into ours all right.

* * *

Since the PREMIER's speech on National Expenditure we understand that in future the Northcliffe Press will accept no responsibility for any of the opinions expressed by members of the Government.

* * *

As a result of prohibition, says *The Science Journal* of New York, it is expected that Americans will live much longer. It may seem longer, of course.

* * *

"The Government," according to an official notice, "have purchased large quantities of currants." They are being fitted into buns with all speed.

* * *

It is rumoured that the Amalgamated Society of Sewer Cleaners have demanded representation on all future Parliamentary inquiries.

* * *

Scandal pursues the best of us. An evilly disposed person is going about declaring that he distinctly saw Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON enter a Dublin hotel and call for a porter.

* * *

Three tons of fish are stated to have been caught at the Hastings Angling Festival. A reporter who moved freely among the competitors declares that a fourth ton of fish bit clean through the line and made good its escape.

* * *

The River Dee Fishery Board has decided to charge a licence to all fishermen over the age of fifteen. In the event of a fisherman over fifteen being unable to produce his licence the fish will be entitled to be put back at once.

* * *

The Divisional Court has been asked to decide whether the dispensing of drugs constitutes the performance of services or a sale. The answer is simple. If you recover, the druggest did you a service; if not, you were sold.

* * *

Mr. H. G. WELLS is reported to be engaged on a History of the World from Bible times down to Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT.

It is rumoured that, with the view of saving coal consumed in running the lifts, several Whitehall departments have requested their officials whenever possible to go out to tea before they return from lunch.

* * *

"The *Goeben*," says a telegram, "has been surrendered and is in charge of a skeleton crew." We think that Lord PARMOOR and his Fight-the-Famine friends ought to see to this.

* * *

Upon being told that he could have a new house by the end of the year 1921, an enterprising gentleman, anxious not to be left in the lurch, remarked, "Then I'd better at once order the plumber to come and mend the bath-pipe."



Nervous Cyclist (who is very short-sighted). "WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU SOUND YOUR HOOTER AT CORNERS?"

"The Americans are anxious to abolish the breakfast habit in the United States," says a gossip writer. Another consignment of their bacon and they should accomplish the same trick in this country.

* * *

"Are we becoming an unmannerly Nation?" asks a contemporary. We fancy not. Only the other day a strap-hanger offered a lady his seat if she could find it.

* * *

The Medical Research Committee suggest that the influenza germ should be annihilated by sulphur-dioxide gas. It seems the best plan is to strap the germ down to a table and then squirt the stuff at him through a syringe.

* * *

"I have a cat," says a correspondent in the Press, "which kills several rats every day." Those of the New Poor who can no longer afford to keep up their mongoose will welcome the news.

Dealing with the forecast of the Cabinet Committee's report on Ireland *The Daily Mail* points out that the scheme bears a marked resemblance to that suggested by *The Times*. We can only hope that the plagiarism was unintentional.

* * *

The male cook has come to stay, says a contemporary. Well, that is more than seventy-five per cent. of the other sort do.

* * *

"Women's gowns," says a fashion-writer, "are being designed to show a normal feminine figure." A jaded husband writes to express the hope that they may soon hover round about the figure of five guineas again.

* * *

Steps are being taken to abolish cannibalism on Malekula Island. For a start, missionary ration-cards are to be introduced.

* * *

"Why is the cheap motor-car delayed?" asks a trade paper. We can only suppose that it must have broken down on the road somewhere.

* * *

Will the gentleman who stole the 20-h.p. green motor-car from outside the Motorwheel Club on Wednesday evening last please communicate with X.Y.Z., c/o The Club, with a view to early arrest?

* * *

The owner of the first wooden house in the Birmingham district is glad to say that it has been successfully leaned against.

* * *

"How will the Church regard the Prize Bond?" asks a contemporary. A married contributor writes to say that in his opinion the Church invented it.

* * *

The Blue Fuel Commission is proposing to obtain power by harnessing the tides round the French coast. It must not be confused with the Blue Fuel-Consumer, who is quite powerless.

* * *

An interesting legal question has been raised in the Sister Isle. A Kerry man while out shooting missed his policeman and hit a neighbour's cow. The question is whether he should be made to pay for the cow.

"Wanted, a reliable Carter, with accommodation for storing Margarine."—*Local Paper.* But suppose the fellow prefers butter?

THE GLAD NEWS.

ARMISTICE DAY.

"WHAT 's the date?" inquired the Company Commander as he prepared to sign a number of documents destined to appease the insatiable lust for statistics of that sinister organisation which passes under the pseudonym of "Q."

The Quartermaster-Sergeant appeared to consult the adjacent portion of Bulgaria.

"The eleventh, Sir," he decided.

"Oh, ah, yes, of course," said the Captain. "And what month?"

The Q.M.S. decided that the Captain had really been in the Balkans a bit too long.

"November, Sir. And the year 's 1918, Sir."

The Captain carefully dated all his returns, and the top of the writing-pad he was using as a desk.

"Rations are up, Sir. And it 's local beef again, no jam and no cheese."

"You 'ear that?" remarked an astral voice outside the tent. "Bloomin' Jugo-Slav cow, no cheese and no blinkin' pozzy."

"I suppose," said the Captain diffidently, as if hesitating to suggest an absurdity, "no rum issue?"

"Rum, Sir?" the Q.M.S. lowered his voice as one who speaks of holy things; "why, the Quartermaster himself 's out of rum."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the officer, much moved. "That makes three weeks since the last rum issue."

"And three weeks since the last fresh meat, not counting local beef, Sir."

"And three weeks since the Mess ran out of grape-juice in any form," added the Captain. "These Bulgars had better be careful or we shan't come here again."

A clicking of heels and a vibration of the atmosphere indicated the presence of the Sergeant-Major.

"Beg pardon, Sir," observed that warrior; "rifle inspection ready, Sir."

"Give me that thing I brought in with me, Quartermaster-Sergeant. No, not that—try the pink thing. What does that say?"

The Q.M.S. scanned the ill-written wire.

"Armistice with Germany came into force 11.00 hours," he read, "at which time hostilities ceased."

"That 'll be it," said the Captain. "Do your best with the stew. Now, Sergeant-Major."

In due course the platoon commanders, having examined each man's thumb-nail by medium of his rifle barrel, reported all as well as possible. The Company Commander cleared his throat.

"Company — 'shun!" he rasped. "The War stopped at 11.00 hours this morning. Fall out the officers! Dismiss!"

"An' time too," commented Private Gudger, as the parade moved off, grousing gently, "keeping us standin' there a perishin' week."

"Did you 'ear what 'e said?" remarked his mate. "That about the War?"

"Ay. An' what if it is over? It won't do us poor blighters no good. They 'll leave us 'ere in blinkin' Bulgaria while they talk for a year, an' then start fightin' the French and the Yanks over the Peace terms. I tell you, this War 's not goin' to finish, never no more. It 's grown into a nabit."

* * * * *

The quick Bulgarian dusk was falling, and each canvas shelter was coming out a twinkling point of light, when a sudden burst of cheering came from the distant railhead dump. The ammunition column took it up. Brigade H.Q. buzzed with it. The mule lines neighed furiously.

An orderly from the signal office thrust a pink message form into the Captain's hands which sent him hurrying with shining eyes to the bivouac of the Sergeant-Major, who received his order with incredulous delight.

"These English celebrate their victory," said Captain Zogitov of the Bulgarian Army to his Lieutenant, as they listened to the cheering, and in perfect unison they spat expertly upon the floor.

"Boys," the Sergeant-Major was shouting with beaming face, "the ration train 's just up with some trucksful of rum, and a double issue is authorised for to-night. It 's on the way up now. Fall in in ten minutes."

And the welkin boomed anew.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

"WHY is it that women have no notion of economy?" inquired Henry.

All women are familiar with this question; but because we are so wise we never attempt to answer it. How can we, when we know that the whole world is in conspiracy to prevent our saving, so that most of us poor victims give up the struggle as hopeless?

I want to save; I do indeed. I think at this crisis in the country's affairs we ought all to be frugal, to make sacrifices. Besides, my account at the bank is getting very low.

Thus I decided I would not have a new coat this winter. It was hard, now that these new fascinating hearthrug collars are so much in vogue, but I was determined to stand firm. Then —this is where the conspiracy begins— I saw the advertisement. It showed the coat, well-cut, elegant, all-wool, desirable and—think of it in these days —priced eighty-nine and six.

My pulses throbbed. I realised that I could make sacrifices for the country and have my coat as well—without the newest collar, perhaps—but, as I have said, now is the time when we must learn the stern lesson of self-denial.

I hurried to the West-End emporium without delay.

"You wish to see our advertised coat at eighty-nine and six," said the assistant in answer to my fevered request. "Certainly, Madam."

The garment was placed upon me, but only for an instant.

"Will you try on this other one, Madam?" said the voice of the conspirator in my ear; "it is so much newer, and then look at its superb *ligne*, its perfect *mouvement* . . ." (These, by the way, are the expressions they send us with the models from the Paris *ateliers*. Of course you only pay to hear them in the most exclusive West-End establishments.)

You are now able to see the conspiracy in full swing. Any woman will understand the subtle suggestion in those words; and every woman knows what followed.

I tried on other coats. Models rich in fur and superb in cut were folded about me in rapid succession. Losing all sense of proportion I plunged my arms into sleeves of coats bearing prices which but an hour before would have staggered me. In fact there were brief intoxicating moments when I found myself hesitating between a sealskin with skunk collar at two hundred guineas, and a sable-trimmed velour, the ticket of which was marked with the sinister sign MNK—three hundred and eighty guineas.

Prudence came to my aid in time and persuaded me to purchase something cheaper. No, it wasn't the coat I set out to buy. You can't get "line" and "movement" for eighty-nine and six.

* * * * *

"Henry dear," I remarked that evening in the awful lull that followed my request for an advance of twenty pounds, "haven't they a system in men's shops of persuading you to buy something much dearer than you intended?"

"Indeed they have not," replied Henry emphatically. "You just ask for what you want and they give it you —that 's all."

So you see; the shameful conspiracy is directed entirely against women. I am sure that men originated it so as to get us more into their power. No wonder we are not able to save.



THE PARIS MODEL.

THE LADY. "NOW, I WONDER WHAT HE FINDS TO ADMIRE IN THAT."



Wife. "TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT, JAMES? AFTER ALL, YOU 'VE GOT TO PAY FOR IT."
James. "I LEAVE IT TO YOU, MY DEAR. AFTER ALL, YOU 'VE GOT TO WEAR IT."

LLOYD GEORGE AGAIN.

THOUGH but a visitor to the village the Vicar asked me to take the chair at the Parish Hall when he lectured on the Wonders of Astronomy. I modestly refused till he put it to me in this way: "If I don't ask a stranger I shall have to ask one of my churchwardens. One of them articulates defectively and can't talk. The other can't stop talking. In fact, on previous occasions he has caused me to deliver my lectures in very truncated form. Besides, our village audience loves a fresh face."

I could not deny the villagers the pleasure of gazing upon my fresh countenance.

The audience was large but impassive. When I sat down after a very few introductory words a sympathetic deaf lady in the front rôw said very loudly, "'As the poor man forgot his speech? Give 'im a clap." The applause that followed was too forced to be flattering.

Soon the Vicar was under way. Now the subject of astronomy is a somnolent one. When one thinks of stars one thinks of night; when one thinks of night one thinks of bed; when one thinks of bed one snores—at least a gentleman at the back did. Soon the audience became comatose. Those who were not physically asleep were mentally asleep. The Vicar could have expounded the Muggletonian belief that the sun is just one mile from the earth and no one would have noticed it.

All at once he burst forth: "Now as Mercury goes round the Sun in eighty-eight days the Mercurian year only lasts eighty-eight days; whilst, as Neptune is the most distant planet, the Neptunian year is equal to a hundred and sixty-four of our earthly years. In which of those spheres would you prefer to exist, my friends? I pause for a reply."

The Vicar might have paused through a Neptunian year without getting a reply from that audience. However, these novel astronomical facts impressed me. I thought that I would regain my reputation as a speaker when the lecture was over by indicating my choice in humorous fashion.

So when at last the Vicar finished I said the usual nice things and then turned to this question of years. I said that I found great attractions in the Mercurian year. Supposing Saturdays and Sundays to arrive every seven days, as on earth, and assuming the usual half-dozen Bank Holidays and the usual month's summer holiday, it was evident that in the Mercurian year of eighty-eight days there would only be thirty working-days. That seemed indeed admirable. But I also observed that quarter-day would come every three weeks and that the rate-collector would call every six weeks. Then I turned to Neptune. Existence in that planet had its advantages. One could live there a hundred years without paying Income Tax. Quarter-days that were forty earth-years apart seemed, too, a most desirable arrangement. I was just going to tell the audience that I was a confirmed Neptunian when all at once it occurred to me that I was born in the early autumn. Had that been my lot in Neptune I might have attained the creditable age of a hundred earthly years and after all miss my summer holiday

and the county cricket season. So I plumped for Mercury, even if its quarter-days come every three weeks.

The Vicar chuckled all through my remarks, and the wakened audience sat open-mouthed. I thought that they would see my jokes later, and pictured the blacksmith three days hence bursting into guffaws in his forge, and the pig-dealer overcome with mirth as he drove his charges to market during the course of the week.

But when I walked out of the hall with the Vicar I heard angry voices arguing in the darkness.

"I tell you 'e comes from town and knows what 'e's talking about. If Government could alter time o' day it stands to reason it could alter quarter-days."

"A nice lookout it is for us with quarter-days coming every three weeks. I tell you that LLOYD GEORGE didn't do so bad in the War, but when it comes to making new quarter-days 'e 's taking too much upon 'isself."

More voters lost to the Coalition.

UNCONSCIOUS ART.

IT was not intended to be humorous. It was a serious poem and its theme was martyrdom. I was not induced by admiring friends to type-write and send it out on its travels, as so often seems to happen in the fairy tale called "real life"; my friends were of the other kind, who would simply have said "Tosh!" if I had given them the chance to read it. So, without offering it for their criticism, I did it up in a neat parcel, with a stamped envelope enclosed, took it to the post myself, and waited to see what happened.

What happened was the return of it within three days, accompanied by a memorandum:—

"DEAR SIR,—Your poem has merits, but we regret to say we cannot publish it. It is too long and not of sufficient general interest. As, however, judging from certain lines of the poem (especially 6, 36 and 107), we gather that you have a sense of humour, we suggest that you should write something in the lighter vein that seems suited to your natural style, and send it to such a paper as *Cheerio*, or to one of the definitely humorous magazines.

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR."

I looked at the lines indicated and could see no humour in them; certainly any fun that they suggested was undesigned. I was deeply aggrieved, but I cheered myself with the thought that *all* the martyrs have not yet won their palms and crowns, and set myself to write the humorous article, for which, at any rate, one person seemed to think I was fitted. I chose to express myself in prose this time, as I was rather disheartened about verse—just a brief sketch of contemporary life, which seemed to flow out of my fountain-pen as if I had been a humourist all my life. I typed and sent it off in a glow of self-satisfaction, and back it came in the allotted three days, with the usual little note to keep it company.

"DEAR SIR," the note said,—"We regret that, as we only use humorous articles in our magazine, we must return your MS. with many thanks for the offer. If we might tender a suggestion it would be that you should eliminate the more flippant phrases that are scattered somewhat at haphazard through the article, and send the amended MS. to some serious magazine, such as *The Athenæum*, the subject, apart from its treatment, having some merit and interest.

Yours faithfully, PRO ED."

So I have at least learnt that my natural genius lies in the direction of the two great arts of unconscious humour and unconscious seriousness. I say "great," for, if it is the business of Art to conceal itself from the general eye, it is the business of great Art to conceal itself also from the artist. I shall now set myself to practise both of these Arts with earnestness and assiduity.



THE NEW POOR.

Bishop. "ARE THERE ANY REALLY POOR FAMILIES IN YOUR PARISH, MR. JONES?"
Country Parson. "ONLY MY OWN, MY LORD."

"War window wants light situation."
Provincial Paper.

Anybody can see through this.



Officer. "WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU SIZE THE MEN LIKE THIS?"
Sergeant. "VERY SORRY, SIR. THINKING OF ME OLD TRADE, SIR."
Officer. "WHAT WAS THAT?" *Sergeant.* "FRUITERER, SIR."

AN ERROR IN LANGUAGE.

[Addressed to Sir A. H. STANLEY, who adjures passengers on the Underground Railway to "be patient until we put things straight."]

Does one exhort the lion in mid-spring
To show endurance? Or placate the heart
Of hermit elephants a-trumpeting,
With "Steady on, old bean!" Does Beauty start
Untouched by fury to the remnant mart,
Or the White Hope of Hoxton feel no pique
When the swart Ethiop swats him on the cheek?

Have we not torn our ticket from the cage,
Savaged the guardian of the gate of steel,
Moon after angry moon, and red with rage—
Here a loud bellow, there a piteous squeal—
Trodden or else been trodden under heel
(No chivalry is shown, no quarter here;
Youth spares not age, nor Lancelot Guinevere)—

Till someone gains the goal for which we pant,
His headgear and his kerchief both forsook,
And still fights on with foes like adamant,
A reticule around his brolly's crook,
Biting the mangled pages of a book
By E. M. DELL, and clutching in despair
A broker's spats and half a typist's hair—

His left leg by a porter firmly gripped
To hale him to the platform, but his nose
By some kind fate within the doors is nipped,
And through the tunnel at the last he goes,
And struggles to a strap and finds repose,
Till what remains of him, wild-eyed and wan,
Reaches some C.C.S. at Kensington?

And such an one, emerging from the gloom
To London's traffic slopping through the grease,
Hearing the motor-buses' busy boom
The while he straightens out his facial crease,
Shall he not joy in that recovered Peace?
And if he thinks about your simple ad.
Shall he not smile, O STANLEY? Yes, my lad,

Tell us to train our muscles night and day
With P.T. antics, and to punch the ball,
See red, and nerve us for the frightful fray,
And practise every wrestler's trick and fall
On tailor's dummies propped against the wall
Or wax-made models fastened by a thong—
So the dread zero hour shall find us strong.

But "patience," STANLEY? No, or not until
Eternal trains shall run to every bound,
Silent, unending and too large to fill,
And even non-stop Barkings make no sound,
And Peace arrive with Ealing olive-crowned,
And Hope and Charity pass down the car—
Till then the wild-cat's rage, the warrior's scar.

EVOE.

"The purple patch that in the hands of Milton, Donne or Macaulay rose like a wave from the deep, was employed by him with the conscious brush of a decorator."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

While here, you will notice, it is simply sewn on with a trowel.

"The evidence was to the effect that eleven o'clock on the morning in question two police officers saw the men served out of a black bottle. They were of opinion that it was whisky, and a portion of the liquor upon being seized and analysed was found to contain alcohol."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

It must have been pre-war whisky.



Irate Captain (to player, who has torn his opponent's jersey but failed to stop him). "WE DON'T WANT HIS LINGERIE, SIR—WE WANT THE BALL."

THE SPORTSMAN.

II.—SHOOTING.

You have still to hear how I landed my first fish.

I think I mentioned that when George asked me to join his party in Scotland he didn't say much about the shooting. His actual words, if my memory serves me aright, were: "As a matter of fact the shooting isn't very good. It 's the fishing."

It was not until we had been there nearly a fortnight that George came down to breakfast one morning looking healthier than ever and adorned in a superb shooting-coat, complete with leathern shoulder-pads and cavernous pockets.

"I am going shooting to-day," he announced.

Archie, who up to then had taken his gun out nearly every day, looked seriously alarmed.

"Are you?" he said. "Then I think I 'll go and fish." And before we could utter a word he had bolted like a rabbit, got into the boat and rowed swiftly out of range.

Left in the lurch, I donned my waders and sallied forth to fish alone. George disappeared.

I had been fishing for barely an hour when the same alarming symptoms occurred which I have already tried to describe. I had hooked a fish; only this time I felt there was no cause for alarm. It was clearly a small one.

At this moment a tame duck, cackling insanely, flew over my head, followed at a respectful distance by a large number of leaden pellets and a deafening explosion.

The bird alighted on the water just in front of me, and, turning my head, I found myself looking down the barrels of George's gun, not five yards away. At this juncture he selected to fire his second barrel. I was surprised and not a little relieved to feel no answering thrill of pain, and was just coming to the reluctant conclusion that he had missed me altogether when a certain coldness about the legs revealed to me the awful truth. Pellets had penetrated my waders in several places.

"Brute!" I shrieked. "You 've punctured me!"

The water streamed in apace. I took on a heavy list to port and sank slowly by the stern.

George hauled me out and began to apologise.

"I 'm awfully sorry, old chap," he said, "but the fact is I 'm not much of a shot——"

"Don't mention it," I answered sadly; "I bear no resentment against you for having hit me. I remember that when you invited me here you warned me that the shooting wasn't very good. But what *does* rile me," I continued, "is that you have made me lose my first, my only, indeed I might almost say my ewe fish, and——"

George interrupted me by pointing dramatically towards the loch.

"On the contrary," he cried, "I have merely killed him for you."

Following the direction of his finger, I saw, first, the duck, still sailing undismayed in the immediate vicinity; second, the top of my rod protruding from the water, and last—and by far the least—a small fish, no larger than a sardine (and still further resembling that succulent comestible in that it had no head) lying on the surface, stone dead, with one of George's ubiquitous pellets, no doubt, in its little heart.

I fell upon it with a shout of joy and bore it triumphantly ashore.

I had caught my first fish.

It was also my last. I had learnt my lesson. The risk that the intrepid angler must run seemed hardly commensurate with the prize. George, actuated by somewhat similar motives, also gave up shooting.

If only he had known it, the little fellow—I refer now to the fish—had every reason to be proud. For he represented in his own chubby person not only the total catch from my rod, but also the total bag from George's gun.

A DOG DAY.

(*Every dog has at least one of them.*)

"HE 's asleep in the sun, behind the greenhouse," said Albert Edward, returning from spying out the land. "Push ahead."

"What 's his name?" I asked.

"I 've heard the old girl call him Rupert; but never mind about his name; make a noise like muffins until you get him in range and then—click!"

"It 's all very well, but——"

"For a chap who, according to his own showing, has made a decent living stealing sheep in the Colonies, you 're strangely sticky over a little job like this," he sneered.

My reputation, it seemed, was at stake. I stripped off my coat, leapt lightly over the fence, crept round the hydrangea bush, did a serpentine tummy wriggle through some raspberry canes and arrived within grappling distance of Rupert. He was, as Albert Edward reported, asleep on a sunny patch of grass, drugged with lunch and looking very much like a hairy sucking-pig. He did not hear me approach, and when he woke up his head was swaddled in my coat, his barking apparatus firmly muzzled by my strong right hand.

We found Claudia and Chloe discussing jumpers (knitted, cashmere) on some mossy boulders at the head of the lane.

"We 've got him," Albert Edward announced triumphantly.

"Less emphasis on the 'we,'" I said. "Who stole the blooming dog—you or I?"

Chloe's large blue eyes widened to about the size of Delft saucers. "Stole?"

"Nothing of the sort, dearest," Claudia comforted her. "We 've merely asked it out for the day. It belongs to that old woman who is lodging at Mrs. Tregenza's, and it does have such a deadly time. It 's never allowed out by itself, and the poor henpecked darling just creeps along at her heels with its head and tail down, shooting such glances of envy at my cheery Peke that it nearly breaks my heart. So I thought I 'd give it one jolly good day at any rate, and sent these people round to invite it."

"Remove the invitation from Rupert's head and let him hear the good news," said Albert Edward.

Rupert's porcine countenance came to light; he appeared to be on the point of tears.

Claudia snuggled her cheek against the creature's hairy neck. "Cheer up, old thing; we 're quite respectable, really. Chloe's uncle is a dean and seven curates have proposed to me."

"Let 's all swank," said Albert Edward. "The KING once wrote to me as his 'trusty and well-beloved'!"

"He took it back when he demobilised you, though," said I. "*My* grandfather got drunk with the PRINCE REGENT."

"He 's quite reassured now," said Claudia, fondling Rupert's elongated proboscis—"and ums is going to have the time of ums' ickle life, isn't ums?" She turned to me—"I think you had better carry him a bit further; he might be still slightly suspicious. Come on, Chloe."

The two girls set off at a brisk pace across country, swinging their sticks and discussing lingerie (crème, nun's veiling). Half-way up Penmenor Hill I paused. "Here, you bear the burden for a while."

"Oh, go on; you don't tell me you 're tired," said Albert Edward scornfully. "Why, I 've seen a man carry a hundred-pound bag of flour to the top of Kosciusko without opening a pore."

"Maybe you did, but I wasn't that man, if you remember. Take the dog, or I drop it."

"Drop it, then. He should follow us now."

Rupert lay where we dumped him, on his back, his legs in the air, apparently studying the cloud effects.

"Let 's leave him there and he 'll trot home presently. We can say he bit us and escaped. Oh!"

Claudia had appeared on the top of a bank.

"Where 's Rupert?" she called. We pointed. "Why is he upside-down like that?"

"Hush! he 's playing authors. He 's Gilbert K. Filberton at the moment, hatching a paradox."

Claudia frowned. "You 've offended him somehow and made him suspicious again. Pick him up, one of you."

We hesitated. Claudia made signs of jumping down.

"Well, if you two great brutes won't, I will. Of course Chloe and I are but weak women; still I daresay——"

Albert Edward returned and gathered up Rupert. We dipped down a sunny slope, crossed a stream and breasted the carn on the other side. Albert Edward began to grunt.

"I once saw a fellow carry a hind-quarter of beef up Kilima N'jaro," I began, "and he never——"

"Turned a hair," Albert Edward completed, dropping Rupert into a bed of bracken. "Yes, I know, some men are wonderful, aren't they? Look here, I 'm going to drag this animal. Lend me your handkerchief; mine 's in the wash this week."

I felt all over myself with no result. "I had one once, I know. Must have dropped it somewhere. More expense."

Chloe, perched upon some giant boulders, hallooed and waved her stick at us. I groaned and picked up Rupert again.

* * * * *

"Tired?"

"Yes."

"So am I. Still nothing matters as long as the dog enjoys itself, does it?"

"No, of course not. Let 's try carrying him between us. You take his front legs, I 'll take his tail. Got 'em? Right-o! Forward!"

* * * * *

At Crows-an-wra (which is Cornish for Zawn-a-Bal, or Pedn-men-du—or something) we met the two girls returning.

"What on earth have you been doing all this time?" Claudia inquired.

"We 've been giving Rupert pick-a-back rides and playing horses for him," I replied. "It 's his birthday. Didn't you know?"

"Well, you 've missed your tea, at any rate. You were such an appalling time coming, so we had it without you. It was a scrumptious tea, wasn't it, Chloe? Saffron cake and blackberry jelly."

"And cream," Chloe murmured blissfully—"a cow-full."

"Don't talk like that before an empty dog," I implored; "it 's cruelty."

"Oh, we didn't forget him, you may be sure," said Claudia. "Didn't forget Mumsie's ickle diddums, did us, darling? Here, eat this." She proceeded to hand-cram Rupert with chunks of golden saffron cake. Albert Edward and I watched the operation fascinated.

"Didn't happen to remember Mumsie's ickle Albert Edward by any chance, did you?" that gentleman inquired.

Claudia stared. "My goodness! Did you hear that, Chloe? The great lazy brutes expect us to fetch them their food, now. No, of course not."

"Quite right too," I agreed. "What do we matter as long as the dog 's happy?"

"And now for home," said Claudia, as Rupert removed the last crumbs of cake from his whiskers. "Come on, Chloe."

The two girls set off at a brisk pace, swinging their sticks and discussing afternoon dance frocks (cérise taffetas, picot-edged). We followed them. A hundred yards further on Claudia halted—"Hello, where 's Rupert?"

"Over there, on his back again, waiting for the little stars to twinkle, twinkle. There 's astrology in his family."

"We can't leave him like that. One of you must carry him."

"Oh, I say! Steady on. He 'll find his way home."

"No, he won't; it 'll be dark presently. Besides, I expect he 's tired."



"MOTHER, MAY I GO AND SEE CHARLIE CHAPLIN?" "LET ME SEE, DEAR. DO I KNOW HIS PEOPLE?"

"Can't we be tired too?"

Claudia shrugged. "Chloe and I must do it then. We are but weak women, still——"

"Go ahead," I grumbled, gathering Rupert to my bosom.

* * * * *

"Put him on the grass by the greenhouse," said I. "That's where he came from."

"Not me," said Albert Edward. "Who stole the blooming dog, you or I? Catch!"

A large figure loomed out of the dusk. It was Trembath, the local sleuth.

He coughed. "Been a fair old rumpus over that dog, gentlemen. Party what owns it says it was stolen from her garden this afternoon."

"S-s-stolen?" I stuttered in amazement.

"Stolen?" Albert Edward gasped, horrified.

"Stolen," the constable repeated coldly, "was the word, Sir." There was an awkward silence broken only by the shuffle of Albert Edward's feet and the chatter of my teeth.

"Stolen?" came the voice of Claudia. "Stolen? Why, of course, why didn't we think of it before? The gipsies must have stolen the poor little dog and then got tired of carrying him or something. How lucky we were walking up the valley this afternoon and found him! By the way, how is your rheumatism, Trembath? He suffers agony from it, Chloe dear, and yet never lets it interfere with his duty for a moment. Did you ever hear of anything so devoted? Good night, Trembath. And, oh, you quite understand about those fiendish gipsies, don't you?" She beamed bewitchingly on the wretched man.

He drew a deep, deep breath. "Quite, Miss."

We turned homewards down the lane.

"Whee-eet!" A soft whistle brought me about. It was Trembath; he held something white in his hand.

"Ahem, them fiendish gipsies didn't steal a handkerchief of yours by any chance, Sir?"

I fingered the rag nervously.

"Yes—er—no, I don't think this is mine."

"It 's got your name on it, Sir."

"Oh, yes, so it has, by Jove!—er—er—where——?"

"In the garden, Sir," said he, "where the dog came from." PATLANDER.

THE CHAMPION.

SING, sing, my Muse, the fury of the fray,
When in the chill of dawn last Saturday
Innocent Youth first met in mortal strife
Grey Infamy, that fought for very life.
Slily the villain crept with fell intent
To rob the poor of needed nutriment.
Hardly had been obtained the precious food
Which should sustain the beautiful and good
(Meaning ourselves), and we could get no more
Should he succeed in plundering our store.
Fought he must be—and was. When morning came,
Tired yet exultant, clothed in deathless fame,
Panting beside the corse the victor lay.
Who can forget the wonder of that day
When, to the pride and glory of the house,
Poushkins, our six-inch kitten, slew a mouse?



Mother. "WHY ARE YOU HOLDING UP YOUR HAND, DARLING?"

Small Girl. "WELL, I'VE SOMETHING RATHER SPESHUL TO SAY, AND I EXPECT THERE'S A GOOD MANY LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS SAYING PRAYERS ABOUT THIS TIME."

SUPER-SALARIES.

SIR ALBERT STANLEY'S remarkable declarations as to the ample supply of £10,000 jobs if the right man could be brought to the top have excited so much comment that Mr. Punch has thought it desirable to collect the opinions of a few leading men on the subject.

The SHAH OF PERSIA cordially endorsed Sir ALBERT STANLEY'S *dictum* that the great difficulty lay in finding men big enough to bear the burden of big positions. He added that he was doing his best; he was only twenty-one, but he weighed twenty stone.

Lord FISHER thought that Sir ALBERT STANLEY was talking rot through his hat. The only good work done nowadays was done by men out of jobs. The papers were full of advertisements from people who said "Salary no object." If all the ten-thousand-pounders were sacked, as they ought to be, there was plenty to go round.

Mr. ASQUITH said he had read that LENIN only received a salary of £1,500 a year. No doubt he would be dubbed a Bolshevist for calling attention to the statement. He had recently been reading SAMUEL WARREN'S *Ten Thousand a Year*, but it threw little light on Sir ALBERT STANLEY'S contentions.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE was specially interested in the statement that it was not brains that were lacking, but trained brains. "That," he remarked, "is a most poignant and pregnant saying, and it falls in exactly with what in season and out of season I have been preaching for many years past. *You cannot have big brains unless you have room for them.* Brain-training presupposes cranial drill. You cannot lodge an A1 brain in a C3 skull. But any man or woman can have an A1 skull if he (or she) will only give the same amount of time to skull-drill that he (or she) now gives to Swedish exercises or face massage. Sir OLIVER LODGE told me, in one of our many interviews, that between the ages of seventeen and forty-three his head had increased in diameter by almost one-third. The method is simple and not painful, and consists of distending the cranium by a current of compressed air driven through the eustachian tubes. Then as the cranium expands the brain follows suit. Of course care is needed to secure an equable pressure, otherwise a bulbous appearance may result, instead of the beautiful dome-like protuberance which is generally associated with greatness.

But heads not only wax; they wane. I remember"—here Mr. BEGBIE adopted a flute-like tone of infinite pathos—"that when I saw the KAISER at Amerongen I was at once struck by the shrinkage of his cerebellum. *Per contra* Mr. C. K. SHORTER tells me that, since devoting his energies to finding a solution of the Irish problem which will satisfy the generous aspirations of the Sinn Feiners, he has been obliged to exchange a 7-inch for a 7¾-inch hat.

"The whole subject is of enthralling interest; perhaps too enthralling when one thinks of the hereditary predisposition of hatters to insanity. But I am sure that we give far too little thought to systematic and scientific cranial distension as an indispensable preliminary to greater efficiency, uplift and salary-earning capacity. That is the moral of a little poem I have just composed, in which a beautiful girl, before consenting to becoming engaged, asks her suitor one vital question:—

"Thrilling with a soft emotion
To her love she sweetly said,
'Tell me, Edwin, tell me truly,
How much are you round the head?'"



THE BEACON LIGHT.

[Lord ROBERT CECIL is taking a leading part in the campaign for making the objects of the League of Nations better understood. The campaign opened on the anniversary of the Armistice.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 3rd.—Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES manfully withstood the attacks of the hard-shell Tariff Reformers, who complained that he was permitting the free importation of all manner of foreign goods and thereby promoting unemployment. In his opinion what the country chiefly wanted was goods, and Labour would not be seriously injured by the importation of toothbrushes from China, artificial flowers from Japan or even mouth-organs from Germany.

The mention of this last article caused a sympathetic spasm in the breast of Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY, the champion mouth-organizer of Central Hull. He complained that the price of these instruments was now four hundred per cent. above the pre-war level, and protested against any obstacle being placed in the way of their importation.

This poignant appeal must have gone home, for when Mr. GEORGE TERRELL endeavoured to move the adjournment, in order to call attention to the "great menace to the reconstruction of industry" involved in the policy of the Government, only thirty Members supported him, and the motion fell to the ground.

The gas supplied to the London householder now compares unfavourably with that generated in the House of Commons, which, if not particularly illuminating, at least produces a certain amount of heat. Nowadays the *mot d'ordre* in the gas-cooking household has to be, "Polly, put out all the lights before you put the kettle on!" But a Bill obliging the gas companies to charge according to quality instead of quantity is in course of preparation, and is expected to produce an improvement before, say, the winter of 1920-1.

The usefulness of Question-time has sometimes been challenged. But its value was proved this afternoon. Without its aid the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, who wants twenty thousand bedsteads for the Royal Air Force, might never have known that the DEPUTY MINISTER OF MUNITIONS had nine thousand of them for disposal. It was the Member for HERTFORD who effected the introduction and gave rise to the Lobby conundrum: "Why is BILLING like adversity? Because he makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows."

In a calmer atmosphere than prevailed on previous occasions when the Aliens Restriction Bill was before the House steady progress was made. But when Colonel WEDGWOOD moved a series of Amendments designed to enable aliens to change their names—the best way, in his opinion, to turn a bad German into a good Englishman—he met with no encouragement, the House evidently considering that a bad German by any other name would be equally malodorous.

Tuesday, November 4th.—Lord CHARNWOOD introduced a Bill to render clergymen eligible for the House of Commons and other representative bodies. Their present disability, he pointed out, dated from a time when the clergy taxed themselves separately through their own assembly—a halcyon period, whose restoration our starving parsons would infinitely prefer to the faint chance of election to Parliament. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY opposed the Bill on the ground that it would involve



EARL BEATTY OF THE NORTH SEA.

the clergy in partisan controversy, and drew an ingenious distinction between them and the Bishops, who, though they sat in Parliament, were not tied to party organisations. Nevertheless the Peers gave the measure a Second Reading.

Having now had time to read the White Paper on Afghanistan Lord SYDENHAM made a renewed attack on the Government policy, and on this occasion was supported by Lord ISLINGTON, who thought that we could hardly have given the AMEER greater concessions if he had beaten us. But the two noble lords got no change—in any sense of the words—out of Lord CURZON, who again pointed out that the negotiations were not yet completed, and added that the control over Afghanistan's foreign relations, which we had now relinquished, had been of so unsubstantial a kind that the late AMEER had concluded a secret treaty with the Germans.

The delay in the appointment of a Consul-General at New York is due, according to Mr. HARMSWORTH, to the great difficulty of finding "a man possessing the requisite commercial training, knowledge of America, business capacity and experience for so important a post." Mr. BOTTOMLEY, who put the Question, is convinced that the Government have not really been trying. He himself is prepared to find such a man within five minutes and without leaving his own office.

The evening was occupied by a discussion on the appointment of a solicitor as Coal-Controller. Mr. BRACE, who led the attack, said that the Government seemed to think that the one thing necessary was that this official should have a legal mind. Well, why not? Surely in these days a very desirable qualification for the post is a working acquaintance with *Coke upon Littleton*.

Wednesday, November 5th.—A fresh breeze from the North Sea dispersed the vapours of the House of Lords when Earl BEATTY, escorted by Earl HOWE (descendant of another naval hero) and the Earl of LYTTON (Civil Lord of the Admiralty), marched up the floor to take his place among his peers. Those who expected him to notify his arrival to the LORD CHANCELLOR in the time-honoured phrase, "Come aboard, Sir," were disappointed, but the quarter-deck voice with which he declaimed the oath greatly impressed the attendant peeresses.

There followed him two outstanding figures of the War on land, Lord RAWLINSON of TRENT and Lord BYNG of VIMY, who received an equally cordial welcome.

After fencing for some time with the vexed question of premium bonds, Mr. BONAR LAW announced this afternoon that in a fortnight or so he would give a day for a discussion on the subject and leave the decision to the free vote of the House. Naturally the humourists on either side seized their chance. Mr. MACQUISTEN put in a plea for the poor bookmakers, so soon to be deprived of their livelihood, and presumed they would be given the unemployment dole; and Dr. MURRAY suggested that the Government should send a special mission to Hamburg to study this Hun-hallowed system of finance in its spiritual home.

Before 1914 the Member for Stoke-on-Trent was chiefly noticeable as the possessor of a somewhat truculent manner and the most umbrageous hat in the House. Though he was known to have done the State some service as

a private soldier in the Soudan, he was generally regarded as a dangerous revolutionary. But, as in so many other cases, the War brought out the real man. Having done fine service both on sea and land, he returned to-day to deliver, amid the plaudits of a delighted House, the most tremendous philippic that has yet been launched against the Bolshevist tyranny. For over an hour he described, from personal experience, the miseries of the hag-ridden Russian people. Lieutenant-Colonel MALONE, who also has been lately in Russia—on "a kind of Cook's tour with TROTSKY," as Sir S. HOARE described it—tried hard to induce the House to believe that the stories of Bolshevist atrocities were either untrue or grossly exaggerated, and that we ought to make peace with the Soviet Administration. But he could not remove the deep impression caused by Colonel WARD'S eloquent sermon — he will now be known, like the hero of MARGARET DELAND'S popular romance, as "*John Ward, Preacher*"—and could only induce fifty Members to go into the Lobby with him, against five times that number mustered by the Government.

Thursday, November 6th.—In view of Colonel MALONE'S experiences Lord WINTERTON wanted to know whether passports were now issued to Bolshevist Russia. Captain GUEST replied that the hon. Member's passport was made out for Esthonia, and he did not know how he got into Russia. It is charitably supposed that, owing to the delay in issuing accurate maps of the new Baltic republics, he strayed over the border by mistake.

In the regretted absence of the Sinn Fein M.P.'s Mr. MACVEAGH is unselfishly acting as their spokesman. To his inquiry whether the police and military in Ireland had made more domiciliary raids than the Germans did in Belgium, the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL politely replied, "I regret I was not a member of the German Government." After this admission who can doubt that Ulster was once in league with the EX-KAISER?

It must not be supposed that the Government Housing Scheme is not progressing. Dr. ADDISON has heard of "a few cases" in which dwellings have actually been completed. And this only a year after the Armistice!

The SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE made a sympathetic reply to a question regarding the increase of seals in the Wash. It should be observed that the Great Seal is not implicated. Since the refusal of the House to sanction the LORD CHANCELLOR'S bathrooms its ablutions have been suspended.

The suavity of the MINISTER OF LABOUR secured a second reading, *nemine contradicente*, for the Industrial Courts Bill. In deference to Trade Unionists' objections to anything likely to interfere with the workman's cherished right to "down tools" the measure has been shorn in advance of nearly all its compulsory features. But it is hoped to secure an interval for reflection before Labour disputes become irreconcilable. "Strike, but hear me," is its motto. In its new form it received a modified blessing from Mr. CLYNES, who thought, however, that it was too ambitious, and that the Government would have done better to confine themselves for the moment to securing the continuance of the existing rates of wages "which War conditions had compelled employers to pay." Is Labour also among the profiteers?



WHITE KNIGHT *v.* RED KNIGHT.
COLONEL JOHN WARD AND COLONEL C. L. MALONE.

"Don't hand sweets while the children are playing games and dancing. They will only make themselves sick if you do—some through mistaken politeness and others through real greediness."—*Home Cookery.*

À bas la politesse—when it takes this form.

THE NEW DISEASE.

STANDING by the Marble Arch the other day I noticed, coming towards me over the grass, a man and a boy. They were walking briskly, and the man was looking about him with vivacious interest. Just before reaching the Arch they stopped; the man produced from his pocket a leather case, from which he took a large pair of black spectacles, and, having adjusted these to his nose, he was led away into Oxford Street as though he had lost his sight. Had he been of a needy appearance, I should have thought him an impostor hoping for charity for an illusory blindness; but his air of prosperity precluded that suspicion, and I went on my way wondering.

Chance has now brought me the key to the mystery. This man, I have learned, is a victim of a new disease, to which no name has yet been given, but which may be called variously Tractabilitis, or Plasticenza, or Acute Complaisancy, for it consists in such a loss of will-power that the patient obeys every instruction on which his eyes rest. Normally we are able to resist certain of the public adjurations. Hundreds of persons, for example, do not keep to the right, do not wipe their boots, do not stop smoking in the lifts, and so forth. When, however, we contract Plasticenza we become so pliant as to develop into a nuisance both to our friends and ourselves, and, worse than a nuisance, we are in danger of passing through the Bankruptcy Court.

"'The Bankruptcy Court,' you say? How?"

Because of the hoardings. Not only does the victim of the new disease obey the ordinary instincts of life, such as keeping clear of gates and bewaring of pickpockets, but he endeavours to do all that the advertisements tell him to, too. At any moment he may buy articles of luxury that he doesn't want, or hurry off to Clacton-on-Sea when he ought to be in London attending to his business.

The poor fellow whose story I have now heard, the man I saw in the Park, although he lives at Shepherd's Bush, never (until he bought black spectacles) was able to get past Queen's Road Station on the Tube, either going or coming, because of the notice there, "Alight here for Whiteley's." But that was not the



'Arry. "COME OVER THE OTHER SIDE, ALF, AND SEE A BIG SAILING-SHIP PASS."
Alf (faintly). "YOU CAN 'AVE IT. CALL ME—WHEN YOU SEE A TREE PASS."

worst. Every few minutes in the day he would take out a pen and pad and write to *John Bull* about it, and in fact do everything he was told. He obeyed all the advertisers' injunctions. He bought *The Daily Sketch* to-morrow; he took a tonic tabloid every other minute; nothing but the fact that he was not a mother prevented him from nursing his own baby. Naturally his health began to suffer, for he smoked far too many brands of cigarettes and drank far too much whisky—not because he liked either form of excess, but because he had become so desperately amenable; in short because he was down with Plasticenza.

The result is that now, wherever posters are to be seen, he has to be led in blinkers. The Park is the only safe place for him, and that only in the middle: if he were near the edge a command on a passing bus might catch his eye, and in a twinkling he would be on his way to acquire by purchase an O-Henry Besom.

Safety First.

"There was a very old and true saying that it was 'better to be on with your new love before you were off with the old.'"—*Mr. WALTER LONG (as reported in "The Daily Graphic").*

BIG FLEAS AND LITTLE FLEAS.

(A Study in NIETZSCHEAN Ethics.)

You who can distinguish right from wrong,
Sages, ponder well this little song,
Showing how the weak enslave the strong.

I.

During his command in Northern France
Our poor Colonel never had a chance,
For the Major led him such a dance.

Not, however, that I blame the Maj.;
He was not a creature prone to rage,
But the Cap. stood firm at every stage.

Nothing that the Captain did would suit
Sense of duty governing the Lieut.,
So he always kept as mute as mute.

Lieut. knew well which side his bread was buttered,
Not a word below his breath he muttered,
Heeded every word the Sergeant uttered.

Sergeant was a nervous little bean;
When the Corporal bullied made no scene,
Followed slavishly the Corp.'s routine.

I was Private; when the Corporal's face
Showed complete misjudgment of a case
I it was who put him in his place.

II.

Pussy is a darling little thing,
Round her basket draws a magic ring,
In it won't have Fido trespassing.

Fido is a pleasant little card;
When the baby plays in Fido's yard,
Fido straightway bites him good and hard.

Baby is a charming little fellow,
But he pinches Sister blue and yellow,
Smacks her face to make her howl and bellow.

Sister is a gentle little creature;
Education is her strongest feature;
Watch her educating Ma, her teacher.

Mother is a loving little wife,
Keeps her end up in this game of strife;
I, her husband, lead a dog's own life.

"Miss ——'s small but select stock of wines made prices ranging from 13s. a bottle for Moselle to 6s. 3d. for Pomarde."
Daily Paper.

"There, my boy; that 's the stuff to make your hair curl."

AT THE PLAY.

"SUMMERTIME."

WHEN *Silvia* came from Australia to the England that she only knew from her books and dreams, she found in Devonshire (so she told us) the same birds singing, the same flowers blowing, the same old cottages smiling that sang, blew and smiled in the days of HERRICK, JANE AUSTEN and Miss MITFORD. She even had the good luck (which I have not shared) to hear some girls of the Land Army singing "Sumer is icumen in," which she cleverly assigned to a period one hundred years before CHAUCER. This gives you the note, on its rustic side, of a play as guileless as the promise of its title.

If I could suspect Mr. LOUIS PARKER of cynicism (a thought that is absolutely repugnant to me) I should guess that he had said to himself, "People complain that the Stage is becoming sophisticated and prurient; that there is too much bedroom in it; that its indecencies are too bare-faced and too bare-backed. Well, this time they shall have something in the best Victorian manner, which will not bring a blush to the cheeks of the youngest brigadier." Such cynicism in our author is unthinkable, and I prefer to credit him with a laudable desire to remove us far from the jazzing crowd and bring the scent of Devonshire lanes and the taste of Devonshire cream, as they say, "across the footlights."

To accomplish this good end he has not scorned the uses of stage convention. Lovingly he stretches out to us the long arms (for there are two of them here) of coincidence—(1) when *Willoughby Spencer* engaged himself inadvertently to three several girls who happened to be the respective daughters of three partners in the same firm of solicitors; (2) when this trio of blighted maidens, seeking distraction in the Land Army, chanced to find themselves in the menial employ of three love-sick men who, in conjunction with *Willoughby*, had fled for solitude to a cottage in the wilds of Devon.

Upon this bachelor society, penetrated with disillusionment, where everybody was on edge, and losing pride in himself and tolerance for his fellows, all for lack of a woman's refining influence, suddenly *Silvia*, an unknown cousin of *Willoughby's*, blew in from the Antipodes. Stepping at once into the hearts of all, she restored amity and self-respect, reorganised the cuisine, converted the slatternly kitchen-wench into a dapper maid and filled the place with flowers, cocktails, antique furniture, and other emollients material and spiritual.

Here was a chance for Mr. LOUIS PARKER'S notorious gift in pageantry; and though limited, of course, by conditions of space and matter he nevertheless contrived to have two separate meals (breakfast for five and dinner for eight) laid out before our eyes with the greatest particularity of detail.

Briefly, within twenty-four hours—and it seemed even less than that to us—*Silvia* had employed her magic to such purpose that the three jilted girls had paired off with the three jilted men (thus releasing *Willoughby* from the threat of an action, in triplicate, for breach of promise), while *Willoughby* himself fell to the Australian fairy.



A LIGHTNING ENGAGEMENT.

Testimonial to Mr. LOUIS PARKER'S Matrimonial Agency:—

"I CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO I HADN'T SO MUCH AS SET EYES ON THE GIRL."

Willoughby . . Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Silvia . . . . Miss FAY COMPTON.

Twenty-four hours, as I say, sufficed for this reconstruction, and the same respect for the unities was noticeable in the scene, which remained unchanged throughout, except for the ornamental modifications that were due to *Silvia's* cultured taste.

It would have to be a pretty poor play that could not be redeemed by Mr. AUBREY SMITH'S ease of manner and Miss FAY COMPTON'S personal charm. But even Mr. AUBREY SMITH could not quite carry the burden of a rather amateurish first Act; though later, in his passages with *Silvia*, he had better chances and took them all in his stride. Miss FAY COMPTON played with a rather constrained gaiety, as if she would have preferred to be pathetic, but Mr. PARKER wouldn't let her. Miss MARY BROUGH made a superb housekeeper in the broad style, and Mr. WHITLING handled the more reserved humour of the butler with great dexterity. Miss GWYNETH KEYS showed something more than talent in her study of *Selina*, the reformed kitchen-wench.

Much of the fun was of the sort that has to be rollicking if it is to be of much use. And Mr. LOUIS PARKER'S fun never really rollicked. But there was some very pleasant prattle between *Willoughby* and *Silvia*, though I only recall one touch of the higher humour where he prefaced the confession of his three-fold dalliance with the plea, "I was so war-weary."

Summertime, it seems, has added a new responsibility to the promoters of Armageddon. O. S.

AT THE OPERA.

"COQ D'OR."

EVERYONE wishes that gallant Sir THOMAS of so many arduous and fortunate emprises may have the very best of luck with his Opera-in-English Season at Covent Garden. I happened to get the bird in the ingeniously varied bill of fare, which has been designed to please every palate. The *cognoscenti* tell me that *Coq d'Or* was better done many hundred years ago in 1914. But that is the way of these folk. It may very well be true; but it is as true that, to one who unfortunately missed hearing and seeing it then, it is a quite admirable and exciting entertainment, and provides one of the best possible proofs of the able way in which our native talent has been developed. I say this to forestall criticism by the all-wise to the effect that *Coq d'Or* is in too exotic mood for our island sobriety.

Mr. PERCY PITT led his orchestra boldly and successfully through the mazes of RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S fantastic themes and rhythms—more successfully, I think, than the singers in general dealt with their material. It is a grave handicap to wed a none too easy music to the most difficult singing language in the world, and I privily wonder whether the gain derived from the ability to hear a phrase or two in an occasional passage of recitative balances this indubitable disadvantage. One may go further and doubt if from the musical point of view an opera ought ever to be sung in any language but that in which it was written. But this need not prevent us from welcoming the new movement, if it will bring more music-lovers for Sir THOMAS to delight.

The brilliant *décor* inherited from the Russians, which looks so easy to do and is (as certain affected imitations

prove) so desperately difficult, provides a continual imaginative accompaniment to the music. The grouping was extraordinarily effective; the dancing admirable. Our supers still fix the vacant eye too frequently, except where manifest stage directions and explicit drilling have dictated a temporary show of interest.

It was entertaining to see the gay Cockerel, having nose-dived and duly outed *King Dodon*, develop engine-trouble on rising and with difficulty regain his lines. But the humours of the evening were not confined to such accidental diversions. Mr. FOSTER RICHARDSON (the *King*) and Mr. HERBERT LANGLEY (his *General*) acted throughout with a fine sense of the grotesquery which distinguishes this Bolshevik pamphlet—for you may set it down as that in effect. Miss SYLVIA NELIS has a voice of beautiful quality, but looked much too nice for the unworthy manœuvres which were expected of her. The fine tenor of the *Magician* (Mr. GERALD O'BRIEN) was a pleasure to hear. A very delightful evening and a golden feather for Sir THOMAS'S cap. T.

THE MAGPIES OF VERDUN.

"I THINK this must be the place," said the magpie.

"What place?" asked Jimmy Gander.

"The place I am looking for," returned the magpie.

He was sitting perkily on the muzzle of Number 6 gun in the farmyard of Mère Bigaud, and Jimmy and Jane, the mascots of A52 Battery, 9th Division, had come out to do the honours of their temporary home. Jimmy always made a point of explaining everything about the guns to any newcomers, and Number 6 gun was a very good object-lesson, as it had been sent back to the waggon-lines to be overhauled and for the time being could neither bark nor kick.

"Yes," mused the magpie, "I seem to have struck it this time. Here's the weathercock with the little ship on it, and there's the orchard between the two streams; if only an old dame in a blue gown would come out now I should be *quite* sure."

"A blue gown?" echoed Jane, interested. "Mère Bigaud wears a blue gown."

"My dear," said the gander, "it is perhaps natural that geese should concern themselves with—ah—gowns; but this gentleman would no doubt prefer to discuss some less trivial topic. That gun, Sir, upon which you are sitting——"



Soldier (offering seat in French tram). "ERE, ASSEYEZ-VOUS, MADAME, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT."
French Dame. "AH, NON, MONSIEUR—C'EST À VOUS!"
Soldier. "GO ON, SIT DOWN, YER SILLY OLD GEYSER!"
French Dame. "AH, MERCI, MONSIEUR—VOUS ÊTES BIEN GENTIL."

"Do you think I have never seen a gun before?" asked the magpie with a cackle of laughter, "Why, my boy, I have just come from a place where they stand as thick as the cabbages yonder."

"Ah, you come from the gun-lines," said Jimmy, unabashed. "Then you must be acquainted with my brown men. Fine fellows, Sir—fine fellows."

"*My* men are *blue*," returned the magpie. "*I* come from Verdun."

Both Jimmy and Jane looked up at him with new interest. They had heard of Verdun. Mère Bigaud's son-in-law was there, and from all accounts it could not be nearly such a pleasant place as the waggon-lines.

It was the dinner-hour, and the farmyard basked empty in the keen Spring sunlight. A cosy clatter from the kitchen was the only sound, except the far-off thud of a gun or the brief crash of an A.S.C. lorry across a cobbled bridge a quarter-of-a-mile away.

"Do you reside at Verdun, Sir?" asked Jimmy Gander with courteous interest.

"I *did*," said the Magpie; "I and my three brothers lived in the cathedral tower. When the blue men have driven away the grey men for good perhaps we may live there again. Who knows? But we're up against a big job now, we four. We are indispensables."

"What is 'indispensable'?" inquired Jane.

"Magpies are," said their new friend with conviction.

"I suppose it means black and white,"

thought Jimmy Gander; but he did not risk saying it aloud.

"May I ask, Sir," he resumed, "upon what important work you are engaged?"

"You may. We are taking the place of the storks."

"I know what *they* are," murmured Jane.

"Naturally, Madam. And doubtless you know also that since those wretched grey men came crashing and pounding into the land of the blue men, the storks have had to give up their highly important work."

"Why?" asked Jane.

For once Jimmy did not repress her inquisitiveness. He himself wanted to know why.

"It 's perfectly simple," retorted the magpie a little impatiently; "the grey men's great blundering guns have toppled down all the chimneys for miles round. And what good is a stork without a chimney? Though, mind you, I don't say that this fuss they call war is altogether bad for us birds."

"Not altogether," conceded Jimmy Gander.

"For one thing," pursued the magpie, "look how plentiful the corn is in the horse-lines! Scattered all over the place. Nose-bags overflowing with it, and nobody to drive us away. But it has been an awkward thing for the storks. And it *might* have been absolutely fatal for the humans hereabouts, if *we* hadn't taken on the job."

"What job?" asked Jimmy, after waiting a moment to see if Lady Jane would spare him the ignominy of having to ask.

"Why, bringing the human babies, of course, my good Sir. Can you conceive what would happen if there were nobody to bring them? A baby famine—nothing less. Humans have to go short of a good many things just now. At Verdun, for instance—— But that 's another story."

"Do go on," prompted Lady Jane graciously. "It is most interesting. Is it not, James?"

"Exceedingly," said Jimmy Gander.

"*Our* job," continued the magpie, "used to be to let the humans know what the storks were intending to do—when the humans had the sense to understand. That 's why Pierre's friend the Sergeant said——"

"Who is Pierre?" interrupted Lady Jane apologetically; "I 've heard the name before."

"Oh, I forgot," said the magpie; "you don't know him, of course. Pierre is a Norman—one of my blue men—in the trenches just outside Verdun. And the other day, when I and my three brothers were having an early morning flight over the lines, the Sergeant caught sight of us and turned to Pierre. "There you are, *mon vieux*," said he:—

"'One for sorrow, two for joy,
Three for a girl and four for a boy.'

"Pierre seemed pleased. But *we* were not. He didn't know that the storks had had to chuck their job—and *we did*."

"Ah," murmured Lady Jane, craning forward her sleek silver head to hear better.

"If it had been a girl that Pierre wanted," pursued the magpie, "we should not have felt so worried. But a boy! They are such heavy lumps that even the storks have their work cut out to carry them. However, we are going to do our best. And if this *is* the farm where Pierre's wife and her mother live, that 's one bit of work done already."

"Mère Bigaud *has* a daughter," hinted General James helpfully.

"And a blue gown," murmured Jane.

The magpie gave a little hop of delight.

"That 's it! And I 'm sure I ought not to make any mistakes when I think how often I 've heard Pierre telling his friend the Sergeant about it. I must signal to my brother; he 's waiting yonder, on one of those swinging wires."

"Just a moment, I beg," interposed General Jim, as the magpie lifted his motley wings. "Are the grey men making any—ah—any progress at the place you mentioned? Verdun, you know."

The magpie let his wings drop against his sides again.

"There were many grey men yonder," said he, "and the blue men were fewer every day. I knew the Normans of the front line best—Pierre's battalion. Their officer said something to them one morning that made them tighten and stiffen and grip their rifles harder. Most of them looked straight ahead—only you couldn't tell what they were looking at. But Pierre looked at me and one of my brothers wheeling over the front line. 'Two for joy,' he said."

"What did the officer say?" asked Jim.

"He said, '*Men, there is nothing but yourselves between the Boches and your wives and children. There are no reserves behind you. You must stand and, if need be, die where you stand.*'"

Jane shuddered, but her husband's little eyes gleamed.

"Did *they* say anything?" he asked.

"They didn't exactly *say* anything," returned the magpie, "but a sort of sound ran along the line like the voice of the wind on a field of wheat—and it sounded like something I 've often heard lately; it sounded like *Vive la France!*"

"And then?" prompted Jimmy.

"The grey men—those that the Captain called the Boches—came on and on—many, many of them; but the blue men stood—and died where they stood—and the grey men got no nearer to Verdun."

From a telegraph post a hundred yards away another magpie swooped across and perched upon the gun.

"One of my brothers," explained the first-comer, introducing him. "He will be glad to make your acquaintance."

"Is *this* the place?" asked the second magpie after he had returned the General's salute and Lady Jane's bow.

"See for yourself, brother—weathercock—orchard—two streams. And can you doubt that yonder old dame toddling out of the kitchen is good old Mère Bigaud, of whom Pierre used to speak to his friend the Sergeant?"

"In that case," returned the second magpie, "we had better be off. The other two are waiting for us. Everything is ready."

Mère Bigaud stood by her door and saw the two flashes of black and white flicker and swerve across the sky.

"One—two," quoth she, counting on her fat fingers. "Next time, please God, there will be four."

Jimmy and Jane did not see their friends the magpies again. The worthy couple were fast asleep in their shed when the four brothers flew across the roof of the farm in the early dawn of the following day.

Towards noon General Jim, taking a stroll in the farmyard, called Lady Jane to his side.

"Come here, my dear," said he. "Your eyes are better than mine. Is not that old Mère Bigaud by the window there? I can see her blue gown, but I can't make out what that is she has got in her arms."

Jane peered forward.

"That white bundle, do you mean?"

"Yes. There 's something alive inside it."

"How short-sighted you are getting, James!" said Lady Jane. "Can't you see what it is, that fluffy soft brown thing? *I* know. It 's a gosling—a human one."

"Abolish all the above-named parasites and kindred ludibriae" (*sic*).—*The Times.*

O Temporae! (sic).

"At the luncheon his Imperial Majesty occupied the seat of honour on the Lord Mayor's right, and on the Shah's left sat Prince Albert."—*Sunday Paper.*

We gather that the PRINCE sat in the LORD MAYOR'S lap.



Interviewer. "AND TO WHAT, PRINCIPALLY, DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR REMARKABLE AGE?"
Centenarian. "IT'S VERRA SIMPLE—GETTIN' A REET START, YE SEE. I WERE BORN IN GOOD TIME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALTHOUGH Mr. E. F. BENSON has called his latest story *Robin Linnet* (HUTCHINSON), you will not be very long in discovering that the interest of it is focussed less upon *Robin* himself than upon the parent-bird, *Robin's* mother, *Lady Grote*. Not at first, perhaps, is this interest very robust; indeed at times you may be tempted to suspect Mr. BENSON of having created a group of his own supremely lifelike persons without altogether knowing what to do with them. Chiefly the coming of the War is the theme of the matter. To Cambridge it comes, where we get a contrasted welcome by selected undergraduates (and you know already how good Mr. BENSON'S best quality young men can be) and a circle of almost unbearably realistic dons. Smart Anglo-German society, represented by *Sir Hermann* and *Lady Gurtner*, takes the shock of it, and that effect is admirably shown in the struggle that results in these singularly human, if divided, souls. Finally, and most important, it reaches *Helen Grote*, a woman whose life is deliberately dedicate to every kind of pleasure, adoring mother of a charming son, yet capable of an amorous intrigue on her own account with the "cat-like" personality of *Kuhlmann*, the great German tenor. You perceive that *Helen* is like to take the ultimatum harder than most. I won't tell you just in what tragic fashion the great change breaks upon her (save, as a hint, to remind you how much of their life's emotion Mr. BENSON'S folk work out in the neighbourhood of Floral Street, Covent Garden); nor will I spoil by suggestion the really beautiful and tenderly-written end, by which the author has redeemed what at first looked like being rather too slight a study of blown straws. I admit that his work is here unequal; but, on balance, it is a story certainly not to be left out of your list.

John Dene of Toronto, with his breezy manner, his contempt for officialdom and his super-submarine that "ginger:d up" the Admiralty, has been written and published and (very adroitly) brought all the way from Canada by Mr. HERBERT JENKINS so that he cannot be mistaken for anybody else. And yet, though his favourite expression when people annoyed him was "Shucks," I cannot help feeling that it might just as well have been "Sack the lot." Only in that case he could not have been kept such a profound secret from the English people, nor perhaps could so many allowances have been made for his unconventional behaviour. The author of *Bindle* has written another very amusing book, and, considering that he has combined the smashing of the U-Boat campaign with the discomfiture of a Teutonic spy, and thrown in a very pretty love-story, not to mention some thinly-veiled Cabinet personalities, I don't know what more any reader can require. After *John Dene* himself I think *Dorothy*, his typist, who is a Whitehall flapper, but not a very flapping one, is the nicest person in the book; but I am very fond of *Mr. Llewellyn John* (this is the curious name of the Prime Minister), who says, "If I were only told; if I were only told. They keep so much from me." As for the plot it was the detective part of it

that interested me most; the exploits of the submarine were thrilling enough, but I am getting a little weary of the ginger that might have been.

Do you seek a lively and frivolous diversion from the oppressive problems of the hour? If so, let me warmly recommend to your notice *Short and Sweet* (LANE), the collected outbursts of the late Captain H. N. GITTINS, thirty-four in the most engaging prose and a dozen in verse, less expert but occasionally pleasing. The former constitute some gay chapters in the life of a young man about town, not so preoccupied with his work at the Bar as to be precluded from falling in and out of love daily and taking part in the other fashionable pastimes of the day. Flippant they may all be, but behind the excellent humour is some very sound sense and no little understanding of that difficult sex which he was for ever worrying with his brilliantly conducted proposals of marriage. Most refreshing of all is the author's pretence of a vast sense of his own importance, camouflaging a young philosopher with an exact sense of proportion and an irresistible tendency to laugh and make laugh. Would you have in your library a permanent reminder of the tragedy suffered and the immeasurable glory won by your country, 1914 to 1918? Let me then press even more warmly upon you this little book, as showing indirectly, in a single instance, what England has lost in young men who have won so much for England. Captain GITTINS, known to many through his work in *Punch*, died on active service in France on March 20th, 1917, aged twenty-four years. These, his writings, are compiled by his family in his memory. There could have been no tribute more modest or more delicately conceived; there is none more worthy of the public attention.



The Contortionist. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR. I'LL REMEMBER THOSE LITTLE COMMISSIONS. I CAN'T POSSIBLY FORGET THIS TIME."

A gift of quiet humour and a singular freedom alike from bitterness and sentimentality have gone to the making of Miss CUMMINS' *The Land They Loved* (MACMILLAN), qualities sufficiently rare in novels dealing with the Ireland of to-day. I will admit frankly that I cannot understand how *Eugene Turpin*, who for fear of being disinherited grovels like a whipped worm before his old brute of a father, can suddenly blossom into the strong and sane man of the countryside once the menace is removed; but then I do not pretend to have fathomed what is called Irish mentality. Strange things pass for cowardice in Ireland, and stranger things for courage, and it may well be that *Eugene's* willingness to undergo any toil and humiliation in order to get possession of the land he loved should have been appreciated by *Kate Carmody* at the outset. But *Kate* runs to vigour rather than to subtlety, and, thinking *Eugene* a poor creature, departs into service in Dublin, where her adventures provide Miss CUMMINS with the material for quite the most entertaining chapters of her story. Needless to say, *Kate* sees her mistake and returns to *Eugene* and her beloved County Cork when it is time to bring the story to a just conclusion. It is not for its treatment of the Irish Question—though Miss CUMMINS neither evades nor over-colours the tragic aspect of an Ireland divided against herself—that I was attracted by *The Land They Loved*, but for its deft handling of peasant character, its unforced humour and its intimate knowledge of the racy speech of the Irish countryfolk and the curious mixture of ingenuousness and agility that distinguishes their mental processes.

During the Autumn of 1915 Lieutenant GEOFFRY MALINS was appointed official kinematographer to the War Office, and in *How I Filmed the War* (JENKINS) he relates his thrilling and dangerous experiences. To do him justice he does not seem to be embarrassed by any great excess of modesty, and I think that he would have persuaded me more easily of the importance of his work if he had not so vigorously emphasized it. The fact, however, remains that he did persuade me, and I can also testify that his tale of perils encountered makes a remarkable story, in spite of the style in which it is told. Nothing stopped him, and even the PRINCE OF WALES, who seems to have been amazingly clever in dodging the official camera, was unable to elude his pursuit. There seems to be no doubt of the wide public interest that his films attracted; and those who missed them on the move may in part be compensated by some most excellent illustrations, of the stationary kind, that accompany his narrative.

No reasonable being can complain of a word-shortage in *The Young Physician* (COLLINS). Indeed, I could have done with considerably less of the meticulous detail with which the tale of *Edwin Ingleby's* mental and moral development, from his public-school days to the time when he qualified as a doctor, is here set out. But if he is a little too conscientious Major BRETT YOUNG is a sound descriptive writer, and he places North Bromwich, the Midland town in which *Edwin* lived, before our eyes so that we can see it and feel it and shudder at it. Imaginative minds have a tendency to wilt in such an environment, and *Edwin*, with his youthful longings and indefinite aspirations, had to fight hard before he could shake himself free of its depressing atmosphere. It was bound to be a long struggle; but one may still complain that in his chronicle of it Major BRETT YOUNG has paid nearly as much attention to the small skirmishes as to the really important engagements. This means that you must be at some pains, which the author might have saved you, to make your own selection of the things worth remembering. But your patience, if you have enough of it, will be justified.

Our Daring Authors.

"The Hon. Mrs. —— has gone to Greece, where she is gaining local courage for another novel."—*Weekly Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

It appears that the Motor Show at Olympia is such a success that there is some talk of holding a Pedestrians' Show while a few specimens still remain.

* * *

We understand that the Mr. GEORGE so often referred to in the Northcliffe Press is the well-known statesman of that name.

* * *

The light-fingered gentry, it appears, are resuming their pre-war occupation. Only last week a Society lady had a new evening frock stolen from her reticule.

* * *

It is denied that since his little controversy with Mr. ASQUITH the other day, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has threatened to paint a portrait of his late chief.

* * *

The time may yet come, says a gossip, when Mr. CHURCHILL will be elected an R.A. A few more warnings like this and it would serve us right if our War Minister gave up painting.

* * *

"We owe nine-tenths of the National Debt to each other," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at the Guildhall. It is a touching mark of confidence that so many taxpayers insist that they owe theirs to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

An ex-officer with several years' experience of "brewing ginger-beer scientifically" is seeking employment. Scientific ginger-beer, we understand, differs from the common kind in that it does not require the addition of gin to make it acceptable.

* * *

Russia, declares Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, is a land of surprises. When we come to think of it the natives do rather take each other's breath away.

* * *

The Government housing scheme does not appear to be working well, declares Lord ROBERT CECIL. The report that, instead of working, it was found playing "spoil five million" at the corner of Tothill Street with the Disposal Board, would seem to be confirmed.

* * *

A railway collision has been caused in Paris as the result of a train leaving the station two minutes too early. Thank Heaven this could not happen on our English lines.

"Youth will build a new world" was the inscription on a banner carried in the LORD MAYOR'S Show. This will encourage those who feared that youth might try to rub along with one of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S old ones.

* * *

Oranges are a prophylactic against influenza, says a medical writer. Upon seeing the germ in the road you throw it an orange, thus taking its mind off business, while you slip up another street.



Client. "I'M GOING TO PLAY 'DICK' IN MY PANTO OF *WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT*. I'VE GOT A GAG AND I WANT TO COPYRIGHT IT FOR MY OWN EXCLUSIVE USE. CAN I DO SO?"

Solicitor. "WHAT IS THE GAG, MISS GLADVILLE?"

Client. "WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL A SOUL?"

Solicitor. "I PROMISE."

Client. "WELL, IT'S 'HELLO, PUSSYFOOT!'"

We cannot help thinking that Major-General SEELY showed scant courtesy to the Press. He actually resigned before any announcement had been made by the London morning papers.

* * *

Speaking at Higham Ferrers, the MAYOR pointed out that there had not been one case of drunkenness in that part for five years. Latest reports show, however, that the Government are doing their best to produce stronger beer.

* * *

"If the Germans had only known, at one time," says a writer, "they could have captured at least thirty tanks." No application having been received from Germany to fight the War over again, we presume the matter will have to rest at that.

* * *

Speaking at a meeting in London, Dean INGE said some people regarded him as a pessimist. How these notions get about we cannot understand.

* * *

We gather from recent reports that LENIN would be obliged if somebody would help him to let go of the revolution.

* * *

Asked why he had his little boy with him, a man who was drawing his unemployment donation remarked that he was teaching him the business.

* * *

A demobilised sergeant, now a taxi-driver, was so annoyed the other day, because an old gentleman dodged out of his way, that he shouted, "Wait for it! Wait for it, confound you!"

* * *

The repeated appeals of the Government to speed up production is causing alarm in some circles, where it is felt that if this is persisted in there will not be enough unemployment to go round.

* * *

The Victoria Legislative Council has passed a Bill making insanity a ground of divorce. For the purposes of the Act insanity is not to be presumed from participation in the marriage ceremony.

* * *

"Will there be a corner in mistletoe this year?" asks a contemporary. A few of our youthful optimists express the hope that there will be many of them.

* * *

Five-shilling notes, it is stated, are being prepared as a matter of precaution. It is believed that, with a view to popularise them, the Profiteering Tribunals have decided to adopt a flat-rate fine of five shillings for six convictions.

Commercial Humour.

"People are convinced that Dodge Brothers' sole purpose is to make the car worthy of their name."—*Advt. in "Times."*

"Pussyfoot" in Egypt.

From the programme of a cinema theatre in Cairo:—

"Overture, 'Pumps & Circumstances.' Famous composition by Elgar."

May we suggest, as another suitable item, "Band of Hope & Glory"?

THE DECLINE OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

["WATCHMAN," in *The Times*, diagnosing the causes of the threatened extinction of the Middle Classes, contrasts their simple frugality in the Victorian era with the "motor-car and champagne standard" which they have subsequently adopted, and further ascribes their decadence to neglect of municipal duties.]

BITTER thought that every day which passes,
Making their emoluments more lean,
Tends to extirpate the Middle Classes,
Nullify that useful go-between,
Which, like Virtue (ARISTOTLE), constitutes the happy mean.

What! Shall we in torpid silence suffer
These to vanish in the vast unknown,
Once our White Hope, once the stolid buffer
Twixt the nether and the upper zone,
When the late VICTORIA (bless her!) occupied the British throne?

Shall we lose this backbone of the nation,
Type of all we have of sound and sane,
Which, to make a modest calculation,
Furnished, ere it went upon the wane,
Half of England's thews and ninety-five per cent. of England's brain?

Theirs the blame, I hear; they grew too bloated;
They assumed aristocratic airs,
Dined above themselves, and jazzed and moted,
Dealt in highly speculative shares;
Worst of all, they took no interest in municipal affairs.

What is left them in the coming clearage?
Whither will they fade away in night?
They will either have to swell the Peerage
Or on Labour's lower plane alight,
Passing, as they fall, the toilers in their steady upward flight.

Ah! it must not be. We cannot lose 'em;
We should never look upon their like.
Let them join the Union; let them do some
Pretty spadework in the ultimate dyke;
Mr. KENNEDY JONES will kindly teach them how and when to strike.

O. S.

MORE REVELATIONS.

OF the many new War books published to-day up to the time of going to press there is one which, on account of the inside knowledge and the vigorous style of the author, will appeal alike to those who study war and to those who pay for it.

Commentaries, 1914-1918, is the work of that war-hardened veteran, General Le Bukkin, and, although his book pretends to be little more than a digest of letters and memoranda addressed by him to the War Office, yet its five hundred closely printed pages glow with sensation as the General wields his pen in deadly cut and thrust against the "utter incompetence and imbecile frivolity of those who brought the Empire to the brink of disaster."

In a preface General Le Bukkin relates how, in August, 1914, he was rusticating at his country seat, and thus it was not until he came to London on the occasion of an Old Comrades' Dinner on Inkerman Day that he was aware that hostilities had broken out. *The War Office had failed to notify him.* With characteristic energy he went straight to his Club and wrote a letter not only to *The Times*, but to the authorities at Whitehall. From this moment General Le Bukkin never looked back. Until the cessation of hostilities he acted continuously as an unofficial adviser to the War Office.

The opening chapters of his *Commentaries* are devoted to criticisms of the equipment of our troops in 1914. Most of this is in a highly technical vein, but even the average man will appreciate the seriousness of the author's condemnation of our service rifle, which "not only fired a smaller ball, but was also several inches shorter, than the Brown Bess."

General Le Bukkin contends that the War Office never had a fixed policy. When in difficulties they disregarded expert advice and embraced any idea so long as it was newfangled. He instances how in 1915, when the military situation was far from satisfactory, "the War Office chose this moment to swap horses in mid-stream. They hurriedly decided to change the colour of the riband of the Long Service Medal on the ground that it was the same colour as that of the V.C."

Receiving little encouragement and less thanks, General Le Bukkin still lavished upon the War Office all manner of mature advice, from details of precautions to be taken when firing red-hot shell to a nicely reasoned treatise on the advantages of carrying the feed-bag on the off-side. In his lengthy chapters on the tank the General displays his indomitable courage. In a country where there is scarcely a family which does not number a tank-inventor among its members he has the hardihood to state, coldly and emphatically, that the tank was a costly failure. He claims that trained elephants, of which we had an inexhaustible supply in India, capable of living on the country in France, would have served our purpose better. In the chapter "Elephant Mastership and Stable Vices" he elaborates his assertion and concludes with a breathless description of the moral effect of elephants in action during the Second Sikh War. "As the rising sun gilded the minarets of the doomed city, ——'s elephants, extended to two elephants' length, the outer flanks dressing on the centre guide, the centre guide covering the troop leader at a distance of two elephants' lengths, trunk to croup, and the led elephant with the mess stores in the *serre-file* rank, went forward with irresistible momentum, to the sound of the charge and the beating of drums."

During the critical days of 1918 the task of General Le Bukkin would have daunted a lesser man. He was now in daily touch with the War Office by post, and although, as our star grew brighter, it became very doubtful if we should lose the War after all, yet he never slackened his efforts. Indeed it is in July of that year that we see him at his best: "The politicians, who had ever ignored or ridiculed the experts, now, like mischievous boys, commenced to undermine the moral of the army . . . Flushed by the capture of thousands of prisoners and an immense quantity of material, they thought fit to tamper with the sacred traditions of the British Army. *They abolished the left-hand salute.*"

This book draws a picture of a very depressing state of affairs, but we must of course defer judgment until the War Office issues a reply.

This, if it happens, will be a novel experience for the General.

"GRAMOPHONE, h'less cabinet, bgn., 12gns."—*Daily Paper.*
Most suitable for one of the new rich.

A patriot fiddler-composer of Luton
Wrote a funeral march which he played with the mute on,
To record, as he said, that a Jewish-Swiss-Teuton
Had partially scrapped the *Principia* of NEWTON.



WAITING FOR THE U.S.A.

THE TURK (*sick with deferred hope*). "WHERE IS THE *MAYFLOWER II.*? THE HUSTLERS TARRY."

[The conclusion of the Peace Treaty with Turkey is being delayed by the United States, which have not yet signified whether they will accept the mandate of the Conference in respect to the administration of Armenia.]



Chatty Old Gentleman. "THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD DOG FOR KEEPING AWAY THIEVES FROM YOUR BARROW, I SHOULD THINK."
Coster. "OH, 'E'S A GOOD 'UN AT *TIMES* ALL RIGHT, BUT 'E DON'T ALWAYS CHOOSE THE *RIGHT* TIME."

A FRESH-AIR FIEND.

IT has been noted on many occasions, I believe, that the virtues of a first wife grow in proportion to the shortcomings of the second. In other words, that it is only human nature to make the best of things as they were.

As far as matrimony is concerned I hasten to add that I can claim no first-hand experience, but I am certain this principle applies to our memories of the great War.

Looking back, no one can fail to observe that there were many things peculiar to those times which were infinitely preferable to our present state of—peace, shall we call it? since there are now only twenty-three wars outstanding. Reluctantly I am forced to the conclusion that the War, as a war, had many good points. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, bar the noise and the practical certainty of death, there was very little wrong with it. Flat on one's tummy, for instance, one had no time for gloomy retrospection over a mis-spent youth, nor did the vista of a speculative future appal one. One lived furiously in the present, and the less likelihood there seemed to be of remaining alive the more intense was the desire to avoid extinction. Then there was whisky in the Mess; there was always the chance of going out to rest some day; there was the delight of seeing the A.M.L.O. again; but far, far above all these considerations was the joy, the unutterable joy to be found in the freedom to indulge, unquestioned and uncensured by the demon Hygiene, in a genuine whole-hearted "fug." Oh, all ye demobilised, have I not touched a chord there? What would you not give for a batman, a brazier, a thirty-foot dug-out and a seething, simmering satisfying tobacco-laden "fug"—just for once?

Possibly you may recall having lately passed a man in the streets nodding and smiling to himself as if obsessed by the thought of some special good fortune, and possibly also you have put him down as one of the lucky ones who bought "Shells" at three-and-a-half. But you were wrong. It was I, fatuous with the anticipation of winter coming on and the "fug" I would get up just once, for old times' sake. Though they never knew it at home, preparations had been going on for some time. I had hoarded coal, building up sly nests of it in odd places. I had saved chunks of wood on the plea of taking up fret-work on dull days. One chilly November day, I promised myself, I would invite a crony who would appreciate my humour and together we would revel once again in an overheated atmosphere, fill the place with the indescribable scents of the oldest pipes and the fume of "Ruby Queens" (of which I still have a store), and then hold forth about the dear old War.

I could not hope, of course, to get my old batman, the taciturn Mr. Brown, to come and cook me slabs of ration beef (carefully scraped) and serve me up the good old tinned apricots and demi-custard (to be eaten with the aid of the company fork and a piece of blanket-encrusted bread). Those days are gone irrevocably; but the atmosphere—that at least could be re-created. Then we would drink whisky out of my aluminium mug and praise God and the great War.

But the "fug" has failed. Just as my preparations were nearing completion and the necessary invitation had been issued an unlooked-for calamity occurred. A fresh-air fiend came to stay with us. She came disguised as a female. To a

mere man one could explain one's little weakness and he would understand; at most he would but smile a pitying smile of tolerance; but a woman—no. She would only regard you as the kind of person to whom a hot bath is a luxury.

I have succumbed. Just as many people would rather die of pneumonia than admit that they mind the bitter blast from the open window of a railway carriage, so do I respond to the eternal remark, "Don't you find it stuffy in this room?" I said I had succumbed. Nay, pressing my breast against the thorn, I encourage her to further excesses rather than face the implication, the stigma of being an habitual frowster. Oh, my home, my home, my little grey home, it is not the thing I was wont to picture when we sang "It's a long, long trail awinding" in the Mess on guest-nights. Breakfast is no longer a meal, it is a scramble lest the food should be blown off one's fork. Chill blasts sweep through the room whilst the fresh-air fiend sits and smiles and says, "Oh, isn't there a delightful breeze?" We might as well sell our windows for all the use they are. Great waves rush up the sides of my porridge bowl; the jam wrinkles like a sand-dune, and one has only to put knife to the egg for the top to be swept off by the force of the gusts.

Blast or hurricane disturbs not the fresh-air fiend; her smile grows broader and more fatuous as the breeze freshens and the poached eggs flitter off the plates. On the very day which I had set apart for the indulgence in my harmless little vice I came home and found her trying to relight the fire.

"I can't think what is the matter with it," she said idiotically; "it went out all of a sudden."

Of course I knew that it had been blown out, but I hadn't the courage to tell her; I just mumbled, "How extraordinary! Are you sure you lit it?" and went to rescue my typewriter from the wall, where it had been fluttering helplessly.

By this time, of course, all idea of carrying out my intention had been abandoned. Upstairs I found a woman, blue as any woad-stained warrior of ancient Britain, and she turned out to be my wife enjoying the fresh air. The nurse and I battled our way down the passage just in time to rescue the child from being squeezed to death by the forcible closing up of the Treasure Cot. In the bedroom the gas fire was burning, but it gave out no heat, and I could see that the thing was frozen stiff. Really, if the fresh-air fiend had not blown herself up with the geyser I don't know if I should have survived another week of her. The explosion was terrific. Indeed it was a dreadful accident, geysers being so hard to replace, but it was worth it.

The fresh-air fiend has gone, but to a certain extent her influence remains and my craving is still unsatisfied. I am therefore advertising as follows:—"Demobilised Officer requires week-end in deep dug-out with good brazier. Bring own fuel if required. Companionship with experienced ex-Platoon-Commander not objected to, etc., etc."

I am not a frowster—please believe that—and I have the greatest respect for the principles of Hygiene; but for old memory's sake I do love an occasional "fug." L.



MR. HO SING HI, THE FAMOUS CHINESE CINEMA ACTOR.
SOME CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS.

"FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE.

Lieutenant A. Popkess and Miss G. L. Popkiss."—*African World.*

Two Pops with but a single kiss.

"Pretty compliments which have been paid, to-day, to Plymouth's first woman Parliamentary candidate include:—

Sir Henry Jones (Professor of Moral Philosophy): 'She is a most unselfish woman, and cleverer than three men in the House of Commons."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Which three?

"DAY SHIRTS.
8/10½ each.
3 for 36/- Postage 6d.
The Greatest Bargain ever offered."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

Nevertheless we shall buy ours one at a time.

"COMFORTABLE HOME for respectable married couple.—Address, Box 69.

"RESPECTABLE COUPLE SEEK comfortable Home.—State particulars to Box 98."
Provincial Paper.

We understand that for a trifling commission the advertisement manager is prepared to introduce Box 69 to Box 98.

THE WOOL-GATHERER.

Appleyard has returned from Archangel a changed man. He went as a careless adventurer, popular, light-hearted and happy-go-lucky; he now pores over commercial papers and is afraid of postmen. It is not that he has in any way compromised himself with the Government or anybody else in North Russia. It is his popularity that has been his undoing.

During the recent War in France the manhood of England were knitted at impartially. The trenches were full of worsted things. No one but platoon commanders and men of their kidney appreciated the seriousness of the situation. Let it suffice now to say that the War ended none too soon.

The moment the Armistice was signed the women of England studied the newspapers to discover who were likely to be cold next.

Then Appleyard mentioned to his people that he was going to Archangel in May. Instantly as the news flashed from his people to his people's people, and their people and so on, countless knitting-needles flickered into activity again, refreshed by their brief quiescence. Appleyard was the excuse—poor little Appleyard, with only one neck! Aunts, cousins, friends, acquaintances by encounter and by hearsay, Mitten Committees, Sock Societies, Cardigan Clubs baulked by the Armistice, Jumper Sisterhoods in training—all devoted time and wool to Appleyard. The majority made him mufflers. Perhaps they are easy, perhaps more of them than of any other knitted article can be produced in a given time.

Appleyard couldn't or wouldn't decline to accept these gifts, nor could he include them all in his kit; for his departure coincided with the intensest period of the shipping shortage. His devoted mother diverted the torrent of wool to Mr. Cox's muffler department (a necessary innovation of the late War) and Mr. Cox arranged to despatch weekly consignments to North Russia. Appleyard had glanced at a map of Europe, and, having an eye for country, it seemed to him that there was more space in Russia than in England for unpacking.

Archangel was warming up nicely when Appleyard landed. By the time he had reached the Front and his first mail found him, the mosquitoes were in song and the troops in shorts. Appleyard had his mufflers unpacked and piled in a dump. He then summoned the village headman and ordered him sternly to parade every living soul who had a neck. The wondering peasants, *moujik*, *barishna* and *malinki* (which in Appleyard's Russian meant man, woman and child) were filed past the dump, and each invested with a muffler by Appleyard's Slavo-British bat-boy. Acting faithfully on his orders, this lad informed each recipient that the British troops had been trained from infancy in the belief that among Slavs none but the most incarnadined of the Reds ever appeared publicly with nude necks.

From that day those villagers were inseparable from their mufflers. By July the weather was tropical, but whatever they might discard these miserable people kept the clinging, tickling, stifling products of the infamous Appleyard's popularity.

At other and more sophisticated villages this ramp was no good. The peasants only smiled and offered Appleyard tea when he tried it. But mufflers persisted in arriving, not regularly but, all the more dreadfully, in intermittent accumulations. Crates of them addressed to Appleyard congested the transport routes. Barges burdened with them littered the sandbanks. His name stank in the nostrils of railway and river transport officers. He was reported on as one of the difficulties of the campaign, like the language, the sand-bar at Gunner's Bridge and the Bolsheviks.



Rude Boy. "BOLSHEY!"

Only the withdrawal saved him, if he is saved. Coming down the Dvina to embark for home, he was met by a cheerful ass, who announced, as who should utter good tidings, "There's a whacking big mail for you, old boy—*several parcels*." A new strange look settled on Appleyard's face, his hands worked spasmodically, but he said quite calmly, "Oh, where?"

"In the sheds at the Sabornia Quay," was the heartless reply.

That night Appleyard fell, not physically, but morally. He whose every action would hitherto challenge the publicity of daylight crept forth under cover of darkness, slunk past the sentries and wormed himself through the railings into the warehouses. There, by the aid of an electric torch and a tin-opener, he removed from every bale and crate of mufflers the label bearing his name and address.

He will never know peace again. In the warmth and security of home, amidst the fatuous conviviality of his clubmates, Appleyard is haunted. What will happen, he wonders, when that enormous store of worsted goods is found with no outward sign of ownership? Will the packages, opened at length by the Russian authorities, disclose some traitorous direction which will set them ponderously moving on his trail again? Or, lacking this clue, will the flood of raw material thus suddenly released dislocate and convulse the worsted markets of the world?

Commercial Candour.

"CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE.
Jobbing a Specialty."
Advt. in Local Paper.

THE REPRISAL.

". . . I PRESSED the trigger and shot it through the head. A second later and I should have been a dead man."

The speaker was Crockston, newly returned after seven years' absence, mostly in the wilder parts of South America. "It" was a panther or a puma, or maybe a squirrel or a meercat, for this was the tenth story of the kind and I had ceased to follow them very closely. Then he added—

"You people who live in civilised countries, within call of a policeman, don't know what life is."

It was the fourth time that he had made that same remark, and it maddened me. For a moment indeed I found myself wishing fiercely that he had pressed his trigger a second later. Then an idea came to me and I crossed the room and opened the casement.

My flat overlooks Kensington Gardens, and on the cold damp air of the autumn evening was borne the mournful cry, "All out! All out!"

"What's that?" asked Crockston.

"It's the keepers clearing the Gardens at dusk," I answered. "I never hear it without thinking of poor Binney."

"Who's poor Binney?"

I closed the window and sat down again before the fire.

"I forgot you wouldn't know," I said. "You remember that the winter of 1917-18 was extraordinarily severe? But no, you wouldn't remember that either, of course. Well, it was. The gales at the beginning of January were terrific. Quantities of sea-birds took refuge inland, and they swarmed beside the Serpentine as never before. A poor enough refuge, for it soon became a sheet of ice. Yet the gulls remained, too much alarmed by the gales to return to the sea-shore. At first some people made sporadic attempts to feed them. But this soon ceased; food was too scarce and the birds too plentiful; and every day the gulls became wilder and more ravenous.

"There was a man named Binney who had the flat over this, a curious little creature of eccentric appearance and miserly habits. Food rationing did him badly, because for years he had made it a practice never to go to the same shop twice, thinking in some vague way that this tended to economy.

"One day Binney had been out in search of food. Not very successfully, for he was returning across Kensington Gardens towards closing time with nothing more appetising than a rather high herring in a piece of newspaper. He took the path which leads by Peter Pan's statue. Looking back, it seems a mad thing to have done, for it brought him and his herring into the midst of a cloud of starving sea-birds; but it is easy to be wise after the event.

"Even then all might have been well with him had he abandoned his herring at once and fled. But the instinct of parsimony was too strong, and he clung to it like grim death—an ominous simile! Yes, they had him down just at the top of the rise. A dozen of those cruel beaks penetrated his jugular vein. He cried out once, and once only, for help. But the keepers were just closing the Gardens, and it was mistaken for "All out!" Next morning nothing was found but a skeleton, a bunch of keys, a pair of boots and a collar with dicky attached."

Crockston left soon after, nor did he tell me any more stories of adventure. During the War I was strongly against reprisals, but I doubt now if I was right. It is certain that they act as a powerful deterrent.

"Detective-Inspector —— spoke. He had a voice which carried a considerable distance, but he had cultivated the habit of speaking with closed lips, and yet with astounding clearness."—*Weekly Paper.*

Does Scotland Yard know of this trick?



THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Benevolent Aunt. "WELL, DEAR, AND WHAT SORT OF SWEETIES WOULD YOU LIKE?"

Little Girl (eagerly). "OH, PLEASE, THE SORT THAT MUMMY DOESN'T LIKE, OR ELSE I SHAN'T HAVE A CHANCE."

BENCH-WARFARE.

A FRAGMENT of forensic frightfulness, illustrating some effects of the War on the relations between Bench and Bar, and demonstrating how counsel, the suspicious rivals of other days, have in the approved style learnt to combine in alliance against the common judicial foe.

BAR COUNCIL INTELLIGENCE SUMMARY, 1.2.21.

Map reference: Strand, 1/ £1 3*s*. 6*d*.

Situation.

The enemy was very active this morning in the DIVISIONALCOURT sector, their Heavy Authorities carrying out a searching shoot from 11.29 to 11.43. During the day also several bombshells fell into our front bench with violent reports. Three of our arguments were exploded in rapid succession.

About 15.21 a barrage of cachinnatory joke-shells was put down from the centre of the enemy's position, our troops complaining that their eyes were full of tears and their sides ached for some hours afterwards.

Harassing fire of High Explosive interruptions went on intermittently throughout the day.

The actual damage done was slight, but the *moral* of counsel occupying this sector is stated to have been severely shaken.

The enemy's *moral* has correspondingly increased, and for the rest of the day any mouth that opened from our benches was promptly silenced by a concentration of ire.

Casualties.

Our casualties were as follows:—

One leader blown out of court.
One leader lost his clients.
One leader evacuated to the A.B.C. to be treated.
Two juniors severely wounded in the feelings.
Four juniors reported as having lost their cases and eight their heads.
One usher rendered speechless (N.Y.D. gas).

(It is worthy of note that an Associate, who was lying out in No Man's Land throughout the day, under cover of the enemy's parapet, sustained nothing worse than slight yell-shock.)

Patrols.

A patrol, consisting of one junior and four clerks with a Lewis and Lewis gun, left our benches at 16.20 yesterday and carefully reconnoitred the enemy front line.

The position was found to be unoccupied. A plaid rug was brought away, but has afforded no clue for the purposes of identification.

Artillery.

Our Artillery carried out pre-arranged shoots as follows:—

One Heavy Law Officer shelled the village of DIVISIONALCOURT with F.E. from 10.30 to 10.30½.
Four High Loquacity K.C.'s were detailed specially to direct fire upon the enemy's support-line, book-dumps, etc.
Sixteen counsel of all calibres fired short bursts of application fire twice during the day, apparently in order to obtain more practice.
The LUNCHEON Counter-Battery group was unable to function throughout the afternoon.

Enemy Movement.

An enemy was seen to be struck by a fragment of an Idea at about 13.25 and fell instantaneously. He was plainly visible at 13.27, being helped by two others down JUDGES' C.T., proceeding in the direction of LUNCHEON.

All three had abandoned their equipment.

An F.O.O., observing from PUBLIC GALLERY O.P., reports that a head was visible on the extreme right of the enemy's sector from about 14.15 to 14.27, vanishing suddenly at the latter hour. Shortly afterwards snores were heard.

A mine of information on the left of the enemy's position exploded at 11.37 and blazed for several minutes. The heat was terrific.

A shorthand-writer is reported missing (believed grilled).

News from other Fronts.

It is officially announced that SILK was yesterday taken by an advanced detachment of the Chancery Division. The booty is likely to be very great. Over five hundred conveyances of all kinds have already been counted. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL has telegraphed congratulations to the successful troops, remarking that there is no Division the members of which understand more clearly that Deeds are more profitable than Words.

In the Lincoln's Inn Field. 1.2.21.

The Problem of Mesopotamia.

"The Kurds alone are an almost insoluble problem."—*Times.*

But have they ever been treated in the proper whey?

"FREEDOM OF BATH FOR PRIME MINISTER."—*Times.*

Won't the LORD CHANCELLOR be jealous?

THE NILGIRIS.

(*Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Punch's Simla Bard.*)

THE winds that blow from Simla
No summons southward bring,
Nor envy we the melody
Your Simla minstrels sing;
Each to his own as fancy please—
But we would not exchange
Our own Blue Hills, our Nilgiris,
For all your Simla range.

Back in the early ages,
When life was new and gay,
A laughing god with magic rod
Sported an idle day;
He took the heartening Channel breeze,
The Scillies' vault of blue,
And on our hills, our Nilgiris,
He stablishéd the two.

Smiling, he cast about him
And bent to his decree
Moons that beguile the wandering Nile
And suns of Sicily;
And then, that homesick hearts in pain
Might comfort find and cheer,
He bade the North Sea mist and rain
Keep certain season here.

He chose the crags of Snowdon,
The rolling Lothian laws,
And planted these with English trees,
With Scottish whins and haws;
He tricked them out with beck and burn
That happy holiday,
Then kissed each new-made toy in turn
And, winging, went his way.

Ah! hills of happy hunting,
In frolic wrought and love,
How oft since then have suffering men
Sought comfort from above;
In sadness, solitude and ill
These healing ways are trod,
Where in the spirit lingers still
That gay and kindly god.

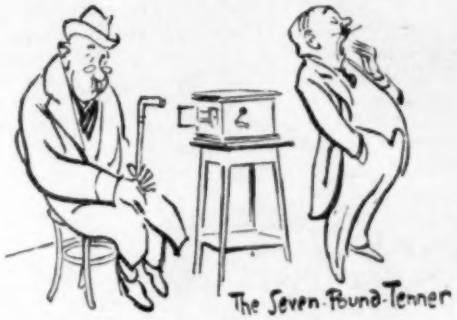
Across the dreaming hilltops
The dallying seasons creep,
And day with day they herd away
As shepherds herd their sheep;
A lotus-land of afternoon,
Of solace and release,
Where day to day and moon to moon
And year to year is peace.

The whin and fir of Ooty,
The rose of Kodanad,
The Druid branch of Avalanche
Are Heaven's own accolade;
He that hath eyes and with them sees,
Who knoweth his desire,
His own Blue Hills, the Nilgiris,
Shall hold his heart entire.

The Housing Problem.

"SIDE-CAR, coach-built; roomy; new Palmer tyre; back entrance. Ground rent £4 4*s*. In good Southampton."—*Local Paper.*















THE ART OF SELLING A GRAMOPHONE.



Uncle George (the multi-millionaire, excited, like the rest of us, about the new baby, his grand-nephew, and throwing prudence to the winds). "HE'S A GOOD 'UN! HE'S A CHIP O' THE OLD BLOCK! I'LL BUY AN OPTION ON A SIX-CYLINDER TWO-SEATER TO-DAY SO THAT IT 'LL BE READY FOR HIM WHEN HE'S TWENTY-ONE, EVEN IF I'VE TO SELL HALF MY ESTATES IN BRAZIL AND ALL MY OIL SHARES."

THE IRRELEVANT AD.

(*With acknowledgments to a well-known firm of Tailors.*)

OPTIMISM AND BANANAS.

THE diversions of democratic disturbances have dimmed our perspective. Though Armageddon is relegated to the past, pessimism is prevalent. Our mentality has become unhinged.

Let us turn our minds to better and brighter things. Let us discuss the new dances, the campaigns of Pussyfoot, the costumes of COCHRAN'S choruses. We must not abandon hope.

Piccadilly is permanently priceless; Bond Street is full of beans, and the Strand is not wholly devoid of bananas.

We still have our leaders, both parliamentary and journalistic; the perspicacity of parliamentarians and the power of the Press have not yet failed us, despite the demands of Labour.

Labour must not forget its place. Unless we wish to breed Bolshevism we must all recognise and respect our leaders. That will teach o'hers to obey us. Those who respect command command respect.

By the way, I [illegible] heard of "Malted Meringues," the new breakfast appetiser? Try it in your bath.

HOUSES AND HUSSIES.

Mrs. Grundy was killed in the War. Her obituary notices appear on every dance programme. Joy and jazz are omnipresent. The relations of modern man and maid are unfettered. This is the age of Youth.

The engagements of war have been superseded by the engagements of peace. The Springtime of Reconstruction has turned the young man's fancy into amorous channels.

Chercher la femme is exhilarating, but post-martial and pre-marital reflections are disturbing. The cost of living has to be considered. The housing problem has to be solved.

And what of the old man?

Certain pessimistic patriarchs still claim to communicate with Mrs. Grundy, whilst other optimistic octogenarians find wisdom in wine and acidity in the aftermath.

Chacun à son goût.

If your house is overrun by mice or the catch of your spare bedroom window is broken, take home a bottle of our "Elixir of Elysium."

WISDOM IN A NUTSHELL.

There are three kinds of writers—those who write for a hobby, those who write to earn a living and those who earn a living by writing.

Obstinacy has many definitions. In youth it is called refractoriness; in middle-age, resolution; and in old age, cussedness.

Those who are impervious to praise deserve it.

The emptiest vessel makes the most sound, but the full fountain-pen makes the biggest blots.

Incidentally the easiest and quickest method of removing pimples from the face is by means of the "Sickle" Safety Razor.

Our Modest Clergy.

From a church notice:—

"Nov. 23. 'The Man England Needs.' THE VICAR.

Nov. 30. 'The Man of the Moment.' THE VICAR."—*Parish Magazine.*

"The entire population of Kamloops, B.C., in the shadow of an apple-tree on a grassy bank of the clear water of the Thompson River, heartily cheered the Prince of Wales."
Provincial Paper.

"Some" apple-tree!"



THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "OF COURSE TIMES ARE CHANGED, AND MY SERVANTS EXPECT GREATER FREEDOM; BUT I MUST REALLY ASK YOU, DAVID, TO BE HERE TO ANSWER THE BELL *ONE* DAY A WEEK."

DAVID. "VERY WELL, MADAM. IF YOU INSIST I WILL ARRANGE TO MAKE THURSDAY MY 'AT HOME' DAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 10th.—In future the PRIME MINISTER will attend the House of Commons on Thursdays to answer Questions. This handsome concession failed to satisfy Sir F. BANBURY, who wanted to know whether he would ever "take his place as an ordinary Prime Minister." As if Mr. LLOYD GEORGE could be an ordinary Prime Minister! That notable stylist, Mr. HOGGE, grunted out that the PRIME MINISTER'S excuses were "all humbug," and was sharply rebuked by the SPEAKER, who still entertains old-fashioned ideas about the decencies of debate.

A rather cryptic sentence in the PRIME MINISTER'S Guildhall speech, expressing the hope that the Powers would soon be able to organise peace among the warring sections in Russia, was translated by Mr. BOTTOMLEY into an intention to open negotiations with the Bolshevist leaders. Mr. THOMAS thereupon jumped to the conclusion that the Government had decided to adopt the policy of the Labour Party, and asked why they had not said so during last week's debate. Mr. BONAR LAW was evidently in some doubt as to what his right hon. friend did mean, but was confident that it was not what the Labour Party meant. Members took such comfort as they could from his assurance that the olive-branch would not be tendered to LENIN and TROTSKY without the House being first consulted.

Desiring to check the growing tendency of Ministers to promise that such and such a thing shall be done "shortly," Capt. TERRELL, who is happily still young enough to remember his childish experiences, inquired whether "shortly" meant "This year, next year, sometime, or never." But Sir A. G. BOSCAWEN is too old a Parliamentary hand to be caught with such juvenile chaff. "'Shortly,'" he said, "means 'within a reasonable period.'"

Good progress was made with the Industrial Courts Bill. An attempt by Sir F. BANBURY to limit the cost of administration to ten thousand pounds was defeated by Sir ROBERT HORNE, who pointed out the impossibility of framing a definite estimate until he knew the extent to which the Courts would be resorted to. Mr. CLYNES' suggestion that, in order to remove the controversy regarding the measure in Trade Union circles, it should be divided into two parts, was also rejected after Lord R. CECIL (recollecting a case before SOLOMON, J.) had declared that such an operation would give the Bill its death-blow.

Mr. HOGGE'S declaration, in the course of the debate, that he had no leader, is understood to have given great satisfaction to Sir DONALD MACLEAN, who feels that a considerable burden of responsibility has been lifted from his shoulders.

Tuesday, November 11th.—This being Armistice Day the House of Commons marked the occasion by a small attendance and a short sitting. It is charitably supposed that the absent Members were busy advancing the good cause of the League of Nations elsewhere.

The CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES seized the opportunity to get through some further emendations of the Standing



THE HORNBILL WHICH HAS LATELY BEEN ADDED TO THE ZOO IS NOT TO BE MISTAKEN FOR ONE OF THE HORNE BILLS WHICH ARE NOW BEING HATCHED AT WESTMINSTER.

Orders, necessitated by the passage of the Local Government Acts of 1888 and 1899. This rapid progress encourages unruly Members to hope that in a few years the House may find time to complete the unfinished paragraph relating to the punishment for disorderly conduct which since 1902 has ended in a painful aposiopesis.

Question-time produced an unusual amount of important information, *e.g.*, that, though we are not at war with the Bolshevists, they treat our captured men as prisoners of war (Mr. HARMSWORTH); that "there is no such thing as a policy of the War Office" (Mr. CHURCHILL), and that the rumour that a British Prince has been invited to ascend the throne of Hungary has not reached the Foreign Office.

Judging from the tone in which the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY gave the terms of the proposed French Lottery Loan, I should infer that the attitude of the British Exchequer was accurately depicted in last week's cartoon. There was a distinctly challenging note in his remark that no Great Power had issued a State lottery loan in recent years, though he believed that proposals for one had been "made in Germany."

After a chequered debate the Agricultural Councils Bill secured a second reading. *Inter alia*, it is to dispel the monotony of rural districts by promoting recreation, thus endorsing the late Lord SALISBURY'S opinion, *circa* 1894, that what the country-folk required was not Parish Councils but circuses.

Several Members advocated the establishment of a separate department to deal with Fisheries, and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY expressed the hope that before long there would be a system of aerial transport for the carriage of fish—on the principle, I suppose, that the higher it goes the fresher it will arrive.

Despite the recent vote of the House of Commons, the Peeresses are still to be kept outside Paradise. Their lordships considered that the Commons had been poaching upon their preserves, and they have notoriously little sympathy with poachers. Besides, as the LORD CHANCELLOR pointed out, the House as at present constituted is under sentence of death, and it would be an ill compliment to the ladies to invite them to share in its impending dissolution. So the Commons' Amendment to the Sex (Removal of Disqualifications) Bill was unanimously turned down.

Wednesday, November 12th.—As Earl HAIG, escorted by Lords DERBY and SCARBOROUGH, marched up the floor to take the oath and his seat, the Peers, stirred out of their usual impassivity, broke into loud cheers; and it was with manifest difficulty that the LORD CHANCELLOR, remembering strenuous days with the Oxfordshire Yeomanry in 1914, refrained from giving him a military salute. Lord HORNE, another wearer of laurels won "in Flanders Fields," was also welcomed.

Then their lordships settled down to discuss the importation of live cattle from Canada. Rarely have they displayed such amazing unanimity. From Lord CHAPLIN, the veteran Protectionist, to Lord CREWE, the ardent Free Trader, all were agreed that these excellent beasts should not be allowed to enter our markets save in the form of beef.

Like the gentleman in *The Wearing of the Green*, Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN inquired, "How 's poor old Ireland, and

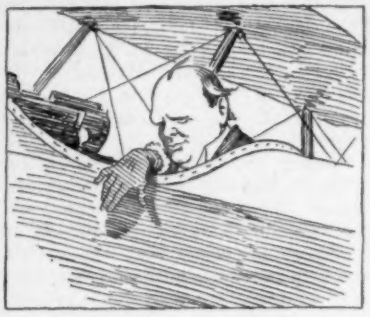
how does she stand?" The position, as elucidated by Mr. BONAR LAW and Mr. HARMSWORTH, is that the Home Rule Act comes into force (unless previously amended) when the Peace Treaty with Turkey is ratified, and that the Peace Treaty cannot even be presented to the Turk until America has decided whether she will take her share of the white man's burden in Armenia. As America's hesitation is believed to be largely due to the Hibernian element in her population it follows that the postponement of Ireland's hopes is chiefly due to Irishmen. Will "President" DE VALERA please make this clear as he stumps the States?

Barely had Mr. BONAR LAW reaffirmed the Government's determination "to maintain the unity of the Air-Service" than General SEELY was explaining (from the Opposition Front Bench) that his retirement from the Under-Secretaryship for Air was entirely due to the existence of "dual control." Varying Sir BOYLE ROCHE's famous bull, he remarked that "a man cannot be in two places at once, even if he is the Air-Minister." To treat the Air Ministry as if it were a learner's machine with two sets of "joy-sticks" seemed to him to be both absurd and dangerous. Accordingly he had reached for the parachute and made a voluntary landing in the wilderness.

Thursday, November 13th.—An argument freely used by those who have been clamouring for the attendance of the PRIME MINISTER in the House of Commons was that it would restore the waning prestige of Parliament in the minds of the masses. From that point of view the first of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Thursday At Homes was hardly an unqualified success.

Electricity was in the air from the start. In a less excited atmosphere the CHIEF SECRETARY for Ireland would probably have refrained from describing Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH as a Sinn Feiner; Mr. MACVEAGH would not have retorted that Mr. MACPHERSON was "impertinent," and the SPEAKER might perhaps have taken the merciful view that the word was used in its literary and not in its vulgar (and unparliamentary) significance. As things were, Mr. MACVEAGH, refusing to withdraw the expression, had to withdraw himself.

Two-thirds of Question time had elapsed before we reached No. 45 addressed to the PRIME MINISTER. That, an unprovocative question about premium bonds, was answered in the usual way. But the next dealt with Russia, and with this Mr. LLOYD GEORGE answered the others—some fifteen in all—on the same subject. This was not at all to the taste of the inquisitors.



Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "SO LONG, OLD THING! REMEMBER ME TO NO MAN'S LAND."

They wanted to put their victim on the rack of cross-examination after each individual Question.

But their protests were in vain. The PRIME MINISTER gaily proceeded to deliver what was in effect a long speech, telling everybody what they knew before, and practically nothing that was fresh. There was no reference to the Guildhall speech and its Prinkipotentialities; the nearest approach to it being an announcement that the Peace Conference would shortly discuss outstanding problems, including Russia.

Some resentment was expressed by Members, who considered that their questions had been burked; but Major MALONE removed the tension by his plaintive appeal to the PRIME MINISTER to answer an innocent question about housing, seeing that he was not "the Russian MALONE."



The Volunteer Parachutist (General SEELY). "ANYWAY, THERE'LL BE MORE ROOM DOWN THERE THAN IN THAT SINGLE-SEATER PUP."

"MY LADY GREENSLEEVES."

"SHE is good for two guineas at least," I said. "She may fetch three. She has beauty, therefore is a treasure, and wit, and therefore is a power. In one word she is a certain winner."

"Who?" said my liege lady from her bureau, turning her head somewhat sharply at the mention of my beauty.

"Who but 'My Lady Greensleeves,'" said I, who had been reading over my latest manuscript. "'Greensleeves,' my heart of gold."

"I thought I was that," came the voice from the bureau.

"But this is a lady of dreams, a poor enough thing beside you; yet not so poor neither. She has her dower of golden guineas."

"If she sells for two guineas I may forgive your infatuation. If she sells for three she will pay the coal bill."

(To understand the importance of such a manuscript the reader should know what poor folk we are, and how we live in the country on our wits—on my wits, I might say.)

"Please pass me an envelope," I said. "'Greensleeves' shall go to market this very night."

"One envelope?"

"Only one. No need to enclose another in case of rejection. Once she goes from us, all in her gown of grassy green, she will never come back. I dare say she will fetch five guineas."

"They may not have room for her, or they may have someone else like her in stock."

"You have only to read her," I cried, "to see how absurd you are."

"I should not like her, I'm sure, after the way you have praised her wit and beauty to my face."

"Only to your back."

"I distrust this 'Greensleeves.' Take my advice and buy her a return ticket."

"It would be a pure waste of paper and a penny-halfpenny."

"If you love her as much as you say," went on the voice from the bureau—it struck me as rather cold and calculating—"surely you would spend three halfpence to ensure her from ending her days in a waste-paper basket."

And now I began to feel maddened by this lack of faith.

"I will bet you," I cried, "a gown of green to a pound of tobacco that she never comes back."

"Now you are being absurd," said my liege lady. "For how can she come back if you won't pay her return fare?"

"I will," I shrieked, taunted beyond endurance. "Pass me two envelopes. Now will you take my bet?"

"A gown of green?"



THE NATIONAL AWAKENING.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF STREET LOITERING APPOINTS LECTURERS TO GIVE EXHAUSTIVE DISCOURSES ON THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF ROAD-MAKING.

"Of a grassy green, complete with sleeves. And I will throw in a petticoat of the best and garters fringed with gold."

"To a pound of tobacco?"

"I have spoken. Pass the envelopes."

The bet was taken and I addressed the envelopes—one to the editor, the other to myself, and I rammed "Greensleeves" into one of the envelopes along with the other.

"To market she goes," I said, making for the door.

"The post has gone," said the practical voice from the bureau.

"I don't care," I retorted hotly. "Murk as the night is, late the hour, I shall never rest till I have sent her forth on the first stage of her journey to fetch me tobacco and to fetch me gold." And I walked half-a-mile through dark rural ways to our nearest pillar-box, singing "Greensleeves" all the way.

"A certain winner," I said, as I found the pillar-box in the blackness of the night. It was a Saturday night, the post had gone and there was no collection on Sunday; but I forgot that. Into the jaws of the box I flung "Greensleeves."

"'Greensleeves,' now farewell," I cried; "and may you never come back to me!"

* * * * *

On the morning of the third day, as I came into our breakfast-room, I noticed two things at a glance. First, the eyes of my liege lady were strangely set upon me, and there was a gleam in them. Second, there lay beside my plate an envelope addressed to me in my own handwriting.

"Oh, 'Greensleeves!'" I cried. "Alas! my poor heart of gold."

"A gown of the grassy green, complete with sleeves," said a voice which came to me from over the coffee-cups—cold and calculating—"a petticoat of the best. Also garters fringed with gold."

"Wait," I said.

One ray of hope shot athwart the gloom which encompassed me. There is always the chance that the editor makes use of the envelope for sending an acceptance and a cheque. I seized a fish-knife and slashed at the envelope. But there lay "Greensleeves" within. Hope dead, I dragged her forth and threw her on to the fire.

And as the flames leapt up to destroy all her beauty and all her wit there fell from between the sheets of the manuscript, as it were from my pretty one's green sleeves, another envelope. It was addressed "To the Editor," and bore a virgin stamp. I had posted "Greensleeves" to myself.

RIVERS AND HORSES.

A RIVER, mid the landscape's glories,
Is held by some to be supreme;
And lovely are the songs and stories
Lit by the running water's gleam;
Yet, save in their sequestered branches,
Rivers are marred by human sway,
And raucous trippers in their launches
Pollute the silver water-way.

The horse of all the brute creation
Is welcomed as the noblest breed—
The admirable incarnation
Of strength and beauty, fire and speed;
Yet, when at some renowned race-meeting
His votaries *en masse* are seen,
The scents of Araby *plus* Keating
Will scarce avail to keep him clean.

These facts may solve the strange enigma
That, when this noble pair converge,
Each seems to bring his special stigma,
And hippopotami emerge;
To whom I gladly would deliver
Without the very least remorse
The crowds who desecrate the river,
The mobs who vulgarise the horse.

Marriage à la Mode.

"Two bridegrooms attended the bride."
Welsh Paper.

THE DOUBLE.

THERE must be few minor agonies more disturbing than the presence of a constant suspicion, which no amount of investigation can ever confirm or disperse.

And when a matter of eighty Bradburys—or, I should say, eighty Fishers—is concerned, why, then . . .

On the assumption that everyone now bets on horses, I have latterly opened all casual conversations in street and tram, office and bus, lift and cloak-room, with the remark, "I hope you backed Brigand?" and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the answer indicated that, although that most desirable proceeding was not indulged in, money had been invested on one or more of the Cambridgeshire runners.

The honour of being the hundredth man fell to the old waiter at a certain chop-house.

No, he said, he hadn't backed Brigand or anyone else. Because he didn't hold with betting. A mug's game. He 'd never had but one bet in his puff, and that was enough for him. Too much, in fact, for it had poisoned his life.

"Poisoned?" I repeated.

"Yes," he said, "poisoned. It was like this: I never took any interest in racing, except now and then to be barged into and very nearly knocked down by newspaper boys rushing about with the winner of the three-thirty, till one day a customer here—a nice affable gent too—when the time came to pay hadn't a brown left for me, so he said, 'I can't give you any money, Robert, but I 'll give you a tip of a better kind. To-morrow there 's a double that 's a cert—Pneumonia and Knightsbridge.' You know what a double is? Both horses have to win or you don't get anything; but if both win you get a packet.

"As I knew nothing about racing I went to a pal who was going to the races and handed him a sovereign, for, 'If I 'm going to gamble,' I said, 'I 'll do it proper. Put that on Pneumonia and Knightsbridge for the double,' I said. 'Right-o,' he said. 'Don't forget,' I said. 'Right-o,' he said, and then I went home to bed.

"But I couldn't sleep for thinking about those two horses. And all next day I was like a maniac. Every time I heard a paper-boy my heart turned right over. At lunch I got all the orders wrong. I served mulligatawny instead of custard, and if I broke one plate I broke twenty. My hand was like a shuttle. And then at last I got a paper with the first of my races in it, and found that Pneumonia had won at 10 to 1. I could hardly stand up.

"Half the double had come home, and all I had to do now was to win the other half and then I 'd be a millionaire—a SOLLY JOEL and HARRY LAUDER rolled into one, for that 's what all that money would mean to me.

"Well, my second race wasn't till late, and how I got through that afternoon I don't know. And then when I had bought a paper I didn't dare to look at it. It cost me eighteenpence for brandy before I could bring my eyes to the print, and there, sure enough, Knightsbridge had won too, at 8 to 1. Just think of it, 10 to 1 and 8 to 1—that was eighty pounds to me and my own quid back. No one knows what I felt like. I was just like a baby—I laughed and cried both together. I thought of all the things I 'd buy. I was mad with joy."

He stopped and gulped.

"And then in walks my pal and hands me a sovereign. 'I 'm really very sorry,' says he, 'but I quite forgot to put it on for you.'

"Well, I hope I 'll never have another shock like that. In fact I couldn't stand another. Another would do me in.

"'You forgot it?' I said, when I came to. 'Yes,' he said, 'I 'm very sorry. I forgot it.'

"And to this day I don't know whether he did or not. That 's what I meant by poisoning life. Whenever I meet him I look him in the eye and wonder and wonder. 'Did you have eighty of the best off me, or didn't you?' I says to myself, staring at him X-ray like. But I shall never know. Is he my friend, or is he a wrong 'un? I shall never know. Isn't that poisoning life?"

DELECTABLE DISCOVERIES.

RECENTLY returned from a "hurried glimpse" of Cornwall, "C. K. S." has generously communicated to the readers of *The Sphere* his impressions of, and discoveries in, the Delectable Duchy. Many people, he tells us, have been disappointed in Land's End, but he was "greatly impressed by it." And no wonder, for while clambering down the rocks he saw "a perched block identified with the tour of *Dr. Syntax*, whose head, a very replica of one of Rawlinson's caricatures, was marvellously presented." It is good to know that these voyages of discovery are to be continued. "Some day," he continues, "when flying is as common as motoring is to-day I shall fly from Zennor to the Isles of Scilly, which I am told are even more enchanting, over that stretch of buried land, the ever-romantic Lyonnesse."

It needs but a slight effort of clairvoyance to forecast some of the finds that are awaiting the advent of our modern Icarus on the shores of these wild and picturesque islands, famous for their luxuriant vegetation, early asparagus and white rabbits.

The artistic gifts of Lord RAWLINSON (no doubt the RAWLINSON referred to by "C.K.S.") were already known to his friends, though his indulgence in the dangerous art of caricature had been hitherto kept a secret. There is, however, good ground for believing that the studio in which some of his finest frescoes—or Trescoes, as they are called in the Scilly dialect—were produced is still in existence, though in a dilapidated condition and largely overgrown with fuchsias, geraniums and gigantic wild gooseberries.

Of even greater interest, however, is the ruin of the small marine pavilion on the Isle of Samson, where DOUGLAS HAIG, the Ettrick shepherd, composed his famous cycle of lyrics on the diseases of sheep, and entertained, amongst other visitors, Sir Lewis Maurice, the soldier-poet, the illustrious admirals Sir Nelson Keyes and Sir Roger Bacon, and Archbishop French of Dublin, who was specially attracted to the Scilly Islands by the opportunities which they afforded him for the ornithological researches subsequently embodied in his classical work, *French on Birds*. Another welcome participant in these revels was Dr. Byng, afterwards renowned as the headmaster of Uppingham, who was in the habit of accompanying his tuneful host on a Birdwood cottage grand pianoforte. Other guests were David Beatty, the Scottish poet and philosopher, the subject of one of the most telling of RAWLINSON'S caricatures, and Lord Plumerston, whose "spirited foreign policy" is believed to have originated during a sojourn under HAIG'S hospitable roof.

There are many other possibilities, but enough has been said to show what illuminating results may be confidently expected from the flight of so admirably equipped and scholarly an explorer as "C. K. S." to the land of old Romance. He has shown us "the real Cornwall"; it remains for him to complete our enlightenment by the revelation of the real Scilly Islands.

The Evergreen Flapper.

"No one does them better than Mr. J. J. Shannon, the president. His two portraits of young ladies, 62 and 64, are charmingly generic."—*Times*.

"An eminent writer upon scientific subjects has said that in a few thousand years no one will have any teeth.

Babies will, we are told, be born without them."—*World's Pictorial News*.

This is nothing new. We ourselves were born like that.



Indignant Maid (whose coiffure has been disapproved of). "BAD TASTE, INDEED! AND I'VE NOT TRIED ON ONE OF YOUR HATS—NO, NOT SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE!"

OUR HELPFUL HEALERS.

(With grateful acknowledgments to "The Times" Medical Correspondent.)

A COUNTY COURT Judge did well recently to call attention to the new disease of "landlord's neurasthenia." The symptoms are distressing, but fortunately there is no immediate danger of the malady assuming an epidemic form. It is far otherwise with the strange and perplexing complaint to which Sir Parry Gorwick has aptly given the name of parciflumonia, the first "wave" of which, though subsiding, affords no guarantee against its recrudescence in an acuter form. Many persons who imagine that they have only had a "chill" find afterwards that they cannot recover their normal capacity for exconchation, and remain in a state bordering on *pheidolia*. There is more than a probability that they have been really suffering from a slight attack of parciflumonia.

The point is important, because unless it is grasped people are apt to imagine that their nerves are giving way and that they are within a measurable distance of decano-ingitis. Patients who take a needlessly gloomy view of life would be well advised to recognise cause and effect and go away for a long period to recuperate, preferably to Monte Carlo or the Canary Islands.

It is true that the indications to-day seem to show that the number of cases is not increasing. But it is never safe to pin our faith to statistics. And the undulation of the "wave" has been distinctly more undulatory than mere figures would indicate. Unless this point is also grasped we may commit the error of confounding a distressing cachexia with a healthy metabolism, the results of which it is better not to contemplate. In the circumstances the most rigid precautions on the part of public and authorities are necessary. We should steer equally clear of panic and blind confidence. So far as possible—this point again must be firmly grasped, since we are always conditioned by possibility—cases which have been recognised should be isolated until the risk of infection is past, and people who feel "seedy" should consult a doctor—preferably a good doctor, but not necessarily an expensive doctor—without loss of time. AS ABERNETHY used to say, a pill in time saves nine.

THE FAIRY LOVER.

You walk in your orchard, you sit in your bower
Mid plentiful treasure of fruit and of flower;
But you shall have pleasaunces brighter than these,
With magical blossoms and magical trees.

Your train is of damask, rich fold upon fold,
Your gown is of crimson, your shoes are of gold;
But a mantle of rainbows shall wrap you about,
Besprinkled with star-dust within and without.

Your ladies-in-waiting are gracious and fair
And a little page stands by the side of your chair;
But an army of goblins shall do your behest
And fly at your bidding to East and to West.

You shall sit on a cushion of velvety moss,
Embroidered with sunbeams across and across,
And a grasshopper chorus shall make you good cheer
Or charm you with delicate lullabies, dear.

I will tap at your window some moon-silvered night,
And when you lean down through the jessamine white
My fairy-swift wings I shall softly unfurl
And bear you away to my palace of pearl. R. F.

AT THE PLAY.

"SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

IT may have been my fault for not having read the novel on which his play is founded, but I could never quite get at Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's intentions in regard to the application of his title. The "sacred" part was easy enough; even I could guess that it was illustrated by the love of the heroine, *Carlotta Peel* (of the Five Towns), for the musician, *Emilio Diaz* (of the world generally); though I could find nothing very "sacred" (or even probable) in this young girl's surrender of her body at sight on the strength of a little chamber music. It was the "profane" love that worried me. Was it the love of the light woman, *Rosalie* (of Paris), for the same man? If so I could trace little profanity in the devotion and *camaraderie* with which (in the intervals permitted by the exigencies of her ancient profession) she cared for the *maestro* when he had become a helpless victim of the drug habit. Or was it the heroine's temporary affection (which came to nothing) for her married publisher, *Ispenlove*? If so, I could not see that it was so much more profane than her very unconventional relations with *Diaz*. And, anyhow, the Second Act, which dealt with this subsidiary affair, seemed purely incidental.

In support of the former explanation we have the fact that, at their first meeting, *Carlotta* had told *Diaz* that her name was "Magdalen." I don't pretend to divine the author's purpose, but, if there was any significance in this *alias*, it invited a comparison with *Rosalie*, who was by profession a real "Magdalen;" and I take leave to suggest that a better title for the play would have been, "Amateur and Professional Love."

It is a patchy piece of work, made up of some admirable passages of self-revelation (largely in expansive monologue), stitched together with some rather improbable action, mostly "off." First we had *Carlotta's* account of her narrow home-life and her spiritual yearnings; then we had a chapter of married life from the lips of *Mrs. Ispenlove*; then there was *Rosalie's* sketch of her professional career; and finally another outburst in the same quarter on the theme of her later experiences.

These monologues, all very lifelike, were received by the audience, both in the stalls and on the stage (*Carlotta* had to do the listening every time, except when she had to do the talking) with a very decorous and absorbed attention. As for the action that filled in the gaps between the revelations, I could never quite believe in the sudden seduction of *Carlotta*, and still less in those seven ensuing years, during which she had built up a great reputation as a novelist on the knowledge of sex acquired in this rapid apprenticeship, but had never taken the trouble to renew her acquaintance with the author of her enlightenment, merely contenting herself with a large photograph of him on the piano.

The dramatic possibilities offered by her subsequent redemption of the hero from the deplorable habit of taking morphine were shirked by Mr. BENNETT, who had it done between the Third and Fourth Act. The one difficult action which he handled before our eyes occurred when *Diaz*, under the influence of the drug, threatened to shoot *Carlotta*. He recalled her identity just in time; but the pistol didn't know of this, and went off, fortunately missing the lady. Here followed a curiously childish exhibition of stagecraft. Having made a brief inquiry as to the course which the bullet had taken, *Diaz* at once withdrew from the stage for a dose of morphine and remained absent for about a quarter of an hour, the sole reason for this inhumanly apathetic conduct being that *Rosalie* had to come in from next door at that point to ask for an explanation of the noise and to throw off her autobiography, during which the presence of the drug-maniac would have been undesirable.

By his carefully observed study of the rather thankless character of *Diaz* —for though he inspired so much "sacred" love he had very little more attraction for us in his right mind than out of it—Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL added greatly to his reputation.

Mr. ROBERTS as *Ispenlove* was a little colourless. *Rosalie*, with her touches of *Maison Tellier* sentiment and her assurances that she was a "good" and "serious" girl, was played excellently by Miss JEANNETTE SHERWIN; and in the part of *Carlotta* Miss IRIS HOEY's gentle voice and natural manner exercised their old charm, especially in the First Act. But there was nothing better in the play than Mr. GEORGE ELTON's slight sketch of a lovable old cynic.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT can easily afford to dispense with flattery. His detached revelations of character were good, but if his ambition was to scandalise the prejudices of a British audience by his audacity I am afraid he must have been disappointed. We are all pachyderms to-day. O. S.



ECONOMY IN THE NAVY.

SHORTER TROUSERS AND EVERY MAN HIS OWN MOP.

"The new Lord Mayor means to waste no time in getting through the business of the City Council. Twice or thrice members rose 'too late' to make speeches on various subjects. The speeches were felt unsaid."
Provincial Paper.

AS KEATS remarks:—

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

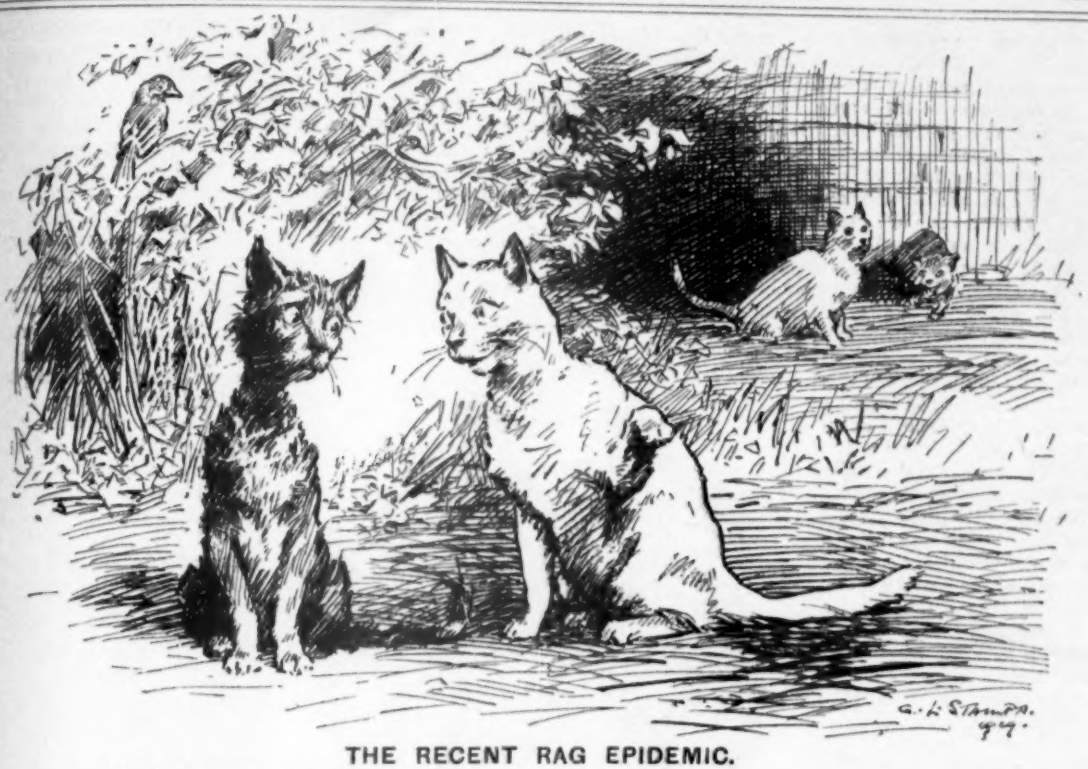
"WOULD the Party who took the SHOES from —— Town Hall on Thursday Evening, please return same to the Caretaker, Town Hall, before further steps are taken."
Scotch Paper.

It seems a desirable preliminary to what might otherwise be a bootless quest.

From a parish appeal:—

"The winter is coming on. Cis dat, qui citi dat, which might on this occasion be translated 'Do it now.'"—*Local Paper.*

It *might*, of course, but we don't think it ought to be.



THE RECENT RAG EPIDEMIC.

"WE'RE GOING TO RAID THE DOG-KENNEL TO-NIGHT. ARE YOU ON?"
"NOTHING DOING. JUST BEEN TO THE INSURANCE OFFICE, AND THEY SAY I'VE ONLY ONE LIFE LEFT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

For a variety of reasons few recent books have given me such pure joy as the slender volume in which Mr. MAX BEERBOHM has recorded his impressions of *Seven Men* (HEINEMANN). Perhaps even better might it have been called "Six men—and another," since you will not have turned a couple of pages without discovering whose is the seventh personality, all pervading, a figure such as maybe you remember, unsmiling, watching with eyes ever so gravely malicious the self-revelation of his chosen victims. Moreover, by special good fortune the time of most of the tales is here the richest period of MAX, when the dandies still wore curled hats and wit went to a muffled music of hansom-cab bells; in short, when the world was young and ginger yet hot in its lips. It is in this setting that we hear the amazing fable of poor *Mr. Enoch Soames* and the Devil, grimly ironical, yet filled with the most delicate impertinence; of the literary and social rivalry of *Maltby* and *Braxton*, and how its result drove one to wed a descendant of the EMPEROR HADRIAN; of *James Pethel*, the super-gambler (perhaps just a suggestion out of key), and of *A. V. Laider*, who was either the first liar of the universe or who flung away the most superb short-story situation ever revealed to man. You see already what feast of reason is here prepared; and at the end a flow of soul crowns the banquet, with the tragedy (in two senses) of *Brown*, whose name was changed from *Ladbroke* to *Savonarola* after the composition of surely the most turgid historical drama in which even Mr. MAX BEERBOHM ever took a sly and devastating hand. Believe me, the rarest entertainment.

I think that very seldom have I encountered a volume more blandly, more unblushingly out of date (and, I hasten to add, less affected in value by that consideration) than the collection of travel notes and reflections that Mr. MAURICE BARING has now for the first time published in England (it appeared in shorter form long ago in America) under the title of *Round the World in any Number of Days* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The salvation of Mr. BARING in this respect has been his inconsequence. The Indian Ocean, for example, naturally provokes him to such reflections upon climate as will but too readily suggest themselves to the sensitive traveller; but for some reason it is here found equally apt to supply the cue for an engaging parody upon the lights of contemporary letters. Writing thus, not for an age but for any old time, Mr. BARING can afford to snap his fingers at the circumstance that his facts, when he condescends to them, have for the most part been entirely falsified by the Great Change. There is, *e.g.*, a certain shock in finding our author quoting with approval Dr. JOHNSON's dictum that "every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier." This *à propos* of NAPOLEON—about whom the collective verdict of "every man" has probably changed more in the last five years than upon almost any subject that could be started. But if the voice of Mr. BARING sounds thus rather from out of the past the burden of its reflections is for the most part shrewd and entertaining enough to make him an altogether excellent travelling companion. Also he has in his portfolio a few (not nearly enough) pen-and-ink drawings signed "B. T. B.," which, both for themselves and for what they recall elsewhere, are altogether beyond price. Thus, if the world that Mr. BARING went round is no longer the same, there remains plenty of fun in watching his circumnavigation of it.

It pleases me very much now to recall that when I lent Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S first novel to someone who, of course, didn't return it, a coolness ensued apparently out of all proportion to the crime. It was not quite a great book, and, though "not quite" has become "very nearly," neither is *A Servant of Reality* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON); but in both there is an attitude to life that promises much for the future, and, for the present, touches Miss BOTTOME'S work with a rare nobility and human tenderness. *A Servant of Reality* is an after-the-war story of a man who came back from a German prison camp broken in mind and body and met and loved a woman whom life had made hopelessly the wrong woman for him. His struggles, against his own convictions, to believe in *Kitty's* harmlessness, and his gradual awakening to the fact that we have no right to ask more of our fellow men and women than their need of us, are the main theme of the story. Miss BOTTOME is of those whose conception of "living happy ever after" has very little to do with material things, and *Anthony*, alone but made one with his kind through pain, is, I fancy, by her reckoning, really a happier man than many a bridegroom shut up uncomprehending in a new happiness for two.

A very modest and witty account of good work done by an all-comers' rest-house, with chapel in an upper chamber, is given by Padre P. B. CLAYTON, in *Tales of Talbot House* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). I take it that it is primarily designed as a souvenir for those who had the good fortune to enjoy its hospitality. But I will tell the others: first (in the way of warning) those who have a down on padres, that they will lose it if they read this; next, those who believe that the War brought its own real revelation to many, that they will find abundant proof of that in these gaily serious pages. There was a Talbot House in Poperinghe from 1916 to 1918, and it had an annexe in Little Talbot House of Ypres from the November of 1917 to the dark days before the final counterstroke of 1918. Both were in the danger zone; both brought a corner of heaven into the hell of men's and officers' lives. It is proposed to found a Talbot House in London to keep alive this Christian fellowship born of the War in the still fateful days of peace. If it have a tithe of the humour and charity which this little book breathes, Talbot House, Trafalgar Square, will be well worth founding. There is an unworldly reticence as to the address of its Treasurer, but internal evidence justifies me in assuring the many whose hearts must be touched by this book that the energetic Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields will gladly acknowledge their gifts.

The first point upon which I have to congratulate Mr. ARTHUR J. REES is his choice of a title for *The Shrieking Pit* (LANE). Inspiration, no less! Who, catching sight of this casually on a bookstall, would not find himself increasingly curious to know how a pit could shriek (admirable word!), and why, and what? The best praise that I can give the book is to say that no one, having been tempted by this clamorous appeal to hand over his seven net shillings, need consider himself defrauded. Of course honour forbids that I should reveal any of the tale, beyond a general suggestion of it as a thing of murder and marshes and mystery. Who, in short, killed the old gentleman whose corpse was found in the pit, and why couldn't it by any possibility have been the nice young man who (after the fashion of the juvenile leads in these matters) has been at such pains to plaster himself with every kind of suspicion? The story follows what might be called the Baker Street method, in which an official policeman is employed to discover false clues, arrest the wrong person, and generally bring into glowing relief the superior acumen of the hero-investigator. (Sometimes I wonder whether Scotland Yard, in its leisure moments, can ever read detective fiction with any real enjoyment.) One or two points there were about the shrieking pit that even in the midst of my thrills roused a slight feeling of uncertainty. It is, for example, surely improbable that when a body has been found in a pit the police, even story-police, would not thoroughly investigate the spot. But if we get talking like this I shall end by giving away the whole matter and depriving you of a capital entertainment. One final word of praise: in no detective tale that ever I read does the end altogether equal the rapture of the pursuit; but the last-chapter ingenuities of *The Shrieking Pit* bring it considerably nearer than most to this perhaps impossible ideal.



Jones. "NO, NO! GO AWAY. I REALLY CAN'T AFFORD IT. I'M ONE OF THE NEW POOR."

Persistent Mendicant. "THE NEW POOR! THEN, SIR, AS ONE OF THE OLD ORIGINALS, PERMIT ME TO LEND YOU 'ARF-A-DOLLAR."

Mr. BENNET COPPLESTONE, whatever the theme of his book may be, has the gift of establishing an intimate relation with his readers. A current of good-nature runs through *The Last of the Grenvilles* (MURRAY), and although *Dicky Grenville*, the hero, was almost too perfect a knight I was never bored with his perfections. Indeed he can be warmly recommended as an antidote to the exotic youths who crowd the pages of modern fiction. The War saved *Dicky* from internment in a London office and sent him flying seawards; but he performed no miracles, except, perhaps, that of reappearing after nearly everyone had given him up as lost in the Battle of Jutland. There is the quality of a tonic in Mr. COPPLESTONE'S work, and this may excuse the touch of bedside manner with which he administers it.

CHARIVARIA.

THE FOOD CONTROLLER has removed all restrictions on the supply of whisky, and the War-time custom of asking a Scottish friend to have a drink is no longer without its risks.

***

The Government Housing Scheme, says a Parliamentary correspondent, is to undergo important modifications. The report that the Government intends to strike out boldly and include the erection of houses in the scheme must, however, be received with caution.

***

"The next war will be fought with bacteriologists," says Captain WEDGWOOD BENN. The report that the Army Council has already ordered the Royal Engineers to construct a couple for experimental purposes is declared to be premature.

***

Miners in the Ebbw Vale district are said to be making one thousand pounds a year. They are seriously considering the problem of hiring someone to do their striking for them.

***

"Are dear old ladies dying out?" asks a contemporary. A correspondent who signs himself "Jumbo" and writes from the Regent's Park district declares that, at any rate, it's years since one of them knitted him a waistcoat.

***

Messrs. VICKERS, we read, have purchased St. Ermins Hotel. It is only fair to Sir ALFRED MOND to say that he wasn't looking at the time.

***

It appears that a certain Fleet Street journalist is so much like the PREMIER that it causes him considerable embarrassment. Tut, tut; this has got to stop; Mr. LLOYD GEORGE must grow a beard.

***

"The Ministry of Transport," says a motor expert, "has decided to investigate the question of left-hand steering." The greater frequency of accidents resulting from this method, it is alleged, is more than compensated for, from the pedestrian's point of view, by the fact that death is generally instantaneous.

***

The Evening News refers to a little skirmish in Belfast when people were fired at, stones and bottles were thrown, one man had his ear shot off and a policeman was injured. Still, our contemporary goes rather far when it refers to the aggressors as "a hostile crowd."

***

Who's Who, says a gossip, will be much larger again next year. Naturally, when the new O.B.E. List is published, a lot of fresh people will be Who.

***

"The new scheme for railway control," says Mr. J. H. THOMAS, "must admit that the travelling public have rights." Certainly we have stood up for them long enough in most trains.

***

A fashion journal thinks that before long the trouser crease will be worn down the side, instead of at the back and front. All that is necessary is to slip into trousers of the old style and then stand sideways.



"WHAT—ONLY TWO TO ONE 'BALMY BOY'? I'VE JUST GOT TWENTY POUND TO FIVE OVER THERE. YOU'LL HEAR MORE ABOUT THIS. *I'M A MEMBER OF AN ANTI-PROFITEERING COMMITTEE.*"

Dr. GUTHRIE, of Dundee, is of the opinion that most people drink much too quickly. It is evident that the worthy doctor is not identical with the Scot who had his glass knocked over.

***

Now that the unemployment donation is to be discontinued to civilians it is expected that quite a lot of persons will be thrown into work.

***

High spirits are noticeable in theatrical circles and a good Christmas season is expected. It seems that a new pantomime joke has been seen making its way to London.

***

A San Domingo multi-millionaire has just ordered the most expensive motor-car in the world. It is to have 14-carat gold fittings. Already, it is said, a queue of pedestrians has lined up outside the owner's house, all eager for the honour of being the first to be knocked down by this luxurious car.

***

The giving of beer as part payment of wages to agricultural labourers is said to be illegal. No surprise is felt amongst people who have tasted the stuff.

***

LENIN, says a message, declares that Great Britain must recognise Russia. Meanwhile the Bolshevists are doing their best to make it unrecognisable.

***

It is rumoured that Lord FISHER is proposing to alter his famous exhortation, "Sack the lot," to "Sack the damn lot." In view of possible further alteration we hope our readers will accept this as our final reference to the subject.

***

We learn that, in order to promote economy in view of the shortage of metal jugs, the manager of a well-known hotel in London has issued a notice that the hot water brought to visitors' bedrooms will in future be poured under the door.

***

It is most unfortunate that the wonderful thief-proof motor-car which was to have been exhibited at the Motor-show should have been stolen on its way to Olympia.

***

A gentleman living in the north of London left his home last week and has not been heard of since. Any reader who notices meals being taken into a Telephone Call Office should at once communicate with the police.

***

We understand that the Vicar who recently said to a member of the local Council, "You might be a Cabinet Minister yourself one day," has consented to apologise.

***

London Clubs, complains an "Old Clubman," are becoming unbearably noisy. Even the old gentlemen who work in the Club libraries can hardly hear themselves snore.

***

"America," says Mr. FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE, "wants a business President." We have always felt that a fatal flaw in the League of Nations was that it gave the U.S.A. no opportunity of making anything out of it.

"TAKE A TIN HOME FOR THE WEEK END."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

The house problem seems to be getting rather corrugated.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

[In a supplementary review of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S *Sacred and Profane Love* Mr. WALKLEY, of *The Times*, revises the estimate he formed of it on the first night and makes the following painful admissions: "It may be well," he says, "to explain that one 'notices' a play and then thinks it over. True, one's 'notice'—the virtually instantaneous record of one's first impressions—sometimes wears a specious appearance of thought. But that is one of the wicked deceptions of journalism."]

WHEN for a paper published once a week,
That gives a writer scope for due reflection,
I have contrived a leisurely critique
Upon some fairly recent stage-confection,
And to my judgment brought
A slow and solemn gravity of thought;

Much, Mr. WALKLEY, have I marvelled how
The lore that out of ancient scribes you suck up,
Exuding from your broad and Attic brow
(The urgent printer's devil crying, "Buck up!"),
Pours off your non-stop pen
Between 11.0 and 11.10;—

How on a play whose price was blood and tears,
Costing its maker months of toil and anguish,
Your final word, that lifts him to the spheres
Or leaves him under your reproof to languish,
You fix with instant hand,
Stamping the thing with "*Stet!*" (or "Let it stand!").

And now you own that second thoughts are best;
Indeed (unless you meant to be facetious)
No previous thought had been thrown off your chest—
Only an outward semblance, very specious;
So from a god you sink
To common men who take their time to think.

Oh, Mr. WALKLEY, my illusion 's gone!
Shattered my faith in those allusive nocturnes
Composed *impromptu* from 11.0 on,
Fast as the moving finger of the clock turns!
How can I know but what
Next week you 'll tell us you were talking rot?

O. S.

THE EINSTEIN UPHEAVAL.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

THE wide-reaching results of Dr. EINSTEIN'S great discovery are by some unthinking observers regarded as only affecting mathematicians and philosophers. There could not be a greater mistake, as may be readily shown from the following considerations. The acceptance of the theory carries with it, as an indispensable corollary, the acceptance of the proposition, Time = the Fourth Dimension. Once we grant this, as we must, the literary implications of the discovery are revealed in their true significance and the reconstruction of a large number of standard sayings becomes necessary. When prose has been adopted as the vehicle for expression, the carrying out of the change is not so difficult; but some little skill will be required to adjust the metre in those poetical allusions which are in constant use.

For example: "I know a bank where the wild fourth dimension grows," is at the first blush somewhat disconcerting. But on repetition it will be found that the new form of the phrase is a great improvement. It is more impressive and sonorous, and it can be defended as a legitimate application of the principle of *vers libre*.

The famous and often quoted couplet from *Hamlet* admits of a very simple adjustment, the metre being retained if we drop only one word and read:—

"The fourth dimension 's out of joint. Oh spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Here it will be conceded that the omission of the harsh and unseemly epithet "cursèd" is a distinct gain.

More difficult to reconcile with popular predilections is the new version of the line in WATTS'S famous hymn: "The fourth dimension, like an ever-rolling stream," but the task of adaptation ought not to be beyond the powers of a great prosodist such as the present POET LAUREATE.

We may add in conclusion that for the present there is no intention on the part of Lord NORTHCLIFFE to change the title of his chief paper to *The Fourth Dimensions*.

REGIMENTAL HOCKEY.

MY company team has played its first match. The score was—but what of a few goals, more or less? The play 's the thing. And I 'm quite sure that the seventeenth was "kicks," and would have been given so by the umpire, only in his eagerness he nearly swallowed his whistle and then didn't like to confess his clumsiness.

A few candid comments on the team, after the manner of a school magazine, may be helpful at this early stage. Will you print them for me, Mr. Punch? I asked the Adjutant to do so, but he says that his space in Battalion Orders is so limited that he is obliged to decline advertisements. Here they are:—

Corporal Jenkins (goal). Maintained most admirable *sangfroid* in trying circumstances. Showed punctuality and precision in retrieving the ball from the net. Should not smoke cigarettes while play is in progress; hockey is more serious than warfare and allows less licence.

Private Bulpitt (right back). A natural golfer. At the top of his swing is reminiscent of VARDON. Must learn to replace turf.

Lance-Corporal Farthing (left back). A striking contrast to his partner. Longest drive, three yards; hits, six; mishits, all the rest. Should practise in his barrack-room.

Private Blagg (right half). Lacks pace but is a very useful tripper. A thoroughly unscrupulous half-back.

Sergeant Pinkerton, D.C.M., M.M. (centre half). A magnificent fighter at close quarters. Finds hockey a very passable substitute for dirty work with the bayonet.

Private Samways (left half). Not a great player, but a clever debater on points of hockey-law. Should avoid personalities. The umpire's character and personal record may be all that this half-back alleges, but such a matter is surely better discussed in the canteen after the match.

Corporal Kibney (outside right). A very agile forward with an entertaining trick of balancing his stick on his nose during slack moments.

Private Fribbance (inside right). Uses his stick with a scythe-like action, but rarely reaps the ball. Sometimes cuts down the opposing left half, but more often his own wing-partner. Is earmarked for agricultural furlough next haymaking.

C.-S.-M. Wagstaffe (centre forward). A keen and determined attacker. Selects the enemy's goalkeeper as his special objective, and more than once put him into the net, the ball having been diverted elsewhere.

Private Smith (inside left). An adaptable forward, using either side of his stick with equal facility. Leaves no rule unbroken.

Staff-Sergeant Lovejoy (outside left). Apt to confuse hockey with the club-swinging of which he is so fine an exponent in the gymnasium. Could always be located in action by the cries of human beings in pain. A dangerous forward.



THE INTERRUPTED FLIRTATION.

DISTRESSFUL DAMSEL. "HERE COMES MY RESCUER AGAIN. LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS THIS TIME."



Reverend Gentleman (who has, after many qualms, engaged a land-girl for his garden). "AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME, MY GOOD—ER—YOUNG LADY?"

Land-Girl. "ME NAME IS EDITH, SIR, BUT THE BOYS ALL CALL ME 'FAIRY.'"

IN FULL CRY.

(Being specimens of what might happen if the Great Proprietor took a dislike to you.)

A LEADING ARTICLE.

"IT is, we suppose, useless to call attention to yet another scandal of waste and mismanagement for which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, as head of the so-called Government, is responsible. Mr. L. GEORGE, whose genius for stepping into a financial morass is only exceeded by his skill in climbing out on somebody else's shoulders, is evidently determined to bring his country to bankruptcy before he has finished. When it is a question of being faithful to the pledges which he has made to our tried and trusted friends, General DENIKIN and Admiral KOLTCHAK, no one can be so stern an economist as Mr. GEORGE. But if there is an opportunity of throwing money away on the most fantastic and impossible 'stunt' in this country, then Mr. GEO. (that prince of wastrels) is in his element. Take this new Government garage at West Putney . . ."

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

"Miss Hermione Thistledown-Foulks-Thistledown, who has just become engaged, belongs to one of the oldest families in England. The founder of the family was Sir Francis Foulkes, whose descendant, Roger, assumed the additional name of Thistledown on marrying Lady Alicia Thistledown in 1642. In 1750 John Thistledown-Foulkes, on succeeding to the property of his aunt, took up his residence at Thistledown Towers and adopted the style of John Thistledown-Foulkes-Thistledown. The case of Mr. D. L. GEORGE, our wastrel Prime Minister, is of course quite different. He has no hyphen in his name, "Lloyd" being merely the second of his two Christian names.

* * *

"The Duchess of Bilberry's At Home last night was undoubtedly one of the most successful functions of the season. Practically everybody who is anybody in the social, political and artistic world was there. In one corner of the great reception-room Lord Swaffem and a few friends were listening eagerly to the famous financier, Mr. Samuel McSamuel, and from the energy with which the latter was speaking it was obvious that he was giving out a few home-truths about the bankrupt policy of Mr. GEORGE and the present Government. Lady Peggy Porringer was looking pretty in pink ninon, but a little sad, I thought, at Mr. GEORGE'S betrayal of our Russian friends.

* * *

"The marriage arranged between Lord Ballybun and the Hon. Kathleen O'Rafferty has been postponed until Mr. GEORGE has settled upon an Irish policy."

AT THE THEATRE.

"A second visit to the great Russian play, *Reparation*, only serves to confirm one's opinion as to TOLSTOI'S genius. In the light of recent events it is obvious that the Russian novelist was writing prophetically. *Fedya's* desertion of his wife is intended to be a parable; TOLSTOI foresaw Mr. GEORGE'S desertion of DENIKIN and wished to warn his countrymen. *Fedya's* subsequent suicide, however, must not be

taken too literally. Mr. GEORGE will never resign of his own free will.

* * *

"The most popular scene in the new Palladrome *revue* is undoubtedly that in which Mr. GEORGE'S spendthrift Ministry is burlesqued and held up to ridicule. The laughter was continuous, but underneath the laughter one recognised the stern resentment of an electorate which has been tricked and is determined to pay back its account in full. The management of the Palladrome is heartily to be congratulated. Indeed, with the exception of one rather tasteless scene, in which the Proprietor of *The Times* (apparently) is held up to ridicule—a scene entirely without humour—the whole *revue* was received with the greatest enthusiasm."

GOLF CHATTER.

"It is always a mysterious thing why a golfer's form should vary from one day to another, with the curious result that on a Monday he should be unable to do anything wrong, and on the following Tuesday be equally unable to do anything right. Perhaps the form of the Great Triumvirate is not quite so variable as this, but certainly they have their good years and their bad years, and this lapse of form is as inexplicable to the player himself as to the looker-on. Take JAMES BRAID, for instance, the famous Walton Heath professional. He has had one of his very worst seasons, and yet he will tell you that he is feeling as fit as ever, and that as far as he knows there is nothing to account for this strange decline from his usual irreproachable form.

But it is not always a question of physical fitness. A man who has something on his mind will never be able to put his best into the game, and this may well have been the trouble with JIMMY BRAID in this last season. As is well known, Mr. GEORGE (the Welsh Wastrel, as I heard a well-known performer at Sunningdale call him the other day) has a house in the immediate neighbourhood, and it is quite possible that sub-consciously JIMMY has been allowing this to worry him, so that he has been throwing away strokes with almost the same freedom as Mr. GEORGE throws away millions of the taxpayers' money. The importance at golf of the sub-conscious mind, indeed, has hardly been recognised properly by doctors. I well remember when I was playing at Sandwich many years ago . . ."

ART EXHIBITIONS.

"Mr. Peter Bash's new collection of pictures at the Younger Gallery will add considerably to his reputation. When we say that not a single picture in the show is recognisable from its title, it will be apparent how much Mr. Bash has improved since his last exhibition, when at least half-a-dozen of his paintings bore a vague resemblance to their subjects. Probably *Portrait of a Lady* will cause as much sensation as any. Whether it is like her we cannot say, but its resemblance to the Slough Depôt on a foggy night is most striking. Indeed it is doubtful if Mr. GEORGE'S monstrous white elephant has ever been shown up more pitilessly than in this picture. The half-finished and abandoned Loch Doon site is also exposed fearlessly by Mr. Bash in his monochrome, *The Wedding Present*; while *Tom-tits in a Willow-Tree* gives us a hint of what Russia will look like now that Mr. GEORGE has abandoned it to the savagery of the Bolsheviks."

[*And so on. The whole pack after you. And yet I dare say you might survive!*] A. A. M.



Village Fireman (receiving congratulations on a very gallant rescue). "IT BE ALL VERY WELL TO CALL I A 'ERO, BUT I DO BELIEVE I 'AVE SINGED ME MOUSTACHE."

TOUTING FOR WAR TOURISTS.

"I SUPPOSE," said Laver, "I'm not the only one who solemnly vowed on the hilt of his entrenching tool that, once he had shaken or scraped the mud of Flanders from his boots, he'd never tread it again, and has afterwards buzzed over on the first available opportunity. But I told myself in extenuation that I'd only visit places of happy memories—there were a few, old son, weren't there? However I tumbled across a pleasant little party of Americans at Amiens, and, as they were meditating a trip to the devastated regions, I thought I'd go with them to see if the 'doings' looked any different through civilian eyes.

"Well, after a good morning's rubbernecking we halted at Rumaicourt for lunch. You remember it, Checky—we had a Company Mess in a commodious semi-roofed cellar with all Service improvements. The place looked exactly as we and Jerry had left it; not much as a village, but a huge success as a picturesque ruin. Some of the inhabitants had drifted back, and over our old subterranean villa the former proprietor, one Georges Guillot, had run up a green-and-yellow wooden shanty which he called the Café de la Victoire, where he retailed refreshments, picture postcards, Brummagem souvenirs and war notions generally. He had an attractive *menu* posted up to lure the wandering tourist, but the only place the dishes appeared was on the *menu*. Whether you ordered *huitres* and Veuve Clicquot or *poulet rôti* and Pommard the result was the same—omelette and *vin blanc*, unless it happened to be omelette and *vin rouge*. However, old Georges contrived to entertain his visitors so well with war anecdotes that they didn't notice it, and the bill helped to keep up the illusion that they had lunched lavishly.

"Without doubt Georges possessed a double helping of imagination and dramatic power, even for a Frenchman. I happen to know that at the commencement of the War his family were, as our Sergeant-Major used to say, 'evaporated from the divested area' to Rouen, where Georges, being a Territorial and too old for the line, did guard duties over prisoners and stores, and Madame Guillot ran a little *estaminet*. But tourists want war atmosphere at first hand, and Georges, in the interests of business, laid it on like a German delegation pleading for the fatted kine. His description of the five-nine that blew off the chimney whilst the family were peacefully sleeping nearly made me duck under the table for cover, and his account of the demolition of the barn almost convinced me that it was he, and not I, who was there at the time.

"Of course I didn't give him away. It would have looked a bit like swank to the ladies of the party, and, after all, a poor devil who has had his home smashed to smithereens is entitled to make a bit out of the wreckage.



The Candidate. "ONLY THE OTHER DAY IN THE 'OUSE THEY ADMITTED 'AVIN' A FLOATIN' DEBT AND A SINKIN' FUND. OUR POLICY IS TO 'AVE A SINKIN' DEBT AND A FLOATIN' FUND." (*Loud and prolonged applause.*)

"As I said, Georges had dramatic power, and he was also a true artist. He didn't pile on the horrors too much or too long, but, for the benefit of the ladies, switched on the sentimental stop at just the right moment. Picking up a photograph in a tinsel frame from the mantel-piece he regarded it tenderly.

"'A beautiful lady,' he murmured; 'and her lover, he was *un beau garçon*. An English Tommee, *un simple soldat*, but with the face of an Apollo and the heart of a lion. *Le pauvre petit!* I remember him as he used to sit by my fire gazing at this photograph. There is writing on the back—words of love and longing, *sans doute*, but I understand not the English language. One morning the orders came for the assault, and he placed the photograph into my hand.

"'"Guard this for me, *mon vieux*," he said, "until I return; it is my greatest treasure."

"'Then he kissed it again and marched bravely away; but'—there was a sob in Georges' voice—'he never returned.'

"The ladies looked at the photo sympathetically and were palpably moved by Georges' story. It was, as Georges had said, a beautiful face, and it seemed strangely familiar to me. I puzzled over it until, by another transition, Georges diverted the attention of the party to his stock of engraved shell-cases, German helmets and cartridge paper-knives. Then, while he was busy effecting big sales, I slipped the photo from the frame, hoping to find a clue from the writing on the back. And I found it. Checky, the photo was addressed to you!"

"Oh, hang it!" expostulated Checky.

"On my honour," I said. "Georges had evidently been grubbing round in the old cellar and found it. The loving message, the words over which you used to pore and which were engraven on your heart, were:—

"'DEAR OLD CHECKY,

—Having the time of my life now. Better game than pottering round the barbed-wire or escorting the good old rum-jar. Sorry I packed your pyjamas in my kit by mistake, but you can keep my posh leggings and call it quits.

'Yours to the last glass in the bottle,

F. F.'

"And the lady, my noble Apollo, whose likeness you tenderly kissed before going out into the battle, never to return, was Freddy Fryer, the lady impersonator of the Ninety-ninth Divisional Concert Party."

Another Impending Apology.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"THE GREAT GAME,
Featuring BOMBARDIER WELLS.
THE IRRESISTIBLE FLAPPER."
Provincial Paper.

From a pro-Italian pamphlet:—

"All the tribes of Jugoslavia are thumping their tum-tums and talking of war with Italy."

Well, it can't be said that they have no stomach for the fight.

"BIG INCREASE IN BIGAMOUS MARRIAGE
Is latest industrial ambition of country.—Trade worth millions."—*Canadian Paper.*

Despite a few regrettable incidents we feel sure this is a libel on the Dominion.



Char. "SORRY TO INFORM YOU, MUM, AS I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO COME NO MORE."
Lady. "AND WHY NOT, MRS. BOUSER?"
Char. "CAN'T AFFORD IT, MUM. ME 'USBAN' SAYS IF I EARNS ANY MORE MONEY 'E'LL 'AVE TO PAY INCOME-TAX."

DANGER IN NUMBERS.

(*Lest haply any here approve the recent Russian proposal to abolish Christian names and give each child a number.*)

Not for the present babes the tear-drop glistened
Upon my eyelash when I read of this;
One might as well be "Four" or "Five" as christened
"Wipers" or "Foch" or "Louvain Armistice."
I looked ahead and thought how time would flow on
Until (and it was then the tear-drop came)
"Double three four one double six and so on"
Was some poor infant's name.

Then will no treble voice pipe "Jack" or "Jenny"
When asked "And what 's your name?" Instead of that
The child will "lisp in numbers," pluck its pinny
And reel a dozen digits straight off pat;
And kind old gentlemen (if there be any),
Having for figures very little head,
Will answer nervously, "Well, here 's a penny,
Little—er—what you said."

Paterfamilias too will hardly venture
(Knowing how great the vocal strain would be)
To summon to him and severely censure
Seven four two five six naught eight one three;
Unless parental larynges grow tougher,
That other noted scribe I love to quote,
"Mother of Six," will permanently suffer
From clergyman's sore throat.

And last of all, when by its mere dimension
Our number shows what year we saw the sun,
What maiden verging on an old-age pension
Can ever seek to pass for thirty-one?
Dusk may arrive, the light may be behind her,
But hope will come not at the close of day,
Since every time the numeral assigned her
Will give the game away.

SALES.

[A workhouse has been offered for sale in the North of England.]

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.—That desirable and well-situated HIGH COURT known as Lot 99 in the list. Fine opportunity for enterprising man. Turnover exceeds £500 weekly in fines, but keen man could double this. Hundreds of good customers on the list, this being an old-established business. No reasonable offer refused for premises and goodwill.

FOR SALE.—Fine well-built POLICE STATION. Will be found to be a comfortable and convenient house for visitors. Cheerful outlook. Large roomy cellars and electric light. Every attention given. Write for terms. Prisoners collected in our own vans.

TO LET.—Vacant possession. That excellent FREEHOLD DWELLING known as the Crystal Palace, situate at Sydenham. Large room. Very light. One pane of glass broken. Decorated to suit tenant. Bath fitted. Nice large greenhouse.

FOR IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL.—Commodious green island, occupied by Sir EDWARD CARSON and others. What offers for this little bit of heaven? Small army provided, but better bring own as well. Great sporting district. Excellent shooting. Strong head of landlords.

FOR SALE.—GUILLOTINE. Only been used a few times. Absolutely reliable and in good working order. Just the thing for retired executioner desirous of setting up business in private practice. Complete with extra blades and strop.

A LETTER TO THE BACK BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER,—

As you will note by this here letter heading I am at present in the town of Reading.

How 's that for a nifty little bit of impromptu verse? How do I do it? Oh, I dunno. A gift, I suppose. And why am I in Reading? Taking a course of biscuits? Visiting its Earl? Nay, nay, old companion, neither. I am here because—oh, well, I 'll tell you all about it, since you insist.

I wrote to you that our old Bagshawe was in deep waters, didn't I? Well, it is all over; he has joined the great majority, and I, as his Best Man, was with him to the bitter end. Of course I 'm pretty hardened to that sort of thing now—after my varied experience—but for all that it never fails to move me deeply. The poor chaps cling to me so pathetically; call up memories of the past; choke . . . Baggy was particularly temperamental; without exception the most ticklish bridegroom I have ever handled.

A case of mine in Saskatchewan gave me the slip just as the bride weighed in. I discovered him some time later in the town *corral*, engaged in a horse deal. Nor could I move the fellow until the whole auction—horse included—had been transferred to the churchyard, where he could watch proceedings through the window and punctuate his responses with occasional bids.

Another case of mine—in Bechuanaland this time—reclined on the sharp end of a scorpion two minutes before the saddling-bell rang for the nuptials. He arrived at the post on time, but in my arms, and went through the ceremony bent double, and doing a sort of Maori war-dance. Only my firm grip on his braces kept him in court at all.

I have had them feign loss of memory and catalepsy at the last moment, confess to arson, bigamy and murder; but by the exercise of tact and firmness I have nursed them all through. I pride myself on it. But Baggy! . . . I go all goosey when I think of it, even now, even here—in Reading.

It wasn't that he was reluctant; it was his nerves. You know how confoundedly jumpy he was in the old days up at Shangani—well, the late European friction has done nothing towards mending matters. He was never actually punctured, but he was the champion shock-absorber of the home front. Did a bomb drop anywhere between Yarmouth and Brixton, Baggy was sure to be standing with his ear to the bang. The result was pitiable. Six months after the Armistice the drone of a cockchafer overhead would set him burrowing like a badger, and did an infant pop its paper-bag within ten yards of him he would fling himself in the gutter and moan for an ambulance.

I knew all about this and was prepared for some slight flutterings at the chancel steps, but I had no suspicion of the twist proceedings would take. Else you would never have caught me within a thousand miles of—oh, well, we will come to that.

I descended on Cheltenham the day before, and found Baggy installed in a hotel there, looking pale but determined. I took him for a scramble up Leckhampton Hill in the evening (I am a firm believer in exercise, it keeps 'em from going off their feed and brooding), and he got the usual last will and testament off his chest. He is bequeathing you his collection of Somali nose-rings, and Knox what he is pleased to call his library, but which, as far as I can ascertain, consists of a single bound volume of *La Vie Parisienne*. He spoke affectionately of the old up-country days. Of course he was making a change for the better and was the happiest man on earth, but still they had been *rather* jolly, hadn't they? He sighed several times to show how happy he was. I kept him locked in his room next morning while I went to the church to see if all was in order and the drop working properly. At eleven o'clock I dressed and fed him. He partook of a hearty breakfast and walked to the scaffold with a firm step, refusing all spirituous consolation.

It has been my experience that most brides are deliberately late. Promptitude, they imagine, would give the public the idea that they are mad keen to get at the man; they therefore hang back twenty minutes or so to show that they don't really care a whoop either way, and are only being dragged into the affair against their better judgment. If they only knew what this delay sometimes costs the conscientious best man! Why, once in the Cape Province I was riding a bucking bridegroom's chest for thirty-eight minutes, pounding him on the head with a hassock to keep him quiet.

Some amateurs trot their men into the arena right away, and keep them hanging miserably about until the bride chooses to materialise—old women commenting audibly on their paleness, the pluck leaking out of the toes of their patent leathers. Not I; I entertain the condemned in the vestry with light, bright blither until a verger tips me off that the lady is rounding the bend. Then I administer a stiff bracer of jumping powder from my flask, whip off his rugs (so to speak) and he pig-jumps up to the starting gate with all the bloom on. This creates a favourable impression.

Baggy responded creditably to treatment. He toed the scratch line ten seconds ahead of the bride with his ears cocked and his crest high.

Everything went swimmingly until we approached the "Wilt thous," when some silly ass let the door slam. Baggy, true to form, dived for the mat like a retiring White Hope. I grabbed him by the scruff just in time and jerked him to his feet. The padre (an archaic half deaf and blind relative of the bride) came to the end of his mumble and paused for Baggy's response. Baggy was incapable of utterance. I shook him heartily, but only produced a castanet solo of teeth. There was nothing else for it, so I rendered the "I will" myself. I had not got Baggy round by the time the "To have and to hold" repetition was due, so I repeated that for him as well. I handed him the ring. He dropped it. I caught it in mid-air and handed it back to him. He proceeded to screw it nut-wise on the wretched girl's left thumb. I stepped between the pair, frustrated Baggy and steered it on her fourth finger myself.

The clerical dotard suddenly leaned forward and, capturing both our hands, instructed me—*me*—to repeat, "With this ring, etc.," after him.

"No, no, *no*; I 'm the best man," I whispered feverishly, "the BEST MAN, don't you understand? That 's the chap you want, over there," nodding at Baggy, who was wobbling slowly to a flank, gone dithery altogether.

The old fool blinked stupidly and plunged straight ahead with the blessing.

My goodness, Ginger, do you perceive what was happening to me? In half a jiffy he would have finished the blessing and I should be married. I! Me! *Ich! Je!* What a situation for an innocent young follow to find himself in all of a sudden. What a situation, Ginger, I ask you! I am a brave man, Ginger, but I confess there have been moments when even I have turned my back on extreme peril. This was one of them. I turned my back on it, clave through the bevy of swooning bridesmaids like a wild pig through a cane brake, bowled over a couple of vergers who were loitering up the aisle bidding the small boys be quiet, took the font in my stride and was out of the door and down the street, running like a dog with a can tied to its tail. The gates of the railway station yawned before me. I dashed through them into a moving train and burrowed under the seat. The train brought me to Reading, and here I am still—still panting slightly.

Ever thy PATLANDER.



Enthusiastic Lady. "DO COME HERE FOR A MOMENT, DANIEL, AND LOOK AT THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN THROUGH THIS GLASS."
Daniel. "DON'T YOU WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT IT, MA'AM; IT'LL COME ALL RIGHT AGAIN PRESENTLY."

MUSIC IN THE MELTING-POT.

INTERESTING NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

NOTHING is more reassuring in the present condition of the musical world than the sudden reaction against that exotic Orientalism from which some of our leading composers suffered more or less acutely before the War. Perhaps the most notorious instance was that of Mr. de Banville Quantock, who, it was alleged, when under the influence of the divine afflatus, used to array himself in a Malayan sarong, Afghan sandals and a Chinese Mandarin's jacket.

* * *

But this is now ancient history. To-day there is no stauncher hierophant of the Gaelic revival than Mr. Quantock. He tosses the caber daily. His Highland costume is a miracle of correctness, and his last work, the massive symphonic poem, entitled "Inchnadamph," is marked by the true Ossianic flavour. As *The Times'* musical critic remarks in his inspired comment on the concluding pages of this momentous work: "At the culminating moment (marked 'Glenlivet' in the margin of the score) the principal or 'Drumnadrochit' theme has so burnt itself into the composer's imagination that he cannot bear to be parted from it long, but tightens the rhythm with a new figure of drooping paired quavers; the melodic contours, which so strangely suggest the quartzite summit of Suilven, become more precipitous, and the Great Idea at last evaporates in an iridescent ecstasy of whirling arpeggios."

* * *

But this, happily, is no isolated example of protest and fruitful reaction. We have also to welcome the "Celtic Twilight Recitals," which Miss Deirdre O'Shanachie is giving at the Dalecarlian Hall. It is impossible in cold print to convey the hypnotic charm of Miss O'Shanachie's crooning of the masterpieces of palæolithic Milesian minstrelsy. The effect is immensely enhanced by the assistance of her brother, Mr. Dermot O'Shanachie, who accompanies her on the Connacht "bosthoon," an instrument which *The Times'* critic has happily described as a sort of prehistoric oboe. The lights are turned down throughout the performance, and the effect is wonderfully restful. Indeed, striking testimony has been paid to the salubrious, sedative and even eupeptic influence of these recitals by such high authorities as Dr. Scrutton Block and Sir Castor Doyle.

* * *

In this context it would not be right to overlook the success achieved at the Prætorian by the Sisters Dinwiddie, from the Isle of Arran, in their Old Red Sandstone Songs, comprising a rich selection from the Middle Oolite series, together with many fine specimens of Jurassic folk-tunes still current in the neighbourhood of Loch Ranza. At Hendon, Iolo Morgan and his sister Blodwen have been drawing crowded audiences to their "cantillations" of Panceltic ballads to the accompaniment of the motor harp; and lastly we may mention the visit of Madame Trelawny Chuff with her famous Cornish Riviera Band. Our native musicians are now sustained by a single emotional impulse, multiform in its expression but constant in its aim. Altogether the national musical outlook is extremely hopeful.



Betty. "TONY, WILL YOU PLEASE NOT SING WHILE I'M GARGLING? IT PUTS ME OFF."

JAMES MAKES GOOD.

James is broad and lithe of limb;
All the girls run after him.
Figure straight and energetic,
Arm and eye that *look* athletic.
When he nears a cricket ground
You can hear the people round
Asking: "Can you tell me which
That is, 'Obbs or 'Ayes or 'Itch?"
As he walks towards a tee
Every player joyfully
Leaves his game to follow hard on
What he thinks the heels of VARDON,
And they only move away
When the poor man starts to play,
For unfortunately James
Is no earthly good at games.

Two bad players, A. and B.,
Introduced him first to me,
And they challenged us to play
Eighteen holes that very day.
I admired his manly air
And consented then and there,
With a trifle on the match,
Thinking he was surely scratch.

A. drove first, and sent his ball
Half-a-dozen yards in all.
Next our James, with graceful ease
Teed up his and smote. The breeze
Which he made in swinging round
Almost blew it off the mound.

Having seen, just off the pretty
On his left, a disused pit, he
Naturally sent it there;
But I tracked it to its lair
And at last by might and main
Coaxed it into line again.
James, delighted, rushed at it
And returned it to the pit.

Twenty-three—and change of scene;
We have struggled to the green
(We have still a chance; you see,
They are also twenty-three);
They are nearer to the pin,
But I think that we shall win.
Their ball 's full of jags and tears,
Ours is much more round than theirs.
Luckily I keep my head,
Strongly put, and lay it dead.
You will scarce believe it, but
James contrives to slice his put,
And the ball with troubled mien
Sadly trickles off the green.

* * * * *

Nine holes down and nine to play!
We 've been losing all the way.
James began with eight or nine
Clubs, but now he 's using mine!
At the second hole the freak
Borrowed, bent and broke my cleek,
And without another word
Dished my driver at the third.

Dazed and barely half alive
At the tenth I missed my drive.

"Now for something *really* classy,"
Simpered James, and took my brassey,
Boomeranged his drive, poor soul,
And alighted in the hole—
In the hole just left behind.
But at last the Fates were kind,
And the stroke (although it could
Hardly be described as *good*)
Brought the contest to a close
By demolishing our foes;
For the heavy head of brass
Laid out A. upon the grass,
And the pointed handle part
Punctured B. above the heart.
Filled with fear and sorrow, I
Rushed towards them with a cry,
Loudly calling both their names.
"What 's the matter?" queried James,
"*They 've not won, so why repine?*
They were only dormy nine!"

No Wonder they Whispered.

"Two business men from adjoining offices whispered to the clerk that they wished to o'clockacoot htte ideo tykrsr ,dam necmfwy."
Provincial Paper.

"While Lepage was out hunting he came across an extraordinary monster which charged at him. Lepage fired, but was forced to flee with the monster in chase. The animal before long gave up the chase, and Lepage was able to examine it through its binoculars."
Daily Paper.

Which the brute appears to have dropped in its hurry.



GERMANICURE.

Prussian Military Eagle. "NOT TOO SHORT, PLEASE."

[In defiance of the Peace Treaty Germany is maintaining 700,000 men under arms.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 17th.—The Tariff-Reformers were in full cry after the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, but, as usual, failed to pull him down. He showed equal familiarity with wooden clog-soles, which, in his opinion, are not a "key-industry" (what will Lancashire say?), and with lithopone, which is. A Member who incautiously inquired what this last substance might be very nearly let in the House for a lecture on its chemical composition; but Sir AUCKLAND, though sorely tempted, mercifully refrained.

Brother ERIC is so anxious to get on with transport that, according to Viscount CURZON, he has been summoned for exceeding the speed-limit on three Sundays running. Questioned upon this point, Sir RHYS WILLIAMS, concerned to let his chief down lightly, replied, "No, Sir, not on three Sundays running."

The sad case of a man who, being unable to obtain other accommodation, is compelled to sleep in a vestry, was brought to the notice of the HEALTH MINISTER. Dr. ADDISON, though sympathetic, regretted that he had no power to intervene. But for this announcement, I hear, several clergymen would have called his attention to the distressing fact that quite well-to-do people have been found sleeping in churches.

Mr. MCCURDY rightly declined to accept Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY'S suggestion that the Food Department should send its surplus bacon to the distressed districts of Europe. He sees no reason for adding to their miseries.

After the Industrial Courts Bill had passed its Third Reading the House plunged, for the third time in a fortnight, into the Russian bog. With the exception of Colonel WARD, who again maintained that we were bound in honour to carry out our undertakings to Admiral KOLTCHAK, no one had a clear policy to put forward. All condemned the Bolshevist atrocities in tones varying from the *tenore robusto* of Lord ROBERT CECIL to the mild *falsetto* of Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON; but hardly anybody thought it Britain's business to spend more blood and treasure in putting them down; and the only point on which there was general agreement was that there ought to be no more "vacillation." It is not surprising that the PRIME MINISTER did not find much light and leading in the debate, and that his own speech might be summed up in the sardonic coster's phrase: "Wot 's the use of anythink? Why, nothink!"



Young Egypt. "IS BRITAIN A FIXTURE HERE?"
Sphinx. "THE ANSWER, YOUNG-FELLAH-ME-LAD, IS IN THE AFFIRMATIVE."

After these hesitancies it was refreshing to hear from Mr. BALFOUR a clear-cut statement of policy in regard to Egypt. While desiring in every possible way to associate the Egyptian native population with the Government, neither in Egypt nor in the Soudan is England going to give up her responsibilities. "British supremacy exists; British supremacy is going to be maintained." So that 's that.



MR. ROBERTS DECLARES THE FOUNTAIN OPEN.
(AFTER THE SILENUS AT NAPLES.)

Tuesday, November 18th.—Loud cheers greeted Mr. G. ROBERTS'S announcement, in reply to a request for the release of more spirits "for medicinal and other purposes," that all restrictions on clearance are to be removed forthwith. It should, of course, be clearly understood that the Commons are only interested in the matter from a purely medical point of view, and that the reconditioning of the famous VALENTIA Vat is to them a matter of indifference.

In New York the pound sterling is now worth only four dollars seven cents. The news that the British sovereign, once the big gun of the financial world, has shrunk into a mere 4·07 had sent the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to his bed, and it was left to Mr. BALDWIN to convey the melancholy tidings.

A final attack on the Aliens Restriction Bill was made by Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, who ransacked history for examples of distinguished aliens—from St. AUGUSTINE to Signor MARCONI—who have made England what she is. Descending from the sublime to the domestic he asserted that the trade in modern bedroom furniture was entirely created by one of these immigrants. So it seems that it was due not to Lord FISHER, but to an alien, that we were able "to sleep quietly in our beds."

Wednesday, November 19th.—The LORD CHANCELLOR was almost apologetic in his recommendation of a Bill to enable County Court Judges to retire on a pension at the age of seventy-two, and admitted that one of his predecessors on the Woolsack had administered sound justice when well over ninety. But HALSBURYS are not to be found on every Bench, and, though Lord HALDANE was of opinion that judges, like port wine, took a long time to mature, and often reached their prime after they had passed the Psalmist's span, the House generally agreed that it was better to run the risk of parting with one of these fine old crusted veterans than to allow others to lag superfluous on the Bench long after

they had mislaid their strength and bouquet.

A noble Member of the Government recently stated his opinion that answers to Parliamentary Questions were not to be taken seriously. Too much attention must not be paid, therefore, to Mr. CHURCHILL'S assertion that he had heard of no discontent among the temporary officers of the R.A.M.C. in India. If that be the fact it shows either that the WAR MINISTER must be conveniently deaf, or that these gentlemen, who were torn from their positions and sent abroad during the War, and are now, a year after the Armistice, compelled to serve in a trying climate, must be curiously inaudible.

A year ago the Admiralty had a thousand vessels on order for the Fleet. Six hundred of them have been countermanded, which is just as well perhaps, seeing that the one battleship since completed, the *Hood*, is to cost the country a cool six millions.

Who says that the Government has no regard for self-determination? Constitutions for India, Egypt and Ireland are on the way, and now the Maltese are to be given control of their own administration. As, however, the control of the naval and military services and of all matters connected with the position of Malta as a fortress is to remain in the hands of the Imperial authorities it does not look as if the local legislature would be overworked.

Three weeks ago the House was urging the Government to take the most drastic steps towards economy. This afternoon Member after Member rose to condemn the proposal to limit the unemployment dole to ex-members of the Services. Mr. CLYNES moved to reduce the vote by one hundred pounds, the accepted Parliamentary method of demanding an increase, and was supported by Sir EDWARD CARSON, who declared that "hard cases made bad blood," and described the dole as "an insurance against revolution." Mr. MACQUISTEN deplored its demoralizing effect upon domestic servants, who would as soon go into a house with leopards (*varia lectio* "lepers") as with children; and Lord HUGH CECIL and Mr. RENWICK courageously defended the Government. But the chorus of opposition from all quarters was so powerful that Mr. BONAR LAW, smelling a possible defeat, took the Whips off. As it turned out, however, the House had more courage than its Leader, and by a majority of ninety-four defeated the Amendment.

Thursday, November 20th.—The second of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S pleasant Thursday afternoons did not quite come up to anticipations. Members had prepared fifty-seven conundrums for him, and it was confidently expected that after "No. 25" was called the rest of Question-time would resolve itself into a repetition of ATHANASIUS *contra mundum*. But, as usual in the House of Commons, the unexpected happened. The proceedings were about as lively as a Quaker meeting. Athanasius delegated half his questions to obliging colleagues, and delivered such slick answers to the others that the "Supplementary" merchants were left with most of their goods on hand. To Major O'NEILL, who inquired how long the PRIME MINISTER proposed to continue his Thursday attendances, he graciously replied, "As long as it meets the general convenience of the House," and Members cheered dutifully but not enthusiastically. For, to tell the truth, he had so successfully curbed his natural vivacity as to be almost dull, which shows once more what a clever man he is.



THE PRODUCTS OF THE BEDROOM FURNITURE INDUSTRY, ORIGINATED BY AN ALIEN IMMIGRANT, MEET WITH THE WARM APPROVAL OF CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN.

On the Electricity (Supply) Bill the HOME SECRETARY moved a new clause, transferring to the Ministry of Transport all the powers of the Board of Trade in regard to electricity, on the ground that the new Department possessed "driving force and energy." Far from resenting the implied imputation Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES warmly supported the transfer. He had the utmost confidence in the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT. But this exhibition of brotherly affection did not remove the apprehensions of some Members, who thought that, in roads, railways and canals, the new Minister had already a sufficient field for his energies.

A CHAMPION BACK-NUMBER.

ANYONE with a keen ear, leaning against the silversmith's window in the small hours, might have heard the discussion, for now and then it became quite shrill.

And no wonder, for silver ornaments want very little sleep and the nights are long—from six or seven till nine or ten, with nothing to do and, which is worse, nothing to see. During the daytime there is always something happening, something to look at: the people passing in the street; the people who stop and examine the things in the window and little think how they are being examined in their turn, and what a scrutinising glance a snuff-box or a vinaigrette can give; the people who come into the shop. And then there is the fun of speculating as to what they will buy and whether they will buy at all; and the terrible excitement of being picked up and appraised, not knowing whether one is to be bought and carried away to a new home or put back in the window to be humiliated before the other articles there.

All this makes the day interesting; but nights are dull, and it is not surprising then that a good deal of time goes in disputation.

On this particular night of the shrill debate the argument concerned the rival claims to distinction of a number of the speakers. Each wished to prove that he or she was the most remarkable or had led the most necessary existence. One hears something of the same kind in human conversation now and then, but the conceit of silver articles can beat anything, and on this occasion it had been vociferous. Everyone demanded to be heard and everyone shouted down the others. The snuff-boxes, the patch-boxes, the pounce-boxes, the baby's coral with silver-bells, the spoons, the salt-cellars—all urged their claims. There was only one silent individual on the whole shelf.

"Well," finally said a Queen Anne skewer with a ducal crest engraved on it, who had acted as a kind of M.C. ever since he had joined the silversmith's stock, "we seem to have heard everyone now, except our little modern friend in the corner."

"Yes, why doesn't our little friend speak up?" said a George the Third snuff-box. "Has he no pride whatever? Is there no quality on which he can plume himself?"

"Most certainly there is," said the article in question—a plump little creature rather like a chubby watch.



First Shopping Fiend. "EXCUSE ME, I'VE JUST BOUGHT THAT MUFF."
Second Shopping Fiend. "HOW CARELESS OF ME TO PICK UP AN IMITATION FUR!"

"That you're the youngest thing here, I suppose?" said the skewer with a contemptuous laugh. "Edwardian at the best, I believe."

"No, not that," said the silver dumpling; "quite the reverse. I was not going to boast at all, but, as I hate to appear eccentric, here goes. I claim to be the most obsolete thing in the place. Snuff isn't what it was, of course, but a few people still take it. The barrister to whom I once belonged always carried a snuff-box and took a pinch to clear his brain at night. Vinaigrettes are still in use here and there, though for scent rather than salts, I admit, because fainting is no longer a feminine hobby. Now and then still, I believe, a baby is born, and therefore a coral may be needed. But my own case is beyond any hope. Inutility is my doom. I am the very monarch of back numbers. Nothing, I claim, could be more obsolete than I."

"Who is the little gentleman that's speaking so bitterly?" asked a short-sighted William and Mary spoon.

"Only a sovereign purse," was the reply.

THE PLAINT OF THE LAST HOUSE-FLY.

O man that sittest by the fire
  And smitest wildly when I come
To settle on my heart's desire,
  The baldness of thy cranium—

Blest member of the biped race,
  In sock and slipper warmly shod,
Bethink thee in what evil case
  Chill Autumn finds the hexapod.

If on the fender's shiny knob
  I fain would find a gentle heat,
Too soon I feel a scorching throb
  Pervade my tender vacuous feet.

And if to ease the smart I turn
  And squat me on the window-pane
I find that cold no less can burn,
  So spread my weary wings again.

No warmth is in the painted door,
  And all too rough the papered wall,
And if I light upon the floor
  The carpet tickles worse than all.

Though once too often I defy
  Thy lifted hand and meet my fate,
I know no fairer place to die
  Than on thy comfortable pate.

And when this world is left behind,
  What shall come after? There's the rub.
My own hope is that I shall find
  Nirvana in Beelzebub.

How to Keep the Cook.

"WANTED, young ex-Soldier for House-Parlourmaid's work; cook kept."
Yorkshire Post.

"The betting is 100 to 6 on Gaylord and Cheutte, 20 to 1 on Royal Welsh, 25 to 1 on Silony and Warwick, 28 to 1 on Alsham, 33 to 1 on Dromie and 50 to 1 on McLean."
Bagdad Times.

Our "Turf commissioner" says there can be no further doubt that Mesopotamia is identical with the Garden of Eden.

"The words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of the demented Hamlet, who thinks he has seen and conversed with a ghost, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dream in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' are gravely quoted as though they were applicable to the Horatios of to-day."
Provincial Paper.

Somebody ought to tell Mr. BOTTOMLEY about it.

A TRANSPORT CRISIS.

"THERE 's a great deal in this old Entente after all," began James, "even though the War is over. It got me out of a very awkward *contretemps* the other day."

"Figure to yourself that I attend," said I.

"Well, I promised my sister at the beginning of last week that I 'd go to Victoria and meet her nursemaid and her two kids, aged six and three respectively——"

"Respectively to what?" I asked.

"I don't know," said James. "But it 's what one always says in the books. Anyhow they were a boy and a girl, and I was to pop them into a horse 'bus with any little trifles they might have with them, and give them the word to glide for South Kensington. They would have rather a lot of little trifles, Mary said. About twelve hundredweight of luggage, including a cot, Peter's scooter, Agatha's scooter, Peter's tricycle, Agatha's perambulator, Agatha's doll's perambulator, and a dog.

"I told her to draw up a specification of the live and rolling stock on half a sheet of notepaper and I would do my best.

"When I got to the arrival platform just after lunch I found a lot of weary-faced desperadoes leaning on two-wheeled trucks, and looking as if the last straw in a moth-eaten life was the lateness of the Brighton train. I chose the two that seemed best stuck together, fell them in, called them to attention and began to address them.

"'My men,' I told them, 'a very important event is going to happen at this station this afternoon.'

"'I know, guv'nor,' said the right marker. 'It 's this 'ere Pinecarey coming from France, and, what 's more, the whole place has got to be cleared before three o'clock.'

"'I wasn't referring to occurrences on the South-Eastern,' I said rather haughtily, 'but on the London, Brighton and so forth.'

"However, it seemed that Pinecarey wanted both stations cleared. Accordingly I hastened to read out to my men the schedule of contents so that they would know what to expect.

"After about forty minutes a solid cake of sulphur came rolling in under the station roof, with the South Coast train camouflaged behind it. I spotted our consignment in just about the middle of it, heaved them out, took a kid by each hand, and told the nurse to park limbers and check stores while the luggage artists got to work. In about a quarter of an hour we had the units in column of route, and passed the ticket-collector in the following order:—

(1) Porter, pushing Eiffel Tower on wheels.

(2) Ditto, pushing ditto on ditto.

(3) Peter, on tricycle with small Union Jack.

(4) Nurse, pushing Agatha's perambulator.

(5) Agatha, pushing doll's perambulator.

(6) Myself, pushing two scooters and carrying Agatha's green balloon.

(7) Dog, wearing tricolor.

Agatha also carried the unexpended portion of the day's chocolate on the outside of her left cheek.

"We found a 'bus standing in the road by the bay platform, and when we had finished festooning the top with furniture and machinery, and had packed the Brighton Expeditionary Force inside, I noticed a couple of porters with a precisely similar concern on the other side of the road, loaded and complete with nursemaid, kids (two) and the rest of the carnival as per invoice. At the same moment a distracted-looking lady in furs seized me by the arm. 'Look here,' she said; 'you 've got our 'bus and we 've got yours, and I want to go to Hampstead and the driver won't change.'

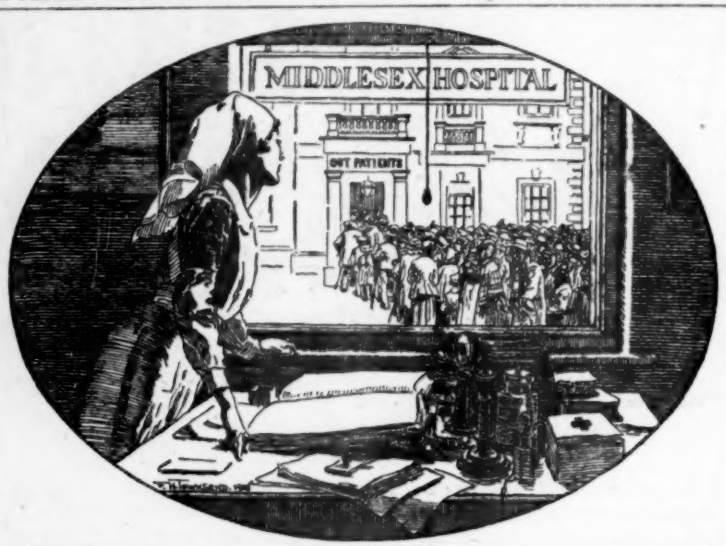
"I went round and had a talk to the fellow on the front end of our menagerie, but he was just as stubborn as the other. His orders were to go to Hampstead and he wouldn't go to South Kensington—not if he was paid for it. This seemed rather a complication.

"I did a bit of thinking, and told the lady that there seemed to be only one easy way out of it. That was to let the drivers carry on in their own time according to plan. The articles seemed to be a duplicate set, and so far as I could see both lots were in thoroughly good repair, and there wasn't much in it. Bless you, she wouldn't hear of it, and got quite angry with me. She even went so far as to suggest that Mary would probably be annoyed about it too. Women are so absurdly particular about these little affairs. So we decided to make the porters swap loads.

"Well, you know what porters are like now. They said they wouldn't do it for the PRIME MINISTER or the KING himself; that they 'd done their job, and a hard job too, and they wanted the money for it. Just as I was trying to persuade the lady to reconsider my first idea a sort of out-size in constables came on the scene and addressed the gathering.

"'Look here,' he said, 'you 'd best be clearing out of this in double-quick time or the gates 'll be shut on you. Don't you know as the French PRESIDENT 's coming this afternoon?'

"That did the trick. With a lot of



The Prince of Wales has promised to preside at a dinner on December 9th in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. An appeal will be made for donations to wipe out a debt of £20,000; to carry out repairs postponed during the War; to meet the increased cost of every commodity, and to provide fresh accommodation for the Out-Patient Department, designed for less than half the present attendance (50,000 a year). The Hospital comprises General Wards with a capacity of 361 beds; a Cancer Charity (92 beds); a Convalescent Home at Clacton-on-Sea; Research Laboratories and a Children's Welcome Centre. This noble work stands in instant need of the generous help of the public, and Mr. Punch begs his readers of their charity to assure its continuance. Contributions to the Prince of Wales's list should be addressed to The Earl of Athlone, The Middlesex Hospital, W.

THE FUMBLER.



"MY DEAR FELLOW— YOU MUST LET ME— PAY FOR THIS TAXI—



I REALLY MUST INSIST— YOU'VE PAID FOR— EVERYTHING, SO FAR—



AND I ENGAGED— THE FELLOW— WHY, YOU'VE PAID HIM ALREADY!—



WELL, LOOK HERE, YOU'LL REALLY HAVE TO— TELL ME SOME TIME— WHAT I OWE YOU."



Doris (her first sight of a Bishop). "IS THAT A HIGHLANDER IN MOURNING, MOTHER?"

grumbling the drivers consented to alter their objectives; a double chocolate ration was served out to the Kindergarten, and I paid off my two brigands and the lady hers. If it hadn't been for that I might have been camping out at Victoria with a mixed lot of velocipedes and a travelling nursery now."

"Or been issued with a new niece and nephew," I suggested.

"Or that," agreed James. "Anyhow, good old Pinecarey, say I." EVOE.

THE STRONG MAN REVEALED.

THE Actor-Manager leaned back and closed his eyes.

"All right," he said wearily; "give me the plot in as few words as possible. But I warn you that, unless it breaks absolutely new ground, it 's a wash-out so far as I am concerned."

"It does break new ground," said the Author eagerly. "Or it breaks old ground in a new way, which is the same thing."

"Not a bit," murmured the Actor-Manager, still with his eyes shut.

"You shall judge," said the Author. "*John Granite* is a strong man . . ."

The Actor-Manager groaned.

". . . but his wife, *Nina*, fails to realise this. She is frivolous—no real harm, you understand, but frivolous — and *John's* patience and gentleness she merely mistakes for weakness."

The Actor-Manager opened his eyes.

"Have you ever been to a theatre at all?" he asked. "Or read any play? Did you see me in *The Lion and the Butterfly?* Did you see me in *As Tempered Steel?* Or in *Give Her Her Head?* Or in a score of others?"

The Author held up a deprecating hand.

"You were a miracle of patience in all those plays," he said. "Please be patient now and hear me out. By the Third Act *Nina* has quite decided that *John* is too weak to be worth bothering about, and that he cares for nothing but his work. On the other hand, *Nigel* . . ."

"He would be *Nigel*."

". . . *Nigel* loves her passionately. He is young, handsome, debonair. And she thinks that he is strong. She is quite wrong, of course; he is weak as water. But *Nina* in the matter of strength and weakness is singularly unobservant. Then comes the big scene."

The Actor-Manager appeared to be fast asleep, and the Author repeated himself. "Then comes the big scene. *Nigel* is clasping *Nina* in his arms when *John* enters. With his invariable good taste *John* pretends not to see them, but turns to the mirror ostensibly to put his tie straight. But the look on his face is so extraordinarily strong that *it breaks the glass.*"

"It *what?*"

"*It breaks the glass. Nina* runs to *John*. 'Never mind the expense, darling,' she says. 'Now I know you are really strong.'

"*Nigel*, who meanwhile has made his exit, is already forgotten. And the Curtain falls."

"H'm," said the Actor-Manager; "something might perhaps be done with it. Leave it with me, will you?"

A Sinister Apology.

"The notice of the death of Mr. —— was given to The Herald locally and was published in good faith, and The Herald regrets exceedingly that its informant was mistaken."
Canadian Paper.

"LOST, between Glasgow and Manchester, 10 50-ft. Steel Girders. Finder will be rewarded on returning."—*Manchester Guardian.*
It is conjectured that the loser had a hole in his waistcoat pocket.

"WANTED, GROOM-GARDENER; able milk and manage oil engine."—*Daily Paper.*
If our milk must be treated we prefer that the "allaying" liquid should be drawn from the common pump.



"I SAY, YOU DON'T MIND OUR LETTING MY AUNT AND UNCLE THROUGH? THEY 'RE RATHER GOOD AT CHOCOLATES AND THAT SORT OF THING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"WHY, oh why will you not always be wholly serious?" This plea, once put by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM into the lips of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, has an odd sound to-day, when she herself threatens to become one of the most vivacious (and popular) of our story-tellers. Of the novels in her new manner I certainly think none has been more attractive than the latest, *Cousin Philip* (COLLINS). The initial situation is admirable. A middle-aging gentleman of quiet late-Victorian habits finds himself forced to play guardian and host to a lovely, exquisite, and wildly high-spirited girl of nineteen, about whom he has promised her dead mother to "see that she has her chance." The first half of the book, which deals with the resulting ferments and more especially the inevitable clash between pre- and post-war ideals of conduct, is capitally handled. From my saying "post-war" you will gather that the tale is sufficiently modern; indeed, it even embraces the pyrotechnics of Peace-Day. And as the embodiment of this modernity, cool, brilliant, wholly self-sufficient, the girl *Helena* is among the most striking portraits in all Mrs. WARD'S collection of whatever period. I am not going to say that the second half of the story, with its hint of *Jane Eyre* melodrama, is equal to the grace of the opening; but taken all round the tale marks a considerable advance upon anything that the rather facile art of Mrs. WARD THE SECOND has yet given us. It encourages me to hope that in time she may come full circle and meet her predecessor in a masterpiece of Victorian dignity blent with Georgian verve.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON would not live in Dublin for all the money in the world. Still less would he live in Kerry or Connaught or Belfast or Londonderry. He does not say so, of course, in *Irish Impressions* (COLLINS); it is one of those obvious things that are not susceptible of proof. That being the case it is only right that his impressions should represent an agreeable tribute to Irish hospitality rather than a detached survey of Irish affairs. Not that detachment is very easy where Ireland is concerned, for it is a land where only the jester can either speak his mind or change it without being assaulted (figuratively, of course) by many adversaries. There is no more convincing jester than Mr. CHESTERTON when he chooses, but in *Irish Impressions* he has not chosen. He has tried hard to see eye to eye with his Dublin friends—the twin solar systems of Irish literature-cum-politics that revolve about Messrs. W. B. YEATS and GEORGE RUSSELL respectively—and to explain that in each case they have come to the right conclusion for the wrong reason or have advanced the right reasons but drawn the wrong conclusions. That is the CHESTERTON stock-in-trade. The CHESTERTON imagination, that wonderful creator of *Father Brown* and *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, is here allowed no scope. *Irish Impressions*, in a word, is not even CHESTERTON at his second-best as literature. That it could have been a serious contribution to the literature of the Irish Question was not, in the circumstances in which the impressions were gathered, to be expected.

Despite several chapters devoted to various campaigns which must be left to the military critics, General LUDEN-

DORFF'S *My War Memories* (HUTCHINSON) is a political book by an exceptionally able man, who has about as much sense of the complex interplay of politics as a bright schoolboy. If it were designed as an *apologia* addressed to the outsider, it could be set down unhesitatingly as a profoundly stupid book. But it is, of course, rather a defence of the German Army Command against the timid blockheads at Berlin, who never understood what war was and betrayed their country by abandoning a military simplicity of outlook and refusing to shoot out of hand anybody who introduced irrelevant conceptions, such as human justice or freedom. He can never forgive BETHMANN-HOLLWEG for giving the game away. With a persistence that cannot but win admiration for its superb effrontery, he represents Germany as the peaceful lamb faced by a world of cruel shearers (and as part of that lamb he incidentally does a good deal of bleating). Of the deportations he says, in answer to the protest of certain duly-despised fellow-countrymen: "The military authorities were acting from patriotic duty, and not arbitrarily." One could feel some sympathy with a beaten man who so ably and indeed so heroically bore his dreadful burden of responsibility if there were ever anywhere in this book any tribute to the valour of the opposing troops or leaders, with the perfunctory exception of the Grand Duke NICHOLAS. He has, indeed, something to say of the unbroken spirit of the Dictators, LLOYD GEORGE and CLEMENCEAU, but this is only by way of demonstrating the poor spirit of all the Germany that was not the army. The one thing that the elaborate artifice of this uncandid and unconsciously humorous book is unable to conceal is that LUDENDORFF'S inability to see the situation except through Prussian-blue spectacles launched him upon his final gamble with his countrymen's lives and destiny in the campaign of 1918. One wonders of what stuff he must be to survive the *débâcle*.



Disgusted Artist of advanced school (who has had his picture rejected by the Twenty-first Century Society). "I CAN'T THINK WHY THE COMMITTEE REFUSED TO HANG IT. THE DRAWING IS ATROCIOUS AND THE COLOUR IS ABSOLUTELY——"

His Friend. "OH, I CAN UNDERSTAND ALL RIGHT. THE PICTURE IS SO PAINFULLY ACADEMIC. WHY, YOU'VE PUT FIVE TOES ON THAT FOOT!"

I am not at all sure that *All Sorts* (MILLS AND BOON) is a very apt title for the volume containing nine short stories by Miss I. A. R. WYLIE. Superficially they are at least of several sorts. There are two Russian peasant tragedies as a beginning, then six English stories, ranging from grave to gay (one of them, "The Episcopal Scherzo," a capital comedy), and, lastly, a sorrowful tale set in a French town during the German occupation. But in quality these stories are more alike than they are, in setting or subject, diverse. There is the same good workmanship in all, not an inch of scamped imagination, not a moment when Miss WYLIE is not in touch with the man or woman through whose eyes she is looking. She knows to a nicety where to begin and where to end, and one or two of her stories deserve even more praise than this. Probably, as is the case with most collections of short stories, they will make their best effect taken one at a time, and administered in that fashion I should like to prescribe them for the people who regard such books as a publisher's attempt to deceive.

One small drawback to Mr. RALPH NEVILL'S *Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill* (METHUEN) is the impression it conveys of having been gleaned in a well-reaped field. But what a treasure-field it is! Though, thrice unfortunately, Lady DOROTHY herself held only the pen of a not specially ready writer, all the great epistolaries of her years were her close friends, and delighted to pour out before her their best. Of herself, quite one of the most popular and conspicuous personalities of an age that is partly present, partly past, who knows not the main facts to-day? Shrewd, sympathetic, rather more than tolerant, she watched, with eyes growing only a little older, that neighbourhood of Charles Street and Berkeley Square that in its time had shown her so much. Thus her world went past: and because she smiled at it this book is, as you might expect, filled with "good stories." To select one will, of course, be to choose the oldest and best-known; yet I cannot resist this. A great light of the Bar, meeting the late Poet Laureate for the first time, said, "Mr. Austin, may I ask, do you find poetry pays?" "Thank you, I do pretty well," was the reply; "I always manage to keep the wolf from the door." "And pray do you read your poems to the wolf?" After this, one is perhaps the more glad of the testimony of an old friend, abundantly confirmed, that "I don't think I ever heard Lady DOROTHY say a single unkind word." A book that will rest little upon the shelves for some time to come.

The death of Mr. J. E. PATTERSON, in the Spring of this year, has deprived the world of letters of a writer whose real knowledge of a certain kind of life and disdain of any literary artifice drew and held the attention. As Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE, who passed the proofs of *The Passage of the Barque Sappho* (DENT) for the press, says in a foreword, "It is good that this, the latest, if not the last of his tale of novels should be a sea-story, penned with the joy of the telling that was part of the man." Fully to enjoy this chronicle of a voyage from San Francisco to London you must have in you the love of ships and of all that pertains to them. It was a long voyage and Mr. PATTERSON has described it at considerable length, but he has escaped monotony by weaving a web of mystery about his story. Yet at the same time the characters drawn by him are patently true to life. I have frequently read the statement that Mr. PATTERSON was a disciple of Mr. CONRAD; but I doubt very much if he was the disciple of anyone. Rather I like to think of him as drawing inspiration only from life itself. And he found it an inexhaustible draught.

CHARIVARIA.

THE bustle is coming into fashion again, says a ladies' journal. But not in Government offices.

We understand that, owing to pressure of other work, the PREMIER has been compelled to postpone his New World for another couple of weeks.

British-made cigars, says a trade paper, have a bright outlook. Yes, but what about the other end which you put in your mouth?

During a conflagration which broke out at South Hill Barracks, Chatham, it appears that one of the soldiers with great presence of mind immediately sounded the "Cease Fire."

The young man who recently caused grave concern among his friends by asking, "What are Geddeses?" is now undergoing treatment for jazz-shock.

The United States, says a trade journal, now hold the premier place as manufacturers of glass houses. It is only fair to point out that in the manufacture of paper houses they simply can't touch us.

Eighteen cases of robbery with violence have been reported from Dublin in the last month. "In every case," a correspondent naively adds, "civilians have been attacked *in the absence of the police*." (Italics ours.)

"I have never been in a Tube," said a Judge at the Old Bailey recently. The title of "Strap-hanging Judge" makes no appeal to him.

According to a wireless message, KATRINA, the Bolshevist Woman Terror, is about to be married. The name of the unlucky man is not known.

A kestrel has been observed hovering over Gray's Inn, but the report that a halo has been seen in the vicinity of Dr. ADDISON is denied by Lord DOWNHAM.

Several new sports clubs have been opened in South Wales mining districts. It is said that many of them have already drawn up their strike fixture cards. We understand that the Ebbw Vale Second Seam have an open date in May for a medium strike.

A news item tells us that the KING and QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS were introduced to Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN at Los Angeles. It is said that Their Majesties were not a bit nervous in his presence.

According to Dr. CHARLES GORING criminals are not invariably addicted to alcoholism. We have always felt that better work can be done if one is moderate.

The United States Government has once again warned Mexico against lynching American subjects. Unless the offence is immediately stopped it is possible that America may have to warn them again.

Up to the time of going to press the argument between the bargee and the taxi-driver who ran into him is still proceeding, and it is feared that Lord FISHER may have to be called upon to arbitrate.

In golfing circles it is now thought that the councillor who, at an important sod-cutting ceremony, unconsciously replaced the turf, is probably a "twenty-five handicap" man.

We regret that several of our readers were misled by the announcement in these columns that a wooden house in Birmingham had been successfully leaned against. We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that all four sides of the house were leaned against simultaneously.

The report that the new battle-cruiser, *H.M.S. Hood*, has been returned to the builders to be fitted with a Sinn Fein-proof blister is being treated by the Senior Service with silent contempt.

Much sympathy is felt for the member of a well-known club who the other evening inadvertently took his own umbrella in mistake for another member's.

"Every precaution should be taken to protect wooden huts from the destructive wood-louse," states a writer in a weekly journal. The best method is to inform your neighbour, in a loud voice, that your hut has been taken over by the Government, on hearing which the wood-lice, finding their work unnecessary, will leave the hut to rot in the usual way.

A burglar has been charged with stealing an O.B.E. He pleads that he did not know this was an offence.

A full-grown wallaby has been purchased by the Zoological Society, and a plumber has been heard piping in Surrey.

We now understand that the man who was arrested late one night last week in Kent, whilst carrying a bag containing a jemmy, some dynamite and sundry small tools, was released on his explaining that he had been sent down by the Government to start work in connection with the Channel tunnel.



Mother of afflicted sportsman. "I EXPECT YOU 'VE GOT A CHILL STANDING BETWEEN THEM GOAL-POSTS—NASTY, DRAUGHTY PLACES."

"BOARD-RESIDENCE Required by young gentleman in food family."—*Provincial Paper.*

It seems a reasonable requirement.

"On one occasion he allowed a woman private to attend at mess on a guest night, as she was the finance of a brother officer."
Provincial Paper.

This is surely a far, far better thing than being his fiasco.

From a feuilleton:—

"'If you want me to be candid,' she said at last, 'I do think that the girls of your particular sex run after false gods, as you term it. Money, for instance. And position.'"
Daily Paper.

Not such a very particular sex.

IN PRAISE OF COMMONPLACE.

To a Middle-aged Poet from Another.

[Mr. John Bailey, lecturing before the British Academy on "Poetry and Commonplace," is reported to have said that poetry "could not have too much of the truths of universal application." The great poets, from Homer to Gray and Wordsworth, were "at least as much occupied in giving new life to old things as in discovering new." Contemporary poets, on the other hand, were apt to lack universality.]

When Youth observes with pitying smile
Our progress toward the sere and yellow,
Or in a less corrosive style
Remarks that we are turning mellow—
For blood that lacks its former glow,
For joints that creak and bloom that's rusted,
Solace it is at least to know
The worth of ancient wines and crusted.

'Tis true that we do not indulge
In the vers-librist's easy latitude,
But our Victorian bosoms bulge
For joy of any deathless platitude;
We love the *clichés* learnt in youth,
Which grow with years more fine and fruity,
E.g. that Beauty = Truth,
That Truth is tantamount to Beauty.

Age cannot spoil their potent spells
Nor custom stale our simple piety
Who drink from these established wells
And never, never know satiety;
Why hustle after something strange
When we can read in old Horatius
Such truths as these—that seasons change,
That Life is short and Time fugacious?

Our Georgians seek a modern quest,
But when they get as old as I am
They 'll know the tritest truths are best
(See Virgil, Dante, Homer, Khayyám);
Try as he will, no man can hope,
Save on a universal basis,
To match the cosmic Gray, or cope
With Wordsworth's hoary commonplaces.

There's nothing new this time of day.
No bard should blush to be a debtor
To those who had the earlier say,
So long as he can do it better;
The form's the thing; to poets dead
And crowned in heaven we give the credit
Not half so much for what they said
As for the jolly way they said it. O. S.

FAT AND THIN MEN IN GOLF.

By W. W. Wilton.

(*Being the 5,000th article on the Royal and Ancient Game written by this famous expert*).

That a certain amount of adipose tissue is an extremely useful asset is undeniable. But it must be correctly distributed in order to conduce to efficiency at the game. It is not essential that a golfer should be fashioned like a statue by Pheidias, but he must be so fashioned that the development of energy is not hampered by his physical contours. To put it crudely, a man whose waist measurement exceeds that of his chest by more than fifteen inches is not likely to be a long driver. I have only known one golfer with a *plus* handicap who weighed more than eighteen stone. On the other hand, massive solidity of build is a decided advantage in a high wind. Sandy MacLurkin, one of the best Scotch players in the eighties, was a man of singularly fragile physique, and attributed his success in one championship meeting, which was played at Prestwick in a heavy gale, to his having filled the pockets of his trousers with lead.

Dogmatism should always be avoided, but it may be laid down as a general rule that a golfer who wishes to do himself full justice should not allow his weight to exceed thirteen stone. The good golfer should be well nourished, but a too generous diet is to be deprecated. More matches have been lost by heavy than by frugal lunches. But loss of appetite in a championship meeting is a bad sign. Donald Macintyre always attributed his defeat in the final at St. Andrew's in 1891 to a third helping of boiled beef and suet dumplings at lunch before the concluding round, in which he started with a nine at the first hole. *Per contra*, Mr. Hector Duff, who was the favourite for the amateur championship in 1897, was knocked out in the semi-finals after a breakfast at which he only ate one boiled egg.

Some amateurs of a neurotic temperament are in the habit of steadying their nerves with aspirin before an important match. Others I know who prefer ammoniated quinine or sloe gin. I cannot help thinking that a series of tests, if carried out under the supervision of hygienic experts, might be of great importance in establishing a standard diet for golfers and settling once and for all the vexed question of the value of stimulants and sedatives. The question of nerves is all-important; and here the stout man generally scores. Stout men as a rule—though there are, of course, exceptions — are genial, easy-going and imperturbable. They do not brood over defeat. The lean, slim, delicate man is seldom a good loser. He may be endowed with an artistic temperament—few great artists have been abnormally rotund — but that is an attribute which is out of place in the golfer.

This reflection prompts me to observe that golfers should be extremely careful in their choice of reading when an important match or meeting is in prospect. A clever friend of mine, to whom I cannot give more than three or four strokes when he is on his game, broke down badly in a club match last week, and confessed to me afterwards that it was entirely owing to his preoccupation with Dr. Einstein's theory of space. To speak frankly, I do not think that serious golfers should read the newspapers at the present time, always excepting the articles on golf.

The influence of stoutness and slimness of figure on the style and efficiency of golfers as *writers* is a most fascinating subject, but cannot be adequately dealt with in a concluding paragraph. I hope to return to it in a year or two. Meanwhile, in response to many requests, I propose to discuss next week the intensely interesting problem of premature baldness in amateur golfers and its bearing on their iron play. It may clear the ground a little if I state here, with all the emphasis I can command, that no golfer can aspire to championship honours who wears a wig on the green.

Our New Masters—and Misters.

"Last evening the nomination of a Government candidate to support the policy of Lloyd George and Bonar Law was definitely settled. . . . Speaking at Mr. Myers's meeting [Labour], Mr. Jack Jones said . . ."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"On Monday evening the employees and wives of Mr. C. T. Parker were entertained to dinner by the ex-Mayor and Mrs. Parker at the Lindum Restaurant, Lincoln, which was much appreciated."
Lincolnshire Echo.

We too appreciate the lady's freedom from paltry jealousy.



TOO GOOD FOR BELIEF.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES (*heaving*). "YOUR COAL WILL COST YOU LESS, MUM."

SCEPTICAL BRITISH MATRON. "AH, I DARESAY! BUT IF I KNOW ANYTHING OF THESE THINGS THERE'S A CATCH SOMEWHERE."



Sandy. "I'VE JUIST WRITTEN YE A LETTER, MEENISTER, ON YER TERRIBLE BEREAVEMENT."
Minister. "I'VE HAD NO BEREAVEMENT, MR. MACFARLANE."
Sandy. "AH, WEEL, THAT'S GUID. THE STAMP'S NO LICKIT. AND IF YE *should* HAE ONE I'LL NO WRITE AGAIN, AS YE'LL KEN FINE I'M THINKIN' O' YE."

A DULL MORNING.

(*Being the experience of a Member of the British Army now in France.*)

Elfred Fry paced the sands with the dejected mien of a demobilised Bolshevist who has been offered work at a steam laundry. "What a 'ole!" he said, kicking viciously at a little green crab. "What a 'owling cavity! What a blinking excavation!"

At his best Elfred had the chastened gaiety of a sciatic centipede; at his worst he regarded the world with the abysmal gloom of a pavement artist during a thunderstorm. On the present occasion his mood, embittered by temporary poverty, was further exasperated by his surroundings.

"Sand, sand," said he; "more sand an' water. Four years 'ave I delved in it, lived in it an' packed it away in sandbags, an' now I'm supposed to be injoying it. What a blighted crater!"

He walked moodily along the beach, finding an additional grievance in its colour, which too much resembled khaki for his taste. A distant vista of red-roofed villas at Ambleteuse and Audresselles and the grey-green headland of Cape Gris-Nez gave agreeable variety to the scene, but brought no comfort to Elfred. Picturesque views were not, to his mind, an effective substitute for beer.

Few people were about, but as Elfred clambered round a little rocky headland he suddenly saw a man climbing rapidly down the face of the cliff. So precipitate and hurried was the man's descent that in the last few yards he lost his footing altogether and fell headlong on to the soft sand. Before he could pick himself up another man, wearing a reefer-suit and a red kerchief, rushed to him, not to render assistance, but apparently to squeeze out what little breath remained in his body. Elfred noticed that the cliff-climber had a little black bag slung round his neck, which the red-cravated ruffian was trying to get possession of and which the other man was equally bent on retaining. They rolled over and over in a fierce struggle, first one and then another holding the advantage, and none of the few spectators who had assembled showed any disposition to interfere. At last Red Cravat got his man down, and, with his fingers on his throat, tried to strangle him into unconsciousness; but just as he appeared likely to succeed in his dastardly endeavour a woman glided from the crowd, swung a weighted stick in both her hands and crashed it down on his unprotected head. No warning cry, no murmured sob of horror came from the crowd. Elfred simply yawned and walked on. The daily activities of the Société Grand Guignol de Cinéma had lost their interest for him.

The hum of an aeroplane engine smote his ear, and he whisked his hand as though to still the buzzing of an importunate fly. It was the great London-Paris Aerobus doing its diurnal journey, but its passing evoked no enthusiasm in Elfred. He knew it was timed to pass at twelve o'clock, an acute reminder that the wet canteen opened at the same hour.

All at once his eyes lit up with a gleam of interest. He had noticed a round iron object rocking in the waves near the shore—something that promised excitement. Hastily collecting a supply

of boulders he ran down to within twenty yards of the object of his attention and threw a sighting shot. It went about a yard too far, but he bracketed with the next and secured a direct hit with the third. The stone clanked on the iron and ricochetted into the sea, but nothing further happened. Undaunted, Elfred kept up rapid fire, making good practice and getting a fair percentage of hits. The clanking of stone on iron sounded like war-time industry at a foundry, but it was evident Eldred found something lacking. At last he desisted in disgust.

"It's only an old buoy, after all," he said dispiritedly. "I thought it was a mine floated ashore wot 'ud make some fireworks."

On the coast hereabouts stands an old ruined fort. Probably Napoleon built it, or demolished it, or elaborated his scheme of invasion from it. At low tide it stands at the extreme end of a rocky peninsula, but high tide converts it into an island. So rapidly does the tide sweep over the low-lying neck that unwary visitors are constantly being cut off and forced to remain on the fort for about six hours, or, when a boat is available, are held to ransom and piratically rescued. Elfred himself, in the course of winkle-hunting expeditions, had more than once been marooned at this spot.

He noticed now in passing that the tide was rapidly coming in, and that an English soldier on the fort was in danger of being cut off. In his present misanthropic frame of mind he was inclined to gloat on the misfortune of someone else, till it occurred to him that a rescue might be productive of solid, or liquid, tokens of gratitude. Therefore he cautiously proceeded along the narrow neck, hailing loudly the while.

The soldier had disappeared behind a corner of the fort, and Elfred had to pick his way right to the extremity of the point. He paused there for a moment to rehearse a dramatic entrance, and then rushed forward.

"'Urry, 'urry!" he shouted in well-simulated agitation. "The tide 's sweepin' in like a mill-race!"

"What abaht it?" asked the soldier, busying himself with a basket.

"Well, we 'll be cut off in a minute," replied Elfred, trying to keep up excitement at white heat. "I 've come to rescue yer!"

"Look 'ere, mate," said the other; "I 've come 'ere for a few hours' quiet fishin', an' if you comes shouting abaht an' disturbing me it 'll be you as wants rescuing."

Elfred was dashed. He looked back at the incoming waters, now a foot deep in places, and the stones, slippery with seaweed, over which he would have to pass. It was not an encouraging view.

"What have you got to eat?" he asked suddenly.

"Bully an' biscuits."

"An' to drink?"

"Water," said the soldier fiercely.

There was no help for it; Elfred had to flounder dejectedly over the boulders, and just got ashore before wading became an impossibility.

"Nothink never 'appens 'ere nohow," said he savagely, emptying his boots and squeezing the water from his trousers and puttees. "What a 'ole!"

From a correspondence column:—

To settle an argument, kindly advise on the following: Is it right to say 'We were very much surprised o fhaving received a lawyear's letter,' or 'We were very much surprised in ahving received a lawyer's letter.' DOUBTFUL."
Canadian Paper.

The answer is in the negative.



Insinuating Stranger. "MAY I PERSUADE YOU TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE-CLASS UNION?"
Harassed House-Hunter. "DELIGHTED! WHERE IS IT? AND WHEN CAN I MOVE IN?"

IDÉES FIXES.

(With apologies to the shade of ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.)

EVERY day some bubble 's busted
By *The Mail* or *Times*,
Growing more and more disgusted
With the PREMIER'S crimes.
In a Press of Protean wonders
Two things stand like stone:
Fury at LLOYD GEORGE'S blunders,
Blindness to their own.

"The Duchess of —— was chatting with friends in the gallery for a considerable time, as were Viscountess ——, in her favourite oyster tones . . ."—*Sunday Paper.*

Her "native" language?

"PIGS for Sale, two litters 9 weeks old; forward feeders."—*Local Paper.*

We have often noticed a regrettable lack of table manners in our youthful porkers.



ANOTHER APOLOGETIC NOTICE IN THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY MANNER.

THE CHARITY THAT BEGINS AT HOME.

To-day, nearly a whole month before Christmas, I overcame the Ethelred spirit which urged me to procrastinate, and, walking firmly into a toyshop, I succeeded in purchasing the very thing I had in mind for my little god-child Wilfred—a working model of a howitzer.

They also sold me a young sculptor's modelling outfit.

When I came to untie the parcels at home I decided that I would give the modelling toy to the Christmas Mission. It would find its way into some deserving home and afford an aged couple many hours of innocent amusement, whereas in the hands of my god-son it might prove to be an instrument of misfortune by arousing in him aspirations to become a sculptor. The streets of London have suffered enough already.

As some time must necessarily elapse before the Christmas presentation, I took the toys out of their boxes with the idea of pulling the howitzer through and putting it away in oil, but some latent gift within attracted me irresistibly to the modelling outfit. Unconsciously I fell to work and soon under my feverish sensitive fingers the inanimate clay took life and became an exquisite bas-relief representing Lord Northcliffe refusing an option on the vacant possession of No. 10, Downing Street.

The howitzer was a businesslike weapon with elevating and traversing gear and a good supply of ammunition. After some preliminary registering I subjected the hearthrug to a searching fire, forcing the cat to retire in marked disorder.

The piece was then brought into position under cover of some volumes of the *Encyclopædia*, and long range, high angle fire brought to bear upon the parrot emplacement with good effect. At 15.23 hours a direct hit on the parrot was observed, followed by a loud explosion.

At this moment the door opened. Penelope stood on the threshold taking in the details of the scene.

"Just testing the toy I have bought for my little god-son Wilfred," I hastened to explain. (It is just possible to get in the *first* word of an argument with Penelope.) "It is *so* disappointing for a child when the toy does not live up to its high promise."

"Very," she replied; "and Wilfred is so hard to please considering he is only three months old."

* * * * *

I have decided after all to present Wilfred with some Victory Loan, and as to the Mission those blankets in my kit will be just the thing.

Animated by a consciousness of well-directed beneficence, I ought not to have a dull moment during the long winter evenings.

BROTHER HEROES.

["Trench stunts" are reported to be popular with tourists in the battle areas. To spend a night in a shell hole," just to see what it was like," is the right thing to do.]

I 'm glad I found out what the War was like,
Sat in a shell hole 'neath a raining sky
And learned how surely cold and dampness strike
Into your very vitals; for thereby
I feel I 'm one with those who bore the brunt
(Of course we 'd air-raids on the London front).

I set myself no dilettante task;
Not till a full five dreary hours had sped,
And nought remained within my brandy flask,
Did I go back to breakfast and to bed
(I wonder if our gallant lads as well
Withdrew to this same excellent hotel).

I 'm glad I had the enterprise to keep
My vigil thus; no more need I refrain
From martial speech and hold my manhood cheap
When any speaks of "Wipers" or "Loovain;"
In tones of comradeship I can declare,
"I know, old chap, I know it. I was there."



Offender (arrested for the ninety-ninth time). "ANY LETTERS?"

PROBLEMATICS.

THEY were introduced in the very earliest stages of my education. Instead of being told to divide 1728 by 144, I was informed that Mr. Shirley, a greengrocer, had just packed 1728 oranges in a box, with 144 in each layer, and wanted me to work out the number of layers.

I reached the stage of square-roots only to find that I had to satisfy the symmetrical whim of a fastidious farmer who wanted to plant 576 mangel-wurzels in rows in such a way that the number of wurzels in each row should equal the number of rows.

"And now," said the Chief Instructor on a Sniping Course, ten years later, "let's see if you've got the idea of the thing. Just take this down:—'Rifleman Longsight sees a canary in a tree; he adjusts his sights to 200, takes a regulation aim and fires. He observes his shot to strike nine inches below the centre of the lowest visible portion of the canary. He moves his sights to 350 and this time smashes a twig six inches above his point of aim. His rifle and shooting were perfect and weather conditions ideal. What was the range of the canary?'"

But what appeared to me to be merely occasional levity in the Schoolmaster and the Instructor I have found to be a positive obsession in the mind of a University Lecturer in Law.

The aspirant to the degree of LL.B. is confronted in the earliest stages of his training by *Aulus, Balbus, Caius* and *Decius*, who, owing to a series of coincidences which would have puzzled even JUSTINIAN himself, have decided to take legal advice, and, having confidence in the student's well-deserved reputation, submit themselves to his judgment.

But the imagination of a don is only given full scope when the student has begun the study of English Law. The problem is usually presented in as topical a form as possible.

Rowhard, Cox and Banker, three undergraduates, proceed after a bump-supper to Rowhard's rooms, which are on the second floor; Bower, another undergraduate, promising to join them in a few minutes. Considerable commotion is caused by the discovery that the only bottle of whisky has been borrowed, and Banker in his excitement shouts "Thieves." A Russian research student living on the floor below is roused by the shout, and, jumping out of bed, hastily puts on his eyeglasses, snatches up his revolver and rushes upstairs. Rowhard, thinking that the sound of footsteps signifies the arrival of Bower, seizes a soda-water syphon and discharges its contents into the face of the Russian on the stairs, who, in throwing his left hand up to protect himself, forces a portion of his eyeglasses into one of his eyes, seriously impairing the sight of it. At the same moment he fires his revolver, and the bullet strikes Cox in the big toe of his right foot. Banker shouts "Murder" and rushes into the rooms of Fitz-James Austin opposite. The latter, a very nervous undergraduate, who has been devoting himself that evening to the study of the mental element in guilt, jumps out of window in terror and breaks his leg on the pavement of the court below, at the same time knocking down Bower, who is on his way round to Rowhard's rooms, and fracturing one of his thighs.

Consider the legal position of all parties.

EXPERT ADVICE.

I AM most anxious to avoid getting a cold. And the newspapers are even more anxious about it than I am. Every day, just now, they warn me about the necessity of keeping the system up to tone, of the danger lurking in chills, and, above all, of the fact that the colds of the population cost the nation fifty million pounds a year.

They give me expert advice, culled from that army of medical men who are so unassuming that they prefer to be nameless, merely using in their modesty such self-effacing descriptions as "An Eminent Physician," "A Well-Known Surgeon," "A Harley Street Expert," or just "A Medical Man."

Knowing it is all done for my good, I have tried to follow the newspaper instructions. I began with the advice of one expert, who declared: "To avoid a cold, eat as little as possible. The practice of clogging the system by an abundance of proteins and proteids puts too much work on the alimentary organs. The subject is thus unable to resist streptococci and pneumococci"—this was rather beyond me, but I felt the chap meant well—"which promptly invade the system."

Forthwith I took to frugal living. I allowed my butter ration to be absorbed by a hearty member of the family; I eschewed bacon; I renounced second helpings. Nevertheless I got a cold. Scarcely had I recovered when further newspaper advice caught my eye.

"If you would keep fit at this time of the year," it stated, "and above all ward off chills, eat as much and as often as possible. The system cannot have any resisting power against streptococci and pneumococci"—all the authorities seem unanimous about these nicknames, anyway—"if it is not adequately stoked by the fuel of ample diet."

Hurriedly I resumed my butter ration—not without some difficulty with the hearty member of the family—and went on ample diet. Nevertheless I got another cold.

A little shaken in my faith, I was still determined to persevere. The advice now took a dictatorial turn, which might have unnerved a less courageous disciple.

"Directly you enter a train," it commanded, "fling open both windows to clear off the germs. Be firm in ignoring possible protests of less enlightened passengers. Further, a wafer of incense, or one of any pungent odour, may be burned as a safeguard for all present. Remember too that should a person sneeze in a public compartment without holding a handkerchief to his face he is performing an act of pure Bolshevism. It is your duty to be alert, and, at the sight of an approaching sneeze on the visage of anyone in your radius, bring your newspaper sharply over the face of the offender; though it is better to carry a large sheet of prepared antiseptic blotting-paper for this purpose. Travellers in public vehicles should band themselves together and eject anyone showing symptoms of a cold."

The very next time I had to travel I entered my compartment in a spirit of quiet determination, armed with incense-wafers and antiseptic blotting-paper.

As the "Eminent Physician" and I had anticipated, both the windows were closed. A man in the corner was coughing; a woman opposite to him sneezed. So did the young man on my left and the maiden on my right. No one seemed possessed of antiseptic blotting-paper or, apparently, a handkerchief to hold before them. I pictured the streptococci and pneumococci as reeling from one to another of us, fairly gorging themselves, and then going away to tell their friends about us and put them on to a good thing.

The time had come for action. I could not let the nation go on sacrificing fifty million pounds a year in this way if I could help to prevent it. I rose, flung open both windows, circumvented the man in the corner, who was about to sneeze for the third time, by a swift application of the blotting-paper, and had just got a couple of incense-wafers alight when . . .

Isn't it strange that when you want to help humanity, when you strive to enlighten your fellow-creatures, you are always misunderstood? I mean to say, don't you think that people in railway-carriages have a bitter, suspicious outlook on life? There wasn't any excuse for the people in that compartment either; they had evidently read the "Eminent Physician's" instructions, because they adopted that bit about travellers in public vehicles banding themselves together and ejecting anyone showing symptoms of a cold. Only, of course, in their blundering way they had got the wrong hang of the thing. I *hadn't* a cold that time, and yet they put me out on the platform at the very next station.

"As a matter of fact, no farm can be run upon a 48 hours day in winter."
Morning Paper.

This statement is correct.

"The War Office is closed temporarily on account of sickness, and much sympathy is felt for the proprietor."—*Provincial Paper.*

Poor WINSTON!

QUITE, QUITE.

I HAVE decided at last upon a profession. I am going to set up as a quorister.

It had been a busy morning with me at the office, and I felt annoyed at first on being interrupted. I had been engaged for about twenty minutes in preparing a draught by putting the office copy of *The Times* over the fireplace, where two lukewarm pieces of coke had been laid. I had just got them to spark nicely when the paper suddenly went up with a loud roar into Victoria Street by way of the chimney. The only thing to do was to paste the edges of a number of spare minute sheets together in order to form a substitute, and I was just accomplishing this when Enderby burst in.

"You're wanted at once in Room 1005," he said.

"What for?" I asked nervously and glueing myself rather badly on the left sleeve.

"The Committee are sitting," he said; "you've got to make a quorum."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, "but I never got beyond quadratic equations; besides——"

"It's perfectly easy," he told me; "you've to take Anderson's place. You'll only have to sit there and say nothing and look wise. The Secretary will introduce you as acting for Mr. Anderson."

"Lend me your spectacles and your spats then," I stipulated.

He did so, and when I had adjusted these I went down immediately to a long dark room, in which several kind-looking and sleepy old gentlemen and one extremely young and alert one sat about a table covered with green baize and furnished with more pink blotting-paper than I had ever seen before in the whole of my life.

As soon as I came in I was introduced to the Chairman, and the alert young man began to read out in a quick clear voice a number of entirely unintelligible sentences, and every time he stopped for breath the Chairman looked round rather timidly and said, "I think we all agree with that, gentlemen." Thereupon the old gentlemen frowned a little over their spectacles and said, "Quite, quite," and I frowned a little over Enderby's spectacles (it is, as a matter of fact, extraordinarily hard to frown under them), and kicked my spats with each toe in turn to make sure they were there and said, "Quite, quite," too.

Every now and then I felt an irresistible temptation to say "Quack, quack," but I checked it in time, feeling somehow that it was better to follow the



Parson. "WHAT NAME?"
Parson. "H'M! HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?"
Woman. "'MELIABANNE, SIR."
Woman. "WELL, THERE, SIR—I'M LIKE YOURSELF. I CAN'T SPELL IT NEITHER."

normal procedure. By degrees something about the authoritative manner or the sonorous quality of my "Quite, quite's" made such an impression that one by one the old gentlemen began to leave off quite-quiteing and relinquish the whole business to me. And when, towards the end of the meeting, I was able to produce a box of matches and light the cigar of the old gentleman on my right and the cigarette of the old gentleman on my left, it was clear that they regarded me as a man of profound administrative capacity and skill in worldly affairs.

It was after this that I made my momentous decision. I am about to rent an office and engage a typist with gold hair and grey suède shoes and a bag with a powder-puff in—a typist of the kind that makes tea at eleven o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon, and spells "customary" with an "o"; and I am going to put a brass plate outside the door with "H. Jenkinson, Quorister" engraved upon it, and underneath this, "Business, professional and political quora ready made or bespoke." And people will ring me up on the telephone or write letters to me asking me to make a quorum, and the letters will be filed by the quarum and I shall go out and make quora and charge two guineas a time.

I am well aware that at first I shall have a good deal of opposition to encounter. People will say that I cannot sit on committees of which I am not a member. But when one thinks of the number of cold mornings when it is nice in bed, or of bright mornings when it is nice in the country, the advantages of having a professional quorum-constituter always ready to oblige will soon become clear. I shall attend and hand in my card with the name of the member I am representing underneath it to the clever and competent young secretary, and, as soon as the meeting has started, the perfect *timbre* of my "Quite, quite" will reassure any malcontents there may be; and, if any member does lodge an objection, I shall frown at him a little over my spectacles, which will not be Enderby's but my own, and rimmed with the most expensive tortoiseshell.

And in time perhaps I shall establish quoristry as a profession and obtain a charter for it, and there will be schools in which students and associates will be taught to wear spats and to say "Quite, quite" in a properly authoritative manner, and nobody will have to go to committees at all, except the chairman and the alert young secretary and a quorum of quite-quiters from the Associated Institute of Quoristers. And the fees of members who have advanced in the profession will of course become higher and higher. Men such as these will attend only very important committees and will be able to say "Quite" with an intonation so perfect that it will go far towards settling the doubts of a deputation of bargees and lightermen. I reckon that our fees for a Cabinet Meeting will be about a hundred guineas.

EVOE.

Thanet.

All true hearts will go out to the Northcliffe Press in its embarrassment (painful, if bravely concealed) over the victory of a HARMSWORTH in the Coalition interest.



Little Girl. "I'M SO GLAD, MUMMIE, I PUT THAT TWOPENCE IN THE MISSIONARY-BOX LAST SUNDAY.
Mother. "WHY, DEAR?"
Little Girl. "'COS I HEARD DADDY READING OUT THAT KAFFIRS WERE GOOD ALL YESTERDAY."

THE ROAD.

THERE are some that love the Border-land and some the Lothians wide,
And some would boast the Neuk o' Fife and some the banks o' Clyde,
And some are fain for Mull and Skye and all the Western Sea;
But the Road that runs by Atholl will be doing yet for me.

The Road it runs by Atholl and climbs the midmost brae
Where Killiecrankie crowns the pass with golden woods and gay;
There straight and clean 'twas levelled where the Garry runs below
By WADE'S red-coated soldiery two hundred years ago.

The Road it strikes Dalwhinnie where the mountain tops are grey
And the snow lies in the corries from October until May;
Then down from bleak Ben Alder by Loch Ericht's wind-swept shore
It hastes by Dalnaspidal to the howes of Newtonmore.

The Road it runs through Badenoch, and still and on it rings
With the riding of the clansmen and a hundred echoings;
Oh, some they rode for vengeance and some for gear and gain,
But some for BONNIE CHARLIE rode and came not home again.

The Road it runs by Alvie—you may linger if you list
To gaze on Ben Muich-Dhuie and the Larig's cap of mist;
There are pines in Rothiemurchus like a gipsy's dusky hair,
There are birch-trees on Craigellachie like elfin silver-ware.

The Road it runs to Forres and it leaves the hills behind,
For the roving winds from Morayshire have brought the sea to mind;
But still it winds to northward in the twilight of the day,
Where the stars shine down at evening on the bonny haughs o' Spey.

Oh, there 's some that sing of Yarrow stream, Traquair and Manor-side,
And some would pick the Neuk o' Fife and some the banks o' Clyde;
And some would choose the Pentlands, Cauldstaneslap to Woodhouselee,
But the Road that runs by Atholl will be doing yet for me.

"General Knowledge."

(*From a paper, under this sanguine title, set to an Intermediate School* (*Welsh, Girls*).)

"A Soviet is the little cloth we use on our laps at the dinner-table."

"*Mona Lisa* was a ship sunk by the Germans."

"I. L. P. is the title of a book, *Illustrated Love Poems*."

"The uses of the skin are for modesty and High Jean."



THE PRINCE FROM OVER THE WATER.

Britannia. "WELCOME HOME."

The Prince. "WHY, I GUESS IT'S BEEN LIKE HOME ALL THE TIME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 24th.—Judging by appearances Sir FREDERICK HALL is anything but a timorous person. He looks as if he might hold his own with BECKETT or CARPENTIER. But when he thinks of foreign competition with our manufacturers his heart is as water. A recent statement of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, that he did not shiver at the prospect of Japanese rivalry, moved him sorely. "Is that correct?" he asked in amazement. "Quite right," returned the right honourable gentleman cheerfully; "I am not shivering at all."

Sir AUCKLAND is anxious to extend this happy condition to his fellow-countrymen generally. A few days ago he was proving, with the aid of elaborate statistics, that it was impossible to lower the price of coal by anything like the six shillings recently imposed. Now he announced, to the mingled joy and surprise of the House, that the price of household coal was to come down promptly by a whole half-sovereign.

The process of reasoning by which the reduction was justified was not too clear. There is still a shortage of production, and inland coal is still being sold at less than its cost price—a "very dangerous position," in the Minister's opinion; but export rates are very high, so the Government have decided to share their inflated profits with the home-consumer. Even the proverbial unwisdom of looking a gift-horse in the mouth did not prevent Members from speculating on the reasons for this sudden change of policy.

Asked whether the British Ambassador at Washington had any particular mission as regards the Irish Question, Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD replied, "Only the mission which is entrusted to all representatives of HIS MAJESTY abroad of explaining when necessary the policy of HIS MAJESTY'S Government." It looks as if Lord GREY must have been kept pretty busy of late.

In view of the large number of works of art which have recently left this country for America, Sir W. DAVISON suggested the advisability of putting on an export duty. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER rather smiled upon the proposal, provided that it was confined to old masters. The limitation is certainly desirable. An over-"controlled" generation would witness the disappearance of most of its new masters without a pang.

The natural desire of the London County Council that its lines should be laid in pleasant places has been checked by the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS. "Through my heart first," was practically his reply to the proposal to run tram-cars through Hyde Park.

Tuesday, November 25th.—If anything can quell the prevailing unrest in Egypt it should be the massive oration in which Lord CURZON traced the course of events there since 1914, and laid down the policy which HIS MAJESTY'S Government intended to pursue. We might have annexed Egypt on the outbreak of the war with Turkey—it would probably have saved a lot of trouble if we had, though Lord CURZON did not say so—but we deliberately preferred to declare a protectorate, a vague term which might mean much or little in the way of control, and which the Egyptian Nationalists have perhaps naturally interpreted in a different sense from ours. But now our course is clear. We are not going to leave Egypt at the mercy of Turkey or any other foreign Power; but we are going to associate the natives "progressively" with their own administration. To ascertain, after full consultation with all persons concerned, the best way of carrying out this policy is the task assigned to Lord MILNER'S Mission, now, after many delays, on the eve of departure. If anyone can persuade the Egyptians that the best way to fulfil their aspirations is to remain under the *ægis* of the British Empire it should, as Lord SELBORNE remarked, be the man who gained his first reputation as the author of *England in Egypt*.



"ENGLAND IN EGYPT."
LORD MILNER AND LORD CURZON.

No man would dare to impugn the valour of the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS, who has shown his mettle many times both on land and sea. Yet I fancy he blenched a little at Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S proposal that he should bring up in custody the Sinn Fein M.P.'s who have hitherto refused to take their seats. For the recalcitrant Members include Countess MARKIEVICZ, and, if she resisted arrest, Sir COLIN KEPPEL would have some difficulty in reconciling duty with chivalry. I think he was quite relieved when Mr. BONAR LAW replied that he saw in the proposal no advantage either to the Nation or the Government.

Not content with the removal of restrictions on the supply of whisky some Members are now pressing for a reduction in the price. Mr. MCCURDY, however, thought it would be imprudent at present to abolish the maximum, but expressed a hope that in course of time the revival of competition between traders would result in lower prices. Mr. MCCURDY is always an optimist.

Wednesday, November 26th.—Only yesterday Sir DONALD MACLEAN was holding up his hands in horror at the suggestion that some financial difficulty could be adjusted in "another place." Yet this afternoon the Lords had the temerity to discuss at considerable length a very important financial matter—to wit, the origin of the present high prices. True, they did not arrive at an agreed conclusion. Lord D'ABERNON had no doubt that high prices were largely attributable to currency-inflation. Lord PEEL was equally confident that they were principally due to diminished production. Lord BUCKMASTER maintained that currency must be reduced, and put in an eloquent plea

for the people earning from three hundred to a thousand pounds a year, "the most self-sacrificing class in the whole community," who had suffered grievous losses in the War and gained nothing out of it.

At the instance of Lord PARMOOR the Peers decided by a narrow majority that clergymen were not fit persons to sit in the House of Commons, or, it would perhaps be more accurate to say, that the House of Commons was not a fit place for clergy to sit in. Even on the Episcopal Bench there was much diversity of opinion. Thus, while the Archbishop of CANTERBURY thought that it was a great advantage for clergymen in their social work to stand outside the ordinary rut of political partisanship, the Bishop of LLANDAFF, in a passage for which the Commons will hardly thank him, dwelt upon the desirability of raising the tone of that assembly by the admission of "men of great intellectual ability, wide outlook and high character."

While the Upper House was thus concerned with the constitution of the Lower the Commons returned the compliment by discussing the position of the Peers. Mr. J. H. THOMAS, touched to the quick by the sad case of Lord ASTOR, who has lately become a Peer against his will, and alarmed, perchance, by the possibility that in these days of rapid social evolution he himself may be exposed to the same fate, sought leave to bring in a Bill to empower HIS MAJESTY to accept the surrender of any peerage. Incidentally he seized the opportunity to dissociate himself from the apostles of "direct action," declaring that, in a constitutional country like this, Parliament should be supreme. It needed considerable self-abnegation for Major WOOD to oppose the Bill, since its passage would in the ordinary course of nature enable him some day to describe himself as "Lord Halifax, Gentleman," but he did so on the ground that the Government were pledged to the reform of the House of Lords, and it was no good trying to do the thing piecemeal.

Thursday, November 27th. — The Aliens Bill ran the gauntlet of much severe criticism in the Lords before obtaining a Second Reading. Lord NEWTON, pursuing an old vendetta, attributed the harshness of some of its provisions to the sensational Press, and asked if the Government knew there was a Peace on. The hardships that might be inflicted on innocent foreigners made Lords BUCKMASTER and PARMOOR so angry that Lord LINCOLNSHIRE, "as a lifelong Liberal," was moved to come to the rescue of the measure, with the remark that its opponents seemed to think that it was going to be administered by prize idiots.

The LORD CHANCELLOR admitted that the "stunt" Press might have had a hand in the shaping of the Bill, but pleaded in extenuation that such newspapers had a *flair* for "what the public were thinking to-day and what they were going to think to-morrow." While Germany was in default on half-a-dozen of her principal undertakings under the Peace Treaty it was risky to assume that the War was over and that precautions were no longer necessary.

Lord LAMINGTON protested against the tone of a letter written by the War Office to a distinguished public servant, and incidentally drew from Lord CURZON the confession that he was not an admirer of official phraseology, and spent a good deal of his time in correcting it. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.* How many years is it since the accidental publication of some mordant *marginalia* scribbled on a despatch by the then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs added to the gaiety of nations?

As an ex-Food-Controller Mr. CLYNES could not understand the refusal of the Treasury to sanction the purchase of two thousand tons of "best Dutch butter," for which British palates were hungering. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S reply was simple and complete. The price was too high. It would appear that "in matters of commerce" the Dutch still justify CANNING'S famous distich.



ONE FOR MR. SMILLIE.

"IN A CONSTITUTIONAL COUNTRY LIKE THIS, PARLIAMENT SHOULD BE, AND MUST BE, SUPREME." (*Cheers from both sides of the House.*)—*Mr. J. H.* THOMAS.

COGGESHALL-GOTHAM.

THE township of Coggeshall-Gotham lies in a sleepy hollow, the direct approach to which is down a steep hill that has made most of its visitors give it a wide berth. A warning that the hill is dangerous has been fixed at the bottom of the slope by the authorities, as experience has proved that accidents occur there more frequently than at the top.

Two bridges, a hundred yards apart, have been built across the river Coggle, which flows through the valley. A by-law requires everyone crossing the North Bridge to pay a toll of twopence. When sufficient money has been raised by this means to defray its cost it will be declared free, and the South Bridge, hitherto free, will levy a toll to pay for its erection. To cope with the floods of the Coggle in winter the authorities have built a dam in the higher part of the parish, diverting the rising waters into the fields, thus keeping the river at a uniform level. The old practice of damming the stream with hurdles has been given up as unsatisfactory. As the river might run dry in very hot weather the inhabitants of the township are directed to make liberal use of the water supply in winter and abstain from drinking in summer.

Coggeshall-Gotham was not slow to turn the forces of nature to its advantage. A pipe thirteen miles long has been laid from the sea at Coggeshall-super Mare to a reservoir built at Coggle Tor, eight hundred feet above sea level, where turbine machinery has been installed, to be driven by water falling from the reservoir, thus generating electric power and light. The steam pumping plant, which forced the sea-water up to the reservoir, was probably larger than any similar machinery in the world. This has now been scrapped, as the local engineers have decided to employ the current generated by the falling water to raise it from sea level to the reservoir. As a matter of precaution oil lamps are kept alight in the streets all day in case the electric light fails at night.

Nor are the authorities of this community behind-hand in dealing with social and industrial questions. In matters of sobriety, honesty and good conduct the inhabitants of Coggeshall-Gotham are united in an ideal citizenship. They nevertheless recognise a right to liberty of opinion and action in the application of the great principles which are the heritage of the people. Therefore minorities do not suffer in

this community. On the contrary they enjoy a code of laws specially enacted by and for them no less freely than do the majority who live under what is known as the Majority Law.

For instance, regulations as to the lighting of vehicles after dark are not applicable to all and sundry, for there were, and still are, divers opinions on the matter. A man of the Majority, whose representatives have passed a by-law requiring the lighting of vehicles after dusk, may be and is fined for driving without lights. On the other hand, a Minority man, who has registered his objection to this, is absolutely free to drive an unlighted vehicle. It is by such a system of judicious compromise that it is possible to meet and solve the debatable problems of prohibition, Sunday trading, privilege of the Press, etc.

As soon as any of the community strike work to indicate dissatisfaction with wages or conditions of labour, the authorities of Coggeshall-Gotham cause labour in every trade, profession, class, vocation and employment to cease, in order that no section of workers may have a grievance greater than that of another. In this way equality and sympathy of feeling are maintained.

To meet the depreciation of the sovereign a sliding scale has been adopted whereby the pound sterling is made equivalent to thirty, forty, or fifty shillings, according to the regulations in force at the time. The housing problem being as acute at Coggeshall-Gotham as anywhere, the lack of dwelling-houses was made good by the simple expedient of running up a dividing partition straight through the middle of all houses of a certain size, thus doubling the accommodation. Each part of the building became a house within the meaning of the Act, and was assessed for rates accordingly.

With a view to improve the postal service, anyone not receiving a letter or telegram addressed to him is asked to let the postmaster know at once, when measures will be taken to ascertain and remedy the cause of delay. The former postmaster held the position for a quarter of a century and was unfortunately drowned whilst fishing, his body being recovered some miles down the coast by a local constable, who recognised him by an impediment in his speech.

A trader expecting a hundred pairs of boots opened a crate only to find it packed with rights, while another crate contained nothing but lefts. He returned them to the factory with a pertinent demand for pairs.

Coggeshall-Gothamites are distinguished for their consideration for dumb animals, and sign-posts and notices direct the beasts of the community to water-troughs and bathing-places. During the recent rabies scare a mad dog bit a wheelbarrow; therefore, in addition to the prompt muzzling of all dogs, the authorities had the wheelbarrow isolated.

For the benefit of the illiterate a notice at the Public Library announces to those who cannot read that special educational classes are held for them if sufficient numbers apply (in writing) to the Education Secretary.

A prominent citizen of the town has published a dictionary, containing, he claims, every word in the English language, together with a list of words he has considered it advisable to omit. Several enterprising members of the local Council make it a practice to speak in shorthand, thereby considerably assisting the Press reporters and enabling themselves to deliver longer speeches in the allotted time. Inscriptions in honour of public men are invariably composed in Latin in order to relieve their embarrassment. Also it was felt that Latin, being a dead language, would survive when the English tongue had ceased to exist.



Exasperated Passenger (*after long delay at wayside station*). "WHY DON'T YOU KEEP BETTER TIME ON THIS WRETCHED LINE?"

Irish Guard (*confidentially*). "WELL NOW, THEN, MA'AM, I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YE. THE TRAIN BEFORE IS BEHIND, AND THIS TRAIN WAS BEHIND BEFORE BESIDES."

Notice in a Manchester boot shop:—

"In view of the existing conditions—shortage of labour and other difficulties—the Proprietors earnestly appeal to their customers to carry their purchases as far as possible."

And come back for more when they 've worn the present ones out.

THE DISABILITIES OF SEX.

"I AM going to be a Master of Foxhounds when I grow up," said my friend Isabel, as I met her by chance taking the air with her brother Lionel and their nurse. Her ambition was inspired, no doubt, by the portraits of lady M.F.H.'s which jostle musical comedy actresses in the Photographic Press.

"But don't you think lady Masters of Foxhounds will come to an end when we are settled down to Peace?" I asked.

"That won't make any difference," said Isabel, "because, if our next baby is a girl, Mummy says I may become a boy. Of course, if Lionel would change with me," she went on to explain, "I could be one at once, but Lionel wants to stay a boy, and Daddy says he must have one girl in the family."

"So you 've got to wait?" I said.

"Yes."

"But if the next baby is a girl your Daddy will be content with her, and you can become first a boy and later on a Master of Foxhounds?"

"Yes, that 's right," responded Isabel in such a sanguine tone that I had not the heart to suggest that the fact that her Daddy was a barrister with a practice worth a hundred-and-fifty pounds a year, supplemented by the slenderest of private means, might also be an obstacle to her plans. I therefore raised my hat and wished her good-bye.

Isabel raised her hat in return, for in anticipation of her prospective manhood it was her gentle custom to salute or to return the salutes of her friends by removing her hat from her head. As she wore her hair of a length which has not been fashionable amongst men since the days of the Cavaliers, and as her hat was attached to her head by an unmanly piece of elastic, the practice was viewed with extreme disfavour by her nurse, since it was impossible to perform this act of courtesy without throwing her curls into the most glorious disarray and flinging her hair-ribbon to the pavement.

A week or two later I met Isabel again. I took off my hat. On this occasion she did not acknowledge my salutation in the customary manner. She merely bowed. Looking up, I noticed a bundle of white in her nurse's arms.

"Hallo," I cried, "the next baby has arrived, and you will be able to become a Master of Foxhounds?"

"No, I shan't," retorted Isabel; "it's only a boy."

"Well, have you thought what profession you are going to take up instead?" I asked.

"No," replied Isabel glumly; "I expect, after all, I shall just have to be an ordinary mummy—like Mummy."

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

(*This appears to have been left here in error, instead of at the offices of several contemporaries.*)

Justly Indignant. Since the outbreak of the War I have been employed (with rank of Major-General) as superintendent of "All Clear" signals after air-raids. I am now officially informed that this appointment will be terminated in five years' time from next January. Should not more extended notice be given me?

A. A very hard case. You should ask for a Government inquiry.

Cuthbert. Being engaged on work of national importance (painting spots on rocking-horses) I secured continued exemption throughout the War. To what gratuity, pension, medals and decorations am I entitled?

A. We see no reason why you should not appear in the O.B.E. list (second hundred thousand).

Second Loot. I was compulsorily demobbed last week for trumping my Colonel's ace on guest-night. What should I do about it?

A. Play dominoes in future.

Dissatisfied. Misled by the new recruiting posters, I enlisted a few days ago. Finding Army life not suited to my temperament (artistic) I have given the Commanding Officer a week's notice. He has refused to accept it. Is this in order, please?

A. Quite in order. A recruit is now required to give seven years' notice.

Inquirer. The following is my record: Enlisted 1918 (after the Armistice). Went to France. Employed as cocktail-mixer at G.H.Q. Mess, Hotel Très Magnifique, Boulogne. Still serving. What gratuities shall I receive on demobilisation?

A. None. According to K.R., gratuities are forbidden in Officers' Messes.

Hopeful. I lent my second-best fountain-pen to my *fiancé*, who took it to Mesopotamia and lost it there. To whom should I claim for a new one?

A. Try War Losses Claims Department (Room 1001, Hotel Super-Ritz, W.1).

Brighteyes. I did war work in a Government Office (Blotting-paper Control Department) for nearly two days last summer. I then resigned, as the head of my room was a cat. Can I get even with her?

A. We would rather keep out of this, please. TABS.

"A PLEA FOR THE OWL."

[Mr. JOHN LEE has pointed out the usefulness of the owl in devouring creatures "whose destruction of foodstuffs in this country is not sufficiently realised." It will be recalled that when Persephone was in Hades and Pluto gave her leave to return to the upper air provided she had not eaten anything, Ascalaphus reported that she had eaten a slice of pomegranate. By way of revenge Persephone ultimately made an owl of him.]

WHEN sorrow-sick Persephone, half-wild through hope deferred,
Bestowed his somewhat curious shape upon this ancient bird,
She saddled him, I take it, with such a vile repute,
That ever since at sight of him one felt inclined to hoot.

I too possessed the feeling that he who told the tale
Which damaged this poor lady was quite beyond the pale;
I said, "Of all informers, few are so low as he,"
Until I saw the point of view advanced by Mr. LEE.

Ascalaphus, I gather, is a useful little soul;
He holds that mice are tasty, has a *penchant* for the vole;
And woe betide the raiding rat who chances to be out,
For owls are always hungry, and they leave no bones about.

I find him, then, a patriot, who does his fellows good
By swallowing four-legged profiteers who 'd fatten on our food;
And sparrows, too, those reevers of our country's fruit and corn,
They curse (in barns) the rueful day Ascalaphus was born.

Then let us be forgiving, and yield with one consent
Our welcome to this sinner who has chosen to repent,
Who crowns with honourable works a life long over-cast,
And clothes with virtue here to-day his questionable past.

"Mr. —— plays Othello in a careful and effective, perhaps too unobtrusive, a manner. Mrs. —— is a very charming and pathetic Ophelia."—*Evening Paper.*

The critic says nothing about *Rosalind.*

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF AGE.



AS EASY—



AS—



FALLING OFF—



A LOG!

THE DOOR-MAT.

OUR tenancy of No. 31, Aysgarth Mansions, St. John's Wood, would have expired in the ordinary course at Christmas. Our landlord wanted us to go. He has a waiting list of anxious would-be tenants for most of these flats, at almost any rental, while from us he could only demand a ten per cent. increase if we stayed after that time. We too were anxious to go. We don't like the landlord, his administrators and their designs, but so long as we could not find anywhere else to go we determined to lie low.

But last week Anita discovered Elm Lodge, Golder's Green, a non-basement house of the right size, not more damp than most—a house, in fact, which seemed to fill the bill of our requirements.

The agent *believed* we were first in the field, and our offer was so liberal that he thought the landlord *might* (he would not commit himself further) entertain it.

We felt so uppish with this that when our outside door-mat was removed (during our week-end absence from the 21st to the 25th of November) we didn't take it lying down. After an immediate tour of several staircases I returned to No. 31 and commenced a slight passage-of-ink with the landlord, opening with this, which I sent by hand:—

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to trouble you about what may seem a trifling matter.

Between the 21st and 25th inst. our front door-mat was removed, and, as I have since discovered, placed outside the door of No. 97, and chained down in a cruel manner.

Now you may say, "How do you know it is your mat?" I am ready to admit that in the main the members of the door-mat family bear a striking resemblance to one another, but the ravages of time have left certain marks on the whiskers and on the underside of this one that leave no doubt in my mind as to its identity.

I find on enquiry that No. 97 was vacated on Saturday the 22nd of November, and let on Monday the 24th, during which interval we were away from home. I say nothing about this coincidence, but shall be obliged if you will see that our dear mat occupies its old and honourable position outside our door on or before to-morrow morning.

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED F. SUMMERS-JOHNSON.

The landlord was evidently feeling uppish too (and what landlord doesn't just now?), for the mat was not restored to its fond owners, nor was any reply received to my letter the same or the next day. The only letter, in fact, that we received on the 26th was one from our prospective landlord's agent, informing us "*re* Elm Lodge" that he had discovered that we were only second in the field, and that if the references of our rivals were satisfactory we should not be able to secure that desirable residence.

So we decided that it might be as well to hedge a little with our present landlord. Accordingly I addressed him as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—The mat has not come back, nor have I heard from you. I trust you did not misconstrue my former letter.

Although I am positive about the mat being ours, I do not suggest that anyone in your employ would have removed it, even to make No. 97 look more attractive to a potential tenant.

But I shall be grateful if you will have it replaced outside our door. I am sure the poor thing frets under its captivity; and if you would even but have it unchained I am confident it would find its way back to

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED F. SUMMERS-JOHNSON.

On Friday the 28th I received the following from the landlord:—

Re Door-mat, 31, Aysgarth Mansions.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of two letters from you *re* above, and the levity with which you treat the matter, coupled with the fact that my three porters assure me that the mat in question has always been outside No. 97, leads me to doubt the genuineness of your complaint.

I have every confidence in my staff, and can only add that, if the mat is removed by you or at your instigation, I shall have no option but to at once place the matter in the hands of my solicitors.

I should be only too happy if you found it convenient to vacate No. 31, either on the termination of your present tenancy at the end of the Christmas quarter, or earlier.

Yours faithfully, J. SANDEMAN.

I chewed this letter till the following day, when we received a note informing us that Elm Lodge was ours, with immediate possession, the references of our rivals having evidently proved unsatisfactory. We were so up in the air again that I felt that Sandeman, with whom I was sure I should never have dealings again, ought to have a chance of sharing our high spirits. I accordingly addressed him as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Your delightful letter of the 28th inst. is to hand, and has been much enjoyed. In fact, all here at No. 31 are loud in their praises of your literary style. Personally I may say I find it difficult to decide which I appreciate the more, the split infinitive or the kind thought in the expression of which it forms so ornamental a part.

Yours faithfully,
ALFRED F. SUMMERS-JOHNSON.

P.S.—You can have No. 31 this day week; and, as we say in the Classics, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, or let him who deserves it wear the cokernut matting. We renounce all claim to it.



THE BRAVEST ACT OF 1919.

THE MAN WHO WENT TO HINDENBURG AND ASKED FOR AN AWARD FOR INVENTING THE NOTORIOUS GERMAN TANK "HAGEN."

How the American takes his "Punch."

"'A sad case is reported from Scotland. In spite of Prohibition in America a Glasgow man has booked a passage to New York. He was only 28 years of age.'—*Punch.*

There is nothing remarkable in the decision of the young Scotchman to come to dry America . . . It need surprise no one if a lot of fine young men from western Europe should come to America because of Prohibition."
American Issue.

After all, blood is thicker than humour.

"A Fleet Street tobacconist says that his Havanas. He may be right for all I know; I am in the happy position of not knowing a bad cigar from a good one."—*Evening Paper.*

The tobacconist himself seems to have thought that the less said about them the better.



Host. "HULLO! SOMEONE'S BEEN AT THE WHISKY."
Gillie. "AH'LL TAK MA OATH IT WASNA ME. THE CORRK WADNA COME OOT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY'S new novel, *The Edge of Doom* (LANE), suffers in part from the drawback of appearing a little after the fair. For this I understand that our old and well-nigh forgotten friend, the military censor, must accept some of the blame. It starts with a situation of admirable promise. *Julian Abingdon*, East African explorer, being reported missing under circumstances of possible discredit, *Cyllene Moriston*, his betrothed, first persuades another admirer of hers, one *Chaytor*, to organise a search-party, and then decides to join it herself. This, of course, is what I have been told vulgar persons call asking for trouble. Nor is the request long unanswered. *Chaytor* finds *Abingdon*, not only alive, but happy as a king (dusky variety) and very similarly circumstanced. Being naturally unable to fire this horrid truth at *Cyllene* (by this time in the throes of fever) he has first of all to compose a pathetic lie about a lonesome grave, and subsequently, for facility of transport, to marry her himself, all of which I found good entertainment, full of the precise kind of direct action that I like in novels. What followed, though direct enough and written with a fine vigour and a candour that is at times almost startling (see above), is not what I had been expecting. It develops, in short, into a remarkably outspoken war-novel, of which—however I might regret the story it had seemed about to be—I have to admit the power. Full of fury and indiscretion (the final attack is at times almost unreadably vivid) Mr. BATTERSBY'S active-service revelations held even a reviewer whose weariness of war-fiction is become such that he can never see a trench without wanting to skip it. More I cannot say.

Generals may write and counterwrite in column after column, but it has been left to Mr. V. J. SELIGMAN to expound the most shocking intrigue of Armageddon. Whether he has been wise to reveal that secret of the "hidden hand" which has so troubled our various Expeditionary Forces I cannot say. But in *The Salonica Side-Show* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), speaking as an officer in the A.S.C., he attempts to exonerate himself in the matter of the potatoes when there is only one sack, and of the strawberry jam when there isn't any at all. You can't divide a single sack or a couple of tins amongst a score of units, he tells us, and you can't give them all to one, because that would make the others jealous; so what wonder if the poor puzzled A.S.C. keep these dainties to themselves? And after that lame excuse is all forgiven and forgotten, Old Bill? Not half, I do not think. But lest it should be thought that Mr. SELIGMAN has not told us also of campaigns and strategy and international policy and other such minor details, let me hasten to add that in *The Salonica Side-Show* he has written a most instructive and withal an exceedingly amusing book of life behind the lines and, when the chance came, of fighting too. Only about his ancient history I do not feel so sure, for he tells me at the end of the book that CÆSAR GERMANICUS, a statue of whom he discovered at Amphipolis, was a Roman emperor. But that, of course, was long before the days of plum-and-apple conserve.

Miss ROMER WILSON is apt to hide her most beautiful pearls under heaps of shell of this kind: "It was cold in bed to-night, therefore he sat up and dragged his old fur coat off the chair beside him and struggled to spread it over the bed without getting out," etc., etc. You will meet with a good deal of this insignificant realism in *If All These Young Men* (METHUEN), but you will be well advised to accept it with patience, for you will be rewarded with thoughts and passages of really startling beauty. The story here is of the slightest. *Josephine* loves *Sebastian*, who feels himself bound to the indifferent virginal *Everett*. There are other incidental variations on the tangled attractions and reactions of the amorous young. Miss WILSON, in the over-elaborate detail of her material setting, is apt to be tedious, but I hasten to add that her perception of the heroic illusions, the egotisms, the hesitations and the nobler realities of rather too clever youth in love is positively astounding, though her heroes and heroines are alike a little pallid. To students of the intriguing phenomena of modernist youth I commend it without reserve.

Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, whose work I have admired more than once before, has now succeeded in the difficult task of finding a new plot for a novel. The subject of *Tamarisk Town* (CASSELL) is the love of a man for a place, one that he had created himself out of his own ambitions and ideals. This was the relation of *Moneypenny*, the young-old councillor, to Marlingate, the Sussex fishing port—set between downs and sea—which he changed into a shining pleasaunce. The tale of how, into his new town of gardens and parades, he built his dreams and the youth he was content to forgo, I found one of unusual charm. After a while love comes to join battle for *Moneypenny's* heart in the person of a little brown-eyed governess, *Morgan*, heiress of enchantment, symbol of all the wild freedoms of his nature that *Moneypenny* had tamed, as he had tamed the sea and the tamarisks into the ordered elegance of the new Marlingate. The story moves with a queerly picturesque effect in its mid-Victorian setting. Deliberately unrealistic it fascinates almost as would a ballet or a poem. Once indeed the author does actually drop, not too successfully, into verses that may, I fancy, have formed the embryo of the book. In the end, after a brief interlude of passion, ambition for his town conquers human love in *Moneypenny*, and the death of *Morgan*, defeated, finishes the first half of the story. Frankly, I should have been better pleased had there been no second, for thence onwards the tale seems, in my seeing, to go to pieces. From a fantasy it becomes a grotesque. Only the fine sincerity of Miss KAYE-SMITH'S treatment rescues *Moneypenny's* crazed revenge upon the town from becoming a horrid absurdity. But, taken all in all, she has written a novel that will both hold and haunt you—one certainly that will add greatly to her reputation as an artist.



THE GREAT INVENTORS.

JULIUS CÆSAR, DURING THE WARS IN GAUL, IMPROVISES A HELIOGRAPH.

Mrs. HORACE TREMLETT'S *Platonic Peter* (HUTCHINSON) is just what its title suggests and also just clever enough to annoy you because it isn't a shade cleverer still. It is quite an amusing story of the Mayoress of a country town and her platonic friendship and flirtation with an officer on the staff of the General whose headquarters are in the neighbourhood. *Judy*, the Mayoress, is a charming person, though almost preternaturally wily, and Mrs. TREMLETT, who has displayed her puppet's mental activities with considerable skill, succeeded in leaving me quite uncertain as to whether she would or would not ultimately abandon the solid comforts of her life as Mayoress for the *beaux yeux* of the very unplatonic *Peter*. Perhaps to serve as contrast to this inherently vulgar story, Mrs. TREMLETT has interwoven with it the history of a fine woman's faithful love for a man crippled in the War. It is a beautiful tale and well told, till the effect is spoiled in the last paragraph by a sentence that must have strayed in from the other part of the book. But of course it is only those readers to whom that part has not made the stronger appeal who will object to this trespass.

In "A Letter to a Boy," which is the introduction to *The Book of the Long Trail* (LONGMANS), Sir HENRY NEWBOLT writes: "The first thing you will notice about it is that it is not, as the other five have been, about war. That may disappoint you, or it may not; it would have disappointed me when I was your age." Without the smallest claim to be considered a boy in years, I still ask leave to express a little disappointment; and this solely because the book which Sir HENRY has hitherto given us at Christmas has been one which veterans and boys have been equally greedy to read. Now he turns his attention to explorers—splendid men all of them, men of whom boys will read with fine delight. Who, for instance, can think of Captain SCOTT without feelings of affection and sincere pride? Sir HENRY relates the exploits of these heroes in a quiet style which gets straight home. But those of us who take interest in exploration are already familiar with these great adventures. Hence the veteran growl which accompanies my heartiest compliments.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"In less than two hours, through the smiling down country, we were in Portsmouth. Lunch at the jolly old George, where Nelson stayed the night before Trafalgar."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Damage was done by fire to woodwork and books in the library of Wellington College. Waterloo relics in the room, including a handkerchief dropped by a lady at the Waterloo Victory Ball, were undamaged."—*Daily Mail.*

CHARIVARIA.

SOME surprise was felt at the result of the CARPENTIER-BECKETT contest. From the many articles written by the rivals it was quite expected that both would win.

* * *

It is said in some quarters that Mexico is about to inform America that the present peace is a peace to end peace.

* * *

"How can we get rid of the railway jam?" asks a contemporary. Before giving our considered opinion we should like to know if they have tried having it controlled by the Ministry of Food.

* * *

Forged Treasury Notes have again made their appearance. There is a general feeling that if the public are to be able to distinguish readily between the imitation and the genuine notes a serious attempt should be made to increase the value of the latter.

* * *

There is a danger of war with Germany if we are not careful, says a Parisian writer. Our own Government are rather busy just now, but have made a note of it.

* * *

A traction engine sent from Reading to a Stafford farmer has been lost. It is said that the police already have a clue, for a gentleman reports having tripped over something in the road at night-time.

* * *

"Astronomers fully expect to find a new planet about the fifteenth of this month," says a *Morning Post* writer. A correspondent writes to express his regret at the date fixed, as he has another engagement that night.

* * *

In the Court the other day the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE asked, "What is a sausage?" First aid had to be rendered to the amused.

* * *

Two men were seen at Paddington the other day wearing straw-hats, says a Press reporter. It is evident they do not read their newspapers or they would know that it is now winter time.

* * *

In the course of his election address a West Linlithgowshire doctor says: "Beware of shivering shirkers, greedy Jews, hangers-on, helpless gaffers, tied flunkeys, spurious labourists, revolutionary loafers, plundering anarchists and dirty twisters." You get the idea? The doctor is hinting that some people are not what they ought to be.

* * *

Lecturing in New York, a Professor predicted the end of the world for December 17th. We hope that by that date the PREMIER will have put the finishing touches to his new world.

* * *

"Whatever else happens," says a contemporary, "the Britisher will scrape through." It is his only chance with the butter ration reduced to one ounce a week.

* * *

"Never hurry to the station," says a medical writer, "even if it means catching the next train." An Irishman writes to say that he always catches the next train without an effort.

* * *

We deeply sympathise with the Stratford man who asked the magistrates for a separation order because his wife chased him with a hatchet every day. It is too often.

* * *

It seems that a certain telephone operator recently found herself in an awkward predicament. A subscriber rang up and all the wrong numbers were engaged.

* * *

People who contemplate sending Christmas greetings to their friends by telephone are advised to start early.

* * *

At the Londonderry Police Court last week, PATRICK DONOVAN, a cattle-drover, was fined eighteen-and-ninepence for cursing the police, a local magistrate, the Army and the HOME SECRETARY. It is said that he offered to throw in Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and make the fine up to the level pound.

* * *

Two thousand melodeons have arrived at Leith from Germany. And that is the country which professed a desire for peace.

* * *

"In making a soft pillow for the use of an invalid," states a writer in a weekly journal, "only the first crop of feathers from young chickens should be used." These, of course, can easily be obtained by breaking open any ordinary breakfast egg.

* * *

We hear that the London firm which recently purchased a record consignment of bananas has received a very tempting offer from a firm of undertakers for the empty skins.

* * *

Our heart goes out to the Hampstead gentleman who, on returning to his wooden house the other evening, found that it had been destroyed by a wood-pecker during his absence in the City.

* * *

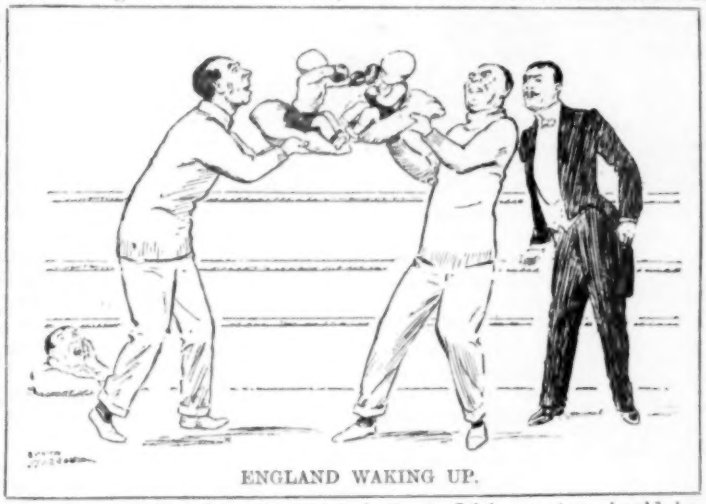
The United States Government is sending an expedition to collect the prehistoric monster recently discovered in the Belgian Congo. With the valuable experience thus gained at its command it is thought that the authorities at Washington should have no difficulty in collecting President CARRANZA.

* * *

The tradesmen of Brentwood (Essex) have decided to hold a shopping carnival. Householders elsewhere whose own tradesmen have steadily refused to take their money can go to Brentwood and have a really good fling.

* * *

The Metropolitan is having its carriages fitted with a device which indicates the name of the next station. If it is not the station you require you notify the conductor and the train will try again.



ENGLAND WAKING UP.

"Before the City Profiteering Committee Mr. ——complained that Messrs. —— and Co. had charged two guineas for a lady's hat. A chartered accountant stated that allowing for advertising and over-head charges the cost of this particular style of hat worked out at an average of £2 4s. 7½d."—*Evening Paper.*

We quite appreciate the argument that overhead charges have to be taken into consideration in the case of a hat.

TO DORA, WHO DECLINES TO DIE.

[At the Standing Committee on the War Emergency Laws Continuation Bill various powers conferred on Dora were retained, including the power "to prohibit whistling and other noises."]

THERE was in my career a phase
When I required a stalwart mate
To hold my hand, to guide my ways,
To keep my erring fancy straight;
But, now the need is over-blown,
Once more I want to have my head,
And still "She goeth not," I mean;
"I would that she were dead."

It sounds uncivil, I admit,
To scrap you when the danger 's gone;
Yet only for a passing fit
As tempy bride I took you on;
My loyal patience you abuse;
I yearn for half-forgotten joys;
I want to whistle when I choose,
I want to make a noise.

Well you performed your wifely part,
Making me do the things I loathed;
But now Another has my heart—
To Liberty I am betrothed;
She may not boast a strength like yours
To put and keep me in my place,
But she has other gentler lures,
And I prefer her face.

With her I now propose to wive,
And, if you haven't played the game—
If, Dora, you are still alive,
Then I shall do it just the same;
Once of my life you held the keys;
Our lips in tragic hours have kissed;
For old times' sake don't force me, please,
To be a bigamist.

O Dora, it would never do
To make yourself—and me—absurd;
Let me not have to bracket you
With CALVERLEY'S immortal bird;
He knew full well, that parroquet
With the green tuft and small black eye,
He 'd make a lovely corpse, and yet
The fowl refused to die.

Large sacrifices I have made
To execute your least decree,
Now on your honour it is laid
To do a little thing for me:
Do it, and as you pass in air
(The while I toll the "All-clear" bell)
In that new world—I won't say where—
I 'll wish you joy. Farewell!

O. S.

The New Arithmetic.

"The economical car of the future must be air-cooled. It costs money in a car to carry round even a pound of unnecessary weight. One pound of water weighs about 20 ozs."
Sunday Paper.

More even than a pound of lead.

A LETTER TO THE BACK-BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER,—Don't be silly. Fancy writing to demand your money back because you 've just fallen off a mule I sold you five years ago. On my soul, Ginger, I blush for you.

I know I guaranteed her quiet; but what of it? You don't judge people by their exalted moments, do you? If on your next visit home you dived out of an Alhambra box into the big drum with two chuckers-out in your embrace and consequently spent a night in the Vine Street *caravanserai*, you wouldn't brand yourself as an habitual criminal, would you? Of course not. Boys will be bhoys (God bless 'em!)—especially those of your Titian tint—and mules will play the ass occasionally; it is their nature to. What if she did buck you into a syringa-tree and then roll on you? That 's nothing. Some donkeys would have made it prickly-pear and lunched on you afterwards.

And anyway I expect you annoyed her. If you treat that mule reasonably, don't interrupt her meals or drag her out at unseemly hours or in inclement weather, touch her with whip or spur, jerk her mouth, hustle or shout at her, and above all don't try to force her where she doesn't want to go, you will find her the most obliging little creature in Africa. If you are not man enough to cope with her, address her to HERTZOG (or anyone else you dislike), stick a stamp on her and drop her in the pillar-box. I wish to hear no more of the matter. As for giving you your money back, it can't be done. I spent it on nougat ages ago.

By the way, have you ever tried that pillar-box wheeze? I unburden myself of quite a lot of odds and ends that way. Simply wrap 'em up in bits of paper and post 'em. Who to? Oh, anybody. I got a dead mouse in a trap last week, couldn't think of any use I could put it to, didn't want it lying about the house getting us a bad name, so I dipped it in peroxide to make it more intriguing and posted it to a millionaire for his Unnatural History Museum.

You know Miss Birdie de Maie (*née* Emily Potts), of the Frivolity Theatre, don't you? My dear chap, you can't peruse a single dentifrice advertisement without seeing her rows of ivory leaping at you like those stuffed trophies of the chase in the taxidermist's in Piccadilly. She has the finest teeth in England, as I happen to know, for I have the acquaintance of the fellow that made 'em. Well, Birdie gets all my old tooth-brushes. If you can't think of anybody to enrich off-hand turn to the front page of the leading British anti-George organ. What have we to dispense with? A crumbling sponge and two old safety-razor blades? Right-o! Now cast an eye down the Agony Column. What do we find? Algernon X. appealing to Eleanora Z. "Come back, come back," he sobs; "my heart cries out for you." Splendid! Post him the sponge and the blades as a friendly hint either to dry up or cut his throat.

Again, what have we on hand? An ancient dancing pump? Once more the front page. Under "Births" we note with pleasure that the Cadwallers of "Villa Bordighera," Balham, have been presented "with the gift of a son, Hubert Stanislaus." Beautiful! Scribbling on a slip of paper—"To ickle Hube the gift of a pump whereon to strop his first tooth, from the Manager of Ciro's," you send the footgear along to the suburban Riviera.

Glorious scheme, isn't it? Turns the G.P.O. into a sort of a fairy godmother, injecting mingled joy and surprise into scores of deserving British homes.

Yes, old Sir Pompey was married a week or so ago (a trifle late in the day, I should say—wanted somebody to "close his eyelids for him," as the saying is) and the happy couple should now be on their way out to your red-hot clime. I got a cream-and-gold invitation to the feast, but took it in the spirit in which it was sent and kept away, despatching a silver-mounted whisky decanter to represent me—that is to say, I—— Well, look here, if you should drop in at Government House for tea and tattle when he gets back I shouldn't mention my name if I were you. You see, it was like this. I have become a proud god-father lately (Charles 's—a filly), and, thinking it was up to me to do the thing properly, I went to the Stores and ordered a bassinette to be sent to the god-daughter. I was worried and mentally dishevelled at the time (country stiff with frost, horses puffing up and eating their heads off with hay at a thousand pounds a ton) and seemed to have mixed my orders somewhat. Anyhow, a couple of days later I got a note from Charles saying his daughter (aged one month) was simply delighted with her whisky decanter.

Well —— But you 're so bright, you 've guessed it.

Ever thine, PATLANDER.

"CRICKET.

An Addington team got together by Lord Lurgan and a House of Commons side raised by Lieutenant-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.P., will meet on the Addington course this week-end. Play will be by foursomes over four rounds."—*Scotch Paper.*

We feel sure our contemporary meant no harm, but this is not cricket.



THE GAP IN THE BRIDGE.



Mother. "WHERE IS THE PAIN, DARLING?" *Mabel (with dignity).* "IN THE PROPER PLACE, OF COURSE."

THE NEW CALIGRAPHY.

FROM a pilot in the R.A.F., riding the wind and bombarding the uncharitable Hun with cunningly contrived bombs, to a peaceful organiser of benefactions raising the wind by bombarding the charitable with, I trust, no less cunningly contrived appeals is as one might say, a distinct come-down.

I only mention this biographical detail because, had it not been for a dormant craving for something more exciting than the daily task, I might have failed to follow up the trifling incident through which I am now enabled to announce a discovery which marks an epoch in the artistic and literary history of the world.

It was while endeavouring to introduce an element of sport into the perusal of the morning's mail, by trying to guess the amount of the enclosure from the handwriting on the envelope, that I found, among the replies to a rather moving appeal for the provision of night-classes for those who have received a Public School education, a communication couched in characters that conveyed no meaning whatsoever to the combined intellects of myself, my typist and the office-boy.

The letter, if such it may be called, was headed by an address in Chelsea, and occupied about twelve lines. It began with a few graceful but meaningless flourishes, followed by what looked like a mass of cobwebs; then came a collection of strange objects, one of which might have been a broken mahl-stick, some drooping curves and pot-hooks, a few meagre and attenuated strokes and globules, and finally, where one would expect to find the signature, a peculiar design distantly resembling a conventional rose.

I determined to visit this eccentric scribe and learn from his lips the message that his pen had so signally failed to convey.

In due course I found myself in the presence of my correspondent, whose appearance and the studio he occupied were indicative of the highest and most recent developments of Twentieth-Century Art.

"I was strangely moved by your appeal," he exclaimed, on learning the purpose of my visit, "and, although not at the moment in a position to subscribe, I thought I would express to you my contempt for the hopelessly antiquated curriculum and barbarous neglect of Art existing to-day in our schools.

"I see," he continued, "that you are still bound to the old laborious letter-by-letter method of reading. Listen, and I will expound to you the New Caligraphy, whereby the pen, no longer hampered by the intolerable limitations of a formal alphabet, regains its long-lost liberty of expression.

"My temperament has always chafed under the task of laboriously arranging our unsightly signs into the few conventional phrases necessary for modern social requirements, although I had long since resolved such phrases into single *coups-de-plume*, decipherable to anyone gifted with a little patience, imagination and sense of contour.

"At length I conceived the idea of abandoning all pretence of legibility, in your meaning of the term, in favour of a direct linear and pictorial appeal to the emotions."

"In short," I ventured, "you became a caligraphical post-Impressionist or literary Vorticist."

"Precisely," he agreed. "Now here [taking some sheets from a drawer] are some specimen letters designed to meet the more frequent occasions for correspondence. Accepting an invitation. Observe the frolicsome joy expressed by those flourishes in the opening lines, the yielding curves of the middle part, followed by the gratitude mutely yet

eloquently conveyed by those uplifted pot-hooks. Could anyone interpret that as a refusal?

"Now mark the subtle atmosphere of negation in this refusal, the drooping melancholy of the commencement, gradually stiffening into the unmistakable non-possumus of these spiky uncompromising uprights. Here," continued the pedantic voice, in the manner of a demonstrator in anatomy, "we have an invitation, on my part, to dinner. Could you misinterpret the seductive entreaty of these gracious lines—hope, desire, expectation in every curve, the very pot-hooks subtly camouflaged as notes of interrogation? And see the suggestion of grapes and a cornucopia obviously raising hopes of champagne and repletion.

"Look," cried the Vorticist, his face alight with enthusiasm and pride, "at this masterpiece of Neo-caligraphy—a snub to an undesired acquaintance. Could anything be more frigidly aloof than these thin, hard, pointed symbols, never relaxing into a friendly curve or the careless abandon of a flourish, every stroke *retroussé*—disdain in diagram? The foreground suggests a row of impassable glaciers. I really pity the wretch who receives it.

"Now before you go," he concluded, handing me the last of his specimens, "let me have the satisfaction of hearing your interpretation of this characteristic example of my art."

That which met my startled gaze resembled nothing so much as a battlefield a few minutes after zero. Serried clusters of spikes like bayonets led the eye to a series of appalling explosions, ranging from whizzbangs to Big Berthas. The climax must have absorbed fully half a bottle of ink. A platoon of enraged porcupines, goaded to madness by a halo of forked lightning, seemed to have encountered a belt of uncut *chevaux-de-frise*. One last terrific ink-burst ended this amazing piece of penmanship, save for the usual rose.

"I should certainly regard such a thing as a declaration of war," was my verdict, "and I should be strongly disposed to reply by direct action."

"Direct action," he repeated; "I don't quite follow."

"I mean," said I, "that I should dispense with the antiquated paper and post-box business, put my ink into a syringe and substitute the writer for note-paper."

"Your suggestion is not without merit," said the Vorticist, "as a last resort when dealing with a being of inferior culture, such as my landlord; but this letter is, as a matter of fact, a facsimile of my reply to a fellow-painter who with misplaced buffoonery professed to have mistaken some rather choice landscapes I sent him for some samples of linoleum he was expecting for his studio floor.

"Do not assume, however, that I employ my art only on those of my own profession. I had recently occasion to address a rather powerful design to the landlord I mentioned, and the fellow has not ventured to write to me since."

As I was leaving the studio I was stopped by a stout red-faced person who asked me whether Mr. Rose was at home. He looked a coarse-fibred materialistic sort of man, and was grasping a crumpled letter.



Fare. "HERE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
Driver. "NATIONAL SPORTIN' CLUB, SIR."
Fare. "BUT I SAID THE NATIONAL LIBERAL."
Driver. "YUS, I KNOW. BUT I THOUGHT YOU WAS JOKIN'."



Small Boy (fascinated by milking process). "NOW PUT IT ALL BACK AND DO IT AGAIN."

MILLY AND THE GAS-MASK.

Now that the Censor is no longer seen in the land the little story of Milly and the Gas-mask may be told.

Milly lived in the town of Houtby-under-Boodle, which is in the Black Country. Do not misunderstand me, Milly was not black; only the country was black. Milly was fair, with large round blue eyes which looked shyly, or rather shyly, out upon a terrifying and yet enticing world.

Prior to the outbreak of war Milly assisted in the manufacture of stone ginger-beer bottles. There is not unlimited scope for originality in this craft, however, and Milly left it without a pang for the greater excitement of making munitions of war. For some months she filled shells. But even here individuality is hardly encouraged; each shell must have the same filling as its neighbour, and Milly was glad enough to transfer her activities to the novel industry of finishing gas-masks.

Here indeed was work after her heart. If the gas-masks did not (or should not) vary very much from one another, the wearers would. To every mask a soldier! The thought stirred her heart. More, it stirred her pen. Yes, she wrote a little note. It ran—

"DEAR SOLDIER,—I hope this mask will save your life.

With love from MILLY.

7, Brick Lane, Houtby-under-Boodle."

She slipped it into a gas-mask when the forewoman was not looking, and spent the rest of the day with a face so hotly suffused that a fellow-worker asked if she had a fever.

The scene here changes. We find ourselves in Flanders, somewhere behind the line, where a new draft is being initiated into the ritual of gas-mask drill. They have at length succeeded in adjusting their masks satisfactorily when signs of distress are observable in Private Punnett, who, after violent contortions, drags off his mask and exhibits a purple face and starting eyes.

"Who told you to take it off?" roars the Sergeant.

"I couldn't breeve," replies the indignant Punnett. "Pretty well done in, I was."

"Here, let 's see," says the Sergeant. Then, "Yes, there 's something in the pipe. What the . . .? 'DEAR SOLDIER, —I hope this mask will save your life. With love from . . .' No laughing in the ranks! Prepare to take off . . . *Masks!*"

". . . 'will save yer life,'" grumbled Private Punnett that evening for the twentieth time. "And jolly nigh lost it for me. 'Love from Milly,' indeed! My loving Sarah and five kids is enough for me. An' you needn't mention this at home, Sam. The old girl mightn't understand."

Alas! that our romance should end thus. And what of Milly, you will ask, shyly waiting and hoping in Houtby-under-Boodle? Ah, well, we need not, after all, waste too much pity there. For soon after the Armistice a fine stalwart Houtby-under-Boodler, late of the 14th Loyal Blackshire Regiment, came and carried off Milly. She likes to think that the gas-mask which saved him was actually the one into which she slipped her little note, for a little note, as she truly says, may so easily be displaced.

"Lord Astor occupied a seat in the Press Gallery. Lord Astor occupied a seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery . . . Viscount Astor was not in the Peers' Gallery."
Provincial Paper.

For two very good reasons.

FIRST-AID FOR PARENTS.

(*Modelled on a recent advertisement.*)

PARENTS!

Do you wish to win your children's respect? Do you aspire to wear the halo of omniscience? Can you answer the every-day questions that puzzle their untutored minds?

WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN THEY ASK YOU

Why is water wet?
What makes Father growl at breakfast?
Do fishes ever catch cold?
Why can't I have a motor-scooter?
What do angels have for dinner?
Ought we to love black-beetles?
Why do bubbles burst?
Why doesn't Uncle Montague burst?

Can you at once give the correct answer to these vital questions? Or have you any handy book of reference to which you can immediately fly?

You will find them all answered in
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Do not fall into the foolish error of supposing that children ask questions primarily from a desire to annoy. They ask because they thirst for exact knowledge. Deny them the necessary refreshment and you nip in the bud the scientific spirit of inquiry that distinguishes Man from the lower animals. Whatever impression you may convey to the rest of the world, in your children's eyes you are (or should be) godlike and infallible. Are you prepared to forfeit their simple trust and love? Are you willing to knock yourself off your own pedestal?

Some parents, unfortunately, cannot answer all their children's questions off-hand. It is for them that THE PARENT'S FIRST-AID LIBRARY has been compiled and published in twelve sumptuous volumes.

Suppose, for instance, you are suddenly asked at tea by your youngest-born, "*Why can't we see in the dark?*" do not reply, "Eat your bun, child," but clap your hand to your head and exclaim, "Tut, tut, I've left my pocket-handkerchief (or my digestive-tablets) upstairs." You then rush into the study, feverishly revolve the handsome fumed-oak bookcase in which THE PARENT'S FIRST-AID LIBRARY is housed, and stop it at Vol. VIII. (OKI-POKI). Turn up the fascinating article on "Optics," and there you will find all (and more than) you want to know. On your return to the tea-table you ostentatiously flourish the alleged missing article and casually remark, "Now, let me see, Clarence, you were inquiring why we cannot see in the dark. The reason is, my boy, that the interposition of an opaque object between the source of light and the retina of the eye militates in a greater or less measure, according to the degree of obfuscation, against the formation of clear images which, by a process of reflection, produce the static condition we are accustomed to call sight. And now it's time you went to bed." An answer like that will encourage Clarence to come to you again for information.

No question has yet been asked or conceived out of the bland innocence of the youthful mind that is not answered in these priceless pages. The simple yet arresting language in which the articles are written brings them within the range of the fattest parental head.

"FATHER OF TEN" writes:—"Since purchasing THE PARENT'S FIRST-AID LIBRARY I have put on flesh."

THE REV. SEPTIMUS DODDER writes:—"My children now regard me with something akin to awe."

"HARASSED MINER'S WIFE" writes:—"Willie knows better now I've learned him."

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The Parents' Educational Publishing Co., Ltd., 37, Paterfamilias Row, E.C.



Workman. "EXCUSE ME, BUT I HEARD YOU SAY JUST NOW YOU WERE IN THE SECOND DIVISION. I WAS WITH THE SECOND DIVISION. WHEN DID YOU JOIN THEM?"
Seedy Individual. "I AIN'T TALKING ABAHT THE ARMY. I'M TALKING ABAHT QUOD."

Fashions for Men.

"I met Mrs. Ian Bullough (Miss Lily Elsie) and her husband leaving the Orleans Club, the latter looking lovely in a lemon-yellow and grey swathed toque and a beautiful moleskin cloak."—*The Lady.*

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

I NEVER seem to get the right sort of Christmas present for my menfolk. They don't complain, of course, but they regard my offerings with a sort of forced gaiety of manner, an ebullition of gratitude which does not ring true.

Why do I always choose the wrong thing? Because at Christmas time the hand of man is against me. Let me give you an example of my unhappy experiences at this season.

I go into an establishment dedicated to men's wear—not without trepidation, for we are just as shy, O men, of entering one of your shops as you are of appearing in ours.

"I want to buy a present for a man," I confide to the rather nice-looking youth behind the counter.

"Certainly, Madam. This is the department for woven underwear. What can I show you?" he asks, fingering a bifurcated garment.

I blush—isn't it silly of me?—and dive to another counter. I am received by a grave pompous man.

"I want a present for my husband—will you please suggest something?" I say pleadingly.

Now if that assistant had not a heart of stone, if he had any trace of humanity, or even the faintest spark of pity for me in my dilemma, he would at once tell me the sort of thing men require; but no, he is hard, inexorable, adamant.

"Here is the very thing," he says with a Machiavellian smile, "our handsomely fitted all-leather stud case, 37*s.* 6*d.*, containing a stud for every day in the year and obviating the daily annoyance of lost studs. I should strongly advise this."

He advises it, you see; yet that assistant, away from his counter, may be a humane man; he may be full of the milk of human kindness, an amiable father, a conscientious husband. "No gentleman can do without it," he adds emphatically.

"It seems too much like encouraging a bad habit," I protest. "Can you suggest something more useful?"

"Certainly, Madam. A box of ties of various shades and suitable for every occasion. The gentleman has quiet tastes, I presume?"

I wonder if he presumes that by looking at me. "Not too quiet," I correct.

"Then these are the very newest designs, Madam."

I start back in dismay. "But he's not so noisy as that. Haven't you something less—resonant?"

"But I can assure you that these Futurist ties are the very latest note in men's wear. Everyone is getting them; they've been so much in demand that this is the last box I have left . . ."

This and many other things he says, which lead me to believe that he is a supreme judge of the tastes of his own sex. And later I must witness Henry's silent agony, confronted by Futurist ties and unable to cry out, but striving to find the proper words in thanks.

Of course it isn't only the male shop assistant who so vilely fails in his common obligations. I remember standing at a counter in one of our big stores when a youth came in and addressed the nearest female assistant with a pitiful air of bravado. "I say, you know, I want a present for a young lady," he said. "You 'll be able to tell me the sort of thing girls like, won't you?"

There are thousands of things in shops, young men, that girls like. To name the most ordinary and obvious items we like boxes of gloves, vanity bags, fans, those big bottles of Eau de Cologne, silk stockings—why, we simply can't have enough silk stockings. If you gave them to us on every kind of anniversary throughout the year we should not have had our fill of them or ever complain of monotony. The girl behind the counter was, of course, perfectly aware of this, yet she remarked with disarming affability, "I should certainly advise you to give her a silk Maltese lace handkerchief. These at two guineas each are extremely handsome."

Now I have nothing to say against silk Maltese lace handkerchiefs. It is true that they offer no scope for wiping the nose on them; they cannot be tucked in the corsage as an embellishment (except by the heroine of a story written by a man) because that idea has long gone out of fashion; you cannot convert them into d'oyleys or lampshades. Of course, if you had everything in the world you could possibly desire and the Slave of the Lamp was hanging about waiting for something to do, you might command him, "Bring hither silk Maltese lace handkerchiefs," but as a present for the average girl—well, it 's the sort of thing that would embitter her at once.

The young man wavered. "It isn't much to look at for two guineas, but if you 're sure she 'd like it more than anything else. Of course you ought to know."

Even at the eleventh hour the assistant did not relent; pitiless, remorseless, in her heart "no chinks where love may enter in," she coerced that young man into flinging away two guineas. I pictured the poor girl who was to receive the gift sobbing her heart out on Christmas day and stamping on the Maltese lace handkerchief in her fury. It might even have led to a broken engagement. Such things do happen. I recall that the coolness and ultimate estrangement that sprang up between my brother and a girl who would have made him an excellent wife began from the day she sent him an embroidered tie-holder. It was such a nice one too, and when the ribbons were fastened at both ends kept the ties beautifully flat. I 'm sure I don't know why he got so enraged about it.

So I think it will be better to give Henry a cheque this year. Let me see—really nice silk stockings cost a guinea a pair. Suppose I give him a cheque for three guineas and leave the idea to sink into his brain . . .

He knows I always like three pairs at a time.

COLD COMFORT.

(An eminent Frenchman is of opinion that microbes can live for some thousands of years.)

Joys fail and life loses its savour,
Food thrills me no more as of old,
Tobacco is reft of its flavour,
And, nursing my annual cold,
For solace I seek the professor's
Deductions, which tend to confirm
The hope that perhaps my oppressor's
No *parvenu* germ.

Long centuries since, as a baby
Perhaps it contrived to annoy
A Pharaoh in Thebes, or it may be
Smote kings as they revelled in Troy,
Ere journeying onward to spend a
Brief season (or longer than that)
At Rome in the days when *delenda*
Carthago erat.

It has vexed other bards (or I pray so),
Has caused even HOMER to nod,
Made OVID too consciously *Naso*
And HORACE or VIRGIL feel odd;
To me it seems perfectly splendid
To dine upon slops and reflect
That haply my sneeze is descended
From SHAKSPEARE direct.

But is it? I doubt if this sprightly
Bacillus is agéd at all,
For it clings to the poet as tightly
As flappers adhere to Whitehall,
Till I 'm tempted to fear that my grim pot
Is new to terrestrial scenes,
A micro-organical limpet
Not out of its teens.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Mayor-Elect presided, and to him fell the duty of proposing the death of the Mayor, which he did in felicitous terms."
Local Paper.

"PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 18.—The Prince of Wales spent twelve months in Philadelphia to-day."—*American Paper.*

How time flies when you 're happy.



Persevering Conductor (rehearsing village orchestra). "STOP—STOP, MR. MACDOUGAL! YOU PLAYED A WRONG NOTE. YOU GAVE ME E-FLAT, INSTEAD OF E-NATURAL."

MacDougal. "MAN, I DIDNA THENK I WAS SAE NEAR IT AS THAT!"

BRIDGE NOTES.

THE Caution Bridge Club has been formed at Little Poppleton to help those who have reached a certain proficiency in Bridge and are interested in the problems that so often present themselves. Beginners are especially encouraged to send in their difficulties or anything likely to be of general interest.

The following are some of the points that have already been raised and the decisions arrived at by the Committee:

(1) M. (or N.) was asked to teach three beginners. He explained the rudiments of the game during dinner, and afterwards they found an old pack and began to play. The dealer, seeing a number of picture-cards in his hand, went, as he had been advised, one No-trump. The next two passed. M. (or N.), who had dined very well, thought he had a hand in which every card was a picture, but wasn't sure, so passed. The declarer led off with Mrs. Bun, the baker's wife; the second hand, waiving his right to the lead, took it with Mr. Bun, the baker; the declarer's partner discarded Master Chips, the carpenter's son; M. (or N.) had no Buns. What (under the circumstances) should he do?

Decision.—Whatever the cards in M.'s (or N.'s) hand he should now (and for ever) discard Mr. Bung the brewer.

(2) Score, game all. Time, 3 A.M. A. deals and goes one Heart; Y. goes two Diamonds; B., who stutters and plays indifferently, after a few minutes is found to have gone two Hearts; and then Z. is found to have gone to bed.

Is this better than two Hearts?

Decision.—Infinitely.

(3) (Four beginners). Towards the end of a hand B. gathers up his trick containing the four top honours in trumps and puts it into his own hand instead of on the pile of tricks. He then plays these honours from his hand (without being noticed at the time), and of course finishes up with four extra cards (all of low value). What should he do?

Decision.—If he has lost his contract he should quickly claim a misdeal; otherwise deal the four, face downwards, one to each player.

(4) Mr. and Mrs. A. are playing with Mr. and Mrs. B. In the course of the game Mrs. B. is in doubt how to play and gives two alternative cards to Biddles, her Pekinese, saying she would play the one the dear little fellow kissed. He kissed the right one. Can Mr. and Mrs. A. claim a penalty?

Decision.—A player may (with general consent) refer to a bystander who professes himself uninterested in the game (as Biddles doubtless was) a disputed question of facts, but not of actual play. The A.'s could thus claim to make Biddles pay any money lost on the rubber.

"My personal belief is that the contest will not last more than six months—in fact, I feel inclined to say not more than four—and that the Englishman will emerge from it Heavy-Weight Boxing Champion of Europe."

Provincial Paper.

The prophet is now comforting himself with the reflection that, though he was wrong about the man, he was well within the mark regarding the time.



VILLAGE BILLIARDS.

The Striker (at critical stage of four-handed game). "WHAT SHOULD I DO YERE, WILLIUM? YOU KNOWS I CAN'T POT."
Partner. "WELL, GEORGE, IF YOU WAS CLEAN-SHAVED I SHOULD ZAY, 'SCREW BACK.'"

THE OLD AUTHERS.

[The discovery of a successor to *The Young Visiters* in the work of yet another lady novelist of tender years has been announced by the Evening Press.]

I AM starting a school which commences at Yule to enliven
our novelists' forces;
With satchels and slates they shall come to my gates, you
shall see playing leapfrog and horses
Stern saturnine fellows
Whose gloom never mellows,
In short knickbockers, with writers of shockers and tales
of eternal remorses.

Dear ladies whose gaze has examined life's ways and who
know what, if anything, sin is,
Shall let down their hair—if it 's bobbed I don't care—any-
how, in blue sashes and pinnies
And clean cotton frocks,
Sucking peppermint rocks,
They shall crowd to my lessons in rejuvenescence—the fees
for full course seven guineas.

I 'll teach them to make every kind of mistake in their
sums and their French; I shall tell 'em
To scrap all the lot of this old-fashioned rot that 's been
published in calf and in vellum,
And blow on tin trumpets,
And eat buttered crumpets,
And smooth out the kinks that occur when one thinks with
a far too acute cerebellum.

And when they 've forgotten all things that are rotten and
life is once more as a fable,
I 'll give them a treat—they shall come down to eat their
dessert at the dining-room table,
And take back upstairs
All their elders' affairs,
And repeat them to Nurse and combine them with terse
observations from John in the stable.

And the whole of their view shall be modelled anew, and
their minds be as open expanses
Where all sorts of flowers bloom at all sorts of hours, and
the facts are mixed up with the fancies,
Quixotical ardour
With cakes from the larder,
And tips on deportment shall swell the assortment, and
partly remembered romances.

Then, then shall they hie to the schoolroom, and, my! with
the ink-bottle duly outwelling
All over their thumbs, what a masterpiece comes! How
delightful when, rapidly selling,
Three Weeks in a Feeder
Enthrals every reader,
And libraries clamour for love without grammar and art
with unorthodox spelling.

EVOE.

Alarming Increase of Honesty in London.

"All the way down Whitehall there were little knots of loyal, determined, mackintoshed persons of both sexes standing with grim endurance under their own umbrellas."—*Times.*



THE PENITENT.

MR. PUNCH, ALWAYS READY TO ADMIT HIS EXCEPTIONAL "BLOOMERS," DOES PENANCE FOR HIS ERROR OF THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, AND BEGS TO OFFER HIS RESPECTFUL CONGRATULATIONS TO LADY ASTOR, M.P.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 1st.—Some thirty-five years ago Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE gave the readers of *Punch* his conception of the advent of the first lady Member of Parliament. Happily the reality was very different from the dream. Lady ASTOR, demurely but daintily garbed in a black dress with white collarette (the lady reporters who simultaneously appeared in the Press Gallery are my authority for this detail), was the very antithesis of the blatant and "bloomered" female of the cartoonist's imagination.

Convoyed by the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. BALFOUR, proud but a little flustered at having such a precious cargo under their protection, the new-comer advanced to the Table, where the Clerk of the House received her with an extra-low bow (he should now be dubbed Sir "Courtly" ILBERT), took the oath, added to the Roll its first feminine signature, had a moment's conversation with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (who gallantly doffed his usually inseparable hat), and then shook hands with the SPEAKER, who, to judge by the warmth of his welcome, was not at all displeased at the addition to his responsibilities involved in her arrival.

It even tinged with romance the sordid details of finance. Mr. BOTTOMLEY, leading a forlorn hope against the pundits of the Treasury, assured the House that Premium Bonds were much less of a gamble than the Bonds of Matrimony, in which not every feminine investor was so fortunate as to draw "a splendid husband, with the reversion of a seat in this House."

This obvious bid for the new Member's vote was not left unchallenged. Mr. LYNN promptly topped it with the expression of his hope that on such a day, "when we have put youth at the helm and beauty at the prow," the House was not going to take a retrograde step in the direction of lotteries.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who admitted that he had exercised the feminine privilege of changing his mind on the subject, denounced Premium Bonds with all the zeal of a pervert, and, although the Government Whips were not on, succeeded in taking into the Lobby with him the bulk of the House, including its new lady-Member. Premium Bonds were down and out by 276 votes to 84. I fancy if their supporters had told the House more about bankers and less about bishops the voting would have been a good deal closer.

Tuesday, December 2nd.—Chivalry not being entirely defunct even in the House of Commons, Lady ASTOR is apparently to be left in undisputed possession of the coveted corner-seat below the Gangway formerly occupied by Mr. T. M. HEALY. She sat with exemplary patience through a more than usually dull Question-hour. Her later experiences were more exciting. She incurred a gentle reproof from Mr. WHITLEY for indulging in casual conversation during a Division, and afterwards, on essaying to leave the House, found her way barred by that most vigilant of Whips, Mr. TOWYN JONES. Happily the Father of the House (Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR) came to the assistance of its Mother, and chivalrously offered her a pair.



CINDERELLA AND HER FAIRY GODMOTHERS.

Mr. HOGGE protested against the business of the House of Commons being interfered with by a chess-match upstairs, and darkly hinted that this was a device of the Government to burke discussion of the Scotch Land Settlement Bill. Mr. BONAR LAW assured him that no such slight to Scotland was intended, and then, with most of the other Members, adjourned to Committee Room 14, where Señor CAPABLANCA, the most accomplished "wood-shifter" of the age, disposed of thirty-six out of his thirty-eight opponents in double-quick time.

Wednesday, December 3rd.—The Lords spent a rather depressing hour over the industrial situation. Everyone deplored the prevailing unrest, but no one seemed furnished with a sure remedy. Lord ISLINGTON thought that Whitley Councils might solve the problem, provided that their decisions were made binding. Lord ASKWITH feared there was no chance of these councils being generally appointed so long as workers could run to Downing Street and get what they wanted there. He was for compelling everyone, masters and men alike, to belong to a union or association before being allowed to take part in a trade—a pleasant prospect for those who still cherish old-fashioned notions of freedom. Yet even Lord SALISBURY made no protest.

So far all was gloom. But sparks flew when the Electricity Bill came up for Second Reading. Lord MOULTON delivered a slashing attack upon the whole principle of the measure, declaring that it would "not only nationalise the industry, but bureaucratise it." The LORD CHANCELLOR was as much shocked as if he had stumbled on a live-wire, and hastily moved the adjournment of the debate in order that he might get up his brief for the defence.

Just before his retirement from the Air Ministry General SEELY announced with pride that a single aeroplane had averted a war on the North-West Frontier. That method of peace-making is hardly likely to be successful in the future, for, in reply to Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY, Mr. MONTAGU stated that it was the practice to warn the enemy whenever a raid was intended. This, ostensibly in the interests of women and children; but, as Sir JOHN REES intelligently observed, "How long are the combatants likely to wait after the warning has been given?"

Much sympathy was evoked by Colonel ASHLEY's complaint that a wine-merchant was still forbidden to deliver his precious goods except for cash down. Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE pointed out the inconvenience thus caused to people who might wish to give presents to

their invalid friends. Judging by the cheers with which his remark was received, a number of Members would gladly practise this form of benevolence, even if their charity began at home.

Debate on the Government of India Bill was chiefly confined to the experts. Fortunately for the Minister in charge their criticisms often cancelled one another. Thus, when Colonel YATE moved an amendment designed to get rid of the "diarchy," Sir H. CRAIK promptly declared that the amendment would itself introduce that mysterious constitutional disease in its worst form. Similarly an amendment moved from the Labour benches in favour of handing over more powers to popular administration received its most effective criticism from Mr. JOHN WARD, who pointed out that sanitation had no meaning for the Eastern mind, and that the passage of the amendment would be fatal to decent Labour conditions in India.

Thursday, December 4th.—Colonel DALRYMPLE WHITE drew from Mr. HARMSWORTH the important admission that the prohibition of pigeon-racing between France and England is most prejudicial to the training of these estimable birds—causing the "homer" to nod, I suppose. It is this, no doubt, and not the delay-action methods of the United States Senate, which is causing the Dove of Peace to be so long on its way.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ploughed conscientiously through the sixty or seventy Questions addressed to him without giving a vast amount of information. We learned, however, that there was a good deal of agitation in the Georgian Republic. That this unrest is likely to to extend to other Georgians, not of the Caucasus, was apparent when, a few minutes later, the PRIME MINISTER informed an astonished House that, having regard to the heavy labours of the past Session, the Government had decided to give Members a substantial holiday. Parliament would therefore be prorogued before Christmas, instead of being adjourned, and to this end a large part of the legislative programme would be sacrificed or carried over by special resolution into the new Session. Among the measures thus to be placed in "cold storage" are the Government of Ireland Bill and the Anti-Dumping Bill.

According to the PRIME MINISTER'S time-table only one day was left unappropriated between now and the end of the Session. Mr. DEVLIN promptly collared half of it for a debate on the alleged sufferings of Chaplain O'DONNELL at the hands of the military authorities. It was a sheer waste of time. Mr. DEVLIN blustered, Mr. CHURCHILL was rigidly "official," and the motion was ultimately talked out by an Irishman with a Welsh name



MR. TOWYN JONES BLOCKS THE WAY.

sitting for an English constituency (Mr. JACK JONES).

Mr. MONTAGU'S refusal to insert a provision for woman's suffrage in the Government of India Bill, on the ground that it was a matter for the Indians to decide for themselves, gave Lady ASTOR a chance of making her first interposition in debate. "But," she objected, "it is to be decided by Indian men." The Minister had, however, the last word, and the amendment was defeated.



THE NEW DISPENSATION.
MR. MONTAGU EXPOUNDS THE LAW.

A NORTH-WEST FRONTIER SENTRY.

"THE 200th have asked us out to dinner," said Cuthbert, just as the crack of a rifle told us that Percy the Pathan had started his almost nightly attempt to extinguish the Mess lamp. Percy is a gentleman who leads a double life. By day, his countenance shining with friendliness and loyalty, he comes into camp to sell goats to the Army and profiteers disgracefully over the deal. By night he sits on a hillside, disguised as a lump of rock, and does target practice in the direction of our Mess tent.

His cousin, Alfred the Afridi, keeps the mules amused at the opposite end of the camp by dropping lead from a ·500 Express into their lines. This gives them a legitimate excuse for stampeding—a performance which our long-eared friends rightly consider the finest joke in their extensive répertoire.

"Though I am very partial to dining out," I said, "and am not a little tired of the efforts of our Perce, I daren't do it."

"Why daren't you?"

"Cuthbert," I said, "I fear no foe in the shape of 'friendly' tribesmen; but we are the only British unit in this camp. Each native unit mounts several guards. Each guard posts several sentries. And, completely ignorant as I am of our Indian brethren's customs and language, it 's as much as my life 's worth to stir from our own area after dark. I should be shot before I 'd gone ten yards."

Cuthbert, however, was confident that he knew the mysteries of a sepoy's challenge.

"The sentry," he explained, "shouts 'Halt!' You can give any reply that enters your head. 'Friend' is a good word, but any other will do as well. The sentry, unwilling to display his total ignorance of the English language, assumes that you are all right, and answers, 'Pass, frien', alliswel,' using the only English words that he knows, and he doesn't know the meaning of those."

"It sounds quite easy," I said, considerably reassured.

We therefore licked our paws, wiped some of the dust off our faces and set off towards the 200th.

All went well and strictly according to Cuthbert's description until we were more than half-way home, having spent a very pleasant evening. Suddenly a man leapt at us from behind a tent.

"Hol-tad-van-spass!" he shouted.

"Cuthbert," I said, as we both halted very suddenly, "the fellow is demanding an impossibility. What shall we do?"



Lady (*to sportsman who has purchased a cast horse*). "BUT WHAT A FUNNY NAME, 'SURPLUS'! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW HOW HE'S BRED?"

Sportsman. "OH, YES, I DO. HE'S BY AUCTION OUT OF ARMY."

"Something pretty quickly," replied Cuthbert; "the blighter has come to the aim."

"I've got it," I cried; "I'll halt, and you do the advance and pass. It's the only way we can obey his command."

"No," said Cuthbert, "*you* advance. I'm much better at halting than you."

I greatly wished to remind Cuthbert that he, not I, was supposed to know all about the Sepoy's habits, but I realized that this was no place for argument, which could only lead to disaster. I therefore advanced, trembling with fear. Scarcely a yard forward had I gone when my foot slipped, and I lurched almost it seemed on to the gleaming point of a bayonet, while I could feel that the fellow's finger was tightening on the trigger.

"Kamerad!" I screamed, throwing up my hands.

"Pass, frien', alliswel," said the quiet and unemotional voice of the sentry.

Cuthbert was right; it's quite easy, really.

A Testimonial Indeed.

"Even to-day I enjoy the lasting health —'s Pills secured me in 1903."
Advt. in Irish Paper.

"SOME VILLAGE HAMPDENS."

You can talk till you're green of the sights you've seen
In our Armies new and old,
You can mention too that the lads in blue
Are worth their weight in gold;
But the best-earned bob for a thankless job
Was the one the country paid
To the raw recruit who said, "Toot! Toot!"
To the Sergeant on parade.

When shot and shell were playing hell
With the forrard Q.F. gun,
You might take the view that the gallant crew
Were the bravest 'neath the sun;
Well, they did their share, but they shouldn't compare,
When you're dealing out the dibs,
With the brave Jack Tar who went so far
As to tickle the Captain's ribs.

Midst showers of crumps and blazing dumps
The Major's laugh was gay.
"What iron nerves! I'm sure he deserves
The D.S.O.," you say.
If you take that line I'll tell you mine,
"I know he's a rare old sport;
But he's much to learn from the Subaltern
Who pinched the General's port."

And the brave N.O.'s who stalked our foes
Beneath the waves, no doubt
Should all appear at the glad New Year
When the Honours' List comes out;
But I insist on heading the list
With the name of the bold A.P.
Who poured the ash from his calabash
In the cap of the C.-in-C.!

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"A collision between two goods trains occurred yesterday near Mullingar, Co. Meath. The collision was due to one running into the other."—*Daily Graphic.*

"Of boat departure very from 5.40 to 5.52, and connection with the boat leaving Seacombe there would have been anl difficulty was last th eOrmskirk Police Court, this morning, with and he had to pay his barrister. Bail wes a method can be devised whereeby persons."—*Provincial Paper.*

The story, while full of incident, suffers from a certain lack of consecutiveness, and what we should like to know is whether they succeeded in bailing out the boat.

A GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

"AN' this, Peggy, is the illigant flat an' commojus suite av apartyments," said Sergeant-Major Coghlan. "This room bein' th' salon de mangy, yon th' chamber de cushay, an' the hole in the wall ye'll take for a meat-safe bein' the cuisine."

"But it's lonely I'll be not being able to spake the tongue to me neighbours," wailed Mrs. Coghlan.

"That'll make no odds," replied the Sergeant-Major. "Whin I'm up at the camp ye'll be busy with yer cookin' an' clanin', an' whin I'm home ye'll let all yer accumulated discoorse loose on me, as is the way wid ye."

So the Coghlans settled down on the *premier étage* of 10 bis, rue de la République. After his long sojourn in the country Coghlan of course had sufficient French to be able to wish his neighbours "Bong jour" or to pass the time of day with them as he descended the stairs, but Peggy had to content herself with merely exchanging smiles with M'sieur and Madame Bonneton or with Hippolyte Larivière, the cornet-player, who, with the assistance of a pianist, supplied the orchestral embellishments at the tiny Palais de Cinéma in the *place*. But no one could feel isolated in a house possessing the acoustic and olfactory properties of 10 *bis*. When M'sieur and Madame Bonneton from the *rez de chaussée* indulged in one of their diurnal disputes, Peggy could gauge the exact moment when M'sieur's white heat of wrath would dissolve into tears of forgiveness and reconciliation. When Peggy was preparing a savoury dish of steak and onions Madame Bonneton's sensitive nose told her the precise minu e when it was done to a turn. And when Hippolyte on the *deuxième étage* was constrained to recruit exhausted nature the drawing of the cork sounded like a popgun throughout the house. These things made for comradeship. To smell your neighbour's dinner is a sure link of sympathy.

So all was concord and amity at 10 *bis*. But after a time the tenants of the ground floor and the *premier étage* began to find cause for complaint in the habits of their fellow-lodger. Granted that the artistic soul of the cornet of the Palais de Cinéma required an outlet, it was not considerate that he should rehearse the slow movement from the incidental music of "The Bride of the Prairie" at midnight. M'sieur Bonneton and the Sergeant-Major, meeting on the stairs after a night disturbed by devastating minstrelsy, discussed the matter.

"It 's not meself that minds music in its proper place," said Coghlan. "But betwixt Lights Out an' Revally is no time for bugling, though it be Gabriel himself playing."

"It is atrocious!" said M'sieur Bonneton, quivering with rage. "Let us remonstrate."

Unhappily Hippolyte proved very touchy on the subject of his nocturnal melody-making. He could quite understand, he said, that M'sieur Bonneton's material mind could not soar above corporeal considerations of cabbages and chicory, but he thought that the gallant representative of the Chasseurs des Lapins (luckily Coghlan had not sufficient French to understand the gibe) ought to appreciate martial music. He announced his intention, if need be, of blowing the last breath of his body into his beloved cornet at any hour he pleased, and the discomfited deputation withdrew.

Unfortunately another discord disturbed the harmony of 10 *bis*. The Sergeant-Major was one night detained at the camp, and on his return found that the Bonnetons, who were the keepers of the front-door, had bolted it, under the impression that he had returned. Repeated knockings led to the appearance of M'sieur in striped pyjamas and an unamiable mood. M'sieur's temper, as he frequently said, was "like hot milk on a fire. It boils up, it bubles over, and—it is finished." Unluckily the Sergeant-Major found it in the second stage and brusquely closed the argument by walking upstairs before it arrived at the third.

"Av coorse," said he to Peggy, "I apolygised f'r disturbing his hog's slumbers, but he kep' running up an' down th' scale like a fiddle in pain, disthressful to hear. Divil a civil word will I have for him in future."

Thenceforth the Arctic regions could give the atmosphere of the staircase of 10 *bis* an impression of warmth. The popping of Hippolyte's corks was an exasperation, the smell of Peggy's onions a studied insult, and the domestic disputes on the ground-floor an indication of M'sieur's malevolent temper. Peggy in her loneliness sighed for the amenities and common tongue of the old married quarters, where "one cud have it out wid a body."

To add to her annoyance, while she was busying herself at the sink the water-tap gave a hollow cough and refused to "march." Simultaneously the gas flickered and went out. Such incidents are common in Petiteville, owing to a shortage of fuel and labour, and the inhabitants are usually prepared for them. But a fortnight's constant supply had lulled them into a false sense of security, and this occasion found Madame Bonneton without a reserve stock of fuel and Peggy's ménage void of candles and water.

To Hippolyte a lack of light and fuel was a trifle, but his consuming woe was that he had been late on the *tabac* queue and had not a cigarette in the world.

"Glory be!" said Peggy to her husband on his return, "we have the rousing fire, an' if we cud only borry the loan av a candle from thim people downstairs ——"

"I 'd sooner wander in Shimmerian



The Nobleman (who is having a secret staircase made in anticipation of political troubles). "LOOK HERE, VARLET, YOU 'VE MADE THIS STAIRWAY TOO NARROW. MY WIFE CANNOT POSSIBLY USE IT."

The Varlet. "I AM SORRY, MY LORD—I MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE IN MY CALCULATIONS. SHOULD I WIDEN IT?"

The Nobleman. "NO, NO; MAKE ANOTHER. I WILL KEEP THIS ONE. IT MAY BE USEFUL TO ME WHEN DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES ARISE."



Mother. "WHAT WILL YOU DO IF I SAY 'COME AND KISS ME'?" *Little Girl.* "TUM AN' TISS YOU."
Mother. "AND IF I TELL YOU TO GO AND DO SOMETHING YOU DON'T WANT TO DO?" *Little Girl.* "TUM AN' TISS YOU."

darkness all me days than ask them," said Coghlan fiercely.

Madame Bonneton met her husband with salt tears.

"My beautiful *ragoût* will be ruined," she sobbed. "Just ten minutes on a fire such as they have upstairs and it would be perfection."

"*Mon chou*, rather than ask them a favour I'd starve in the gutter," said M'sieur heroically.

The minutes passed. The Sergeant-Major puffed his pipe by the fire and the scent of it goaded Hippolyte to distraction. M'sieur Bonneton moved restlessly in his chair. He was cold and hungry and the *casserole* containing the half-cooked *ragoût* mocked him. Suddenly he clapped his hand to his forehead.

"*Ma petite*," he said, "what is the date?"

"It is the eleventh of November," replied Madame.

"Then it is not the day for neighbours to be at variance," said M'sieur resolutely. "We will make our peace with them this instant."

Ten minutes later the apartment of the Coghlans was brilliantly lit by candles, and Peggy and Madame were bending in consultation over the *casserole rechauffée*.

"It wants just the laste taste of water in the pot to privint it burning," said Peggy.

"*Malheureusement*, we have none," replied Madame. "But perhaps M'sieur Hippolyte——"

M'sieur Bonneton and the Sergeant-Major looked at each other, then rose and walked upstairs.

"Ask him to smoke a cigarette an' mebbe play a chune wid us by the fire," said Coghlan. "'Twill be lonesome up there in the dark. An' don't be forgetting to ask for the water."

Hippolyte was affected to tears. He kissed them on both cheeks and waved his hand magnanimously in the direction of the water-jug.

"Take it all," he said. "I have no use for it. One does not drink-*water*."

Then he picked up a bottle and followed them downstairs.

"To drink," he explained, "to the Armistice."

From a Colonial Office Report:—

"KONG HONG, 1918."

It is conjectured that the snort of a passing motor confused the compositor.

Favouritism.

"The Governor won 1st and 2nd prize at the pool shoot with a score of 44 and 43 out of a possible 40."—*African Paper.*

The marker seems to have been a good courtier.

From a Book Catalogue:—

"Farr (Edward) Select Poultry, chiefly Devotional, of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth."

The religion of DRAKE, we presume.

"CENTURION WHO SAW MAJORITY OF THE SURREY MATCHES."
Evening News.

You should have heard his anecdotes of JULIUS CÆSAR.

"LECTURE by Mr. —— (Organist to the University) on THE SHAKESPEARE SONGS and Thin Sellings from the 16th to the 20th Century."—*Scotch Paper.*

We have never regarded the Bard in the light of a "best seller."

"WANTED to Purchase by Private Treaty, in Cumberland or Westmoreland, large Agricultural Estate, with or without Mansion House."
Local Paper.

We always buy our mansions without the mansion mouse in these days of ration cards.

LAW AND LETTERS.

EFFORTS to brighten the proceedings in our Courts of Justice have been intermittently made of late years, and we note with great satisfaction the new and admirable example set by Mr. Justice SHEARMAN last week. "At the sitting of the Court," so we read in the Law Report of *The Times* for December 2nd, "His Lordship referred to his comment on the petitioner's habit of saying 'one' for 'I,' and said that the character in Dickens, whom he mentioned on Friday as having used the word in the same way, was Mrs. Prig, when she and Mrs. Gamp had tea together."

Anything that can draw Law and Letters more closely together is cordially to be welcomed, and we look forward confidently to further developments on the lines which, with the exercise of a little intelligent anticipation, we have endeavoured to forecast in the following report:—

At the sitting of the Court Mr. Justice Starling said that he wished to make a personal statement. During the course of a case tried before him last week he had indulged in an *obiter dictum* on the new planet which had swum into the ken of politics. As he put it, they had just witnessed the appearance of an Astoral body on the Parliamentary plane. He regretted to say that the phrase had been shockingly mutilated in its transference to print. One paper had credited him with the inane remark that pastoral bodies had appeared on the Parliamentary plain. Others had passed over the observation altogether, an even greater outrage. The comment, in view of the ever-increasing interest in psychics, was topical, legitimate and opportune. Moreover he had to bear in mind the prestige of his Court as the home of mirth. This prestige was very precious to him. There were occasions on which it was the duty of a judge to prefer levity to law, to be merry as well as wise. If Apollo could unbend, why not Rhadamanthus? He was well aware that the papers would probably say "Rhododendron," but let that pass. As long as he sat in this Court he would never have the gallery cleared for laughter at remarks from the Bench. To applaud counsel was a very different matter and could not be tolerated. There was an excellent proverb which told us that one man might steal a horse, but another might not look over the hedge. Proverbs were the distilled wisdom of the ages, and this one emphasized the truth that greatness had its privileges as well as its duties.

In this context he thought it desirable to refer to the criticisms of a poem of his which had recently been quoted by a counsel who appeared before him. There seemed to be an extraordinary notion afloat that Judges should never cultivate the Muse; that there was always fallacy in poetry. From this inhuman creed he profoundly dissented. A large number of quite rational people believed that SHAKSPEARE was the pseudonym of a Lord Chancellor, and the belief in poetic justice was widespread and ineradicable. It would be unseemly for him to pass judgment on his own poems, but he begged them not to accept the piece quoted as his supreme achievement in verse. In order to enable them to form a truer estimate of his quality he proposed to read them several of his lighter efforts.

The recital, which occupied the remainder of the sitting, was a great success. Two poems were encored, and a policeman rendered first aid to a prominent Junior who was suddenly attacked by convulsive hysterics. Just before the hearing was adjourned Mr. Justice Starling said that he wished to correct a slight mistake he had made on the previous day in attributing the saying, "Let us all be happy and live within our means, even if we have to borrow the money to do it with," to Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. It should, of course, have been ARTEMUS of that ilk.

EINSTEINIZED.

I HAD been reading Dr. EINSTEIN'S article in the morning paper, and the train (as I deduced by an analytical mental process), apparently in disproof of the theory of perpetual motion, was retarding relatively to the platform. The station was teeming with moving mass points and my mind was alive with science as I propelled the door outwards.

Grasping my bag I flew into space.

Arriving at a fixed point and accelerating my speed through a system of co-ordinates in a high state of motion, I followed the deviation of light rays to the end of the spectrum, and deposited my bag in the place for inert and heavy masses. Satisfied with my calculations I placed myself in stable rotation, when unfortunately, while theorising, I collided with an immovable object.

He opened up a whole string of new theories.

I gave a warp into space and landed on my basal principle.

I've given up science.

Bazaar Candour.

From the programme of a Sale of Work:—

"STALL HOLDERS.
Mrs. ——, Cake Stale."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONAL COLUMN.

DARLINGEST.—I could write for ever of my love for you. But this expensive method of declaring it cramps my style.—BOYSIE.

FLAT TO LET.—One sitting, one bedroom, bath-cupboard, etc. Owner compelled to go abroad (constant hot water). RENT only £35 A YEAR. Premium for unexpired portion of lease (1½ yr.), together with valuable fixtures, doormat, and wall-calendar, 2,000 gs.—CHUTNEIGH, 173A, Tabasco Mansions, Turnham Green.

DEMOBILISED STAFF-OFFICER, late Brig.-General, mentioned in despatches (Home front), desires POSITION as director of LARGE INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE. Singular organising ability, extensive telephone experience, fluent language. Or would accept post as cinema-attendant.—TABS, Box P. 471.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, full of bounce and bonhomie, wants JOB. Go anywhere, do anybody.—SWINGETT, Wapping.

IF THE LADY in exiguous pink who sat in the third-row stalls at the performance of *Sack the Lot!* on Friday last will COMMUNICATE with the R.A.F. Officer who occupied the adjoining seat, she will be able to solve the mystery of some of the jokes which apparently escaped her.—BEAN, Box T. 389.

WILL THE ABSENT-MINDED GENTLEMAN who appropriated a BISHOP'S HAT during the *Thé Dansant* at the Athenæum Club on Wednesday kindly RETURN it to the Hall Porter? He will then receive in exchange his own Homburg, which is much too small for its present wearer.

SPINSTER (through no fault of her own), in sadly attenuated circumstances, would like to winter on the Riviera or in Egypt. Fond of motoring. Will some WEALTHY PERSON take compassion? Principals only (no solicitors) write to TRUSTFUL, c/o Billing's, Baron's Bush.

POPSY.—I love you, I worship you. Meet me to-day as usual at the Strand Pandemonium for tea. Their syncopated éclairs and chocolate orchestra are the last words in ravishment.—WOPSY.

"Mr. Hogge (L, Edinburgh, East) asked the Leader of the House whether he was aware that on the last occasion on which Scottish business was being discussed the proceedings were interrupted for a liver pageant."
Daily Paper.

We are not personally acquainted with this form of entertainment, but it sounds like an orgy of haggis.



THE THEATRE BOOM.

Pit Waitress (during interval). "DID ANYBODY SAY 'A SQUASH'?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THEY told us the German spy in fiction had perished, worked to death; and I, who have a depraved taste in such matters, dropped him a tear of gratitude and farewell. And now here is Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS bringing out a new novel, *The Messenger* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with no fewer than three of them in the first chapter. An odd, contradictory and perplexing novel it is too; in places very well written, containing several excellent little sketches of character and one admirable full-length portrait (all as one might expect from an artist like Miss ROBINS), but wasted on a plot of such nightmare melodrama that I kept on thinking to myself, "It surely *must* be a parody!" Of course the spies were to blame. Never did you picture such a crew. Led by a super-intriguer, one *Greta von Schwarzenberg*, governess in surely the most unsuspicious family ever imagined, the things they did in the way of secret writing, gold-hoarding, craft, cunning and concealment, simply stagger belief—mine, anyhow. First, the family—a Cabinet Minister's (shame!)—are found living on the Scotch coast; and when, on a boating expedition, they propose to land on the island where her assistants have just established a "secret" wireless, over goes *Greta* into the sea in a faked accident to prevent the landing. I mention this to show you the kind of worker she was—having no space to tell how the police raided her room (by this time the obliging family had moved to the East Coast) or any of her subsequent adventures, which include an interview at the White House. Really, but for a touch of grimness in the end and the study, mentioned above, of *Julian*, the pacifist, it would remain impossible not to believe that the author of *The Magnetic North* was writing this nonsense with her tongue in her cheek . . . As it is I give up.

It may more than once have chanced to you, in the midst of the rough-and-tumble of a "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" farce, to have marked the revelation of some specially shrewd insight into Irish affairs. Therefore it is hardly astonishing that the author should now have chosen to collect his inside knowledge into a book, not of fiction but of facts. *An Irishman looks at his World* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is information undiluted, save with a dash of wit; to read it is, especially for the Saxon, to gain a mass of first-hand information in an admirably palatable form. The new parties in Irish political life, Religion, Culture, Education—these are some of the themes to which the reverend author brings the result of his experience. There are also others, notably a clever study of "the middle classes" in town and country, involving a comparison of social conditions in Dublin and Belfast, and a reasoned investigation of the causes leading to the decay of the Irish country town. Illustration of this is in the frankly borrowed tale of the South of Ireland man who set up as a fishmonger, but went out of business at once because people would keep bothering him for fish! Quite frankly, CANON HANNAY is concerned with causes rather than cures. The reading of his book will hardly make you feel less suicidal in a small Irish country town on a wet day, but it will at least provide information as to the conditions precedent to your unfortunate state. Which is always something.

The Scent Shop (HUTCHINSON) is one of those rare achievements which will undoubtedly appeal as much to the taste of the casual novel-reader as it does to the judgment of the professional critic. Miss PEGGY WEBLING, a delightfully accurate and acute observer of modern humanity, has the gift of attracting and pleasing; I even ask myself whether her occasional side-slips in grammar and syntax were not put in on purpose, to satisfy the critic's morbid craving for something to criticise. For the rest the idea, the plot, the incidentals, the characters and the *mise-en-scène* were all to my liking and revealed the expert novelist. The idea, the art of perfume-making for the art's own sake, was so subtly developed as to be quite fragrant itself. The plot, the awakening of love between the perfume-maker and his young wife, left me as love-sick as was *Arthur Lackland*, the aspiring third party who suffered in the process. Of the many and divers incidentals I liked most the romance of "*Flash of Radium*," aristocrat of the acrobatic world, and *Maidie Cunningham*, whose real surname was *Hopkins*, and of whose real affections the well-born R.F.C. officer had little need and less control. The excellence of the *mise-en-scène* consists above all in its happy and varied contrasts; it is indeed marvellous that the author should be able to move so easily between Mayfair and 'Ammersmith, the wild country and the very modern Country House, conveying the true atmosphere of each and never getting the one mixed up with the other. Of the characters I am glad to be able to confirm the publisher's view that "all are entertaining," and to add a note of my own that the *ensemble* is really delightful.



"HULLO, PARKER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

"JUST FILLING UP SOME OF THEM HOLES, SIR, WHERE THE RATS GET INTO THE HOUSE."

"BUT, GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, THAT'S ONE OF THE HOLES WHERE THEY GET OUT!"

In stating that *Tiranogue* (METHUEN) failed to fascinate me it is only fair to add that I take no interest in the horse, except as a highly unspecialised and now happily defunct medium of locomotion. In Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS' latest story, on the other hand, all the characters eat, sleep, live and have their being for, on and about horses. It is, in a word, one of those Irish hunting stories. But I can fairly claim that it is not prejudice on my part that causes me to withhold my acclamation. I have read many Irish hunting stories that aroused me to more than ordinary mirth or gripped my unspoilt imagination. However, to be wholly fair to the authoress of *Tiranogue*, I made my Irish landlady read it. She comes from the short grass country and can pilot a hayburner with the best of them. Her verdict coincided with mine. There are too many people in *Tiranogue* all doing something different at the same time, and you can't remember who is in love with whom or which is the expectant heir to what estate. As for the persons to whom all the horses belong it would take a Tattersall to distinguish them. Possibly the hunting fraternity like these little problems and find that they act as a sort of intellectual stimulus between breakfast and bridge. So I recommend the book to them with the assurance that if they like horses Miss CONYERS gives them full value.

Major E. W. C. SANDES is not only an engineer capable of bridging and unbridging the Tigris with a string of boats seven times in the space of thirteen days, and a musician able to reconstruct *The Geisha* for the benefit of fellow-captives in a Turkish prison, but he is also by way of being an author. His book, *In Kut and Captivity with the Sixth Indian Division* (MURRAY), moving as it does with the measured precision of machinery, is sometimes more business-like than entertaining; but you may call this an advantage for so serious a subject. Here we have the whole of the Mesopotamian campaign set forth like a blue-book, maps, diagrams, appendices and all, up to the unhappy point where General TOWNSHEND and his army of ever-glorious renown became the "precious and honoured guests of the Ottoman Government." ENVER PASHA, not Major SANDES, is responsible for the above expression, to the justice of which our officers, in view of such tokens of affection as filthy quarters and starvation rations, do not fully subscribe. Yet that they found something to laugh at through siege and imprisonment one would expect. One of them discovered himself officially described by the Turks as John, the son of John, of London; while another became Henry Curse it Hants (the answer to this conundrum is on page 288); but even amongst the officers a very little fun had to go a very long way. The treatment of the rank and file was abominable beyond any jest, beyond any words—it was merely unspeakable, like the Turk. The author has gone to endless trouble to collate the experiences of the various scattered groups, and his workmanlike record is of real value.

I have a strong suspicion that *The Theatre Queue* (SAMPSON LOW) is a book with a purpose, but either Mr. ARTHUR F. WALLIS has not made that purpose clear or I have failed to see it. I suspect, from the title and from the fact that the book begins and ends with a queue, that the one at the theatre door has for him some cryptic symbolism, but as I can't find out what it is I must regard his story as a story only, not a fiction-coated evangel of social peace. The first chapters left me hopeful; the last a little confused. The heroine seems to score heavily by marrying the villain at a registry-office and then remaining mute when he takes no further notice of her, and in a week or two marries the hero's sister in a church. Mr. WALLIS has failed to make it plain, at least to me, that it wouldn't have been more sensible to have insisted on announcing her marriage and ceasing to live on the hero's bounty; but I am quite sure that *Ruth* meant well, and so does Mr. WALLIS, and he at least should succeed in doing well—by-and-by.

"Sir,—I retired from the Civil Service in March, 1815, at the age of 60, with £77 1s. pension. But because I had not been receiving a war bonus I cannot claim the extra allowance given to those retiring since 1915. Is this fair?—POST OFFICE PENSIONER."
Daily Paper.

Perhaps not; but having drawn something over £8,000 in pension he has not done so badly.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Advisory Committee on London traffic has recommended the introduction of non-stop omnibuses. Passengers who attempt to join the 'bus while in motion should take off from the pavement at least three 'buses in front of the one on which they desire to travel.

* * *

The publicity given to the psychic aspect of the BECKETT-CARPENTIER fight is already having its effect. A Bermondsey bricklayer has been arrested for willing a policeman's helmet off.

* * *

"Seventy-two million pounds' worth of whisky," says a New York message, "is awaiting the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States." After tasting samples of American whisky received on this side we conclude that the judgment of the Supreme Court is bound to be unfavourable.

* * *

The Admiralty has agreed to the provision of arm-chairs for the lower deck. It is strongly felt that the higher criticism of our naval strategy should not be left entirely in civilian hands.

* * *

"The honour of producing the nation's premier beast," says *The Daily Mail's* Agricultural Correspondent, "falls to Scotland." We had rather gathered from our contemporary that it had fallen to Wales.

* * *

The Constitutional Club, we are told, will be surrendered by the Government on December 22nd. The Constitution itself, it is thought, will not be restored as long as the Coalition Government retains its present popularity.

* * *

The Naturalist who heard a plumber piping in Surrey last week now declares that he has since heard the liquid jug of a family of paper-hangers in a char-à-banc on Hampstead Heath.

* * *

Reasonable care, we are told, is all that is necessary with a wooden house. At the same time it is most annoying to come downstairs in the morning and find that the maid has lit the fire with the first floor.

* * *

A Surrey merchant writes to a contemporary to say that his telephone has been disconnected since February last. Telephone subscribers are wondering who told him.

* * *

The close season for carol singers is now over and several coveys have been seen in the suburbs this past week.

* * *

"Are we madder when the moon shines?" asks *The Daily Express*. A bright moonlight shining on premises where they are operating is said to make burglars foam at the mouth.

* * *

"How to take care of your Teeth" was recently the subject of a Bristol Rotary Club lecture. We see nothing wrong with the old-fashioned idea of having your name and address engraved on them.



TROUBLES OF AN ACTOR-MANAGER.

THE GHOST IN *HAMLET* REFUSES TO COME ON UNDER ANOTHER FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK.

A British entomologist claims to have discovered where the tortoiseshell butterfly conceals itself during the winter. But what we want to know is where our bricklayers are hibernating.

* * *

In order to save time at tribunals all profiteers, when summoned to appear, will be asked to bring with them a shillingsworth of coppers.

* * *

A writer in *The Globe* suggests that eggs should be marked with the country of origin. It would also be a good thing if the year of birth was included in the superscription.

* * *

A London doctor expresses the opinion that germs form on the skin of bananas. People should be careful to flick off these parasites before slipping up on the skins.

* * *

Motorists, it seems, are hoping that it will soon be compulsory for pedestrians to carry number-plates for the purposes of identification in the event of any attempt to run away after being knocked down.

* * *

The police are advertising for a man who continually uses the phrase, "Don't forget it." It is thought that he may be trying to pass himself off as an umbrella.

* * *

The Daily Mail is not satisfied with the PREMIER'S Manchester speech, and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to be trying to think of another.

* * *

A copy of "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" for the year 1848 has been added to the Guildhall Library. It is feared, however, that it will be of little use, as nearly all the South Coast trains advertised therein have already reached their destination.

* * *

A certain bargee, who recently inherited a sum of eighty thousand pounds, has decided to retire and settle down in the country. The report that Lord FISHER has made him a tempting offer for the sole rights of his vocabulary still lacks confirmation.

* * *

A great sensation has recently been caused in boxing circles by the report that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has succeeded in arranging a match between two pugilists who both openly declare that the other is the better man.

* * *

Bucks County Council has voted to supply the Honorary Supervisor of Rat-catching with a motor-cycle. "It 's simply a question of stopping their earths," an official informed our representative. "Once we get 'em on the flat they simply haven't a chance."

* * *

Two baby brown bears are expected to arrive at the Zoo in the near future. The keeper, we understand, has decided to call them Lenin and Trotsky, and hopes to get Mr. TOM MANN to come and play with them.

* * *

Sixty-five thousand yards of surplus army flannel were stolen from lorries in the Bethnal Green Road last week. We understand that the Disposal Board has issued a notice that, owing to reductions in staff, these stores cannot in future be stolen in quantities of less than one hundred thousand yards.

WISDOM OF A MINER PROPHET.

[The idea seems to be that, if the miners can "convert" public opinion by argument, they are willing to dispense with "direct action"; but, if they can't, Mr. SMILLIE claims the right to apply "constitutional" compulsion.]

BEHOLD how noble is the mind of Man!
And oh, how well to exercise that feature,
Which, by Creation's nicely-ordered plan,
Hall-marks him as a reasonable creature,
So different from the beast,
Who cannot argue in the very least.

Force is the only weapon of the brute,
Being devoid of god-like understanding;
But we can biff the enemy in dispute
Simply by sweet persuasive propaganding;
Can get his views reversed
Without the need to push his face in first.

My brethren, let us then in this affair
Of nationalising coal avoid coercion;
Go for his reason rather than his hair,
With arguments inviting his conversion,
Which anyone may read who
Runs and be brought to think the same as we do.

Let us explain, in case his heart is hard,
That force of numbers gives him no authority;
That thinking men refuse to pay regard
To verdicts given by a mere majority;
Such claims are not allowed
(Except when Labour 's got the largest crowd).

But, if we fail—if still his stupid head
Declines to have the sacred Truth inserted,
We 'll freeze his hearth, we 'll stop his children's bread,
We 'll turn the thumb-screw till he gets converted,
And, paralysed with terror
Of constitutional methods, owns his error. O. S.

A DESERT ISLAND ROMANCE.

I NEVER had the least idea that Garrod had taken to literature. I had always regarded him as a most respectable man.

When he called to see me I guessed that it was in connection with the vacant Chairmanship of the Greens Committee. It may seem an unpardonable ambition on my part, but worse men have been Chairmen of Greens Committees, and I flatter myself that I have a unique idea for altering the bunkers at the ninth hole.

"Old man," he said as he sat down, "I want you to promise to oblige me in a little matter."

"Certainly, certainly," I said. "Always glad to do anything in my power for you."

I thought this was rather artful. After pledging myself thus even my natural modesty could not compel me to withdraw my name from nomination.

"Well, I have been writing a little thing and I should like your impartial opinion upon it."

Garrod is in the tinned-fruit business. I suppose that he would regard it as an impertinence on my part if I consulted him concerning any scheme I might have for cornering tinned pine-apples.

"It 's not a play, Garrod?" I asked faintly.

"Oh, no, not a play."

I gasped with relief. At any rate Garrod belonged to the small minority of righteous men who have not written plays.

"Just a little story," explained Garrod. "I flatter myself it 's original. A fine fellow—army officer gone to the dogs—wild rather than wicked—is working his way home as a stoker on a steamer. He gets into conversation with a charming girl who is a first-class passenger."

"Yes," I assented. I knew that stoker. If I had any idea that the world of fiction corresponded with the world of fact I should ship as a stoker to-morrow to get my fill of conversation with charming first-class passengers.

"Well, the ship is wrecked. My hero swims ashore and finds on the beach the unconscious body of the girl. It is a desert island, you understand."

"I understand," I said. Of course I understood. I have always said that the Colonial Office ought to see that all desert islands are provided with chaperons.

"They fall passionately in love. When finally they are rescued they hear, on board the ship, that the hero's uncle is dead and that he succeeds to the baronetcy and estates."

"Ah," I said, without committing myself more definitely.

"'How does the plot strike you?"

"Quaint and original," I said boldly. It was here that my recording angel swooned.

"Do you think I could make anything out of it?"

"One cannot promise success, Garrod, for British editors have a certain distrust of markedly original plots. But try by all means. Only there is not much to be made out of literature. Hasn't it struck you as remarkable that no literary man has been charged with profiteering? The only stain on our caste was when a famous writer was prosecuted for hoarding sugar. You may be successful, Garrod, but you 'd do far better if you stuck to the tinned-fruit business."

I smiled sadly when he left me. What hope was there for that veteran story? There ought to be a society for the prevention of cruelty to aged and decrepit plots.

I met Garrod a month later and he gripped me by the hand.

"It 's come off," he cried. "The editor of *The West Kensington Magazine* jumped at it. He 's eager for a series on similar lines. Suits the public. All men want to be on desert islands with pretty girls, and all women want to be on desert islands with nice men. Now you 're in the business. Could you give me a hint how the same idea could be worked out in slightly varying forms?"

"It 's easy," I said. "Let a charming girl, who has wasted a fortune in frivolity rather than vice, be working her way home disguised as a stoker. She gets into conversation with a first-class passenger—artist, I should make him. Wreck! Everybody drowned save stoker and artist. Desert island. When rescued they hear that the she-stoker has become immensely wealthy through the death of an aunt."

"I see, I see. Excellent. If I make a volume of these short stories I shall certainly dedicate it to you. You haven't another idea?"

"You may have heard of a book called *Robinson Crusoe*. Bring it up to date. Make him Sir Robinson Crusoe. One day on his desert island he sees the print of a high heel in the sand. Leave out *Man Friday*. Chaperons spoil the effect."

"Splendid!" said Garrod. "Thanks awfully, old man."

Mark my words—two years from now Garrod will be a best-seller. I don't grudge him that, but he has just been elected Chairman of our Greens Committee.

"CORRESPONDENCE.

Prosperous Italy (Lord Crawford and Lord Balcarres)."—*Times*.

When these two noblemen do agree their unanimity is wonderful.



THE "SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER."

CARPENTIER (*to* CLEMENCEAU). "I SUPPOSE YOU DIDN'T HAVE MUCH DIFFICULTY WITH THE WELSH LIGHT-WEIGHT OVER THERE?"



Wife (by way of concluding altercation). "COME ON, BILL. 'E 'S BENEATH YER, EVEN IF 'E 'AS GOT A MIDDLE-CLASS 'AT ON."

HENRIETTE.

(*With the British Army in France.*)

SINCE an army of wives invaded Northern France, bent on reclaiming their respective husbands to the paths of peaceful domesticity, the daily military round is invested with a suburban setting. Wives pat our ties on the doorstep, straighten out the kinks in our Sam Brownes, and so far forget our martial dignity as to suggest, "Hadn't you better take your umbrella, dear?" The final suburban touch has been supplied by the revival of the servant-girl question, consequent on representations that a daily diet of warmed-up Maconochie and bully-beef rissole, as prepared by Jock and Bob, the batmen, errs on the side of monotony. It was useless to point out that the War had been won on this diet.

"There is no point in prolonging the horrors of war," said Margaret; "besides, Jock is failing. He served up some very inferior cigarette ash with the potatoes yesterday."

"And, because I suggested an occasional sweet, Bob has threatened to make a pudding. He says he used to make lovely jam roley-poley in old shell-cases," said Dorothy. "We must have a *bonne* at once."

Hence the coming of Henriette. We found her on our return from parade—or should one say, from the office?—in complete possession of the dining-room. Being satisfied with our appearance she immediately engaged us and had preparations for dinner well advanced before we had time to realize that we had sacrificed our liberty and independence for a mess of *potage* and three other courses.

Without doubt Henriette was efficient. Her cooking was excellent and her economical management had a visible effect on our friendly relations with Messrs. Cox. But efficiency is a terribly ruthless machine.

"Yon wumman," said Jock a few days after Henriette's arrival, "has the flinty heart of a Quarter-maister an' the accusing een of a Provost-Sergeant. Her ideas o' cleanliness spell death tae comfort. Let 's gang whaur we can smoke a fag wi'out her glowering the whiles tae see a speck of ash doesna licht on the floor."

"I can't go nowheres," said Bob gloomily, "till I 've cleaned the knives."

"Wha 's tae stop ye?"

"She!" said Bob, jerking a thumb. "She stopped my supper last night for just stepping out."

This was the commencement of a domestic discipline beside which that of the army was lax and easy. It reached its culminating point of severity when one morning Bob brought the Army rations which are the solid foundation of our diet. Henriette frowned disapprovingly at the joint and indulged in vehement and critical remarks at considerable length.

"What 'ave I done now?" said Bob helplessly.

"Ye ken fine," said Jock; "she ordered mutton an' ye 've brocht beef again."

"Does she think the R.A.S.C. is a kind o' family stores?" said Bob. "A lot o' choice they gives you."

"Weel, ye 've tae tak' it back an' change it."

"What 'opes?" replied Bob defiantly but with a sinking feeling in his heart.

"If ye don't," continued Jock deliberately, "she 'll be takking it back hersel', an' dock ye yer dinner forby."

Bob considered the question for a minute.

"All right, let her," he said at length; "'Enriette 's 'ot enough, but

scrapping with the R.A.S.C. is just suicide."

Henriette listened grimly to the discussion. Apparently she understood Bob's mutinous refusal and decided on prompt measures. Picking up the joint she flung herself through the door and strode off in the direction of the Supply Depôt.

What happened there was subsequently related by Jock.

"It wasna in my mind, Sir," said he, "tae get mixit in international complecations, but I thocht it wad be an eddication to see the R.A.S.C. resolutely tackled, so I steppit oot an' volunteered tae gang wi' her. Losh, it wis fine! There wis a bit o' a corp'ril in the stores, an' when he clapped een on me an' Henriette wi' the joint he just doubled up fit tae dee for laughing.

"'Now, M'am,' says he tae her, 'what's your pleasure to-day? We can't recommend our biscuits, but the plum-and-apple is fine.'

"She juist withered him wi' a luik an' tell't him things in French that wad hae made his bluid rin cauld gin he could hae unnerstood them.

"'What's it all aboot?' he asks wi' a mazed luik.

"'The leddy's no' satisfied wi' the ration beef,' says I. 'Ye'd best change it for a nice piece o' mutton an' let her gang. Ye canna afford tae offend customers at thic stage o' the War.'

"'Ye'll tak what we gie ye an' be thankful,' says he, perking up.

"'Weel,' says I, 'I've tell't ye for yer ain guid. I ken the leddy,' says I, 'and I ken her possibeelities when she's roused. The consequences be on yer ain heid.'

"He lookit a bit scared at this, an' he lookit mair scared when Henriette thumpit the beef on the table, took him by the neck and shook him whiles the teeth rattled in his heid. Just then wha should walk in but the big fat Staff-Sergeant—mebbe ye ken him, Sir? He's reputed to be a dour man, but I'm thenking he's lost confidence in himsel' the noo.

"'What's the trouble, Corp'ril?' says he sharply.

"'It's a complaint aboot the rations,' says the Corp'ril, shaking. 'Private McBean wants mutton.'

"'Well, we 'aven't got mutton,' wheezes the Staff-Sergeant, 'an' 'e wouldn't 'ave it if we 'ad. I've a mind to put you under arrest for bringing civilians in 'ere,' says he to me.

"'I've no' brocht 'er,' says I. 'The leddy brocht me. Ye can pit her unner arrest an' welcome; but I'm thenking it wad be easier an' safer tae gie her the mutton.'

"Weel, Sir, it tuik Henriette the maist part o' fufteen meenutes tae break him—I telt ye he wis a dour man—but she stampeded an' rampaged him doon at last. But the peetiful thing aboot it wis that he really *had* no mutton, an' so he made her unnerstand.

"'*Alors*,' says Henriette coldly, "*où est M'sieur le Commandant?*'

"Then I kem awa', Sir, an' I dinna rightly ken hoo she handled the Supply Officer. I thocht it too resky for me tae be mixit in argiments wi' officers; and I heard later on he wis indenting for barbed wire an' machine guns. Anyhow, by-and-by Henriette appeared, perky as ye please, an'—it's mutton for dinner the nicht, Sir. Bob is no' haeing ony,' he added as an afterthought."

"But," I asked, "if the R.A.S.C. had no mutton, how did Henriette get it?"

"I'll no' be saying for certain," answered Jock cautiously, "but whiles Henriette wis argyfying wi' the Supply Officer I saw the wee Corp'ril tearing awa' tae the *boucherie* in the village like mad."

* * * * *

We ate our mutton that evening like conspirators. Margaret, who has not yet acquired the army habit of accepting all benefits thankfully and in silence, was the first to speak. "I hope," said she, "for his own sake that the dear Supply Officer gets demobilised before Henriette sets her mind on game and poultry."



REACTION.

Late Life-Guardsman. "MISS PARKINSON, POM-POMS!"

"In December Dempsey K.O. [knocked out] Carl Morris in one round on July 4, 1919."
Sunday Sportsman.

The spectators of *this* one-round contest cannot complain that they did not have value for their money.



Bobbie. "FED UP WITH BALLOONS. BLOW AN AEROPLANE."

GRAVE NATIONAL SITUATION.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE CONTINUES!

NO SIGN OF BREAK.

DUKE OF SOUTHCLIFFE'S MESSAGE TO NATION.

[*From "The Daily Sale" of April 1st, 1930.*]

There is no sign of a break in the stagnant period of industrial peace and prosperity that is sapping the very vitals of the nation and causing justified alarm everywhere outside the charmed circle of "the sleeping beauties" of the Cabinet and those who benefit by their inertia. It is now ten years since the vitalising influence of a strike exercised its galvanic effect upon the nation. Britain is sunk in the slough of content. *And the Government, who are directly responsible for this state of affairs, are doing nothing to remedy it!*

In another column we print in leaded type the vital message delivered to the nation by the Duke of Southcliffe. One notable sentence is reproduced on our front page to-day, Messrs. Sellit and Sellit, the proprietors of "Kill-um" (the new vermin-destroyer and furniture-polish), having patriotically consented to the suspension of their full-page announcement—for which they have paid the record sum of one hundred pounds an inch—in order that we may do our part in awakening the nation to the peril in which a Government, unable to see beyond mere peace and progress, have involved it. The Duke of Southcliffe's warning will in consequence to-day be in the hands of the ten million intelligent daily purchasers of *The Daily Sale*. It is, as he says, a natural fact that "only by conflict is real progress made. Prosperity spells lethargy. We must have strife." Unfortunately, and as usual, the Government, instead of leading the nation, waits for its hand to be forced by public opinion. Public opinion must operate. Lethargy must be destroyed and healthy strife resumed.

It is to-day a fact that, as one hundred-and-fifty special correspondents, whose experiences are summarised on page 30, unanimously state, the old vigorous class warfare, that did so much to make us great, is *in extremis* (*i.e.* in danger of dying out). This must not be. As we have led before in times of great national emergency, so we intend to lead again, and the future will show that we are entirely right. Such incidents as the burning of *The Daily Sale* by the Trade Union Congress leave us unmoved. They merely serve to emphasise how far this once virile "Parliament of Labour" has fallen from its originally high and useful estate. Its present anæmia makes it, in the words of Mr. Grinlie, its President, "content with things as they are." Was ever a more dangerous gospel preached by any responsible Labour leader? Britain needs industrial strife. Too long has an effete Administration allowed the nation to wander in the lotus-land of undisturbed prosperity. In no other country does such an unnatural condition of affairs prevail. It will not do for us. It must go, and the Government must go with it.

(*Photographs on back page.*)

CALLING NAMES.

["Why should employers call workers by their names without the use of the customary ceremonial prefixes, while they would resent being addressed in that manner themselves by the workpeople?"—*Mr. Sidney Webb.*]

ALREADY the workers call their employers all kinds of names which they would resent being applied to themselves, and perhaps the balance is kept with more exactness than Mr. SIDNEY WEBB will admit. The particular point



Ardent Knitter. "MY DEAR, I FIND IT SO RESTFUL KNITTING STOCKINGS FOR JAMES. ONE HASN'T TO BOTHER ABOUT WHICH SIDE TO PUT THE CALF."

he raises, however, will no doubt be adjusted all in good time by the Trades Unions.

We understand that in Mr. SIDNEY WEBB's household, when the maid announces "Dinner is served, Sir," the reply given is "Thank you, Miss Wilson." And those who have been privileged to observe the great social reformer at luncheon in his favourite restaurant cannot have failed to notice that when Mr. SIDNEY WEBB asks the waiter, "Well, how are you this morning, Arthur?" the man replies, "Very well, SID, and how 's yourself?"

Lately, during his Christmas shopping, while seeking a gift for his friend, Mr. THOMAS, he entered a hosiery shop and approached a young lady who was standing behind the counter. "What can I show you, Sir?" she asked. "A red silk necktie, if you please, Madam," was the courteous reply, which unfortunately she construed into a studied affront.

It will indeed be a memorable day in the history of social reform when his lordship in Carlton House Terrace rings the bell and says, "Oblige me by bringing my spectacles from the library table, will you?" and the footman replies, "Right-o, CURZON."

CREATING.

I HAD decided, after much forethought, to purchase a new suit, and by a curious coincidence a woman-friend—it might be my wife—had asked me to buy her a ladies' fashion paper. I read this paper in the bus on the way to my tailor's.

The head cutter greeted me with a genial smile and started showing me patterns.

THEN IT TOOK ME!

"Those shades are too drab for the year of peace," said I; "a little brightness may now be displayed in the corsage, and hose may take a joyous tone. My trousers you can make of Chinese blue and gold brocaded tissue; slash them at the calf and trim them round the ankle with Canadian mink and kolinsky. They should be also lined with jade nun's-veiling and cut with a pannier effect, falling in graceful folds to the knee.

"The coat," I went on, "is to be of oyster tarantulle lined with tomato-coloured duvetyn. It should be cut to a high waist line. The back should be full, and the clinging sleeves of voile should be caught at the elbow with a vieux rose button. The neck and tail, of course," I said severely, "will be fringed with monkey fur.

"Underneath this"—I was now warming to my work—"I will have a fawn crêpe-de-chine shirt piped with cherry-coloured silk and collared with georgette, and a cravate of moiré. A smart little powder gilet will complete the costume.

"For out-door wear a dainty panne spongebag toque will go with this chic creation, covered with chiffon velvet diamanté, and a bright lemon and emerald silk *motif* should be fixed just there," I said, pointing at the exact spot on the chief cutter's head.

The chief cutter started backwards, and went as white as a sheet, and I detected a queer clicking noise down in his throat, but as he said nothing definite I took it for granted he had memorized my order, and so, tripping gaily to the door, I bade him a cheery good day.

"SIMPLE HONOURS."

OWING to present financial straits it appears likely that many householders will this year be unable to show their appreciation of their families and staffs in the usual way. However, experience of Army life has happily supplied this deficiency by suggesting a scheme at once inexpensive to the donor and acceptable to the recipient.

EXTRACT FROM DOMESTIC ROUTINE ORDERS.—25/12/19.

"*Chatsworth*," *Laburnum Lane, Brightwich, S.E.*

Honours and Awards.

His Bankruptcy the Householder has been pleased to award the following decorations to relations and other dependants for conspicuous slavery and devotion to duty during the past twelve months:—

The Culinary Medal.

TEMPORARY TWEENY MARY ANN SUDS.

For conspicuous gallantry and initiative in the kitchen on the 29th November last during a dinner-party, when acting as Cook's Mate. Shortly before the dinner-hour the Cook was overcome by gin-fumes. Tweeny Suds, with great courage and contempt of strangers, took over the duties, and notwithstanding that this was her first attempt served up a dinner in no way distinguishable from those normally produced by Cook. Her example was an inspiration to all her comrades.

The Long-Service Medal.

ACTING OVERPAID HOUSE-PARLOURMAID SARAH SWEEPS.

In recognition of her fine record of thirty-one days' unbroken service in her present situation. (It is only her service that is unbroken; most of ours are in bits.)

Second (Saloon) Bar to the Charing Cross.

DAME HARRIET SCRUBBS.

For great devotion to duty throughout the period in question. Though mortally offended on more than one occasion, this very gallant char-lady has never allowed either drink or conscience to prevent her from attending punctually each week to receive her pay.

[First (Public) Bar gazetted, 25/12/18.]

Chevalier of the Italian Order of Spaghetti (with Tomatoes.)

ACTING THIRD-CLASS COOK ELIZA SPUD.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in the kitchen on the 21st October last. Cook Spud was on duty about 8.5 P.M. when a heavy shell from a winkle registered a direct hit in the mock-turtle. Cook Spud with the greatest sangfroid picked out the shell with her fingers from the soup, which was already tepid and in imminent danger of becoming warm, and carried it to a plate of safety. She set an example to the other rank under her command that is beyond all praise.

Companion of the Postal Order.

POSTMAN S. KNOCK.

For conspicuous determination and devotion to beauty. Though severely wounded in the neighbourhood of the heart by five successive Cooks he persistently refused to abandon our post, but maintained it intact on every occasion until the completion of his rounds.

Gent.'s Gold Albert Medal.

BOY THOMAS GULP.

For an act of conspicuous initiative and self-sacrifice below-stairs. On the 17th July last, while on duty in the boot-hole, Boy Gulp perceived the tweeny furtively preparing to consume a dish of tapioca pudding, which Boy Gulp had already tested and rejected as unfit for human consumption, except in the dining-room. With great presence of mind he snatched the plate from the doomed girl and flung it through a closed window, thus undoubtedly saving her digestion and self-respect.

* * * * *

And so on, until, after the fashion of other more pretentious Lists, no one however indolent, incapable or indifferent has escaped recognition.

VAE VICTORIANIS!

THE success of *Sylvia's Lovers*, the new musical comedy at the Ambassadors, in which a French plot with a WATTEAU *mise-en-scène* is enlivened by a lavish use of the Lancashire dialect on the part of the principal character, is of course immensely appreciated by the admirers of Mrs. GASKELL, whose *Sylvia's Lovers* first appeared in 1863. The compliment indeed is almost excessive to one who was an "eminent Victorian," and therefore more exposed to obloquy than admiration; but after all Mrs. GASKELL belonged to Manchester, and what Manchester said fifty years ago, etc., etc.

It is pleasant to hear that *Sylvia's Lovers* is shortly to be followed by a comic opera, entitled *Cranford*, by Mr. Mersey Ainger. The libretto, we understand, is being adapted by Mr. WICKHAM STEED from a psychical romance by the Czecho-Slovak novelist, Hanusch Dabczik, and the principal part, that of the *Princess Prsmtrn*, will be played by Miss Shilbottle with that rich Northumbrian "burr" for which she is so justly renowned in the Midland pantos.

In this context we are glad to hear that Mr. Bertrand Bolt has completed the Second Act of his Grand Opéra Comique, *Daniel Deronda*. The story, which is felicitously named after a forgotten novel by an old author named ELIOT, deals with the romance and adventure of South America in the days of the famous Dictator ROSAS, and the *beau rôle* is assigned to Dan Deronda, a richly humorous Irishman, who is constantly bringing the scent of Donnybrook across the pampas. The actual story is borrowed from the Gaucho poet, Hilario Poncho, a free and spirited version having been made by Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

We cannot help thinking, in conclusion, that our gifted composers might give the pre-Victorians a chance as well. What a fine title, for example, *Pride and Prejudice* would be for a romantic opera, in which the scene was laid in Monte Carlo, the libretto founded on the German of SCHNITZLER, and the part of *Nero* assigned to a full-blooded Polish Jew with a perfect command of the Glasgow dialect.

THE WISH.

IF I with the lamp of *Aladdin*
Could summon benevolent sprites,
The genies and things that they had in
The days of *Arabian Nights*,
If once at my call an enchanted
Young fairy from nowhere arose
And promised one wish should be granted,
Whichever I chose;

My hopes wouldn't merely be built on
Quick methods of raising the wind,
The fabulous riches that MILTON
Attributes to Ormus or Ind;
Ambition's gay pinions—I've furled 'em;
High rank's no attraction for me;
Not mine be a dukedom or earldom
Or Order B.E.

I'd waive then the wealth of a Crœsus,
The latest six-cylinder Rolls,
A house that an agent could lease us,
A cook or a cellar of coals,
The clothes that apparel the dandy,
The pride of a pillar of state,
The dream of the golfer—a handicap (say) of plus eight.

Not long at the choice would I fumble,
For wishes aren't given to waste;
No, mine would be rather more humble—
A personal matter of taste;
Though Fate did her worst, I could smash her
If my little fairy assured
The boon of a really good rasher
Of bacon (home cured).

FANCY DRESS AND FANCY STEPS.



"YOU KNOW, THE CHARM OF—



MODERN DANCING—



IS THAT—



IT ALLOWS—



ONE TO—



STUNT, SO TO SPEAK; —



TO EXPRESS ONE'S—



INDIVIDUALITY,—



DON'T YOU KN——!"



Lady (receiving congratulations on her husband's knighthood). "YES, IT 'S RATHER JOLLY, ISN'T IT? IT OUGHT TO RAISE OUR STATUS A BIT WITH THE SERVANTS."

TO THE BREAKER-IN-CHIEF.

[Written in the firm conviction that there is a criminal network of crime which controls the minor tragedies of domestic life.]

MASTER of ruin and lord of pitiless thunder,
Up in the Potteries weaving the strands of doom,
Hearing afar the noise of a housemaid's blunder
("Wasn't that Emily?"), there in the Midland gloom—
There where, above the claypits, cavernous, deep, hot,
Flames the heart of the night with a sudden rose,
You at whose word—Biff! Bang!—and a china teapot
Out on the west wind goes.

Yours, I think, are a thousand secret branches,
Rendering full returns to the G.H.Q.,
Crockery cataracts, earthenware avalanches,
Each of them entered up in the columns due;
Loud the strafe if you find a single group late—
"What have the girls been doing in District 10?
Put the whole lot of them down for an extra soup-plate!"
Battle is opened then.

Swiftly the orders fly, and behold they loosen
Rods on the backstair carpet, ruck up the mat;
Jane has gone down with a sauceboat, and tearfully Susan
Says, "It came off in me 'and," or "It might be the cat;"
Old Mrs. Robinson's Mary, who said to us, "Coffee,
Sirs?"
Then tripped up and fell with the walnut tray,
Must have been one of the gang's most competent officers,
Thoroughly earning her pay.

Schooled to shiver and shatter the willow-pattern,
Hit the Delft with a meat-axe, hammer the Spode,
Little her mistress thought, when she called her a slattern,
Under the girl's dark dress what a deep fire glowed;
Little she thought of him in the underground gallery,
Him who had taught her and trained her to juggle and
jerk
Cups in the air, and who probably pays her a salary
While she is out of work?

Yes, I am sure that you do, O mighty demolisher,
Master of plates and mugs, most terrible man!
Therefore I ask you to think of our pie-dish abolisher,
Let me commend to your notice Elizabeth Ann;
She is the chit who at present of china bereaves us,
Smarter than most in her work, more blooming of cheek;
She should have instant promotion from you when she
leaves us—
This will be Saturday week. EVOE.

Our Lightning Calculators.

"The —— Tobacco Company have presented 20,000 copies of their 1920 Almanac to the Red Cross Society, and it is expected that the sale at 1s. each will realise £1,000."—*Newspaper World.*

"Two young, well-educated Public School Men, ex-service, are desirous of meeting private individual or bank manager with a view to obtaining necessary deficit of capital for commencing business."
Provincial Paper.

They should apply to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. He is an expert in this line.



TRIALS OF AN IDEALIST.

LLOYD-BUNTHORNE. "DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS TO YEARN FOR THE INDEFINABLE, AND YET TO BE BROUGHT FACE TO FACE, DAILY, WITH THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE?"

PATIENCE. "IF YOU PLEASE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. YOU FRIGHTEN ME."

[*Patience*, Act I.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 8th.—A long and learned oration by Lord HALDANE did little to reconcile the Peers to the Electricity Bill. In vain he pointed out the advantage of a central supply of cheap—or comparatively cheap—motive-power to the British workman. Perhaps his assertion that "we have never really thought out the electricity question in this country" put up the backs of noble lords, who are a little tired of Lord HALDANE'S perpetual recommendation of "clear thinking" as the panacea for all our ills. One after another they denounced the Bill as an example of the Government's tendency to bureaucracy and extravagance. It looked as if the Bill might be rejected. But then arose the LORD CHANCELLOR. Since last week he had had time to get up his brief and was bristling with electricity. The opponents of the Bill were roundly told that they had not read it or they could never have made such ridiculous statements as he had heard that night. As the storm broke over their heads more than one of them wished he had not left his umbrella in the lobby; and when it was over they were only too glad to give the Bill a second reading *sub silentio*.

A large part of Question-time in the Commons was taken up with endeavours to draw from Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES an exact explanation of his proposal to limit the coal-owners' profits to one shilling and twopence per ton, and a forecast of its probable effect upon the industry as a whole. His replies were as copious as ever, but I doubt if anybody save the experts—and perhaps not all of these—understood them. The most that the unlearned could gather was that the one-and-twopence was not really one-and-twopence, but something more or less.



"If at first you don't succeed
Try, try, try again."

DR. ADDISON AND HIS HOUSING BILL.

The difficulty of applying the doctrine of "self-determination" all round may be gauged from Captain ORMSBY-GORE'S inquiry whether Albania is part of the ex-Austrian Empire, the ex-Ottoman Empire, Serbia or Greece. Mr. BONAR LAW was frankly nonplussed and referred the riddle to the Peace Conference.

Tuesday, December 9th.—At the instance of Lord NEWTON, the Peers made several important changes in the Aliens Restriction Bill, designed to render it less harsh in its action towards our late enemies. The alterations did not meet with the approval of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who still had some electricity left over from yesterday, and used it for a spirited rendering of the "Hymn of Hate" (British version). I don't know that the arguments of Lord HALDANE, who dwelt upon the benefits conferred upon our interior economy by foreign *restaurateurs* (and incidentally gave a free advertisement to certain fashionable hotels), or of Lord BUCKMASTER, who viewed with horror the possibility that German, that "noble language," should cease to be taught in our schools, except by "persons who know nothing about it," carried very much weight. The Peers were, I think, more impressed by Lord SALISBURY'S admission that his heart quailed at the thought of sending Austrian women and children back to their own country in its present deplorable condition; and they accepted Lord NEWTON'S amendments without a division.

A certain section of the House of Commons believes that Mr. CHURCHILL is still keeping British troops in Russia, and otherwise bolstering up the Anti-Bolshevists. Lieut.-Colonel MALONE went so far as to suggest that we had been subsidising the forces under Colonel BERMONT and General VON DER GOLTZ, while Mr. HOGGE pointed to the existence of the British Army of the Black Sea as proof positive of Ministers' bad faith. Mr. CHURCHILL denied the first allegation, and disposed of the second by informing his critic that the Army of the Black Sea is stationed, not in Russia, but in Turkey.

Debate on the supplementary estimate for the Ministry of Pensions revealed the fact that no fewer than thirty-eight thousand War-widows had already remarried and thereby secured the dowry of a year's pension offered by the Ministry. Mr. HOGGE suggested that in order to encourage this practice the dowry should be doubled. Happily for the spinster population, already faced with unfair competition, Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS paid no attention to this insidious proposal.



REMARKABLE ACTIVITY OF AN OVER-LEYDEN JAR.

LORD BIRKENHEAD.



"SHOWING THE FLAG."

MR. WALTER LONG.

Wednesday, December 10th.—Lord MONTAGU deplored the resignation of General SEELY, who knew more about



Visitor. "WHAT KIND OF A FISHING SEASON HAVE YOU HAD, McKAY?"
Mac. "THE VARRA WORST! THERE WASNA BUT THREE REAL FUSHIN' DAYS, AN' TWA O' THEM WAS SNAPPIT UP BY THE SAWBATH."

fighting in the air than any of his predecessors—I believe Lords WEIR and ROTHERMERE would be quite prepared to endorse this tribute—and hoped this did not indicate a return to dual control. Nothing of the kind, the LORD CHANCELLOR assured him. The Government were all for a single Air Ministry, but the Air Force was at present too small to require a whole-time Cabinet Minister all to itself. By putting the WAR MINISTER at the head of both Departments the best brains of both Army and Air Force were brought to bear on aerial problems; but if ever his right honourable friend found himself unable to live up to his own high standard he would resign one of his posts. On receiving this testimonial Mr. CHURCHILL at once telephoned to his hatter for a larger size.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was unable to attend the House of Commons on his At Home day owing to an engagement with M. CLEMENCEAU. Sir J. NORTON-GRIFFITHS promptly suggested that he should bring the French PREMIER with him. But Mr. BONAR LAW—remembering, no doubt, what happened to the young lady of Riga—"shook his head in a negative sense" (I thank *The Times* for teaching me that word).

In introducing the Navy Estimates Mr. LONG quickly showed that he has no belief in the "Scrap the lot" doctrine. On the contrary, fortified by the opinion of the young sea-dogs now gathered round Lord BEATTY at the Admiralty, he is in favour of "showing the flag" more widely than in recent years. The Navy was costing a hundred and fifty-seven millions a year—much of it due to the better pay given to our sailors—but even to save that vast sum the country, he was convinced, was not prepared to do without it.

After hearing this statement most of the Members thought that they might rest quietly in their beds, and thither betook themselves.

Thursday, December 11th.—According to Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY the objects of the Sinn Fein loan are so innocuous that nobody ought to be prosecuted for soliciting subscriptions to it. Mr. MACPHERSON thereupon quoted the announcement in the prospectus that "interest on the loan will not be payable until six months after the Irish Republic has received international recognition and the English have evacuated Ireland." From some acquaintance with the habits of the Irish investor I am convinced that if the CHIEF SECRETARY were to post up the prospectus on every police barracks in Ireland with that condition underlined he might dispense with his prosecutions.

The Coal Industry (Emergency) Bill met with an inglorious fate this afternoon. The remark of its author, Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES, that it would not find a single enthusiastic supporter in the House, was entirely justified by the debate. The declaration of Mr. LESLIE SCOTT, that its principle (the limitation of profits) was wrong, and must not be applied to any other industry, was practically accepted by Mr. BONAR LAW, who said that it was only introduced to fulfil a pledge to the Miners' Federation. The miners' representatives (Mr. ADAMSON and Mr. HARTSHORN) thereupon denied that they wanted the Bill (not that they loved the mine-owners particularly, but because they loved nationalization more). After that it was useless for the Government to press the ill-starred measure upon a reluctant House. But the sitting was not entirely wasted, for the House, delighted to find that there was still something in Ireland amenable to the law, passed the Dogs Regulation (Ireland) (No. 2) Bill.

THE NEW HOMME ORCHESTRE.

In music as elsewhere the cost of production has become an acute problem. Even in pre-war times the economics of concert-giving, where a full orchestra was employed, had reached a stage in which the adequate remuneration of performers could only with great difficulty be reconciled with a due regard for the pockets of the public. Happily the emergency seems likely to produce the solution. Within the past fortnight the newspapers have recorded the emergence of two vocal pluralists. First there was Mr. DICKINSON, the window-cleaner of Leigh, who can sing a tenor and bass duet by himself. And now an even more dazzling luminary has swum into our ken in the person of Mr. ALEXANDER B. RAWLE, of Teddington, who, in the words of a representative of *The Daily News*, "can not only whistle and hum simultaneously, but can comfortably combine the tones so produced into a passable imitation of the brass, string and wood of an orchestra."

* * *

The late Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, it will be remembered, simplified musical entertainment to the extent of "Piano and I." But the Teddington *virtuoso* has carried the one-man show to its extreme limit by dispensing with all instrumental aid. "He whistled 'Home, Sweet Home' with vocal arpeggi that would have made THALBERG sob like a child." The *homme orchestre* of old, who had a number of instruments strapped on to his person, which he blew and belaboured simultaneously, displayed a strenuous agility; but it was at best a clumsy and a costly contrivance. Mr. RAWLE is the true man-orchestra, needing no equipment but his own larynx and lung-box. It is true that he speaks modestly of his sonority. "When in practice," he told *The Daily News* man, "I can fill an average-sized hall." In time and with further practice we hope he will be able to give a One-man Festival at Olympia.

* * *

But the greatest of Mr. RAWLE'S achievements remains to be chronicled. One of the most serious and irksome drawbacks to the musical career is that it involves, or is supposed to involve, an arduous process of education, attendance at colleges or academies, prolonged studies under professors and teachers, instruction in sight-reading, harmony, counterpoint and so forth. Mr. RAWLE has reached his unique position without any musical education at all. He "has never learnt music, and cannot read a note." He is, as the Germans put it, *autodidakt*. To say that he is merely "self-taught" would be to commit the unpardonable error of using two syllables where four are all too few to render justice to the situation. This remarkable case suggests the need of a drastic revision of orthodox views on the subject of musical education. Genius is the only thing that counts in art, and if genius can reach its highest development without any schooling, the existence of conservatoires, academies, etc., can no longer be justified.

* * *

It is painful to think what might have been the result if Mr. RAWLE had entered the Royal Academy or Royal College of Music and his soaring talent had been constricted in the strait-waistcoat of an academic curriculum. He might have been drilled into a dull contrapuntist or wasted his energies on mastering the now obsolete sonatas of BEETHOVEN, or have been converted into a mediocre player of the trombone. Left to himself and the promptings of his artistic instinct he has inaugurated a new era in music and musical economics hardly less momentous than the changes in astrophysics brought about by the discoveries of EINSTEIN. If one man can give a vocal and orchestral concert without instruments or accompanist, the problem of cheap music for the million is solved. On the other hand, the prospects of single-voiced vocalists, one-instrument instrumentalists and musical professors are gloomy in the extreme.



Naval Officer (coaching what he considers a "find"). "LOOK HERE, SMITH. THERE'S NO SENSE IN BARGING ABOUT LIKE A BUFFALO. CUT OUT THE BRUTALITY."
Stoker Smith. "BRUTALITY! WHY, I AIN'T KILLED 'IM, 'AVE I, SIR?"

FURTHER REVELATIONS;

OR, THE BRITISH STAFF VINDICATED.

IN these days, when to be a General is synonymous with being the author of a book with a sub-title of *If I Had Only Had My Way*, there is no longer any reason why I should withhold the secret which has recently come to my knowledge. Naturally, after reading (the reviews of) the International Library of *Everyman's Memoirs*, you have been wondering by what happy chance we ever succeeded in winning the merest skirmish, let alone the War as a whole.

Well, *I* can tell you. LOVAT FRASER and all the others who saw the War *as* a War, and not merely as a messy business involving extremes of boredom and sheer fright, can put forward their opinions to the contrary, but I *know*; I know because, when I was on the Rhine, I got the story from a Prussian Staff Officer who had disguised himself as a country gentleman while waiting for the next war.

I may say at once that our success was not due entirely, as you have been told, to the doggedness and determination of the Tommy; it was not the courage and initiative of the subaltern nor his reading aloud to himself during times of stress from the pamphlet, "Am I Offensive Enough?" nor was it the C.O. sitting in his dug-out and writing to his company officers, "You will attack point 88 at dawn, under a creeping barrage, if it can be arranged, but you will attack anyway." No, nor yet was it the green-tabbed warriors who knew to a digit the number of troops in the Esthonian capital or the high-water mark on the Vistula rather than the news of their own front. Doubtless these had their uses, though some of them were hidden from us by the proximity of things which hiss before exploding. But the factor which went further than any other towards showing LUDENDORFF the futility of continuing the War was something of a very different character.

It was in '17 that the German General Staff began to cast about seriously for a means of disorganising the Staff on the other side. Up till then, I believe, they had considered it better to leave it alone and let it do its worst (some say it did, but they are regimental officers and know nothing about it). At a great Conference, so my Prussian friend told me, LUDENDORFF decided to make every effort to bomb and destroy his enemy's headquarters. It was useless, he explained, to attempt to bomb the French; the chances of hitting the *one* room in an estaminet in which *all* branches of the Divisional Staff usually congregated and shouted things down innumerable telephones were too remote. But if the French were gregarious the perfidious English went to the other extreme, and their headquarters usually spread over several square miles of territory. LUDENDORFF could not hope to knock out every branch of the Staff, and so the question arose which was the best branch to bomb?



Fisherman. "IS THIS RIGHT FOR KILDARE?"
Porter. "IT IS, SORR."
Fisherman. "DO I CHANGE ANYWHERE?"
Porter. "YE DO, SORR."
Fisherman. "WHERE?"
Porter. "AT KILDARE, SORR."

What followed was extremely interesting. My Prussian explained that on this subject the Hun "Q" staff declared at once that the British "Q" was the most important, since without supplies our army could not carry out the Napoleonic dictum and move on its belly—not enough spring in it, I suppose.

The Hun "G" Staff replied with warmth that without "G" to move the troops about a bit there would be no war at all, and then where would "Q" officers be? Their "A" branch then chipped in with their habitual injured air, and said that without "A" there would be no records kept of personnel, and neither "Q" nor "G" would know whether there was anybody in the line or not, unless they actually went there to see for themselves. This point, I believe, very nearly settled the question in favour of "A." But the argument became so acrimonious, and there was so much of the "If only you'd let me know sometimes what you are doing," and "Why wasn't I consulted?" that LUDENDORFF got fed up with it and gave the squadrons orders to do their very worst over the whole area occupied by one of our Corps headquarters whose Commander was considered the most dangerous, he having plagiarised LUDENDORFF's methods too freely.

Great was the joy, so my Prussian said with a gleam in his eye, when the report came that the whole of the important part of the headquarters was destroyed; but their joy changed quickly to chagrin and amazement when it was discovered that the disintegration of what was considered the fountain-head of command made little or no difference to the organisation as a whole.

Alas, contempt for the British Staff Manual, which he never read seriously, caused this huge miscalculation on the part of LUDENDORFF. He had not read that wonderful paragraph about "*The Interchangeability of the Staffs*," whereby an officer of one department invariably trains himself to be able to step cheerfully into the shoes of another and carry on. He had never realised how every Staff Officer of one branch always envies the easy task of doing the other fellow's job and doing it better.

The effect was instantaneous. When the catastrophe came, the Corps Adviser in Horsemastership took over the duties of the General Staff as if to the manner born, and sent out the usual messages to increase harassing fire one hundred per cent., irrespective of the amount of ammunition available, thus preserving the lifelong feud between himself and "Q." The Chemical Adviser, discarding his gas-mask, took over the Brigadier "Q" job and at once demanded a return of the fuse-number of every shell fired on the 18th, subsequently correcting the date to the 19th. The new Brigadier of the Artillery (the Amusements Officer) began his régime by going straight over, as usual, to the



Nervous Young Man. "HAVE YOU ANY TOYS?" *Saleswoman.* "YES, SIR. WHAT KIND?"
Nervous Young Man. "OH—ER—FOR A CHILD."

Chief Engineer's office and having a row. The O.C. Corps Prisoners' Cage, following out the destiny of all Chief Engineers, sent "Not available" to all indents for stores from the Gunners, while the Agricultural Officer carried out the best traditions of the Intelligence Staff and compiled overwhelming evidence to prove conclusively that the enemy might attack at dawn, or he might not.

Everything, in fact, went just as smoothly as ever, indeed everything went much better. For without the Adviser on Horsemastership everybody rode as it suited them and felt more comfortable. Without the Chemical Adviser everybody felt the need of a gas-mask and wore it. Without the Amusements Officer people saw the funny side of Army Entertainments, and without the Agricultural Officer Nature warmed to her work and the vegetables flourished apace.

The realisation of the invulnerability of our organisation was the *real* turning-point of the War, and it was from this point that LUDENDORFF really strove desperately for peace while advocating war, or whatever it was he did so cleverly—I can't make out from his book.

If you earnestly desire to understand how we won the War, turn to that bright and entertaining work, *The Staff Manual*, which, in spite of its large circulation, is still very imperfectly known. It can be bought quite cheaply; or, better still, ask any Staff Officer you know to lend you an uncut copy.

L.

PORTS.

SOME Vancouver's praises sing,
Where the silver ranges shine
And the off-shore breezes bring
Scents of tamarack and pine.

Some for Cape Town sigh aloud,
Drowsing on the Mountain's knees,
Table Mountain, wreathed in cloud,
Brooding o'er the Southern seas.

Some of Hong Kong harbour dream,
Where are junks with painted eyes,
And the sampan lanterns gleam
Like a swarm of fiery flies.

Kronstadt, looming gaunt and grim;
Rio, Rio flashing fair;
Papeete, where brown girls swim
With hibiscus in their hair.

Golden Gate or Golden Horn,
Lumber ports or ports of spice,
Ports of sunset, ports of morn,
Blue with summer, grey with ice.

All are havens of delight
To poor sailors in from sea;
Ah, but at the fall of night
London River calls to me.

When my years of youth are run,
Blown to lee like flying foam,
Let me see at set of sun
London and the Port of Home.

PATIANDER.

In the Roaring Doldrums.

"Subsequently, however, Newman encountered such a stormy passage that he remained comparatively becalmed for eight innings."
Sportsman.

"A general hunt of jackals is being organised from Glen College, when it is expected that fully 300 will attend."
Eastern Province Herald.

Most sporting of them.

"Unless Germany sings the Paris protocol she will bring down very unpleasant consequences upon herself."—*Daily Paper.*

The Allies will make her hum.

"Dean Inge on the Road to Ruin."
Western Daily Press.

We are very, very sorry to hear this.

Brief critique of a Musical Comedy: *Frocks et praeterea nihil.*

THE SPOOK CONGRESS.

ON St. Nicholas' Eve, in the dark before dawn, the National Amalgamated Union of Ghosts and Associated Shades held a well-attended gathering in the ruined crypt of Grimchester Abbey, to consider reconstruction. The Headless Admiral took the sarcophagus.

In his opening remarks the Admiral said that he felt it his duty at this the first general meeting since 1914 to thank those members of the Union who had been serving their country on active service. On the platform he was proud to meet once more the Shivering Spook of Saltpetre Hall, who had rendered yeoman service supplying chill breezes in Mesopotamia. He was also delighted to find beside him Bloody Sir Rupert, who had rattled his chains and clanked his armour in the Ypres salient throughout the War to give our troops warning of enemy raids and night attacks. In the body of the meeting he saw other friends too numerous to mention, spirits who had been, if he might venture a ghastly jest, over-proof (Loud gibbering) and he would ask his hearers to show their gratitude in the customary manner. (Prolonged ululations.)

The Skeleton Horseman, in field-boots and wearing the General Service and Allied Victory ribbons on his clavicle, thanked the Chairman and the meeting in a few soldierly words on behalf of the ex-Service shades.

Proceeding, the Headless Admiral remarked that the spectral situation was by no means a satisfactory one. His hearers would admit that he was not given to losing his head (here the speaker put it on the table), and he wished to say in all seriousness that only a very thorough season's haunting could bring things back to the pre-war status. "Un-canny," not "Ca' canny," must be their watchword. There was a fine psychic field waiting for enterprise and energy.

Melchizedek the Murdered Miser thought that more modern methods should be introduced to secure attention. For instance, if the Admiral would change his usual cry, "Luff! Luff! Will they never luff?" to "Sack the lot!" or something similar, he was sure such a step could not fail to be popular. He himself had changed his bags of gold for Treasury Notes with most gratifying results.

The Phantom Drummer asked whether the executive had given full consideration to the question of Direct Manifestation. When he returned from active service he found that The Bloated Grange had been let to a jujube manufacturer, who had made a large fortune during the War out of rat-exterminators. As usual he appeared at midnight by the Blue Room bed, now occupied by this person, and said loudly, "I am the Drummer." The man asked in the most vulgar fashion what firm he travelled for, and why he had not come in office hours. He submitted that the Union should take combined action over cases like this.

The Bleating Bogle said he was most strongly in favour of Direct Manifestation. Several times lately, he remarked, he had had an electric fan turned on him while trying to materialize.

The Yammering Ghoul of Dramtumuchie said that while Direct Manifestation was on the *tapis* he would like to draw attention to the present Prohibition campaign. He maintained that if Prohibition came into force it would be the worst thing that had happened to British ghosts since the invention of electric light.

In a brief and witty speech the Vampire Nurse expressed herself against anything which tended to suppress the individual element. Ghosts who were conscientious workers never had any difficulty in making their mark. Her own business of drowning the baby heir in the moat had gone down well ever since it was introduced in 1721.

Whustlin' Wullie asked whether any steps had been taken to prevent the immigration of undesirable aliens from Central Europe, which must be full of unemployed Werewolves and Doppelgangers. Our good nature had been imposed upon before.

Gibletto the Gory Ghibelline, rising with great indignation, said that he hoped that the last speaker was not making backhanded references to him. He had been a supernaturalized Englishman since the time of CHARLES II.

Whustlin' Wullie begged that Gibletto would not take his remarks as personal. No one had a higher regard for him (Gibletto) than he (Whustlin' Wullie) had. Here he clapped that phantom heartily on the back and consequently expressed regret that the point of the poniard which his friend wore through his chest stuck out so inconveniently behind.

The Headless Admiral was proceeding to exhort all present to make the most of the present Shade boom, when the cock crew, and the assembly, gathering together their shrouds, manacles and loose *vertebræ*, hastily evaporated.

High Life Below Stairs.

"HOUSEMAID (2nd of 3), titled lady; under; also scullery-maid, elderly Duchess."
Scotch Paper.

A Long-suffering Audience.

"Mr. Lloyd George resumed his speech amidst great cheering, having spoken an hour and twenty-five minutes."—*Scotsman.*

BILLIARD ROWDYISM.

[Extract from a recent article on billiards: "A man once said to me that he was afraid to go to a billiard match because of the crowd."]

OF all the crowds with which I 've sat
(And I have known the worst 'uns),
I 've met the most alarming at
BURROUGHES and WATTS', and THURSTON'S.

It 's true they never break the peace
Like this, "Go in and win, man!"
Or, "Down with the tomato, REECE!"
Or, "Play up, can't you, INMAN?"

For in those halls where silence dwells,
Where coughs resound like thunder
And sneezes crash like bursting shells,
Emotion is kept under.

But if the stifled powers of these
Unnaturally grave men
Were once let loose they 'd promptly seize
The chance to act like cave-men.

In thought they hurtle chalk and cues
Like mad at one another;
Here this man that man's elbow screws,
There brother cannons brother.

And as their passions' seething froth
Of violence grows darker
The blood that 's spilt upon the cloth
They mop up with the marker.

A dream? Yet all men know this crowd
For language is unbeatable,
Which, as they never speak aloud,
Is simply unrepeatable.

SEASONABLE SNIPPETS.

(With acknowledgments to our Contemporaries.)

IN Scotland it is regarded as unlucky if a dark-haired burglar crosses the threshold of a house on Christmas Eve when the family is out.

It is considered a breach of etiquette in South Carolina to shoot a red-headed carol before midnight on Christmas Eve.

Mince-pies should never be swallowed whole; the lid should first be forced off with a screwdriver.

To keep moth from a Christmas pudding grate a block of camphor over the surface.

To renovate last year's puddings do not send them to the cleaners unless they need to be tailor-pressed. Carefully dust and remove all rough parts with emery-paper. Lightly varnish the surface with a camel-hair brush.

Christmas presents in the form of whisky are very fashionable this year. The name and address to which such gifts may be sent can be obtained upon application at this office.



Mother. "IF YOU WON'T KISS UNCLE I SHALL SEND YOU TO BED." *Bobbie (after painful silence).* "GOOD-NIGHT, MUMMIE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FANCY that most of us would admit that our chief interest in the Memoirs of the Great (opportunities of consulting which have not lately been wanting) lies in the glimpses they afford of the Other Great at close quarters. I seldom met a book that appealed more frankly to this natural instinct than the volume put together by that clever and himself most interesting man, the Roumanian Minister, M. TAKE JONESCU, under the sufficiently apt title of *Some Personal Impressions* (NISBET). Here you get your celebrities neatly arranged, a chapter to each. Often the chapters are no more than a couple of pages, or a single anecdote, in length; but of every one (as Viscount BRYCE justly says in his brief preface) "we feel that the man described is no longer a name but a creature of flesh and blood." I am not going to pretend that always the incidents attached to the names are of first-class importance; but as a whole the book conveys a remarkably vivid impression of European diplomacy from within. Perhaps not one reader in twenty, glancing through the table of contents, will be able to resist turning first to the chapter devoted to the EX-KAISER, though here it is to be admitted that M. JONESCU has least chance of telling us anything very novel. The best, certainly the most appreciative, of the German portraits is that of the late KIDERLEN-WAECHTER, for whom the writer entertained a profound admiration. The chapter under his name contains two sayings worthy of quotation—one from KIDERLEN-WAECHTER himself: "Every big victory is the work of the people, and the people have to be paid for it;" and the other a strikingly sane estimate of England by BISMARCK, over-long for me to quote here. These give you a measure of the book—the lightest of anecdotal reading, but written by a man too individual to be commonplace.

Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON has long been one of the heroes of the golfing world, but he wields the pen as deftly as the putter, and his literary excursions have carried him far beyond the confines of the Royal and Ancient pastime. *Peter Steele the Cricketer* contains the best description of a village cricket-match I know of; *Cricketing Saws and Stories* is a little masterpiece; and he has also achieved distinction in the domains of fiction, psychics and natural history. He was once called the "Sardonic Hutchinson" by an eminent Scots philosophic critic of golf; but that was probably owing to his famous negative definition of the game: "Golf is not agriculture." As a matter of fact "sardonic" is the last epithet I should have chosen for a writer so generous, modest and whimsically humorous—never more so than when at his own expense. His new book, *Fifty Years of Golf* (COUNTRY LIFE OFFICES) may be described as primarily a golfing autobiography, but the mellow urbanity of the style, the wealth of anecdote and the knowledge of human nature which it displays will commend it to many readers who have never handled a club. No one has given us so many or such genial portraits of the outstanding figures of the golfing world in the last half-century. The writer knew them all, as instructors,

exemplars, or rivals, but always as friends, and he has a kindly or affectionate word to say of them all. When the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews elected him captain in 1908, "one of my wife's relations was good enough to say, 'I'm glad they made Horace that—it will look so well in his obituary notice.' So it will; but I hope not yet." That is a hope which all golfers and all lovers of good letters will cordially endorse.

Perhaps it is only fair to warn disciples of the original "BARTIMEUS" that parts at least of *An Awfully Big Adventure* (CASSELL) may tend a little towards disappointment. The fact is that the title-tale is too big for its setting. Zeebrugge remains such a heart-stirring piece of history that to have it served up as part of a particularly silly love-story makes for impatience. Not there, nor in the twice-told stories of the "Q-boats" that follow, do we get the genuine qualities of "BARTIMEUS'S" adventures, which indeed do not appear till the section at the end devoted to short sketches. Here you will emphatically find the best wine kept till the last; some of it indeed as good as any that we have had from this pleasant vineyard. I myself liked especially "The Epitaph"—somehow "BARTIMEUS" is always at his best in reminiscent mood—and an altogether charming account of mountain climbing in the neighbourhood of Nice, a thing entirely without plot or story, or indeed anything at all except a delicious and invigorating atmosphere which makes it the best tonic in the world. So there you are. Candidly "BARTIMEUS'S" lovers strike me, as *Orlando* struck *Rosalind*, but as poor imitations of the real thing; but his isolated reminiscences of Naval occasions or of tall ships continue to proclaim him our jolliest and most sincere chronicler of life on the sure shield.



THE BOY WHO REFRAINED: A STUDY IN HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.

If anyone had said to me, before I read *The Old Indispensables* (MARTIN SECKER), that it was possible to write a satiric novel two hundred and fifty pages long on the internal mechanism of a Government Office, even a latter-day Government Office, I should have flatly refused to believe him. Not because these places are so abysmally boring as tradition would have it; rather they must be full of humorous happenings, or why that loud chuckle at half-past three in the club smoking-room? but because of all jokes the jokes of Civil Servants seem to be the most technical. To Mr. EDWIN SHANKS, however, it has been given to achieve the impossible and to play with chains of authority, channels of communication, red tape and routine as if they were so many iridescent soap-bubbles, and to make characters of farce out of the slaves of schedules and returns. It is hard to say what is the prettiest fancy in the tale of the Department of Evasions at the Circumlocution Office, but perhaps it is the one which concerns the lost papers on the appointment of Sir Ephraim Hogg, who, after many subterfuges and cross-references and fruitless searchings of trays, turned out to be, "See Estimates No. 50," and so vanished into air. I don't know in what Government Office Mr. SHANKS was employed, but he certainly deserves the gratitude of all Civil Servants, temporary or permanent; for wherever it was his time was surely well spent.

In *The Purple Jar* (HUTCHINSON), MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK has used Miss EDGEWORTH'S story of the chemist's bottle, which was mere clear glass when the contents were tipped out, at once to provide a title and to suggest a moral to her story. *Sally* was an English girl who would go and be a governess in Germany. Her adventures in Hamburg consist chiefly of a love affair with a young German of dishonourable intentions, but, until the last when he went unbelievably to pieces, of great personal attractions. I don't think Mrs. SIDGWICK has made quite a success of writing in the first person from the point of view of a very young girl, but, apart from that, it is a readable book, in which a properly tepid attitude to Germans is tempered by the introduction of one or two—notably *Trudi*, a delightful German equivalent of the *enfant terrible*—who, save for their manners, are quite pleasant and quite kind. But for the dishonourable intentions of *Herr Heiling*—and really they are very delicately suggested—it would make a capital Christmas present for a growing girl.

To lovers of birds there can be few keener pleasures than a book by Mr. W. H. HUDSON, even if, as is the case with *Birds in Town and Village* (DENT), they are already familiar with portions of it. Indeed, I always find Mr. HUDSON a fascinating companion, because his delight in birds is so sincere, and he expresses it in a style as simple as it is sound. "Birds in a Cornish Village" is the entirely new part of this volume, and every word of it is derived from observation and understanding of the inhabitants (both on the wing and on foot). Here Mr. HUDSON pays considerable attention to the daw, which abounds in the Duchy and is left almost unmolested. He is not at pains to defend the rogue, in fact he calls it an "injurious bird," but he explains very clearly why "Jackie" is so widely tolerated. "The daws," he says, "may be regarded as bad hats generally in the bird community, and on this account they touch a chord in us." I must add that Mr. DETMOLD'S coloured illustrations are exquisite.

Journalistic Candour.

On the morrow of the PREMIER'S speech at Manchester:—

"DAILY MAIL
TRYING TO FOOL EVERYBODY."

"The Germans have a good term—*Schnsucht nach Schnsucht* (a longing for longing)—for second-hand artistic utterances of the man whose art is an expression not so much of what he feels about this or that, as of what he feels he ought to feel about it."—*The Observer.*

"*Schnsucht*" sounds more like "Hunt the Slipper."

CHARIVARIA.

UP to the time of going to press the world had not come to an end, as prophesied.

* * *

It has been suggested that a mass meeting of humourists should be held to propose a vote of thanks to Professor PORTA, who predicted this catastrophe, for his invaluable help in enabling them to eke out a livelihood.

* * *

Some of us, however, feel bound to condemn the spirit in which the American astronomer approached his subject. This mania for Prohibition is going too far.

* * *

During the Christmas holidays Government officials will be expected to sleep in their own time.

* * *

A Yorkshire lady recently complained that the Disposal Board was advertising for sale a lake which belongs to her. The public will be delighted to hear that the Disposal Board, while offering no immediate explanation, promises to get to the bottom of the thing.

* * *

Several eminent laryngologists write to say that, pending further investigation, the statement of the bargee who recently inherited sixty thousand pounds, that, when he heard the news, words failed him, must be accepted with reserve.

* * *

A notable instance of the time saved by the new non-stop omnibuses is reported from Whitehall. A Government official who was trying to indicate the War Office to a fellow-passenger found himself pointing to the Home for Lost Dogs.

* * *

"What are the Middle Classes doing?" asks a correspondent in a morning paper. Alas, theirs is not to do—but to be done.

* * *

"It is intended to lay the foundation of a future Air Force on a territorial basis," declared Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL recently. On the other hand, we gather that the future of the Army is largely in the air.

* * *

The U.S. House of Representatives has been considering a proposal to send diplomatic agents to the Irish Republic. Lest our readers should be inclined to resent this procedure we hasten to point out that we ourselves recently dispatched Viscount GREY to Washington without asking the consent of the Mexican Government.

* * *

In spite of all that is said, adequate precautions against waste *are* taken by some Government departments. Only the other day a man who applied for one hundred and fifty pounds to commence building a house with was asked to fill up a form stating why he wanted a house.

* * *

"With the revival of full dress," says a contemporary, "the shako will replace the helmet." It is expected however that in a large number of cases the chucko will replace both.

* * *

"Drinking whisky," says an American, "drives people mad." But not half so mad as chasing it in America.

* * *

Offered a penny for his thoughts in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, a Labour Member declared that, owing to the high cost of living, in future he would have to charge twopence-halfpenny.

* * *

"Do handsome husbands pay?" asks *The Weekly Dispatch*. They generally have to, but not so much as the husbands of handsome wives.

* * *

Mistletoe is a shilling a bunch in Covent Garden. A good many young people declare that with a little give and take it is quite easy to carry on without the stuff.

* * *

We have decided to forgive, if not forget, the trade journal which last week advised its readers that to keep butter properly it should be stored in barrels in a large well-ventilated cellar. A very cruel thing to say.

* * *

"Christmas presents," says the *Dundee Advertiser*, "are dearer than ever." How the news leaked out in Scotland is a mystery.

* * *

Hastings Guardians have decided not to grant the workhouse inmates any Christmas beer. We 'll teach people to be inmates.

* * *

"I understand," says a gossip, "that Miss SMITHSON, the principal boy at Drury Lane, decided on her best song at the last moment." Thank goodness Christmas won't have to be postponed after all.

* * *

The Income-Tax officials at Somerset House, says a weekly paper, threaten to strike. But surely that isn't a threat. It 's a generous offer.

* * *

Last week three towns which had previously refused the offer of a German machine-gun altered their decision. It is thought that the appearance of waits in the neighbourhood has had something to do with this change of attitude.

* * *

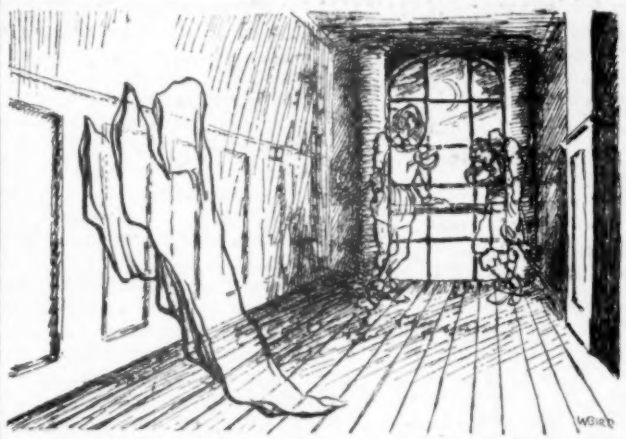
The value of the Press as an educator has again been demonstrated. Charged with using abusive language to a policeman last week a Billingsgate man admitted that he might have called the officer a "blinkin' Brontosaur."

* * *

According to a well-informed journal, antique furniture is fetching higher prices at the present time than it has ever done before. This is largely due to the increased cost of timber and creative labour.

* * *

An extraordinary echo is produced by the high hills surrounding a golf-course in the South of England, and it is feared that a three-mile limit may have to be fixed for children and clergymen.



Old Family Ghost. "HAVE YOU NOTICED, SIR GUY, WHAT A LOT OF THAT CLASS OF HAUNTER THERE 'S BEEN ABOUT LATELY? I SUPPOSE IT 'S THIS WHOLESALE DISPOSAL OF CHEAP GOVERNMENT LINEN."

Costumes for two.

"Those present included:—Mr. and Mrs. ——, in a pretty dress of rose pink crepe de chine; Mr. and Mrs. ——, in a lovely dress of black crepe de chine, trimmed with gold embroidery and touches of heliotrope silk."
New Zealand Paper.

TO THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB ON ITS HOME-COMING.

[Being a welcome from a next-door neighbour who rejoices in the evacuation of the Club's premises by the War Office, and notably for reasons (connected with the War-emergency hutments that still block the river-view in this vicinity) which should be appreciated by Sir ALFRED MOND, of the Office of Works, himself an ornament of the Club in question.]

LONG have I waited with eyes that yearn,
Watching and watching for your return,
Since to the country's cause you lent
What for a party's use was meant,
Lending it just the same as though
The option was yours to stay or go.

Worn to a thread with hope deferred,
Peace to me was an empty word.
What was the good of a truce to gore
If there were still dug-outs next door?
If, where a halycon calm should be,
Flappers of War still wolfed their tea?

While you were gone this weary spell,
Occupying a strange hotel,
My heart resembled a hollow drum—
Nothing could fill the vacuum;
Oh, it is time you were here again
To stay the longing and staunch the pain.

Yes, and it 's time for your own sakes too,
Who are not a very united crew;
For some of you follow the Wee Free quest
And some with the Tories have coalesced—
Causing a split that you can't repair
Except in the old familiar lair.

Changes, I fear, have cast a blight
On the haunt of sweetness, the home of light;
Horrible hutments block the line
Of vision across your Thames (and mine);
But, once you are back, Sir ALF, no doubt,
For love of his Club will wipe them out.

Reason enough for me to yearn
From the pit of my tummy for your return,
Apart from the neighbourly joy that I
Take in your caravanserai,
In its simple charm and its old-world grace,
And the *cachet* it gives to Whitehall Place.

O. S.

DUAL MENTALITY.

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you a curiosity of literature that may perhaps interest your readers. I am a contributor of occasional articles to the more thoughtful section of the Press, and last evening I was engaged upon an essay entitled "Moral Evolution and the League of Nations." Owing to the contemptibly inadequate ration of coal allowed us by the local Fuel-Overseer I am nowadays compelled to do my spare time writing in the drawing-room, which is also occupied after dinner by my wife. Usually I am able, as the result of a rigorous course of self-training, to divide my brain into two water-tight compartments, concentrating the one upon my work and simultaneously lending the other to a discussion with my wife on domestic and other topics. On this occasion, however, owing to some obscure aberration which apparently produced a form of mental short-circuiting, the two compartments refused to work independently, with the result that the article, which I enclose herewith, emerged in a somewhat unconventional form. It was only on reading it over this morning that I discovered the strange effect, of which I was at the time quite unconscious. Possibly some of your readers may be able to advance a scientific explanation of this interesting phenomenon.

Yours truly, (REV.) THOMAS FIDDLE, D.D.

[ENCLOSURE.]

It is fervently to be hoped that the present obscurantist attitude of the United States Senate will not be allowed to wreck the project of the League of Nations before it is even launched. Allowing for differences in temperament, it cannot be gainsaid that by her continued neglect to dust the dining-room mantelpiece Florence has fully merited a month's notice. Whether, however, in view of the alarming growth of Bolshevist activity all over the world it would be wise at this juncture to court still further State upheavals must depend on Cook's future performances. Certainly the cutlets to-day were grossly underdone; but blood is thicker than water. The lofty traditions of Anglo-Saxon friendship and co-operation forbid the notion that eggs should go any higher; while the obsession of the Monroe Doctrine cannot altogether account for the fact that Skinner's bacon is a disgrace. Of course the question of arousing American opinion by means of an organised campaign is one entirely for the Profiteering Tribunal, and, if the bathroom waste-pipe is choked, the Government must find a way out.

On the other hand, it would be idle to deny that one of the most disheartening aspects of the situation is Mrs. Tomlinson's new sealskin jacket. Admitted that her husband has just made a small fortune by a regrettable speculation in Oils, this policy of isolation from the essential concerns of civilisation at large is one that cannot be logically defended. Nor is it to be supposed that Susan Dillwater's engagement has been broken off merely from a desire to avoid unprofitable European entanglements. What the young women of to-day are coming to is a question that President WILSON could doubtless answer if he would; but the imminence of an election campaign lends a certain piquancy to the fact that Cousin Jane's chilblains have lately been much worse. If the brotherhood of mankind is to be something more than an empty phrase, it should be rubbed with embrocation night and morning.

This will give the protagonists of a lasting world-wide peace an opportunity to stop the tittle-tattle that goes on in the village, and we may then hope to discover what became of the rest of the bottle of claret that was opened yesterday to inaugurate a new era of goodwill and prosperity, when the voice of strife shall be for ever hushed and Mrs. Tibbits's twins have ceased from teething.

CHRISTMAS DESSERT.

THE grown-ups eat their oranges sitting in their places;
They take so long about it, they wear such sober faces;
With their knives and forks of silver they cut away the rind,
And what a dreadful lot of juice they always leave behind.

Tom and I eat oranges sitting on the ground;
We use our thumbs for boring, and, oh, the squeegy sound
Of sucking through the sugar-holes! the pips we nearly swallow!
We drink up our orange-juice until the skins are hollow.

"RUSSIAN PANCAKES.

Two ounces of flour, two ounces of into small pieces. Break one egg into eggs. Beat all well together. Grease four saucers, half fill with the mixture and bake for twenty minutes. Spread jam on each pancake and fold over."—*Family Herald.*

We dare say it was quite a nice recipe before the Bolsheviks got at it.



OUT IN THE COLD.

TURKEY (*bitterly*). "THEY SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ME. AND THEY CALL THIS THE SEASON OF GOODWILL!"



Burglar (after two hours of Christmas Carols). "FOR 'EVING'S SAKE 'AVE ME ARRESTED. I CAWN'T STICK NO MORE OF IT."

BERTRAM THE BAILIFF.

"HE 'll be here in a few minutes," I said; "is everything ready?"

"Yes, everything," said Margaret. "There 's a nice fat pouch of tobacco in his bedroom—that 's most important, isn't it?—and a barrel of beer in the scullery and a rickety wooden chair in front of the kitchen fire. That 's all he 'll want if he 's anything like the bailiffs I 've met—in books."

"S-sh, speak lower. Remember the cuckoo-clock is listening. I shouldn't like the bird to know, he 's always had such respect for me. To think that after all these years, Margaret, we two should be sitting here hand-in-hand"—I seized her hand hastily—"sitting here four-in-hand, I mean hand-in-hand, before the dying embers waiting for the bailiffs!"

"But there 's only one man coming," said my wife, and she threw a log on the fire.

"That makes it all the worse. They insult us by thinking one is enough for the likes of us." I was growing bitter.

"Well, one is enough for me. I do hope we shall get on with him. They 're nice kindly men as a rule, aren't they? Willing to help in the house and nurse the baby and all that?"

"That is so, Margaret. At least according to the novels of my youth; but they may have changed all that."

"Don't you think we ought to hire a baby for him? He may become violent when he finds there isn't one. He may suspect us of smuggling it away to prevent the landlord distraining on it."

There was a thud on the door.

"Here he is!" cried Margaret, and I turned and went with heavy tread to let the bailiff, or rather the bailiff's man, into my home.

A few days later I met my Uncle Gregory. "My dear boy," he said, "is it really true? Have you got the b——; have you got them in?"

"Only one. And he 's the bailiff's man, I believe. The bailiff, you must know, is much too superior a person to come himself; he only attends Royalty. You have to give his man plenty of beer and a chair by the kitchen fire, and lots of shag now that the beer is Government beer, and then——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Uncle Gregory crossly, "then they nurse the baby for you and help in the house. I 've read just as many novels as you have. The beggars aren't like that in real life, though."

"But this one is, Uncle Gregory. He nearly wept when he found there wasn't a baby to be nursed. We 've grown quite fond of him. Bertram is his name."

"Well, I can't think how you 've managed to get yourself and that poor girl into such a disgraceful predicament," burst out Uncle Gregory; "surely with your income——"

"To tell the truth," I interrupted, "I 've been rather extravagant lately. Margaret sent me to get her a penny packet of nasturtium seeds for the window-boxes, and I got her six for fivepence halfpenny. She 's just as bad herself, though; I cannot get her to eat her bubble without a squeak. So the result is we 've been living beyond our income for some time past."

"But had you saved nothing at all, Gerald?"

"Oh, yes. But we broke open the sixpenny money-box some time ago, and the china pig with farthings in went to pay the gas bill. So now the



TELEPHONE THRILLS.

Wife of Munitioneer. "WHATEVER DO YOU THINK, GEORGE? LORD FITZPURPLE HAS JUST RUNG US UP."
George. "WOT—O' PURPOSE?" *Wife.* "NO—IN HERROR."

landlord has put in the bailiff—or rather his man."

"Well, I don't understand you," said Uncle Gregory.

"I know; but you will soon," I said darkly as he strode away.

When I got home that evening I found that our conversation had already borne fruit.

"Aunt Elizabeth has only just gone," said Margaret. "She 's been lecturing me on our bad management and the spindrift lives we 've been leading."

"Spendthrift," I said.

"Yes, that sort of life. And she said we were disgracing the family. Bertram made us toast for tea, though."

"The question now is, Margaret, will the family feel disgraced to the point of paying up the landlord, or will it not?"

"I 'm afraid it will," said Margaret; and she was right.

A few days later we bade a reluctant farewell to our visitor, for we had become quite fond of the kindly old man.

In a fortnight, however, he was back again, put in by the justly incensed grocer, whose seventh application on bright orange-paper had met with no response. Once more a scandalized family came to the rescue, and once more we parted from Bertram, our good old friend—one of our oldest, we began to consider him.

On hearing of his third appearance in our kitchen our relatives summoned us to a family council.

"Have you any explanation to offer," thundered the head of the clan, "for your disgraceful improvidence? Surely with your income and a little method——"

"Oh, but I 'm awfully methodical," I said. "I keep a carefully worked out scale of bills, which I settle in a certain fixed order, so as to leave only one creditor gnashing his teeth at a time. First, the landlord gnashed, after him the grocer, then the baker. The next," —I consulted a note-book—"yes, the next to gnash is my tailor, I think."

"And why on earth must you let things get to such a state? Surely with your income——"

"But I 'm not complaining; we like our Bertram; he 's very good company and useful in lots of ways. He dusts the cuckoo and exercises the carpet-sweeper. To be sure he doesn't nurse the baby; but how can he? There isn't——"

"Enough of this nonsense," said my Uncle Gregory; "we mean you to realise that you are disgracing the family, and that something must be done."

"Well, then," I said in desperation, "perhaps you can suggest some other way of getting a servant. You must admit we 're the only members of the family who don't have to answer the door themselves. You say we 're disgracing you, but I think you ought to be very proud of us and of Bertram the Faithful Retainer."

There was silence; then a subdued rustling as the family melted slowly away, leaving Margaret and me to our triumph.

Three weeks later Bertram placed six postcards on our breakfast-table.

Each was from an uncle, aunt or other member of the family, and each bore the same words:—

"We have the bailiffs in."



Burglar (after two hours of Christmas Carols). "FOR 'EVING'S SAKE 'AVE ME ARRESTED. I CAWN'T STICK NO MORE OF IT."

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A few days later we bade a reluctant farewell to our visitor, for we had become quite fond of the kindly old man.

In a fortnight, however, he was back again, put in by the justly incensed grocer, whose seventh application on bright orange-paper had met with no response. Once more a scandalized family came to the rescue, and once more we parted from Bertram, our good old friend—one of our oldest, we began to consider him.

On hearing of his third appearance in our kitchen our relatives summoned us to a family council.

"Have you any explanation to offer," thundered the head of the clan, "for your disgraceful improvidence? Surely with your income and a little method——"

"Oh, but I 'm awfully methodical," I said. "I keep a carefully worked out scale of bills, which I settle in a certain fixed order, so as to leave only one creditor gnashing his teeth at a time. First, the landlord gnashed, after him the grocer, then the baker. The next," —I consulted a note-book—"yes, the next to gnash is my tailor, I think."

"And why on earth must you let things get to such a state? Surely with your income——"

"But I 'm not complaining; we like our Bertram; he 's very good company and useful in lots of ways. He dusts the cuckoo and exercises the carpet-sweeper. To be sure he doesn't nurse the baby; but how can he? There isn't——"

"Enough of this nonsense," said my Uncle Gregory; "we mean you to realise that you are disgracing the family, and that something must be done."

"Well, then," I said in desperation, "perhaps you can suggest some other way of getting a servant. You must admit we 're the only members of the family who don't have to answer the door themselves. You say we 're disgracing you, but I think you ought to be very proud of us and of Bertram the Faithful Retainer."

There was silence; then a subdued rustling as the family melted slowly away, leaving Margaret and me to our triumph.

Three weeks later Bertram placed six postcards on our breakfast-table.

Each was from an uncle, aunt or other member of the family, and each bore the same words:—

"We have the bailiffs in."



Vendor of Penny Toys (to millionaire). "'ERE Y'ARE, SIR. PRESENTS WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL."

WAITS AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

SEVERAL pairs of heavy boots were dragged as far as the lamp at the cross-roads. Then the band played.

After a single performance of a carol tune I heard a massive form clambering over my rockery, and horny thumbs seeking the bell-push. Waving my retinue of servant aside, I myself opened the door, more in anger than in sorrow, and spoke without reserve to the musician who stood there holding a dented euphonium in one hand and touching a few fragments of hat with the other.

In a voice that was gentle though husky he offered an explanation of his visit. "There's some as don't like us to go *too* far, guvnor, so we gives a sample and then calls to discuss business."

"I don't understand," I replied, "and in any case come off those bulbs."

"S'posin' you don't 'appen to be fond of a bit of music," he said tolerantly, "p'ra'ps there's some—er—friend you'd like us to visit, now you know our style. Ten chunes, carrils and what-not, for seven-and-a-tanner—or 'Erald Angels' over and over for five bob, that's our tariff," and he breathed on the breech of his instrument and polished it lovingly with his sleeve.

I was quick to catch his meaning, and it was but the work of a moment to select one of my—er—friends.

"Take this seven-and-sixpence, my good man," I said. He obeyed. "Go to the Avenue, to a house named 'Woodside'; play there. It is sure to be appreciated."

I returned to my fireside well pleased to think that Raunder, the president of our local orchestral society, was about to receive some return for his outrageous conduct which compelled me to resign my place as second flute.

I could hear the shuffling of feet, but when the musicians moved away it was not in the direction of the Avenue. Hatless I pursued them. The one who had called on me turned politely to meet me.

"Scoundrels! I pay you to go to Woodside, and you move off in the opposite direction. Give me back my money."

"*You* said 'The Lilacs,' Bill," said the Cornet reproachfully; and the Euphonium, looking puzzled, replied that "The Lilacs" was certainly what he'd understood the gentleman to say.

"Some misunderstandin', Sir," he said blandly, feeling in his pocket. "If I'd 'ad any idea it was 'Woodside' I couldn't never 'ave took the money. Couldn't 'ardly go back to 'Woodside,' could we, Sam?"

"Impossserble," said the Cornet.

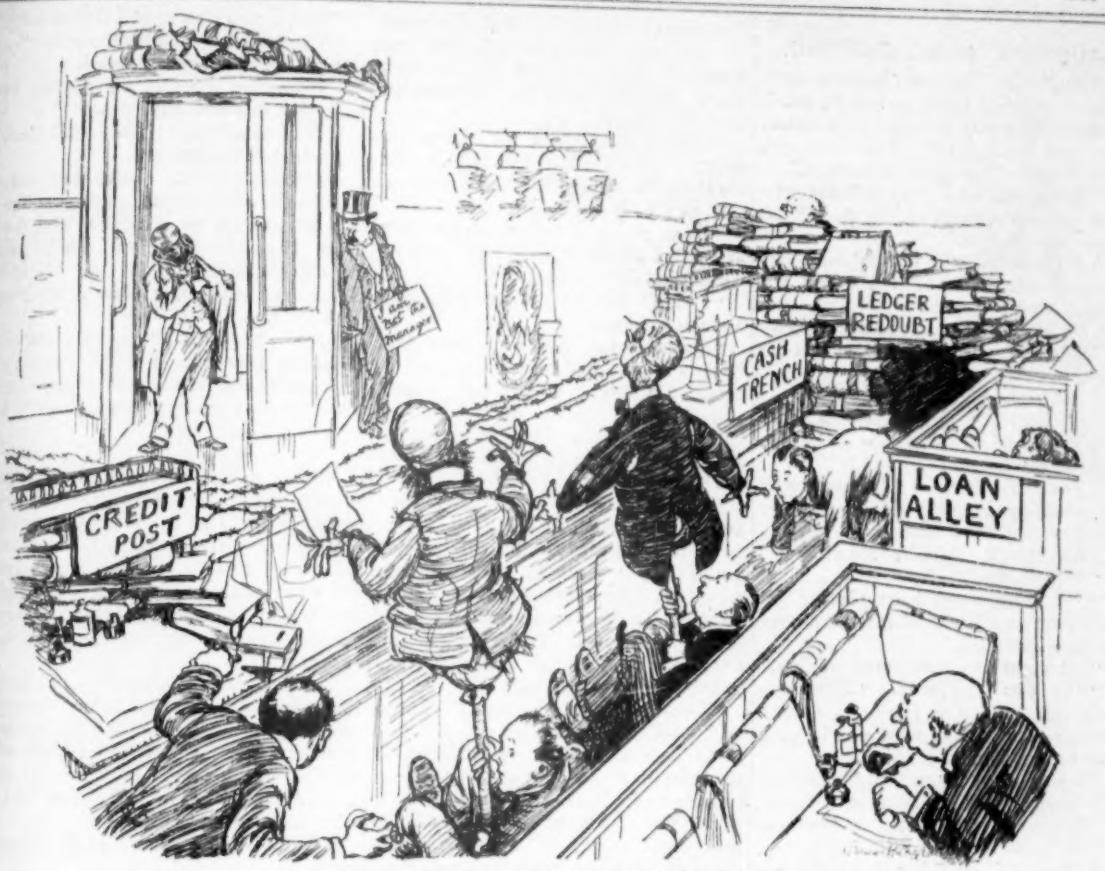
"Go back! What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, guvnor," said the Euphonium, "if we was to go playin' at 'Woodside' the gent there would want to know why we wasn't up 'ere playin' outside o' your 'ouse, like what 'e told us;" and he handed me three half-crowns, two of which, I subsequently discovered, were bad ones.

"OUR THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oats from little acorns grow."
Daily Paper.

We hope the FOOD-CONTROLLER knows about this.



THE SPREAD OF LAWLESSNESS.

HOLDING THE FRONT LINE AT OUR BANKS. SUSPECTED ATTACK DEVELOPING.

THE WAR ON WONDERLAND.

[The Dottoressa MONTESSORI, the renowned Italian Educationalist, formerly lecturer on Pedagogical Anthropology in the University of Rome, has, during her recent visit to England, publicly commented on and justified the absence of fairy-tales in the modern Italian system of children's education.]

THE learned Dottoressa MONTESSORI,
Whom neo-Pestalozzians idolize,
Crowning her with a special crown of glory—
A halo of a supra-normal size,
But whom Victorians, whether Whig or Tory,
Regard with dubious or indifferent eyes,
Has eloquently ventured to assail
The domination of the Fairy Tale.

Little she cares for ANDERSEN or GRIMM,
And all the wizards who have long beguiled
With their caprice and fantasy and whim
The instincts of the self-expressing child;
Great Pan is dead, and now along with him
The fays must follow, ruthlessly exiled
By *fiat* of the famous Dottoressa
And the enlightened teachers of Odessa.

Avaunt, then, elf and mannikin and pixie;
Avaunt, O tribe of leprechauns and gnomes;
Avaunt, troll, imp and watersprite and nixie,
You are not fit for self-respecting homes;
Beings so wayward, so detached and tricksy,
Affront the latest grandeur that is Rome's;
We have no longer any use or need
For *Puck* or *Peaseblossom* or *Mustardseed*.

Well, well, it is an arduous task, I trow,
To keep the realm of *Oberon* out of bounds
While still the horns of elf-land faintly blow,
Charming initiate ears with delicate sounds,
And while the little people come and go
On lone enchanted knolls and mossy mounds,
With WALTER DE LA MARE, "R. F." and YEATS,
Warders and watchers of the ivory gates.

And you, Signora, who would banish fairies,
Take heed lest your emancipative zeal
In extirpating fanciful vagaries
Estrange your friends and limit your appeal;
Of wonder and surprise each child the heir is,
And 'tis a crime that heritage to steal;
Rather let us the children's treasure cherish,
For where no vision is the people perish.

Notice received from a laundry—not in Ireland:—

"It is expected that all Laundries will be overwhelmed with work at Christmas time. To prevent delay and disappointment we would urge all our Customers to

SEND THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS WASHING DURING THE FIRST TWO WEEKS IN DECEMBER."

AUCTION HANDICAPPING.

"No," said Vernon Umpleby in a tone of cheerful retrospect as he manipulated an under-vitalised soda-siphon —"no, Sandy, I'm afraid that you Scotchmen are no good at auction."

"There was once a Scotchman who was put up at auction," I said, "but there was no sale."

"No bidders, you mean," said Vernon, talking indistinctly through the bottom of his tumbler.

"On the contrary, there were plenty of bidders; but the upset price was too high."

"Rot!" said Vernon.

"I'm not a bit downhearted because you have won two evenings at bridge. We did rather better to-night."

"Yes," said Vernon; "you were only eight hundred down to-night and twelve hundred down last night."

"Anyhow, it might be worse."

"Which how?"

"We might have been playing for half-a-crown a hundred instead of tenpence a thousand."

"I thought it was twopence a million."

"Did you?" I said. "Then it's lucky for me I didn't win. I should hate to have trouble with you in your own house about the stakes."

"Don't worry about that," said Vernon kindly. "We could soon settle the trouble outside the house. At least you would be outside."

"Thanks," I said, rising. "I can take a hint as well as any man."

"Yes," said Vernon. "And, being Scotch, you can take a drink as well as any two men. Help yourself, and sit down."

I did both.

"Look here, Sandy," said Vernon, "I don't like winning your money."

"Being a Yorkshireman, it must cut you to the heart."

"I'm going to offer you a handicap," Vernon said. "You see, there's practically nothing to choose between our wives."

"I've only one," I said, "and I prefer her to any other. And you wouldn't have said that about them if they hadn't gone upstairs half-an-hour ago."

"Let's talk sense," said Vernon, a little testily.

"Well, you begin."

"I'm quite serious," said Vernon; "I want you to have a run for your money. So I propose to give you a handicap."

"I've got one already," I objected. "As they don't play for anything and as I play with Margot and as she is your wife she gets half of your winnings. She must be tenpence in over these two nights. I noticed that she went up to four diamonds and five no-trumps to-night, and you doubled each time. We lost about five hundred on those two hands."

"Margot does go a bit above her paper," said Vernon judicially. "So we must allow for that in the handicap. Let me see——"

"I can give you two strokes a hole at golf," I suggested helpfully. "How would that do as a basis?"

"I don't see how it would work," Vernon answered.

"Quite simply," I said persuasively. "Let's take it that a round of golf is equal to a rubber at auction. I give you thirty-six strokes on a round of golf, so you will give me thirty-six points on a rubber of auction—below the line, of course."

"But that would be a game right away," Vernon objected.

"Not necessarily," I said. "You see, I might elect to take eighteen points on the first game and the other eighteen on the second or third—if there was a third. Then Margot and I would only want two tricks in clubs or better to take us out."

"I see your idea, of course," Vernon said, "but it sounds a bit complicated. Mine was to let you score game at twenty points, and Ethel and I would have to make the usual thirty. That's giving you a third of the game—fairly generous, I think."

"For a Yorkshireman, perhaps it is. I give you thirty-six strokes a round at golf and you offer me a third—six strokes—at auction. Of course you can't play golf for nuts."

"No more can you auction," Vernon said hastily.

"That completes my case, m'lud," I said, rising to my feet and sitting down again.

"Surely," Vernon grumbled, "if I let you score game at twenty, that's good enough for you?"

"No," I answered, "not nearly. But I'll compromise with you. I'll take three bisques in each rubber."

"Three points, do you mean?"

"No. Three tricks, of the current value, at any time just after a hand finishes. And I'll take my bisques singly or all in a lump, just as I please."

Vernon thought over this a moment.

"I don't mind trying that, just for fun. And I don't mind betting you three to one in half-crowns that you won't win, even with three bisques."

"I'll take that," I said, "over the next three nights."

"Good," said Vernon, chuckling.

"Of course we are making a fresh start?" I asked.

"Yes, if you like to put it that way."

"We start fair and level again?"

"Yes, yes," Vernon agreed.

"Then you'll begin by paying me back that one-and-eightpence."

"Well, of all the—the—Scotchmen," Vernon said explosively.

He rose from his chair, took some change from his trouser-pocket, picked out a shilling, a sixpence and two coppers, and put the rest back. He looked thoughtfully at the one-and-eightpence, and then slowly returned it to his pocket.

"No," he said—"no. On second thoughts I won't. I don't want you to have a bad night. If I gave you back all this money you wouldn't be able to sleep for joy."

* * * * *

Next evening we played on the three bisques per rubber basis. On the first hand Margot and I had an absolutely fool-proof heart call, and went out with four tricks. In the next game we went a thin diamond and made two tricks, fourteen, and, taking three bisques, twenty-one, ran out game and rubber.

The next rubber, after several hands, made them twenty-four to our twenty-one in the first game. We had agreed to hold up our bisques, and a lucky odd trick in spades took us out. In the second game Vernon and Ethel had a little slam in no trumps.

"Game and game," said Vernon joyously.

"No," I said, "on the contrary, we take our three bisques here, and that's rubber to us."

"Hang it all, we've made game, haven't we?"

"Perhaps. It's rather a technical point; but three bisques in no trumps is game to us, and two games make a rubber. I stand by my agreement."

"Yes, the Scotchman keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on."

"Including his bargain," I said, "and his temper."

After that Ethel suggested tactfully that handicapping by bisques seemed rather silly, and Margot that it was a fine evening for snooker pool. R. K. R.

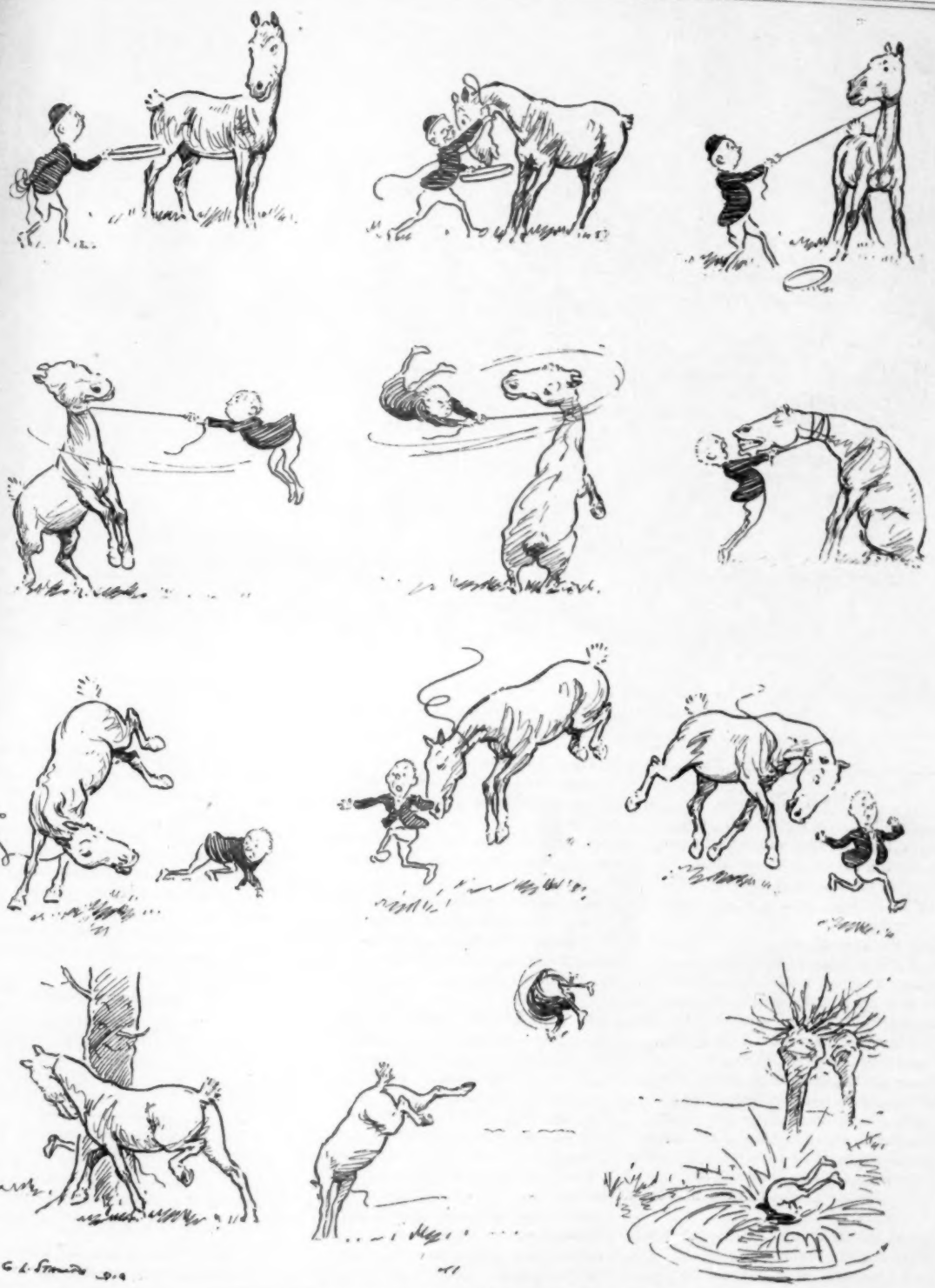
Sport in Ireland.

"—— HOTEL, COUNTY DONEGAL.
Safe sea bathing; salmon and trout fishing; roughs hooting during winter months."
Sporting Paper.

A Situation de Luxe.

"Cook-General wanted; good home and good wages; work all put out."—*Local Paper.*

This is the sort of place all the girls are looking for; as our cook called it, "the sinecure of every eye."



THE MAN WHO BELIEVED IN SAYINGS.

"YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO THE WATER."



Profiteer's Wife (to lady, who has been brought by a friend). "NOW WON'T YOU PLAY TO US?"
Guest. "I'M SORRY, I DON'T PLAY THE PIANO. I'M A SIFFLEUSE."
Profiteer's Wife. "OH, I *DO* HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR INSTRUMENT."

SANTA CLAUS.

BEYOND the Pole's remotest floes,
Beyond the land where Esquimaux
Harry the furtive seal and dare
The pimply walrus in his lair,
You'll find—if you should chance to reach
That distant spot—a silvery beach
Stretching away to uplands wide
Where herds of reindeer, gentle-eyed,
Browse upon toothsome herbs that grow
All warm and snug beneath the snow,
And frosty gnomes in jerkins blue,
The keepers of the caribou,
Come for the milk that never fails
To fill their silver milking-pails.
Wide-horned and fleeter than a bird
The great white fathers of the herd
Browse near their less imposing wives,
Impatient till the hour arrives
When, from High Bergland's starlit plain,
Great Santa Claus rides South again
With simply sacks and sacks of toys
For well-conducted girls and boys.
High-perched above the soundless strand,
Where marble-stiff the billows stand,
Yet sheltered from the Arctic breeze
By groves of sparkling Christmas-trees,
Where blood-root and the Christmas rose
And every flower that braves the snows
Bloom, and the tender snowdrop smiles
And dreams of sun-enchanted isles—
A long, low log-house all of fir
Is full of bustle, noise and stir,
As, spurred and booted, Santa comes
And stamps his feet and blows his thumbs
And leaps into his jingling sleigh,
Crying, "Heigh presto! Harkaway!
Expect me back on Christmas morn;
God bless my soul! where *is* that horn?"
Oh, week by week and day by day
Old Santa Claus has worked away
With gnomes in hundreds at his beck
To nail and glue, to pack and check
Horses and dolls and Noah's Arks
And fubsy dogs with lifelike barks,
Soldiers and picture-books and guns
And woolly lambs for little ones.
So, children, be most awfully good
And fold your clothes, as children should;
Don't tease the cat or anger Cook
Or dog's-ear Father's history book,
Or make Nurse have to tell you twice
That "Shan't" and "Cheese it" are not nice.
Then, when on Christmas morn you rise
And pierce the gloom with eager eyes,
Wond'ring if Santa 's been and gone,
While Nannie slumbers grossly on,
Why, then—oh, then I think you'll find
That Santa Claus has left behind,
Within your stocking's bulging toe,
The very toys you longed for so.

ALGOL.

Tough Propositions.

"GEESE.—Three Geese for Sale.—Apply —— Rubber Co."—*Local Paper.*

"A good selection of Fancy Leather Foods."
Tradesman's Circular.

"The bride's dress was composed of a delicate pale tone of silk apricot georgette, which harmonised charmingly with a hat of brown velvet and fine straw, set off with a bunch of cigarettes at one side."—*Scotch Paper.*

We thought it was only widows who wore weeds.

"WANTED good, single-handed Servant, entire charge of small house. Be good plain cook."—*Church Times.*

"Be good, plain cook, and let who can be clever!"



THE GREAT POSTPONEMENT.

Prime Minister. "TRUST!"
Irish Pig. "I'M FED UP WITH TRUSTING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A MINISTERIAL CHRISTMAS PARTY.

"THERE ARE TOYS AND TOYS."—*Sir* AUCKLAND GEDDES.

Monday, December 15th.—A humble apology by Lord STANHOPE for his share in the DOUGLAS-PENNANT inquiry furnished Lord CURZON with an opportunity for administering to the House of Lords as a whole a tremendous dressing-down. By its impulsive action it had inflicted pain upon a number of innocent people and cost the State ten thousand pounds. Lord SALISBURY made a mild protest against the manner of this castigation; but the other Peers seemed to think it more judicious to kiss the rod than to provoke its further exercise.

With the acceptance of the Commons' Amendments, the Church "Enabling" Bill surmounted its final obstacle. A measure blessed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, on the ground that it will strengthen the national character of the Church of England, and welcomed by Lord HALDANE because, in his opinion, it will turn the Church into a sect and lead to its disestablishment, has obviously a great, if somewhat doubtful, future before it.

In the Commons Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES admitted that there had been an enormous increase in the importation of German toys, but, when pressed to prohibit it in the interests of British manufacturers, indicated that such action was not immediately urgent, remarking oracularly, "There are toys and toys." When a child, he himself, for example, was quite content with a lump of coal as a plaything.

Having been otherwise employed last Thursday, the PRIME MINISTER appeared in the House this afternoon and gave a great deal of miscellaneous but not very detailed information. Thus, of his conversations with M. CLEMENCEAU the only definite result recorded was that the French Government had been given leave to float a loan in this country. Hence, no doubt, the smile on the face of the Tiger depicted in last week's cartoon. Mr. BILLING's untimely curiosity as to whether the loan would be in the form of Premium Bonds was not appeased. The peace-offer conveyed by M. LITVINOFF to the British Minister at Copenhagen had been returned unopened (how did the Government know it was a peace-offer?), and the Bolshevists were told, if they wanted peace, to seek it from Generals KOLTCHAK and DENIKIN.

As for Ireland there was to be no Home Rule Bill this Session, but only a statement "in outline" of what next year's Bill would probably be. Mr. DEVLIN's protest against the priority given to the Irish Education Bill led Sir EDWARD CARSON to ask whether education was not far more important than Home Rule. There does not seem much to choose between them if we accept the Nationalist leader's retort that "the more you educate the Irish people the greater rebels they will become."

Tuesday, December 16th.—The Lords sat up till nearly midnight with the Government of India Bill, which, despite some severe criticisms by Lord AMPTHILL, who described the author of the measure as "a globe-trotting doctrinaire," and an eleventh-hour attempt by Lord MACDONNELL to eliminate the "dyarchy," was safely piloted through Committee by Lord SINHA, himself the strongest argument for its provisions and the most hopeful augury of its success.

The Commons were surprised to learn that there is one manual worker in this country who has neither received nor claimed increased remuneration since the War, although he carries out his duties with such efficiency that no complaints are ever heard from those for whom they are performed. His case would long ere this, no doubt, have been taken up by the Labour party, but for a not unnatural reluctance to stand on the same platform as the Public Executioner.

Mr. ROBERTS cannot meet the request for a reduction in the price of milk until the British cow ceases to ca'canny.



Manager. "WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?" *Irrepressible Comedian.* "THE SOPRANO'S GOT UP TO A-FLAT AND CAN'T GET DOWN."

Optimists credit her with a potential production of two gallons a day, but at present she refuses to give even as much as one-and-a-half.

The Irish Education Bill was down for second reading to-night, but the Nationalist Members, knowing perhaps that their Ulster brethren were very anxious to further its progress, were determined to delay it. So first, with the assistance of the "Wee Frees" and the Labour men, they secured leave to move the adjournment in order to call attention to the suppression of *The Freeman's Journal* by the military authorities in Ireland. And then, to make assurance double sure, they set to work to obstruct the Votes for the Air Service and the Army.

Mr. E. KELLY, the Member for East Donegal, particularly distinguished himself. During the first part of the Session, I learn from the *Parliamentary Gazette*, he spoke only seven columns of *Hansard*. This afternoon he more than doubled his total output, and displayed an astonishing thirst for information on such diverse questions as the demobilisation of the W.R.A.F.'s, the window-cleaning of barracks, the optical instruments supplied to pilots, the charting of the atmosphere and the commandeering of meadow-land for aerodromes. By the copiousness of his style and the artless manner in which he cloaked irrelevance under the guise of legitimate curiosity he recalled the triumphs of the late Mr. J. G. BIGGAR.

So the night wore on, until at eight-fifteen the adjournment motion came. Comparatively little was said about *The Freeman's Journal*. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR's speech was chiefly composed of extracts from *The Times*, a journal of which I should judge him to be a more diligent student. Mr. ADAMSON's was almost entirely devoted to the hard case of the Irish motor-drivers, who have elected to lose their livelihood rather than apply for a Government permit; and the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL had professional scruples against freely handling a case that is *sub judice*. The Government had a big majority in the ensuing division; but the Nationalists had secured their object, for it was by that time too late to start the Education Bill.

Wednesday, December 17th.—Mr. BONAR LAW announced that he could not find further time for the Education Bill this Session. Sir EDWARD CARSON put in a plea for the Irish teachers, thus robbed of an increase in their emoluments; and Mr. DEVLIN, perceiving that he had allowed the Ulster leader to secure a tactical advantage, jumped up to support his appeal. Mr. LAW, commenting upon this sudden unanimity, dryly observed that, as Mr. DEVLIN took so much interest in the teachers, it was a pity that he had not allowed their Bill to come on last night.

It is fortunate that the MINISTER FOR LABOUR is a Scotchman. A mere Southron would not have known what to make of an inquiry whether a certain workman had, for failing to pay his rates, been "threatened with diligence," and might have been tempted to reply that he was very glad to hear it. But Sir ROBERT HORNE, of course, knew very well that "diligence" is Scots for "distraint."

Sir ROBERT was also called upon to say why "immobile" members of the Women's Corps were deprived of the unemployment benefits accorded to "mobile women" in the same corps, and made serious and suitable reply. But did I, or did I not, hear him humming under his breath, "*La donna è mobile*"?

A long debate on the Appropriation Bill might be summed up in a single phrase from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: "We had to repeat commonplaces until we really acted upon them."

More Profiteering.

"SECONDHAND PRAM, new condition; cost 12/- recently; bargain, £7 10/-."—*Local Paper.*



"HULLO, OLD DEAR, YOU LOOK A BIT FED. WHAT'S UP?"

"THE GUVNOR'S A SPORT—JOINED UP OVER AGE, AND ALL THAT—BUT IT'S MADE HIM SO BEASTLY YOUNG. HE'S SIMPLY MONOPOLISING MY BEST GIRL."

GARNISHEE.

[By means of a "garnishee" order issuing from a Master in Chambers and served on the debtor's banker, a creditor is able to appropriate, to the extent of his claim, any monies standing to the debtor's credit at the bank.]

Was it a lawyer who, with the immortal incumbent of Eversley in his mind, said, "It's a fine day. Let's go and writ somebody"?

Anyway, that fine old sportsman, Arbuthnot, of Arbuthnot Brothers, Sons, Nephews, Pilkington and Arbuthnot, is a great believer in this maxim. He knows all the legal pack of sleuth-hounds well, and has hunted many a time and oft with them (one at a time, as is the custom with this pack)—Writ, Summons, Affidavit, Discovery, Interpleader, Distringas, Trespass, Order, Appearance, Verdict, Judgment, Taxed Costs and the rest. If he has a favourite among them, though, it is Garnishee—by Payment out of Bank Account.

In *Self* v. *Jenkins* more than half the pack had run, but had failed to bring down the quarry (Jenkins). I should have let it (and Jenkins) go at that, but Arbuthnot's blood was up and he wired me the following hunting fixture:—

"Thursday. Meet at Law Courts, 11.0."

Arbuthnot and I rode up almost simultaneously and dismounted (he from Taxi, I from my more sober steed—old Mobus), and we went straight up to the Master and asked leave to put Garnishee on the scent. Permission being given, Arbuthnot remounted and the chase began.

The affair was too exciting for me and I hacked quietly home on Mobus, but from Arbuthnot's account the run must have been a wonderful sight. Jenkins, who had early got wind of danger, broke cover, it seems, from Red Lion Square (where he had lain doggo for some time), ran through Gray's Inn Passage, along Holborn and crossed the Viaduct well ahead. Turning sharply to the right through Old Bailey he breasted Ludgate Hill, and by way of the old Watling Street headed straight for Barclay's Bank, where safety lay. He didn't know, but instinctively felt that Garnishee was out for his blood.

Arbuthnot by another route, not knowing the quarry had scented danger, and urging Taxi to the last twopence, hoped to head off his victim before he could reach the Bank. Garnishee, he said, was quite in order, but should have been put on sooner.

There was a view hallos by Budge Row; Jenkins, his tongue hanging out, was visibly tiring, and Arbuthnot bribed Taxi to further efforts.

I'm sorry for Arbuthnot—personally, I mean; I don't care two straws for his brothers, sons, nephews, the deluded Pilkington, or the Arbuthnot who brings up the rear (probably to keep Pilkington from bolting)—because Jenkins, who knows the country better, by devious lanes and by-ways reached the Bank first and had withdrawn, leaving no trace (not even the scent of a Bradbury or Fisher) by the time Arbuthnot rode up with his beloved Garnishee; for

When they got there the ledger was bare
And so the poor hound got none.

"FLOUR DOWN
Self-raising Flour 10d. per quartern."

You see the difficulty? It simply *won't* stay down.

From a football report:—

"One of the centres has come to the front very rapidly, and may go further."
Daily Paper.

Possibly even as far as the goal.

Excerpt from schoolboy's letter:—

"I have not written lately to you, for I have been confined to the sanitorium with a bronchial guitar."

A very wheezy instrument.

A DEMOBILISED HUSTLER.

In another sphere George's forceful personality might have been a valuable asset, but to appoint him caretaker and doorkeeper of our local Natural History Museum was akin to installing an electric dynamo to wind up a watch. It was typical of his enthusiastic nature that he immediately proposed to donate to the institution his collection of curios, comprising (*a*) a variety of silk-woven postcards representing two hands fervidly clasped beneath the flags of the Allies and inscribed "*Souvenir de France;*" (*b*) the handle of a rum-jar, the remainder having been shattered by a rifle bullet (at least that was George's explanation of its non-arrival in the front line, he being company-runner at the time), and (*c*) a piece of shrapnel alleged to have been extracted from George's right tibia, a statement that lacked confirmatory evidence. George furthermore suggested that he might in his official capacity deliver short lectures describing them to visitors, any profits resulting therefrom being regarded as his particular perquisites.

Unhappily the Committee did not see its way clear to accept George's offer, which confirmed his impression that they were a retrograde and reactionary body. George expressed this conviction to Constable Gurney, his ex-platoon sergeant, who was sheltering in the museum lobby against the inclemency of the weather.

"This ain't a museum," said George; "it's a blessed mausoleum. There ain't no punch about it. They carry on with the same old show of stuffed birdses and dusty skellingtons that they 'ad twenty years ago; an' the gate receipts is dwindling to nothing. All day I comb the cobwebs out of my 'air and brush the mould from my uniform. It's the most gorgeous monument of nothing doing I ever saw since our old Sergeant Drummer was demobilized."

"You never was one for a quiet life, George," said the policeman, "else you 'd 'ave joined the Force. Let well alone."

"Not for me. I 've a certain pride in being alive. What 's wanted 'ere is a few good posters an' a constant change of programme. I've seen a potty little museum in wakes-week with only a two-'eaded calf or a five-legged sheep drawing bigger money than we do. But a natural 'istory specimen hasn't got a chawnce of living in one of our glass cases unless it can perduce a certificate that it 's been dead at least twenty years, an' the deader it is the 'igher it stands on the pay list. I reckon the Committee is elected the same way too."

Constable Gurney proceeded on his beat, feeling that George's stay at the museum was not likely to be long, and he was not surprised when the latter hailed him a fortnight later and said he was leaving at the end of the week.

"I gave you a month," replied Gurney. "'Ow did it 'appen?"

"The Committee of Somnambulists find me too disturbing," said George. "First, I 'ad a bit of trouble with 'em over the skellingtons. I pointed out 'ow they collected the dust, an' suggested running 'em over with a cleaning rag an' a bit of blanco to freshen 'em up. They was horrified, an' said if I laid a finger on any of the specimens except in the way of kindness I 'd have to quit, an' stay quit.

"Well, a few days later I was a bit vigorous with one of the heggs—I disremember its Latin name, but I think they call it a Red-billed Wingo Bird's Hegg—'an it crumbled up in my 'and. It was about the size of a duck's hegg, an' very rare, an' I 'esitated about telling 'em. Instead I provided a substitoot. Never mind 'ow I got it—it were a good substitoot, superior to my mind than the original. A day or two later an old gent—one of our few regular customers—was lookin' over our collection of heggs, an' 'e spotted my substitoot.

"'Strange I never noticed that before,' 'e murmured. 'A most remarkable specimen of the *Ovum Thingabobimus*. I 've never seen one before with such vivid and well-defined markings.'

"'E went away in a state of great excitement, and I reckon 'e must 'ave sent the fiery cross an' tocsin amongst the Associated Union of Orthinologists, for the next few days our turnstiles was clicking like a Cup Final. It was the biggest boom in the whole of our natural 'istory, an' I expected every day the Committee would turn over in its sleep an' notice there was something doing. Then interest began to die down a bit an' the moss started sprouting again in the lobby.

"'This won't do, George,' says I to myself. 'If you don't keep things moving the place will be dozing off again. It 's up to you to wake up the Siester Society in spite of itself. If one hegg is enough to draw a decent gate,' says I, 'with a whole laying we ought to get a regular riot.'

"So I made my preparations, an' I set about it; but the Chairman unexpectedly 'appened to drift in just as I was a-touching up all the heggs in our collection with a paint-brush an' a few tins of enamel, and——"

* * * * *

George now occupies a conspicuous position outside the local cinema palace, and wears a uniform resembling that of a Field-Marshal in the Mexican Army, ornamented with the facings of a Chilian Rear-Admiral. He reports huge business, and money turned away nightly.

OLD SIR ARCHIBALD.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Old Sir Archibald looked out
With a sense of grievance;
This was partly due to gout,
Partly to St. Stephen's;
Whitely lay the winter's snow;
Shone the moon with clarity;
Several people down below
Stood demanding charity.

Silver in a shining spate
From his hand departed;
Thereupon the eldest wait
Touched his cap and started:—
"Following ancestral use,
Sir, the village choir would
Much appreciate a goose
And some logs for firewood."

"Hither, Alfred," cried the Squire,
"Hie thee to the larder;
Give these men what they require,
Though the times be harder."
Alfred's brain began to jump;
Thus his thoughts he fashioned:—
Is the old boy off his chump?
Don't he know we 're rationed?

"Sir," he said, "out there I see
Bill the breeches-maker;
Comfortably off is he,
So is Bert the baker;
Then there 's that there 'Enery Meek
Runs a soda fountain,
Earns his eight pound ten a week,
And the profit 's mountin'.

"Bring them port and caviare!
Bring them pearl and ruby!
Each of them there blokes is far
Richer nor what you be;
Still, Sir, as you seem a bit
Keen on this yer giving,
There are some that 's far more hit
By the cost of living."

"Alfred," said the grey-haired Bart.,
"After what you 've hinted
I suppose I 'll have to part;
No one shall be stinted;
When you 've fed the village band
As in bygone ages,
Kindly close the window and
Take a rise in wages."

Gentles who have been enthralled
By this simple ditty,
Imitate Sir Archibald,
On the poor have pity;
Yuletide, at which pedants scoff,
Need have no detractors,
Now it makes men better off
Than their benefactors. EVOE.



Mother. "IT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU, MY DEAR PROFESSOR, TO TAKE HAROLD TO THE ATHENÆUM LAST NIGHT. (*In anxious undertone*) I TRUST IT WAS QUITE NICE?"

A RATION OF PEARLS.

WHEN I was told that Emily Jane had gone to a matinée at a certain House I had a conviction that she was not aware that the usual variety show had given place that afternoon to a performance of *The Trojan Women*. As she cleared away the remains of my breakfast on the following morning she entertained me with the following version of her experiences:—

"... An' that wos 'ow we never rumbled they wosn't givin' a proper show, an' I ses to Perce we ain't 'arf lite, and 'e ses never mind, and bort two fortles. 'Arf-a-crahn each they corst 'im. But I thort it funny to see two clergymen walking into a music-'all as bold as brass, an' I nudges Perce; but 'e ses, wot of it, they like their bit of fun, 'specially them wot 's bin chaplins. So I ses nuffink; but wen we wos settled dahn in our seats I see more parsons, and pile-ficed young fellers wiv glasses, an' I thinks to meself, these ain't the kind to join in no choruses, and I ses to Perce we bin 'ad.

"An' wen the show started, blimey wot a set-aht! No band, an' 'ardly any scenery but some pillers. An' then 'er wot wos the Queen went orf the deep end somethink orful abaht 'er 'ardships, an' grahsed abaht losin' the war for a 'arf-hour on end ... An' then a norficer come 'an took a kid orf of his ma. Pore little blighter, e' didn't 'arf 'ave to go froo the 'oop!" [A kind heart beats beneath the rough exterior of Emily Jane.] "Took 'im an' froo 'im 'orf of a cliff, they did. Me an' Perce wos waiting to 'ear 'im bump, but, lor, they wasn't up to no effecks like that ... An' that just started the ole Queen orf agine. My, she didn't 'arf lead orf abaht them soldiers!"

"The Greeks," I remarked.

"Yus, that 's it, Greeks—a lot of blighters, Perce ses; they done the dirty on *'im* too, in Salonika it wos, for two drackmy in 'is chinge for some figs ... And then the flighty bit come on wot wos the cause of orl the trouble; and the Queen didn't 'arf tell 'er 'orf neither; she called 'er all the nimes she could lay 'er tongue to. Talk abaht getting the bird ... an' I ses to Perce, I ses, ''Ere I 'm abaht fed up, let 's 'op it;' but 'e 'ad a progrem wot said somethink abaht some dances, and 'e set on an' on, 'opin' against 'ope—as if they *could* dance wiv no band an' all ... An' so they kep' on jawing an' walking abaht the marble floor wiv no shoes nor stockings on—not reel marble it wosn't, or it wouldn't 'arf have bin piccadilly for their plates of meat."

When Emily Jane lapses into rhyming slang I become filled with a cold fury.

"The fault is yours," I said bitterly, "if you did not appreciate the play. It is the work of a Greek tragic poet who lived over two thousand years ago. The author is still the undisputed master of pathos."

"Two fahsand years ago!" she exclaimed as she vanished with the tray and slammed the door. "No wonder it 's a back number. An' if," she continued, raising her voice stair by stair as she descended—"an' if any of our awfers tries to perdooce stuff like that, wiv no joy-walk nor nuffink, you can tike it from me it 'll be a wash-out."

And there, blushing for our generation, I find myself in complete agreement with Emily Jane.

THE ACTIVE SERVICE SUPPLY CO., LTD.

As I fought my way in mufti through the Strand scrum a few days ago an individual with an air of rather cock-a-hoop smartness, a velour hat on one side of his head, a broad gold ring on one finger, and a tie with the Artillery thunder-and-lighting zig-zag colours, caught my eye and spoke.

"Glad to see you so well, Sir."

"Thank you, Hooley," I replied. "It 's a pleasure to meet you once more."

I knew him—oh, I knew him. The worst bombardier in the old Battery, but the best boxer; sometimes the perfect village idiot, sometimes, when it suited his book (or shall I say his conduct sheet?), a suave and subtle diplomat. Turn and turn about I used to tick him off in the office, and he to amuse me magnanimously with the gloves. This routine was, I suppose, frequently disturbed by the Hun, but one's memory is selective.

"What are you doing with yourself now, Hooley?" I inquired after the usual ritual of reminiscence.

"Well, Sir, I worked at the docks for a while, till the foreman insulted the Army. He said he could put the fear of death on any old soldier, so I asked if he 'd ever heard a 5·9 coming, and he said, "No," and I said, "Then listen," and knocked him off the dock-side into a barge."

"So now you 're out of a job?"

"I, Sir? You know me better. If you can spare five minutes I 'll tell you what I 'm doing, and I know you 'll be interested."

Over a subterranean coffee and cigarette Hooley expanded. From his breast pocket he produced, and with a knuckly hand flattened upon his knee, what looked like a prospectus. The politician *manqué* replaced the light-hearted pugilist and bent himself to exegesis.

"Well then, Sir, I 'm helping to float the Active Service Supply Company, Limited."

"Seems the wrong time to find a market for kit, Hooley?"

The ex-bombardier twirled his moustache and smiled. "You 've got the wrong end of the stick, Sir. We don't supply the kit for the active service, but the active service for the kit."

"Go on, Hooley; I become intrigued."

"Thought you would, Sir. If I may say so, we often used to wonder what they 'd allow young gentlemen like you to do in civil life. This Company will save you all a lot of worry. You 're all a little lost without a war. You 've all got to think for yourselves now, and there 's no Sergeant-Major to hold your hand. I know the feeling myself, in a humble way."

"And what is your Company going to do for us?"

"Why, in the first place to be a kind of a registry; gentlemen on the look-out for a war will have their names down in our books; and other people who have a promising war up their sleeve, but nobody to develop it, will be put in touch with them. I don't imagine you yourself have any idea of the interesting troubles active in the world at present. The Press isn't paid to advertise them—not the smaller ones—and the public has no chance of participating."



Uncle James (who after hours of making up rather fancies himself as Father Christmas). "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

The Little Man. "NO, AS A MATTER OF FACT I DON'T. BUT FATHER 'S DOWNSTAIRS; PERHAPS HE MAY BE ABLE TO TELL YOU."

"But, my dear Hooley, surely there aren't *always* wars going on?"

"And if they run short, what then, Sir? This here prospectus—this prospectus—says, 'Should the Company be as largely supported as there is every reason to anticipate, a fund will be set aside for such an emergency as universal peace. It will be for the shareholders to decide whether this fund should be distributed in the form of unemployment pensions, or devoted to the provision and fostering of *casus bellis* between suitable Powers.'"

"The latter seems like sounder finance," I said.

"Besides being more sportsmanlike," said Hooley. "But listen again: 'The market for soldiers of fortune has never yet been organised. We propose to supply entertaining and remunerative upheavals to suit every taste and of every magnitude, from mere week-end riots to important campaigns. On the other hand, from our classified nominal rolls we shall be able to provide the agitator, the revolutionary and the politician with his appropriate type of partisan. A wide selection of filibusters, free lances and swash-bucklers of every grade will be available.

"'Shareholders need not necessarily belong to any combatant category, but it is proposed that a bonus should be added to the dividend of those who assist in earning it by active participation in hostilities.'"

"The thing has an alluring sound," I said. "Drop me a line when your people have a really nice war on hand, will you?"

"Delighted, Sir—if you 'll just pay your first call on allotment; half-a-crown per one pound share, Sir."

"But I thought it wasn't necessary to be a shareholder?"

"Ah, you 've not been attending. Shareholders need not be combatants, but combatants must be shareholders."

"Then I 'll postpone my application, Hooley."

"For old times' sake, Sir, let me put you down for a couple of shares at least—or make it half-a-crown."

"We 'll call it half-a-crown then, Hooley. Why didn't you come to it quicker? And now you 'd better go and apologise to the foreman."

THE SONG OF THE TAPE.

(Inspired by a frequent and tantalizing message which interrupts the current of news at its most critical stage.)

"TESTING, testing, only testing
Instruments——" but thus arresting
Stories of the wizard breasting
Stormy seas and always besting
Critics; tales of judges jesting;
Hunters diligently questing
Monsters tropic woods infesting;
While the operator, resting
From his labours, signals "Testing,
Testing, testing, only testing."

Commercial Candour.

"BARGAINS—EVENING and DAY GOWNS from 4gs.; Antiques, suitable Xmas Gifts."
Daily Paper.



PUTTING HIM IN HIS PLACE.

Master (who is learning the habit of letting his keeper place the guns). "AND WHERE SHALL I GO?"

Keeper. "IF YOU COULD WRIGGLE INTO THEM THORNS YOU 'D BE QUITE LIKELY TO GET A RABBIT; AND WHEN THE BEATERS COMES FORWARD YOU CAN COME ON WITH THEM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OF all our youthful dead none had a greater company of mourners than RONALD POULTON, whose memoir has been written by his father and published by SIDGWICK AND JACKSON. Not only at Rugby and Oxford and Reading, where the real fineness of "RONNIE'S" self was appreciated by his intimates, but throughout the vast throng that in pre-war days followed the fortunes of English football, there is no counting the number of those who must have felt his death as a loss personal and acute. RONALD W. POULTON-PALMER (the last name a late addition under the will of his uncle, to whose great business at Reading he was to have succeeded) was born in September 1889, and killed in Flanders, either by a sniper or a chance shot, on May 5th, 1915. The whole of his adolescent life is a record of athleticism and of increasing social service. Rugbeians and Balliol men will naturally read it with especial interest. It is above all striking to notice how, at school, much of the traditional spirit of "muscular Christianity" seems to have survived, or been revived, in POULTON and his circle, so that some passages in the Rugby chapters read as though they might have been written by TOM HUGHES. I have no space to tell of the work with boys' clubs that claimed so much of his holiday times, or of the international matches (described most graphically here), in which the amazing runs and still more the inspiring personality of the English captain are already a legend. Many will read this book, mourning a great player and a worker of splendid promise.

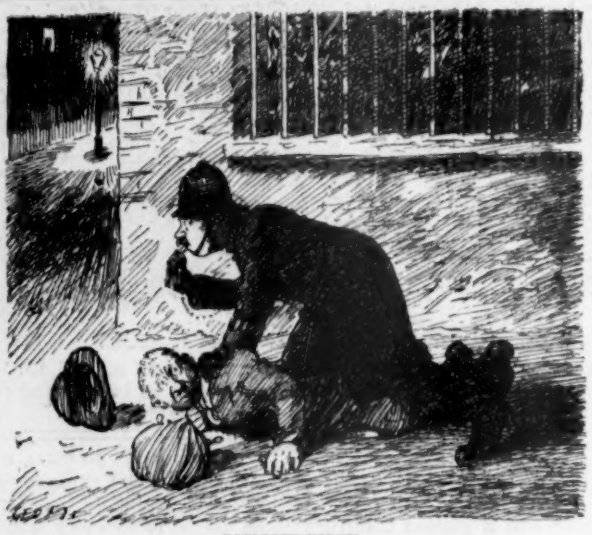
When you start to carry out a definite programme and don't complete it I suppose you 're generally considered to have failed, and if Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON'S Expedition is to be judged in this way it must be counted a failure. But I like to remember that high failure is a better thing than low success, and after reading *South* (HEINEMANN) I do not think that anyone will be found to complain that Sir ERNEST'S aim was not high enough. I am not concerned to argue with those who deny the usefulness of Polar Exploration. I will just ask them to read this volume and see if they can't be stirred by the spirit of adventure which it breathes. Sir ERNEST'S attempt to solve certain geographical problems was first, last and all the time a sporting one. Misfortune met him and his gallant companions considerably more than half-way, and after his ship, *Endurance*, was defeated by the ice of the Weddell Sea they were beset by extreme and perpetual peril. It is a wonderful tale and gains much from the style of its telling. Sir ERNEST can claim to be at least something of a literary artist, on the ground that he is always direct and spontaneous. Illustrations as excellent as the text are given abundantly, and the book is so admirably produced that I must include its publishers in this message of congratulation.

I congratulate Lt.-Col. W. D. CROFT on a very effective and soldierlike piece of work, *Three Years with the 9th (Scottish) Division* (MURRAY). It is an admirable record of the Start, 1915; Plugstreet Wood, The Somme, Vimy Ridge, 1916; Arras, Havrincourt, Ypres, 1917; Gauche, Gouzeaucourt, the German Offensive, the Bloody Salient again, Meteren

and Hoogenacker Ridge, 1918; and lastly, "Blue Bonnets Across the Border," 7th December, 1918. A more graphic reminder of the fighting of the Great War, an element of it we tend to forget, I have rarely come across; the gallant author's natural and extremely crisp style compels attention, and his sense of humour is always apparent. Many will appreciate with gratitude his record of a "carpeting" of a certain ubiquitous ex-Minister of War (not WINSTON). My only regret is that the author seems to think that there is no other division like his own in the British army. Every good soldier may and should think like that. Colonel CROFT produces evidence to prove his case; he relies partly upon the testimony of the ex-Kaiser and partly upon his own depreciation of praise lavished on rival divisions. But in a writer who should be strictly impartial this is bad; it has the inevitable effect of making the reader tire of this division and all other things Scottish. . . . Let that pass, however, and let all ranks read the book, together with the lay public. If they can, let them write an equally good account of their equally good units. If their books are up to sample I will read the lot.

I am rather afraid that, in spite of its title, you may not find AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE'S *New Wine* (COLLINS) very conspicuously novel, either in theme or manner. The peasant-bred hero, called to high estate, and by his native virtues generally confounding the knavish tricks of the Smart—this in epitome was the career of *Shane, otherwise Lord Kilmore*—is a figure at least as old as the eighteenth century. I think his authors deserve credit for a sincerity of purpose that just, though only just, holds him above the waves of unintentional humour. It would have been so fatally easy to submerge the poor lad. I rather doubt whether I need tell you in detail how *Shane* falls a victim to a siren with soulful eyes and a brutal husband; how they are about to elope (all this time the original charmer of his bare-foot days goes on reflecting upon yet another injustice to Ireland) and are saved in the nick of time; and all the rest of it. Eventually, after the long arm of war has brought *Shane* as a cot-case to *Lady Hobson's* hospital, and he has escaped even from that, the hunted one bolts back to Ireland, home and beauty, with her tenacious ladyship hot on his heels—and perhaps at this point the sustaining clasp of the CASTLES does let him under for a moment. However, even if the final scene hardly leaves you properly impressed, you may still thank them for a sound, workmanlike and reliable tale, such as will keep no one awake o' nights, and may, on the contrary, delude many into thinking that stories like that must be very easy to write—which is by no means the case.

If you want to enjoy *Living Alone* (MACMILLAN) you must read it not so much in the light of reason as by the touch of sympathy. Miss STELLA BENSON says herself that it isn't a "real book" written for "real people," and I quite agree with her. It is a magic book made out of laughter and tears, and I am sure that all the truly real people who, in defiance of the warning I have kindly given them, ask for it at the libraries, will find that they can't read it and will send it back indignantly. But the other people will enjoy it immensely and feel more at home with it than they have felt with any novel since Miss BENSON'S last. I hardly like to mention it, as it may be a symptom of approaching realness, but I do wish that she hadn't let "our witch" fight the German one, both mounted on broomsticks, during an air raid, and I cannot feel that the macabre incident of the dead who mistook a bomb on their graves for the last trump really fits in; but, after all, these are trifles. Even a Miss STELLA BENSON has to have some sort of incident to account for having told you all about her characters; and with them, particularly *Sarah Brown* and her "very wieldy family," *David*, her Dog, and *Humphrey*, her Suit-case, I have no fault to find at all.



COINCIDENCE.

Captured Thief. "WELL NOW, THAT 'S FUNNY. I WAS JUST THINKIN' ABOUT YOU NOT 'ARF A MINNIT BEFORE YOU COME ALONG."

As "TAFFRAIL" has an apparently inexhaustible supply of intriguing things to say, and knows exactly how to say them, it is not remarkable that his books are welcomed by myriads of admirers. In *H.M.S. Anonymous* (JENKINS) he gives us a few stories of destroyers before the War, and then passes on to incidents in his own career from 1914 to 1918. For two and a-half years he was in command of a destroyer attached to the Harwich Force, and subsequently joined the Battle Cruiser Force at Rosyth. Wherever he was or whatever he might be doing he preserved such a clear judgment of men and matters that anything he likes to tell us has a real and peculiar value. Referring to the German sailors he writes, "Though they were working under the orders of a Higher Command their senseless brutality can never be condoned; but it must be admitted that they were brave. Chivalrous or gallant they certainly were not, but brave—yes." I heartily recommend a book which offers fresh testimony to the greatness of our Navy, and does it without a suspicion of bombast.

"SIR ERIC KEEPS GOAL.

Sir Eric Geddes will have no reason to complain of any lack of interest among members for his Committee Room pow-pow on the railways.

Sir Eric is a master in railway affairs, and although I don't suppose he will satisfy members, they will find it very hard indeed to bowl him out."—*Daily Sketch.*

"Pow-pow" is evidently a new game, not exactly cricket or football, but partaking of the character of both.

"INDIAN RUNNER ducks, lovely fawn and white, will turn themselves over quickly."—*Poultry.*

Put them on a pond and you 'll see.

"To save Poland from another partition the Allies must take the Russian bull by the horns. The useless expedient of putting salt on its tail must be dropped."—*Irish Paper.*

Only Irish bulls should be taken with a grain of salt.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the Vicar of Matlock Bath, the end of the world is only postponed for a few years. It is these constant postponements which tend to irritate people.

* * *

It is said that the enterprising firm who paid a high price for the exclusive cinema rights of the end of the world are now asking for their money back.

* * *

In order to retrieve his reputation, Professor PORTA has now predicted that the year will come to an end about the last day of this month.

* * *

According to *The Evening News* a new roller-skating boom is anticipated in January. This seems to indicate that the banana-skin has had its day.

* * *

"Occasional glasses of beer and slices of cold pie," declares a Labour organ, "should lie beneath the dignity of every policeman worthy of the name." We agree. The stuff could not have a worthier destination.

* * *

"We do not know how Sir ERIC GEDDES arrived at such a fantastic figure," declared the Federation of British Industries recently. Personalities of this kind pollute our public life.

* * *

In the Chamber of Deputies the MINISTER OF RECONSTRUCTION said it would cost five thousand two hundred million pounds to restore the devastated areas in France. It is rumoured that some members of the British Cabinet have offered to show them how to do it at treble that cost.

* * *

"Or take this newly discovered animal, the Brontosaurus," says Mr. WALTER WINANS in a contemporary. We are sorry, but we would rather not.

* * *

"There is a great scarcity of ferrets in this country on account of large numbers lately exported to Africa," complains a writer in a sporting paper. We had no idea that the Brontosaurus was being so unmercifully hunted.

* * *

There is reported to be a shortage of coppers in London. The explanation that the head-waiters of the Savoy and Carlton hotels have a bet on as to which can collect most in a month is not generally accepted.

* * *

"Our idea in running non-stop omnibuses is to provide seats for everyone," says an omnibus official. A Peckham gentleman who has narrowly missed the non-stop omnibus two or three times lately has written to ask if the company will furnish him with an artificial one.

* * *

A hen belonging to a Reigate poultry farmer has laid an egg weighing seven ounces. The rumour current last week, that a bricklayer had laid two bricks, still awaits confirmation.

* * *

It is only just that the price of theatre tickets should be raised, declares Sir ALFRED BUTT. A bachelor uncle writes to say that he has just raised the price of ten tickets for the pantomime, but that it was only just.

* * *

A Sunday paper gossip refers to a barrister who is now employed as usher in the Law Courts. Influence again, we suppose.

* * *

There is little chance of cheaper fish, says a weekly paper. Even second-hand fish is said to be fetching very high prices.

* * *

The most attractive exhibit at a recent show of Futurist Art was a wonderfully realistic still-life study of a railway porter.

* * *

Goods to the value of one thousand pounds have been stolen from a Kilburn shop by a gang using a Ford car. It is feared that large numbers of these cars have been kidnapped and trained while young to a life of roguery.

* * *

Manchester has just purchased a new motor ambulance capable of very high speed. It will thus be able to increase its business as it goes along.

* * *

A motor char-à-banc named Edith got out of control at Barnstaple and dashed half-way into a room in which a soldier was sleeping. We greatly lament this fresh proof of the marked decay of feminine modesty.

* * *

"There is a shortage of houses," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at the Caxton Hall. We feel that the PREMIER ought to be more guarded in his speeches. Things like that might get about.

* * *

Since Mr. HAILWOOD, M.P., has stated in the House that an executioner gets double fees for hanging a Scot, it is said that Scotsmen are becoming more uppish than ever.

* * *

Le Matin says that ENVER PASHA has been crowned King of Kurdistan. It serves him right.

* * *

It is rumoured that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, whilst on his way to America, sent a wireless message from the *Mauretania* to the English Press, asking to be informed what was the amount of his last offer for the CARPENTIER-DEMPSEY fight.

* * *

According to a Naturalist journal a most unusual number of frogs has invaded gardens and orchards during the latter part of this month. This, we hear, is a recognised sign of the approach of Leap Year.

* * *

Will the gentleman who has not yet been awarded an O.B.E. please communicate with Honours Department (Retail) not later than Monday next?

"Although no detailed scheme for the removal of Billingsgate Market has been submitted to the Ministry of Food, the mere suggestion of a change of such a nature has at once provoked an emphatic 'No' from all branches of the trade at London's great fish depôt."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A bargee who heard it from the Surrey side is reported to have swooned.



First East-End Urchin (as Curate recites CHEVALIER'S "Nipper" in what he takes to be the Whitechapel accent). "DON'T 'E TALK FUNNY?"

Second Urchin. "YUS. THAT'S 'OW THEY SPEAKS IN THE COUNTRY."

THE TALKING CINEMA.

A RECENT announcement in the daily papers states that a Swedish scientist has perfected a talking cinema, in which the reproduction of sound synchronizes with the action. Of course the idea is not new, though hitherto none of the experiments has been quite successful. Mr. Bertram Boom, the managing director of Movieland, Limited, when interviewed regarding the latest discovery, gave non-committal answers; but he was more communicative to a few friends one evening after dinner.

"I'm all for progress—mauve dress-suits, increased referees' fees and all that sort of thing," he said; "but I wish the venerable Swede had left the picture proposition alone. When I heard about it I sent for Flickers, my producer.

"'See here, Flickers,' I said, 'it's always been our aim to move so far ahead of the times that the leaves of the office calendar get singed keeping pace with us. We've got to be on this.'

"Flickers chewed his gum in a lateral direction which I knew meant disapproval.

"'Well, what's the trouble?' I inquired impatiently.

"'Jest this,' he replied gloomily. 'We've got the finest team ever from a pictorial standpoint, but vocally—well, a glee party from Mudville, New Hampshire, would sound like grand opera to us.'

"'They won't have to sing,' I said.

"'Thank goodness for that. But jest talking doesn't help us any. Take Rick Reckless, f'rinstance, who features our "Mustang Mike" series. He's got a face that might have been chipped from the Rocky sierras, wears fringed trousers, sombreros, lariats an' red flannel shirts like they've growed on him, and rides and shoots equal to the hardest-bit Texan cow-puncher; but when he starts putting over larynx sounds all the audience 'll know his accent couldn't come from anywhere but Islington, U.K.'

"'He can learn his part, like a stage actor.'

"'I should worry. Stage actors don't have to get it over the footlights whilst jumping precipices and riding under express trains. If our team have to start thinking about vowel sounds and accented syllables they'll lose pep. Besides, what about Queenie Gibsmere, the Fascinating Flapper? We pay her a million dollar salary becos she's got the soulfullest eyes an' dinkiest dimple in Picturedom, but you know as well as I do that she talks through her nose an' drops aitches till she's standing knee-deep in 'em at the end of five minutes' conversation.'

"'I know, I know!' I groaned. 'But we can't afford to be out of the movement. I'll see the patentees and arrange a trial trip on a scenario of our own making. We won't come to a decision on one of their window-dressed productions. Meanwhile your job is to engage a Professor of Elocution and persuade the troupe to take up voice-culture.'

"A week later Flickers reported progress like a ship's carpenter announcing another six inches of water in the hold.

"'Why I should be a producer when there's honest work to be got loading coal barges, I don't know,' he said.

"I broke it to Rick first. 'My dear old ruminant,' he murmured, 'I'll drop from parachutes or slide down avalanches, but as for talkin' I'm not takin' any." But I argued till I persuaded him, an' now he's studying BRET HARTE and GEORGE ADE to get atmosphere an' chewin' filberts to harden his throat.'

"'And what about Queenie?' I asked. Flickers groaned. 'Diffidence wasn't *her* strong suit. "I'd love to 'ave a speaking part!" she said when I told her. "I've often thought I'd make a 'eavenly Juliet!" I guess you knew what you were about when you pushed the job on to me of telling a pampered star that her jewels of speech want considerable polishin' up and re-settin' before we could exhibit 'em to the public!'

"Flickers grouses, but he gets things done, so I let him have his head.

"Business called me away from the studios for about a week, and when I returned Flickers, looking aged but triumphant, said he'd succeeded in reeling off a few hundred feet of sound film and was ready to give me a private view that minute. 'Right-o!' said I, leading the way to our private theatre. 'I'm pressed for time, so just reel off a bit where the plot's thickest, and we'll give our decision right away.'

"Flickers having arranged the phonograph attachment and turned down the lights, a picture was projected on to the screen showing Rick and Queenie standing in the middle of the boundless prairie that we rent from the Eden Garden City Corporation. Then the phonograph started buzzing and I nearly jumped from my seat, for it sounded just as though the figures on the screen were talking. The dialogue went:—

"*Rick.* I'm only a doggoned ornery dead-beat, Miss Maisie, but I'd stake my last cent to call you my own prairie blossom.

"*Queenie.* Oh, Mike, how I 'ave—*have* longed for this hour.

"*A Voice.* Shassy across, Rick, and put a strangle hold on her, and we'll have the sob and slow music business.

"In the gloom I heard Flickers make a profane exclamation. 'The Voice' was his; he had forgotten that, though you may put blinkers on a camera, you can't gag a phonograph. The film went on relentlessly:—

"*Rick.* Is that sure gospel, Maisie, or are you putting a bluff on me?

"*Queenie.* My own 'ero——

"*Operator.* Would you mind backing a yard this way, Miss Gibsmere? You're getting out of focus.

"This was too much for Flickers.

"'Switch on the lights and shove something down that blamed buzzy-motor's throat!' he shouted. Then he turned to me. 'I hand in my resignation, guv'nor. I'm for a course of finger-talking at a deaf-mute school an' some instruction in the Morse Code before I pose again as a producer under these conditions.'

"'Don't you worry, Flickers,' said I soothingly. 'Come round with me to see the patentees.'

"'What for?' he cried, clutching at my sleeve in despair. 'Not to buy the rights?'

"'No,' I answered. 'To pay them hush-money.'"

OUR COMING GUEST.

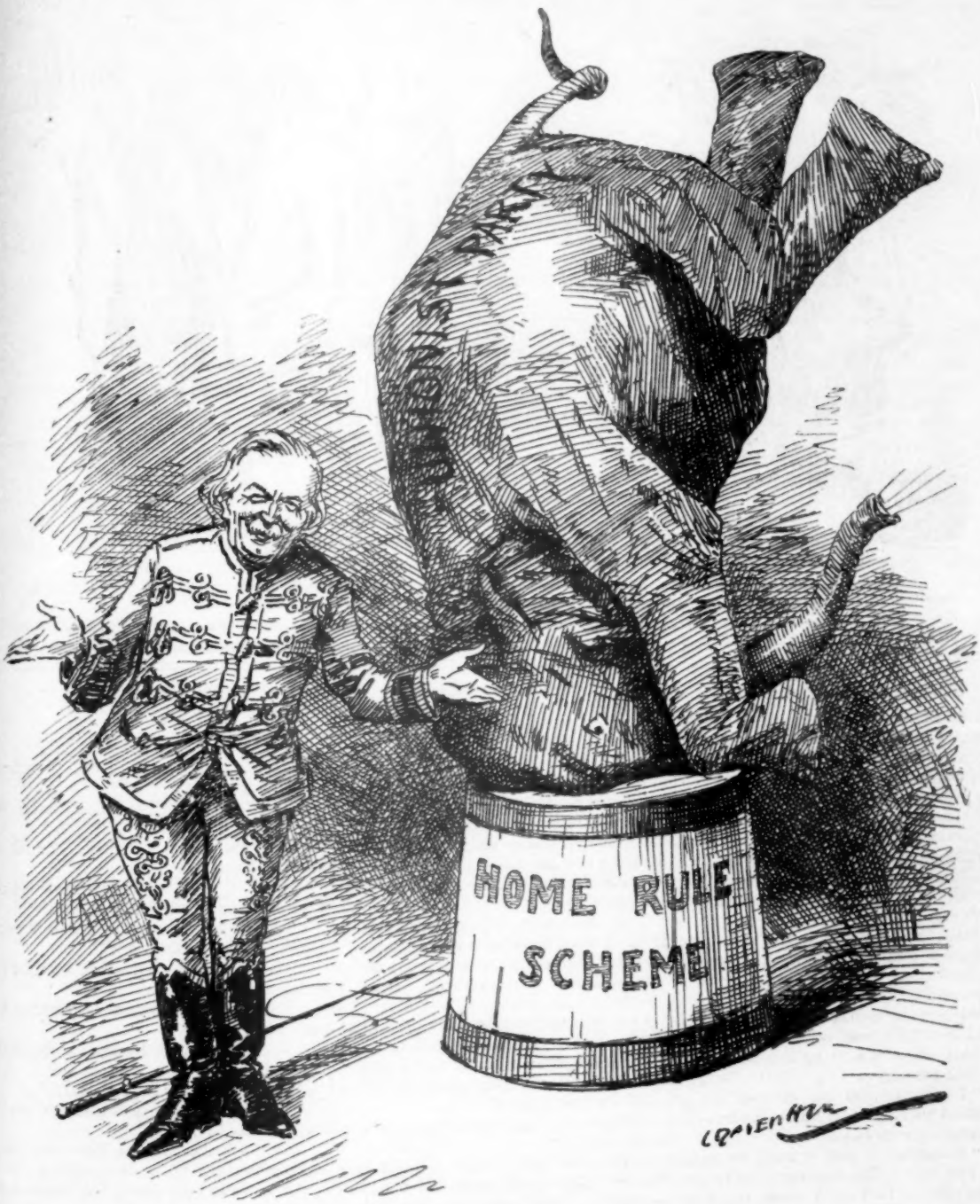
SOON will the parting year be sped
And lips shall falter, "*Fuit,*"
Then swift proclaim you in his stead
As loud as they can do it;
He had his chance—for him '18
Had neatly knocked the Bosch out—
Yet proved the merest might-have-been,
The most amazing wash-out.

He promised well—indeed, too much;
Alackaday, poor fellow,
Each project at his palsied touch
Turned prematurely yellow;
So, as he passes on the way
All years must tread at his age,
Thank Heaven I'll see no more, I say,
His sour and peevish visage.

And you? I know not what you bring
By way of care or laughter,
Until you too have taken wing
Up to old Time's hereafter;
Mayhap you'll set a tougher task,
With strikes and such in plenty;
Still, at your birth this boon I ask:
"Be sweet as well as '20."

The Housing Problem.

"The Surveyor reported that he had written to Mr. —— asking when he would be taking up his duties as Town Foreman, and the latter had replied he would come as soon as the Council could find him a house. The committee decided, on the recommendation of the surveyor, to place a man-hole at the junction of Beach and Elton Roads."—*Local Paper.*



ALL DONE BY KINDNESS.



Local M.P. (*to Spokesman*). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT'S THIS? A DEPUTATION?"
Spokesman. "NO, SIR. WE ARE THE WAITS. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HERE FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS, AND WE'VE CALLED——"
M.P. "WELL?" *Spokesman*. "WE'VE COME——" *M.P.* "OH, I SEE. YOU'VE COME TO *APOLOGISE!*"

SPARE THE SLIPPER.

I BELIEVE one gets hardened to it in time. I have heard of men who can use a slipper on their offspring while they peruse the morning paper.

"Where's Chris?" I said when I reached home.

"John," said Joan, "he's been very naughty and he's had to go to bed. I told him I should tell you about it."

"The young beggar! What's he been doing?"

Well, there was no doubt about it, he had been running amok, and—well, I realised what was expected of me as a Man and a Father.

"I'll go up and see him at once," I said in my sternest voice.

Joan seized me by the arm and began to talk hurriedly.

"I think, if you just go and talk to him—I'm sure he's sorry, really—— John, you won't——"

"Woman," I said, "don't be weak and foolish. The boy must be taught discipline. This is a case for firm handling. Once we overlook this tendency to self-determination——"

As I went upstairs I pictured Joan, poor girl, with her head in a cushion trying to stifle the sounds of anguish from above. But I pulled myself together and went on.

Outside Christopher's bedroom I stopped to think. How should I tackle him? What was the correct method as laid down? A few quiet words, more in sorrow than in anger, and then—hang it all, a slipper seemed a bit thick. Still the boy must——

A small voice called: "Is that you, Daddy?"

Now or never. "Yes, Christopher, it is," I said, walking into his room.

"Hoo! Doesn't it sound funny when you call me 'Christopher.' Doesn't sound like me, does it?"

"Perhaps not," I said feebly; "but that doesn't matter. I've come to talk to you."

"I *thought* you had," said Chris. And then after a long pause—"What shall we talk about?"

I felt that I had better treat this as an opening.

"We will talk about a little boy whose father was away all the day working. And one day, instead of trying to help his mother, the little boy——"

"What was this little boy's name?" asked Chris suspiciously.

"Never mind that now."

"I know."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

Heavens, this wouldn't do. I pulled myself together.

"Stop talking, Chris, and listen to me."

"Bet his name's 'Chris,'" said a muffled voice.

"Ah!" I said, "so you know what I've come to say to you, do you?"

"I think so," said the small voice, grown suddenly serious.

"Well, what do you think I ought to do about it?"

"Dunno," said Chris, beginning to count his fingers.

"Don't you think I ought to be very angry?"

"Mother's been that already."

"Well, aren't you ashamed of making Mother angry?"

Christopher came out from the bedclothes and sat up in desperation.

"I've been bein' sorry for hours and hours and hours, but there wasn't nobody here to see me doin' it," he said tragically. And then, after a pause—"Till you came to talk to me."

Somehow or other he had hold of one

of my fingers, and I think that 's what did the trick, really; although he looked absurdly small in bed, anyhow.

"Well, we 'll tell Mother how sorry you are and then forget all about it, old man. But it mustn't happen again," I finished weakly.

Christopher heaved a sigh of relief.

"'N could I have a drink of water and then you tell me a story?"

* * * * *

When I went downstairs again half-an-hour later I found Joan sitting by the fire.

"Well?" she asked brightly, looking up from a novel. I felt she had hardly played her part. I coughed slightly.

"I don't think you will have any more of that trouble with him. I 've—er—settled with him all right, I hope."

"Yes, I know you have, you silly old dear," said Joan. "I 've been listening outside his door for the last twenty minutes."

DANDIE DINMONTS.

PEPPER or Mustard—what 's the odds?
Valiant, varmint, lithe and low,
These were the hounds that the wise old gods
Took to their hunting an æon ago;
These when the wild boar stamped and stood,
These when the gaunt wolf snapped at bay,
Grim and relentless, rash and rude,
Went for the throat in the Dandie way.

Deep in the slope of that dome-like head,
Under that top-knot crimped and curled,
Surely the fighting fire was fed
Before the fires were cool in the world;
Surely 'twas these that the cave-men kept,
Comrades in hunting, sport and war,
Sharing the shelves where their masters slept,
Tearing the bones that their masters tore.

No?—Well, have it the way you please;
But I 'll wager it wasn't a show-ring Fox,
Poodle or Pom or Pekingese
That bayed the mammoth among the rocks;
But something tousled and tough and blue,
Lined like a weasel—arch and dip,
Coming up late, as the Dandies do,
And going right in with the Border grip.

W. H. O.

"HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAGHOUNDS. . . . the check was at Jones, 2nd Life Guards."
Local Paper.

What happened to JONES?



Customer (*trying on ready-made dress*). "A BIT TIGHT AT THE SHOULDER, BUT I CAN ALTER THAT MYSELF."

Modiste (*graciously*). "IF YOU DO THE ALTERATION YOURSELF, MODDOM, THERE WILL BE NO EXTRA CHARGE."

CHRISTMAS—AND AFTER.

A YOUNG lady who accidentally stood under the mistletoe at a Christmas Eve ball writes to say that what happened shocked her beyond measure. Nothing happened.

* * *

Everybody had a joyous time at Christmas, says a news item. A young friend of ours writes to say that he has inside information to the contrary.

* * *

Another case of arson is reported from North of the Tweed. A Scotchman, finding no sixpence in his helping of plum-pudding, deliberately poured an inflammable liquid on it and set it alight.

* * *

Latest reports state that this year's fixture between the little Kensington boy and the plum-pudding ended in a win for the former by a short neck. Backers of the pudding claimed a decision in their favour on the ground that the champion had put away a portion of the pudding in his ears; but the referee ruled that this was not intentional.

* * *

Though at home and in the midst of the family circle, Smith minor once again developed home-sickness shortly after dessert on Christmas Day.

* * *

"One of everything, no matter how tempting the array, is my Christmas dinner rule;" so Sir CHARLES GIBBS, ex-Mayor of Lambeth, informed a newspaper man. Several paterfamilinses have since written to say that an effort to introduce the rule at their own boards resulted in a very noisy altercation as to who should have the turkey.



Auntie. "HAVE YOU READ ABOUT THAT PRE-HISTORIC MONSTER WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BECOME EXTINCT AGES AGO, BUT HAS JUST BEEN SEEN IN CENTRAL AFRICA?"

Algy. "YES—A KIND OF RIP VAN WINKLE, WASN'T IT?"

Auntie. "WAS IT? OH, I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHING MUCH LARGER THAN THAT."

A PATENT AMATEUR.

JUST now there is a wave of inventiveness passing over the country. If you don't believe me ask the Patent Office. Perhaps the vast army of people who first thought of Tanks are beginning to think again. Or probably it's a sort of germ that might attack anyone.

Certainly it surprised us when it broke out in William. Being a journalist, he is not, as a rule, given to deep thinking; and when he began to be abstracted, profoundly meditative, almost sullen, with an apparent desire to be alone, we thought at first it was the onset of hydrophobia. In fact we looked it up on the back of the dog-licence to make sure.

William's remarks now became irrelevant. For example, after being wrapped in silence for over half an hour, he suddenly flung out the question, "How many people do you know who possess a trousers-press?"

Faced with the problem, I confessed I could not connect a single acquaintance with a trousers-press. "Henry hasn't got one," I admitted.

"Neither have I," said William; and he went on to remark that he knew many men in many walks of life, and only two of them owned a trousers-press, and they shared it between them. Yet the inventor of this apparently negligible article had made a small fortune out of the idea.

"If," concluded William, "you can make a small fortune out of a thing that you can dispense with, how much more can you make out of something that you can't do without?"

This sentence I give as William composed it, and from its construction you will observe that he had ceased to be a journalist from that hour. You see, when you're an inventor you can't be anything else. It takes all your time. Judging by William's procedure you must sit up experimenting all night long; you lie down in your clothes and snatch a little sleep at odd moments. When you walk abroad you stride along muttering, waving your arms and bumping into people; you forget to eat; your friends fall away from you. Let me advise parents who are thinking of a career for their sons never to make inventors of them. It's a dog's life. Far better to put them to something with regular hours, say from 10.30 to 4 o'clock, which leaves them with the evenings free.

William wouldn't divulge what his invention was because, he said, he was afraid of the idea getting about before he took out the patent. He merely told us it was a device which no man living could do without. But he went so far as to show us the inner workings of his discovery (hereinafter referred to as It), which, not knowing what they were for, rather mystified us. I know there was a small suction valve which involved the use of water, because William demonstrated to us one Sunday afternoon in the drawing-room. He said afterwards that the unexpected deluge that broke over the politely interested faces gathered round him was merely due to a leakage in the valve, and he set to work to repair it at once.

At that time William always carried on his person a strange assortment of screws, metal discs, springs, bits of rubber and the like. He pulled them out in showers when he took out his handkerchief; they dripped from him when he stood up. I think he kept them about him for inspiration.

William completed It in a frenzy of enthusiasm. He



Doctor. "NOT MUCH THE MATTER. TEMPERATURE UP A BIT."

Patient (feebly). "THE USUAL FIFTY PER CENT., I SUPPOSE."

said that nothing now stood between him and a vast fortune, and in a mood of reckless generosity he promised us all shares, which tended to deepen, if that were possible, our interest in the invention. Then he betook himself to the Patent Office.

I saw him the following day, and it occurred to me at once that all was not well with William. For one thing he did not burst in unannounced with hair dishevelled, which seems to be the usual way for an inventor to come into a room; he entered slowly and sat down heavily.

"Is anything wrong with the invention?" I asked.

He pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. A metal disc fell out and rolled unheeded across the floor.

"Nothing is wrong with It," he answered dully.

"You don't mean that someone else has thought of It before you?"

"Most people seem to have thought of it." He paused and absently plucked off a stray piece of rubber from his coat-sleeve. "It seems to have originated in America in 1880. Then a large colony of German inventors applied for the patent; a body of Russians were imbued with the idea; several Scandinavians had variations of it. It even seems to have filtered into the brain of certain West African tribes; and as late as 1918 a Czecho-Slovak——" He paused, overcome with emotion.

"But if It is a thing man can't do without, why haven't we heard of it?" I demanded.

"Men," replied William sadly, "seem determined to do without It. They don't know what is good for them."

Suddenly he raised his head with the light of enthusiasm in his eyes. "By the way, I was talking to a chap at the Patent Office who told me that there's an enormous boom in inventing in this country just now. I'm going to get a good article out of it. How does this sound: 'Has the War Made us Inventive?' with a catchy sub-heading like 'Patent Officials Snowed Under'? I tell you it's good stuff."

I breathed a sigh of relief. William had become a journalist again.

THE WOES OF A GEORGIAN.

I KNOW a most gifted young Georgian bard
Whose fate from the first has been cruelly hard,
For, though he performs most anarchical feats,
His early admirers compared him to KEATS.

So to rescue their minds from fatuity's brink
He wrote in *vers libre* a fantasia on Drink;
But his eulogists found in its atmosphere drab
A wonderful spirit resemblance to CRABBE.

But the climax was reached when he published a book
In unscannable verse called "The Songs of a Crook,"
And an erudite scribe in *The Times* (the *Lit. Supp.*)
Compared him to VILLON. That filled up the cup.

Then he penned a strange ode on the beauty of Tanks,
So *outré* it grievously shocked Mr. SHANKS,
Till the LAUREATE found that its metrical plan
Was forestalled by an ode of the reign of QUEEN ANNE.

I have tried, not in vain, so I fervently hope,
To solace his soul with this comforting dope:
"They may find your psychology Plesiosaurian,
But they *never* can say that you're Early Victorian."

COMEDIES FOR COSTUMIERS.

THE quaint old idea that the play's the thing has long been *démodé*. To-day the only thing that counts is the dresses; the plots of comedies are just so many clothes-dummies, and it is the costumier, and not the author, who should by right be called before the curtain. All this makes it the more astonishing that the dialogue takes no cognisance of an actress's frocks; that the real essentials of a play are left to speak for themselves. It is by way of an attempt to correct this curious conspiracy of silence that the following skeleton of a costume-comedy is obtruded:—

SELF-EXPRESSION.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Lady Cecilia's *drawing-room. Enter a parlourmaid, ushering in* Miss Browne-Jones *and an attendant gentleman.*

Maid. I'll tell Lady Cecilia you're here. [*Exit.*

Miss Browne-Jones. How surprisingly well that girl's dress fits! It positively might have been cut in Bond Street. How do you like my squirrel cap, Jim?

Jim. Charming, charming. Er—about this little affair——

Miss B.-J. It suits me, doesn't it? Fur is so *endearing*, I always think.

Jim. Top-hole. I say——

Miss B.-J. And what about my coat? Isn't that little intervention of mole absolutely *it*?

Jim (*absently*). H'm—yes. Did you say it was found in the dustbin?

Miss B.-J. My coat! In the dustbin!

Jim. No, no. The letter from Lord Smallhold to Lady Cecilia.

Miss B.-J. Oh, *that*. Yes, in the dustbin. So like Sir Maurice to go prying about. But Cecilia doesn't know he knows, you know.

[*They discuss the incriminating letter, which is unimportant from our point of view.*

Enter Lady Cecilia. *She is wearing a fascinating little frock of henna-coloured tricolette that is characterised by a marked simplicity deceptive only to the ignorant.*

Miss B.-J. (*with a little shriek of delight*). My *dear* Cecilia! Where *did* you get it?

Jim. Gowned to perfection as usual, Lady Cecilia.

Lady Cecilia. That's too sweet of you, Jim. How are you both? (*In response to Miss B.-J.'s hungry gaze*) Rather nice, isn't it?

Miss B.-J. (*awe-struck*). Nice! It's inspiring. Your dressmaker is a genius.

[*At this point the audience, referring to their programmes for the name of the costumier and finding they cannot see, will make a mental note to look again when the lights go up. Meanwhile trifling affairs are discussed on the stage.*

Enter Sir Maurice, *a heavy-looking man of about fifty.*

Sir Maurice (*after the usual greetings, playfully*). Miss Browne-Jones, I can see you have been shopping in Paris.

Miss B.-J. (*gratified*). Wrong again. I got these at a little place in South Doulton Street.

Sir M. Another triumph for home-grown industries.

Re-enter Parlourmaid.

Maid. Please, m' lady, may Cook have a word with you?

Lady C. Certainly. (*Exit parlourmaid. To the others*) Excuse me, but she'll give notice if I don't go at once.

[*Exit* Lady Cecilia. *When she re-enters* Miss Browne-Jones *and* Jim *have left and* Sir Maurice *is alone.* Lady C. *is garbed in a dazzling tea-gown of golden tissue that peeps out provocatively from a veiling of flame-coloured chiffon. It is held at the waist by a plaited belt of purple, green and orange silk, culminating in a jade ornament. The seams are emphasized by beads, which repeat themselves delightfully on her shoes. The resulting effect is such a masterpiece of daring yet harmonious colour-blends that* Sir Maurice *and the audience forget all about the Cook.*

Sir M. Hullo! That's new, eh?

Lady C. Of course it's new.

Sir M. (*walking round her*). It's a very remarkable—er—creation, is it not?

Lady C. Very. You see, dear, you're so impossibly *bourgeois* that it's up to me to do my little best to brighten the fireside, isn't it?

Sir M. Quite, quite. Especially when coal is so scarce. Very thoughtful of you, I'm sure.

Lady C. Marguérite says I have a positive gift for wearing expensive frocks. And one mustn't hide one's gifts, must one?

Sir M. (*suddenly remembering the plot, sternly*). No, nor one's letters—in the dustbin.

Lady C. (*turning white, if possible*). In the dustbin?

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Miss Browne-Jones's *drawing-room at tea-time.* Miss Browne-Jones *strikes the right note with a black velvet frock whose sobriety is only relieved by brick-red buttons.* Mrs. Vaughan-Smith *has an air of chic in her seal wrap with kimono sleeves combined with a black satin hat underlined with gold lace.*

Miss Browne-Jones. Yes, the poor dear has taken refuge with me. Sir Maurice said *such* things—about Lord Smallhold, you know—she was quite shattered. Have you seen her latest afternoon gown?

Mrs. Vaughan-Smith. No. Has she brought it with her?

Miss B.-J. Naturellement. Oh, you should see it! It's in copper-beech *crêpe de chine*, and the folds are—I can't describe them—they just twine themselves round your heart! And the sleeves are the merest reminder. I do so hate sleeves that shout out they're there; don't you?

[*Enter* Lady Cecilia, *wearing the gown in question. She stands gracefully in the doorway for a second or two.*

Miss B.-J. There! Now isn't it——?

Mrs. V.-S. (*solemnly*). I have sometimes dreamt of frocks like that.

Lady C. (*looking as fresh as paint*). I didn't sleep a wink last night. I was too harassed. So I planned out four new evening gowns. When one is really unhappy what can one do but dress?

Miss B.-J. What, indeed!

Enter Lord Smallhold.

Mrs. V.-S. (*tactfully*). I must be going.

Miss B.-J. (*fretfully*). I'll see you out.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. V.-S. *and* Miss B.-J.

Lord Smallhold (*cautiously*). Is that—do you call that a dress?

Lady C. It's an afternoon gown. Do you like it?

Lord S. (*despondently*). It's too wonderful.

Lady C. Why "too"?

Lord S. Could you—would it be possible——? But no, the supposition is absurd.

Lady C. Do go on.

Lord S. Could you—for my sake—dress on three hundred a year?

Lady C. (*staggering*). Three hundred! Three *hundred*!!

Lord S. I couldn't afford three thousand.

Lady C. (*in a fainting condition*). *Three* thousand!

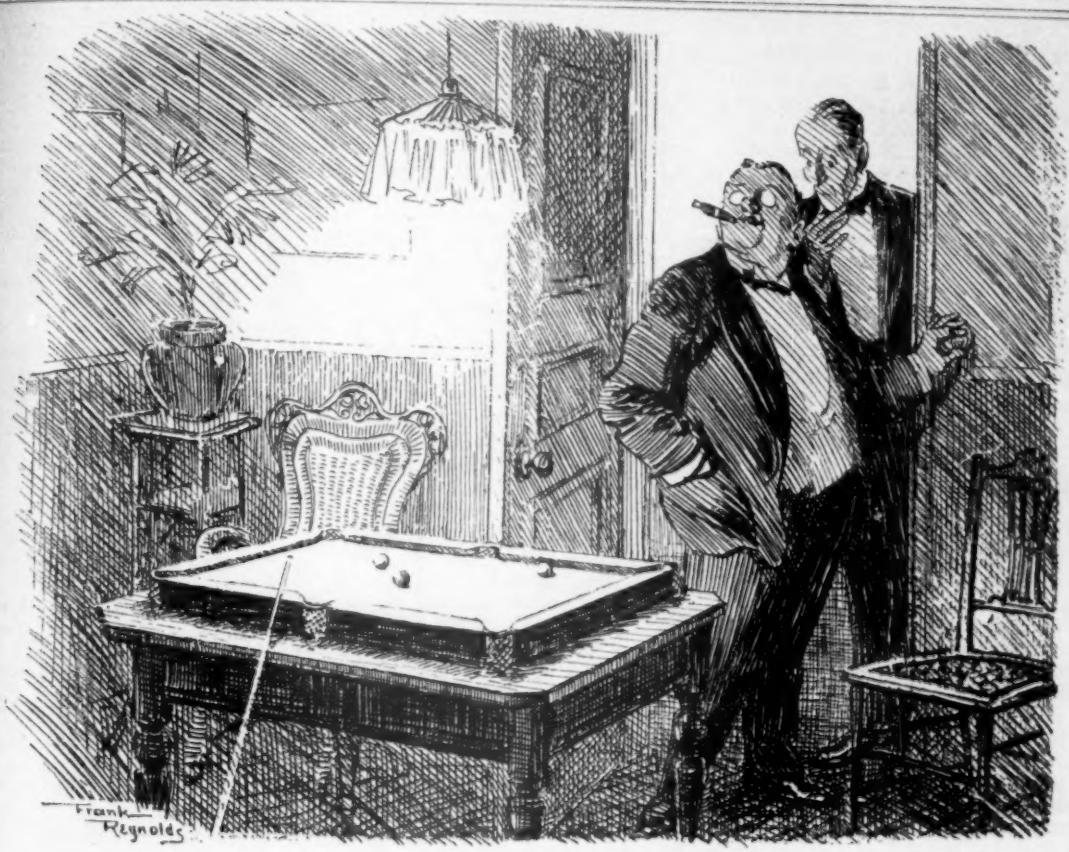
Lord S. Help! Water!

[*Household rushes in.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Lady Cecila's *drawing-room.* Lady Cecilia *is discovered pacing to and fro. This occupation shows off her evening gown to great advantage. It is redolent of the eighteenth cen-*



Host (switching on the light). "FOND OF BILLIARDS?"

tury, with its coy flounces and silk ruches, and is carried out in rose-pink taffeta. A few moments should be allowed for applause on the rise of the curtain. Sir Maurice *is watching her with anxious devotion.*

Lady Cecilia. You never expected me to dress on such a pittance. Of course, when he said that, I knew I didn't love him.

Sir Maurice. Of course.

Lady C. It isn't that I mind what I wear, really. Last year's navy serge dyed red would do quite as well as far as I'm concerned. But one must consider the people who toil for us, mustn't one?

Sir M. Of course.

Lady C. What would become of the artist who designed this very frock I have on? He would starve if some of us didn't understand the meaning of the word "silhouette."

Sir M. (*greatly moved*). Of course.

Lady C. And you like me to be the best-dressed woman in London, don't you?

Sir M. (*fervently*). Of course.

[*They embrace.*

CURTAIN.

SONGS OF THE HOME.

I.—THE RETURN.

This is a song for the weak-minded messy men,
Strong silent Hercules isn't concerned;
This is the lay of a down-trodden specimen . . .
"Turn again, Whittington!" . . .
Whittington turned.

Said I to my wife
(As you dare not do),
"I'm spending my life
Submitting to you;
And now is the moment for taking a stand;
Assist and inspire me by holding my hand.

I'm going to begin
To splash it about;
My toes will stick in
And I shall stick out;
Henceforth I'm determined on having my say,
And, will you or nill you, on having my way.

"You'll come to respect
A 'Terrible Him';
You'll come to reflect
My tiniest whim;
A difficult matter, I fancy you'll find,
When I have your habit of changing my mind.

"I mean to show fight;
I mean to be strong;
I'll always be right;
You'll always be wrong;
A frown on my forehead will fill you with fear;
Oblige me by learning to tremble, my dear . . ."

The trouble was mended
Before it was done;
Revolution was ended
As soon as begun;
Her smile was enchanting, her manner was firm;
"Is this," she demanded, "the Turn of the Worm?"

Women are women, and who will compete with 'em?
Witches are either succumbed to or burned.
Worms on the turn? Lor', they know how to treat with 'em—
"Turn again, Whittington!" . . .
Whittington turned.

HENRY.



Tearful Cook (*who has been reprimanded*). "THE FACT IS, MUM, YOU DON'T *LIKE* ME, AND CONSEQUENTLY NOTHIN' I WAS TO DO WOULDN'T PLEASE YOU—NOT IF I WAS TO *STAND ON MY 'EAD*, IT WOULDN'T."

THE CABINET CABARET.

WE understand that, to give proof of the harmony prevailing in Coalition circles and to demonstrate once more that age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite Variety Entertainments, a Grand Concert will be held at The Welsh Harp, Downing Street, on New Year's Eve, the provisional programme of which is stated to be as follows:—

Overture.

"Everything is Speeches down in Georgia." (Specially arranged for wind instruments).
The St. Stephen's Symphony Orchestra.

Song.

"If I were the only Earl in the World."
The FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Recitation.

"Love in the Spen Valley."
Captain F. E. GUEST.

Song.

"The Knight hath a thousand I's."
Sir ERIC GEDDES.

Solo on the Eucalyptus.

"Noses are booming in Piccadilly."
The MINISTER OF HEALTH.

Sketch.

The *PRIME MINISTER*, *Mr. BALFOUR* and *Mr. BONAR LAW* will appear in their celebrated Song-scena entitled

"CADDIES."

(New costumes and scenery have been specially designed for this performance by Mr. Walton Heath Robinson.)

Grand Finale.

"Everything is Gedd-Eze now."
The Entire Troupe.

A Fresh Start.

From an Indian trade circular:—

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.
All previous Lists are hereby cancelled."

From a *feuilleton*:—

"They were married by a clergyman from London, a thin young man, who wore his sock, always, with a little cape to it."
Sunday Paper.

A clerical error, no doubt.

"A boy birched at Uxbridge for breaking a railway carriage window was chased and captured by the engine driver on the return journey."—*Evening News.*

The driver seems to have taken rather a mean advantage of the lad's condition.

From a letter by Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS on "The Amenities of Dartmoor":—

"They were exceedingly hard-headed men who said they could build a small dam in my knowledge for £17,000."

We ourselves should never have thought of attempting to build a dam in Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS's knowledge.

WHATROTSKY.

[Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS, of the Transport Workers' Union, is reported to have said that he was "looking forward to the date when Lenin and Trotsky would be welcome in the streets of Great Britain."]

THIS noble-minded patriotsky
A most terrific hunch has gotsky
To be the trumpeter of TROTSKY.

With kindred spirits polyglotsky
He plans to make things somewhat hotsky
For all who do not take to TROTSKY.

Like you know whom, he 'd "sack the lotsky;"
His motto, password, text, whatnotsky
Is "Down with everything but TROTSKY!"

Palaces, titles, cars or yachtsky—
For these he does not care a jotsky;
He simply wants to welcome TROTSKY.

Commercial Candour.

"Special Lines.—Heavy Cotton Blankets at 18/6 per pair (all wool), guaranteed."
Provincial Paper.

"The art of life is to colour the world and not be coloured by it."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

People who want to paint the town red should remember this.



THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

PEACE. "BUT I THOUGHT I WAS TO HAVE GOT INTO MY TEMPLE LONG AGO."

THE OLD ARCHITECT. "EXTREMELY SORRY, MADAM—CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTIES IN THE BUILDING TRADE. HOPE MY SUCCESSOR HERE WILL HAVE BETTER LUCK."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 22nd.—Although this was the eve of the Prorogation, Parliament was unable to act upon the schoolboy maxim, "Last day but one, take it all in fun." On the contrary, grave events were under discussion in both Houses. In the Lords a harrowing tale of the distress in Central Europe came from Lord BRYCE, and was followed by an earnest appeal from Lord READING that this country, without waiting for the Allies, should send relief to Austria Infelix. Lord CURZON had to remind him that it was necessary to temper mercy with justice. We had already spent twelve and a-half millions on the relief of European distress and must think a little of our own needs.

Taking this admonition to heart the Peers thereupon gave a Second and Third Reading to the Old Age Pensions' Bill, despite a protest from Lord BUCKMASTER. He was, I think, a warm supporter of the Parliament Act, which deprived the Upper House of all power over finance, but he did not allow that little circumstance to deter him from rebuking the Government for not imposing additional taxation to meet the ten millions a year thus added to the national expenditure.

The Commons met in an atmosphere of mingled gloom and curiosity. Two hundred and thirty-two Questions on the Order Paper testified to their curiosity. The gloom was chiefly caused by the recent distressing events in Ireland. Viscount CURZON endeavoured to relieve it by requesting some relaxation of the liquor restrictions during the holiday season; but this gallant attempt to increase the spirit of Christmas was unsuccessful.

Two weary hours were spent in the almost mechanical process of agreeing to the Lords' amendments to the Electricity and Housing Bills (why doesn't the House take its non-contentious business as "read"?), and Members were already pretty well tired when the PRIME MINISTER rose to make yet one more attempt to settle the Irish Question, which has baffled all his predecessors for more than a century. It was plain that he "felt his position acutely." Probably he missed the challenging interruptions of Mr. DEVLIN and his little band of followers, who on this occasion were ostentatiously absent. Or he may have been oppressed by the feeling that where GLADSTONE failed twice and Mr. ASQUITH once even he might not succeed.

His speech, if not lively in tone or brilliant in style, was eminently businesslike. Almost the only purple patch was a quotation from Father FLANAGAN, formerly Vice-President of *Sinn Fein*, protesting against the coercion of Ulster. As little but the unexpected happens in Ireland the most hopeful feature of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's scheme is that he does not anticipate a welcome for it from any Irishman. Since it endows Ulster—a new Ulster not yet geographically defined—with a Parliament that it does not want, refuses to the *Sinn Feiners* the Republic for which they profess to be pining, and is based upon the partition of Ireland, which every Southern Irishman positively loathes, he is likely to be justified in his vaticination. On the other hand the financial provisions furnish so much solid pudding for the new Legislatures that it is possible that Irishmen, who are not all the selfless idealists that they like us to imagine them, may come to the conclusion that they might go further and fare worse.

It was noticeable that Sir EDWARD CARSON, though he still affirmed that Ulster only wanted to be let alone, and drew a lurid picture of what might happen under a Sinn Fein Administration, did not absolutely bar and bolt the door against the scheme, but gave an assurance—very necessary in the circumstances—that he was not "trying to discourage the PRIME MINISTER."

He was, at any rate, as helpful as Sir DONALD MACLEAN, who thought the PRIME MINISTER did not go far enough, and vaguely urged "big and open-handed action;" or as Mr. HENDERSON, who still hankered after the Home Rule Act of 1914, which no one in Ireland will have at any price; or as Mr. ACLAND, whose pious hope was that the *Sinn Feiners* would come and state their position. General CROFT was of opinion that the Government might as well offer "a pill to Vesuvius" as this scheme to *Sinn Fein*, and yet immediately afterwards twitted the Unionists with having deserted their principles at a moment when they had been proved overwhelmingly right.

Thus the scheme was born into a chilly atmosphere, but, as it is going into cold storage for the next two or three months, that may not matter much.

Tuesday, December 23rd.—Barring a few Questions, none of them of vast importance, the only business before the Commons was the resolution carrying over the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill into the Session of 1920. This measure was intended to prolong the existence of D.O.R.A., now nearing her allotted span, and naturally created no enthusiasm outside the Government Departments. Even Mr. BONAR LAW added to his plea of necessity a hope that in her next incarnation D.O.R.A. would be considerably reduced in size.

But the House still jibbed at the proposal, and, when Mr. HOGGE's protest was endorsed by that grave and reverend Tory, Mr. EVELYN CECIL, Mr. LAW consented to withdraw his motion, on the understanding that, should D.O.R.A. still be wanted next year, the process of resuscitation should not be factiously prolonged.

The Commons then repaired to "another place," and heard the LORD CHANCELLOR (who out of compliment to Lady ASTOR addressed them as "Members"—not "Gentlemen") recite the longest Speech from the Throne on record.



Dora. "DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET ME ACROSS SAFELY?"

P.C. Law. "SORRY, MUM, I 'D HAVE LOVED TO CARRY YOU OVER, BUT I 'M NOT ALLOWED TO."

[Mr. BONAR LAW was refused permission to carry over the War Emergency Laws (Continuance) Bill to next Session.]

More "Spirit-Writing."

"Such was Childs' Bank in 1875, when Charles Dickens wrote the 'Tale of Two Cities.'"—*John o' London's Weekly.*



She. "SHALL WE REVERSE?" *He.* "YES. IT'S TIME *YOU* TOOK A TURN AT HOLDING *ME* UP."

STRENUOUS DAYS.

WHAT quiet restful times they seem as I look back at them now, those moments at Shingle-sur-Mer, when the October days darkened and we played together after tea on Saturday afternoons, Richard, Priscilla and I. It was a motor-bus sometimes that caught our dramatic fancy, the cumbersome motor-bus that plied all summer between the coastal towns; there would be a heavy plunge on to the sofa's failing springs, brisk business with a handbell and some "really" ackets, and then "a accident," and we rolled in a happy heap on the floor. And when I had been bandaged with handkerchiefs and brought to the sofa hospital, we would put out in the sofa-boat to sea, the weather growing rougher and rougher till Richard showed signs of acute distress—a powerful rendering and more vivid even than life, as all true art must be—and then the wreck came and we tumbled off and wallowed on the carpet waves. "I swimmin'," Priscilla used to say on these occasions. "You swim too."

A gentle over-arm stroke without any leg-action to speak of was my idea of the thing, till Priscilla, who has a very masterful mind, besides being a very good drawing-room swimmer for a child of three, explained to me forcibly that I had got to do my bit. That is why late visitors have often found me prone on my watch-chain and striking out helplessly like an impaled beetle, with the end of a piece of string in my mouth to drag me to the hearth-rug, which was the pier and "home."

It was bad for the trousers, perhaps, but not really hard work, and it called, at any rate, for no great mental energy or nervous strain. And in London I fancied that our exercises would be milder still. The great city would have a civilising, refining influence and remove the last trace of the Viking touch which the salt air had imparted to the children's minds. Saturday evening would find us sitting in a cosy room, furnished entirely in the Cageby manner, with chintz-covered chairs and a pale green carpet, punctuated at rare intervals by enormous pink flowers. On one of those flowers would be the ball of blue wool which connected ultimately with Araminta, busily knitting for herself the sweetest of sweat—of jumpers, I mean; on another a model of the Albert Memorial, which Richard was deftly constructing out of small pieces of scrap-iron and screws, not once mislaying the necessary nuts. Upon a third, at her little stool and table, would be Priscilla, poring over a large book which contained brightly coloured pictures of cows and the other more sedentary mammals. And upon yet a fourth, sitting elegantly in my own armchair, I would reflectively smoke my pipe, gazing over and anon through the blue wreaths into the glowing heart of the anthracite stove.

But apparently this was not to be. I must own that I felt a preliminary qualm when Araminta left the room just after tea with the parting words, "By the way, I took them to the Zoo on Thursday," but I was still prepared for somnolence and peace when the first frightful thump at the door came. Then the handle turned round several times rapidly but unsuccessfully, and the thing burst open, followed by Richard, like a portion of a 5.9, and Priscilla, head-over-heels, with a flushed face and the tufts that are training to be curls already shockingly disarranged.

"I a bad lion," she announced on completing the second revolution, and Richard shouted simultaneously, "And I 'm a rhinoceros, and you 're a buffalo, and we 're going to chase you." I am



Nervous Post-War Sportsman. "OH DEAR, OH DEAR, THESE TAR ROADS! I MIGHT ALMOST AS WELL GO INTO THE FIELD AND BREAK MY NECK THERE."

not a naturalist, and I suppose it may have happened, at some time on the prairies or pampas or wherever this noble creature ranges at large, that a respectable business buffalo coming home at the week-end has been pounced on at one and the same moment by a wicked carnivore and a raging pachyderm, and had his tie pulled out and his hair ruffled and his collar unbuttoned and his pipe and his matches taken away; but it is a very exhausting experience, and I was relieved when Richard suddenly said, "Let 's be two monkeys in a cage, and you come and look at us and put your fingers through;" and, dragging Priscilla after him behind a chair, presented absolutely for the first time on the same bill the Borneo ourang-outang and the wanderoo ape from Malabar. My howl of agony following a severe finger-bite is, I flatter myself, one of my cleverest turns, and it had eleven encores before Priscilla, with her usual abruptness, said firmly, "No more monkey," and Richard, fearful lest the good work should fail to go on, hastily cried, "I 'll be the keeper and she be a tiger, and I leave the cage-door open and she run out and eat you."

I have every admiration for Richard as a stage manager, but as a sportsman he leaves something to seek. Was it, I ask you, quite fair to shout to the infuriated terror of the jungle, "I 'm the keeper, Priscilla; you mustn't touch *me*," and leave me under the paws of the raging animal until Araminta mercifully entered to carry it away to bed? "Good-bye, Priscilla," I called as she departed. "No, you can't speak; I 've bittened you all up," she replied, and added with a face of seraphic ecstasy as the door closed, "*And* the blood."

Can you wonder that I compromised with Richard after that for the story of Big Claus and Little Claus and Bluebeard twice over?

The whole matter is receiving, as they say at our office, my most earnest consideration.

I seem to remember faintly being conducted to the Tower when I was about four years old, and that it made a very great and ennobling impression on my mind. Perhaps if Araminta would consent to take them there some time next week the historic atmosphere of the place might curb their wild instincts and elevate their thoughts, and we might pass on to some quieter amusement next Saturday—a little thumb-screwing maybe and a turn or two of the rack, with the execution of ANNE BOLEYN or Sir THOMAS MORE thrown in. I do hate children to be rough. EVOE.

NIGHT-PIECE.

THE warm flower-scented breezes blow
Off-shore, and on them comes the slow
Throbbing of drums, of dancing feet,
And Island singing, dreamy-sweet;
Seawards the fisher-torches glow.

Her anchor-flukes in coral bite,
In coral gardens lily-white;
Her tracery of stays and spars
Looms like a black net filled with stars
Raked from the blue and glimmering night.

Robbed by the reefs of all their ire
Tired waves swing shorewards to expire—
Smooth, phosphorescent hills of glass.
She lifts to meet them; as they pass,
Dips in a blaze of silver fire.

PATLANDER.

A theatre announcement in Baku:—

"THE ENGLISH BRIDEGROOM IN CAUCASUS.
Opera 3 Act of A. Mahilian.
The act of English Bridegroom will play Mr. Kostanian in English Language.
Simphonical Musician group by the steerage of Anton Mahilian.
The tickets will be sold in the Case of the Theatre."

We wish Mr. MAHILIAN a good voyage, but not very hopefully.



A PANTOMIME PROBLEM.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER FITS SOMEBODY ELSE'S FOOT. WHAT SHOULD THE FAIRY PRINCE DO?

WANTED—A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Mr. Punch's friends are already aware of the close interest he takes in the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, Sussex. In 1914 these schools were concerned with the care and education of crippled children, and during the War extended their work in many directions to include in particular the treatment of children suffering from Air-raid shock, and a scheme for the training of wounded soldiers in agriculture and various handicrafts during their convalescence at the Princess Louise Military Surgical Hospital. The crippled boys gave up their buildings to the wounded soldiers, and themselves helped largely in building the Kitchener Huts to take their place; also by their own example, which showed how difficulties could be bravely overcome, they taught the crippled soldiers what forms of happiness and service were still possible to those who had lost the use of a limb.

It would be a long story to enumerate the developments and ambitions of the Heritage Colony. Notably funds are needed for the consolidation of the Army Children's Homes, for an Operating Theatre in the Girls' Hospital and for the purchase of Army Huts and additional land. A sum of twenty thousand pounds is required; and Mr. Punch can think of no better object for a gift at this season of giving. Very sincerely he endorses the appeal of Princess LOUISE, and lays stress on the testimony given to the work at Chailey by the Bishop of LONDON, Surgeon-General Sir ALFRED KEOGH, Major-General Sir ROBERT JONES and Lieut.-General Sir FRANCIS LLOYD, who, speaking on the occasion of the opening of the Kitchener Huts, said: "Anything that can be given in the way of help or of money will be thankfully received and, I can assure you, will be faithfully spent."

Mr. Punch earnestly begs his friends, for the sake of the children of our fighting men, to send a New Year's gift to Bishop BROWNE, 2, Campden House Road, Kensington, W. 8; or to the Hon. Treasurer, Miss A. C. RENNIE, The Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION.

[The Rat Bill comes into force on New Year's Day, and one recalls regretfully the time when the belief prevailed that rats could be rhymed to death.]

I CAME too late! The tears sweep like a tidal
Wave down my cheeks, my soul is wrapped in gloom,
To think that I must rest unsought and idle
In what would once have been a poet's boom;
Had I but lived in days when human folly
Believed that rodents could be killed by rhyme,
This would have been my golden chance, and, golly,
I would have had a time.

The summons would have sounded, and upon its
First note I would have hastened to the fray,
Forthwith have built a barrage up of sonnets,
Oped rapid-fire with ode and roundelay;
Those who were bent on turning rats and mice up
Would then have come and clamoured round my door
For verse (of which I should have put the price up
And blamed it on the War).

Life would have been more lucrative and sweeter
In those old days when I 'd have come out strong,
Serenely moulding massacre in metre
And blandly selling sudden death in song;
Whereas, alas! in this degenerate season
My skill is not considered worth a rap,
Less even than the art of putting cheese on
The hook inside a trap.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

YOU may experience some shock of surprise at finding upon the title-page of *Mount Music* (LONGMANS) the names not only of E. Œ. SOMERVILLE, but of MARTIN ROSS. Miss SOMERVILLE explains the mystery by a prefatory note saying that the book was planned by her late partner and herself some years ago, and put aside when part-written for other work. Do not suppose however that you will find here any clue to the old problem, "Which wrote which?" On the contrary, the joins are as imperceptible as ever. *Mount Music* has little in common (beyond some breathless runs and the native humour of its peasantry) with the glorious farce of the *Flurry Knox* books. The note of it is far more restrained; its twin themes, the gradual decay of landlordism (embodied, at its best, in the lovable but ill-starred household of *Mount Music*); and the cleavage, religious, political and social, inflicted upon the Island of Saints by its opposed Churches. There is a plot, of young love and the intrigues of vaulting ambition; it moves slowly, as suits a tale where time is one of the chief forces, till a point at which Miss SOMERVILLE, like Fate, has taken the abhorred shears and cut without warning the threads of a history of which (as she herself says) as much remains untold as has gone before. For my part I could have followed gladly every word of it. There is about the whole book a quiet beauty, a wistfulness even in its laughter, and above all a sense of quality, as impossible to mistake as to define, that makes for a singular refreshment of the spirit. This is my tribute, a grateful one. As for charms of detail, I leave you to explore these in person; you may accept my word that the process will be a pleasant one.



Salesman. "YOU MUST EXPECT TO PAY A LITTLE MORE FOR CLASS, SIR. BOTH THESE BIRDS WERE SHOT BY M.P.'S."

That phrase of Parliamentary debate, "The honourable and gallant Member," may be applied with peculiar appropriateness to Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, D.S.O., D.F.C., whose *In the Side Shows* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a modest record, lightened by humour and relevant observation, of excellent fighting service. A sitting Member and junior Whip, not much short of forty and untrained to arms, might well have found arguments for standing-to on the home front. However, October, 1914, found him in the Middlesex Yeomanry; April, 1915, in Egypt; August of the same year in Gallipoli, in the thick of that mournful enterprise. After the evacuation he wangled a transfer to the R.N.A.S., serving under Commander SAMSON in Palestine and Arabia and doing patrol work in the Mediterranean; in 1917, making yet another change of status by transferring to the R.A.F., he was, after getting his wings, engaged in observation, photographic and bombing work on the Italian front, carrying on till within a few weeks of the Armistice. Captain BENN, who seems to have enjoyed every minute of his service, took a critical judgment into the Army. He was not impressed by "spit-and-polish" as the best means to true discipline. He was profoundly depressed by the stifling of real initiative in both officers and men. "Whatever future photography may have in the War it has none in the Flying Corps," was one of several dicta of the kind current among the mandarins in the early stages of the War, and the author gives plenty of evidence of the obstruction which the pioneer flier had to face . . . A valuable record, admirably illustrated by the author's camera and appropriate maps.

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT is still in the Saga business. A good thing for us, as these keen airs from a simpler world have a very tonic quality. *The Outlaw* (CONSTABLE) is the story of *Gisli Soursson*, craftsman and warrior; of *Grayflanks*, the sword that was forged into a spear and brought bane to its owner, and of *Aud*, the noble wife of *Gisli*, who upheld his honour and cleaved to him in the long days of his outlawry that ended with his life sold dearly in a splendid fight among the hills. Mr. HEWLETT has contrived an idiom for the retelling of these heroic tales, which avoids, on the one hand, a tiresome archaism, and, on the other, a disquieting modernity. It is a considerable feat of artistry. I think, for the unlearned, such as myself, it would be useful if some details of comparative chronology were vouchsafed us in an appendix. But perhaps the transcriber feels that these are dateless stories, best left in their sublime detachment. I note, by the way, early authority to confirm some of us in our more reckless habits of speech: "Let you and I weld a new sword out of this," quoth *Thorgrim Bottlenose*, a well-bred sportsman of the period.

I welcome a novel by Miss MILLS YOUNG as I would a friend who brings with him an atmosphere of common sense and level-headedness. She knows South Africa as well as I know her books about it, and without any of the obtrusiveness of a professional propagandist she has a way of directing one's thoughts steadily towards the difficulties besetting that country. She does so again in *The Dominant Race* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), but it is more than probable that many of her readers will be so intrigued by the story that they will have no attention to spare for such troublesome things as problems. For my taste, however, the love-story is rather damaged by having for its hero one of those strong, reserved, devastatingly capable men, with whom my encounters in real life are so grotesquely few when compared with the opportunities I have been given to meet them in fiction. But perhaps this is no great matter in a novel by Miss MILLS YOUNG, for whatever her characters may be like—or unlike—her descriptive powers remain.



TIME AND THE HOUR.

THEY were sitting together to see the New Year in—the Old Man with the Scythe and the Young Fellow with the Hump.

"So after all," said the Junior, "the world didn't come to an end on the 17th instant, as they promised us."

"No," said Time, without enthusiasm; "I've got another reprieve."

"I don't seem to catch the right note of joyous relief in your tones," said Mr. Punch. "I'm afraid all this worry about a fourth dimension has added to your cares. I should hate to be called a fourth dimension. What you want is a little rest. Why don't you follow the fashion and strike? Why don't you down scythes?"

"It would be indecent," said the Antique with some dignity. "I belong to one of the public services."

"All the more reason for striking, if we are to accept the new gospel according to the Triple Alliance. The nation's necessity is their opportunity."

"Perhaps, like the railwaymen, I should find I wasn't quite so indispensable as I thought. Anyhow, I disapprove of strikes in public services; and if I were a Government I should know how to put an end to them. The fact is you don't treat these people as public servants. You should give them better conditions than they can get in private service, and to these special privileges there should be attached special obligations. Nobody is compelled to be a miner or a railwayman or a transport-worker, and if a man chooses to join one of these public services he should be made to understand that the conditions must be accepted, and that for the period of his engagement it is just as illegal for him to strike or desert as it would be in the fighting services."

"Very sound," said Mr. Punch; "and the discipline we learned in the War ought to come in useful here."

"I should like to believe it. But I see very little sign of any such lesson having been assimilated. The War taught us many other things much more easy to retain than discipline. You can't take a plain law-abiding citizen out of his daily routine and teach him to throw bombs at other people's heads and stick bayonets in other people's gizzards without leaving him a little restive, a little dissatisfied with the excitement afforded by the relatively unemotional life to which he returns. And it is not only the fighting-man who has had his ordinary standards rudely shaken; you have all suffered from War-shock, and you have not yet recovered your sanity."

"I suppose," said Mr. Punch, "it wouldn't be possible for you to take a year off and let us all go to bed to-night and wake up on New Year's Day, 1921, to find that some good angel—or perhaps it would take a full choir of them—has carried on for us while we slept, and got through all the heavy business which makes me

shudder when I read the agenda for 1920. You see, it's the transition period which is so difficult; it is so hard to be off with the Old World before you are on with the New."

"I have heard much talk of New Worlds since I began to take notice," said Father Time a little wearily. "Like the gentleman in *A Soul's Tragedy* I have known many leaders of revolt. I have seen tyrannies overthrown and worse tyrannies set up in their place. And I have known many wars that were to end all war, and they didn't. You do well to be glad that for a while, perhaps for a generation, you have secured peace for your land; that is a great achievement; but there is something more to be done before the Millennium is announced.

"I don't suppose any nation has ever had such a chance as you have been given. But do you look like using it? You would be indignant if I told you that you are lacking in gratitude to your dead. But all this breathless race for wealth and luxury, this hunger for just any diversion that may distract you from the memory of the past few years (I am told that no novel or play or picture-palace film has a chance of popular success to-day if it touches upon the War)—is this your best response to their sacrifice?

"I was never of those who imagined that the War would make much change in men's natures. Natures are not easily changed. You throw a rock into a pool and it is convulsed to its depths, but the waves soon pass into ripples and the ripples die away, and the pool remains unchanged. Its water is not turned into dry land, or wine, or anything else.

"According to the PRESIDENT of the United States (whose own Republic, held up as a model for the rest, threatens to be as late for the Peace as it was for the War) the Allies were out to make the world safe for democracy. But safe against what? Against autocracy? Good. But who is to make it safe against itself? I hear a great deal about the Sanctity of Labour (meaning the theory of it, or a particular class that appropriates its name), but very little about the Sanctity of Work (meaning the Actual Thing). Yet it is by its work, and little else, that a nation grows to greatness. If Germany could have forgone her military ambitions and been content to go on working, within a decade or two she could have had the world at her feet. And unless you challenge her in the lists of Labour she will yet have the world at her feet; for she knows how to work, as you don't; she knows, as you don't, how to spurn delights and live laborious days; and that—far more than her army—is what made her great and will make her great again."

What defence of his country was on the lips of Mr. Punch may be conjectured but will never be known, for at this point the midnight bells began.

"There goes the Old Year," said Father Time, "and I must fly. I'm always flying."

"Good speed to you," said Mr. Punch, "and a better New Year than you seem to expect. And let me thank you very much for doing most of the talking. I generally have to do it myself. As a set-off let me present you with a book of my own words, which contains the accumulated wisdom that has flowed from my pen in the course of the last six months. I do hope you won't find it too cheerful for your taste. You see we had to keep our hearts up during the War, and, if I am to believe all you say, we need to keep them higher than ever if we're to get through this terrible Peace. By the way, I anticipated, rather intelligently, what you have just told me and have had it already embodied in the Epilogue to this book. For that reason, if for no other, I trust that you will take a personal interest in my

One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh Volume."



